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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

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Volume XXIX: October, 1908—March, 1909

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TO

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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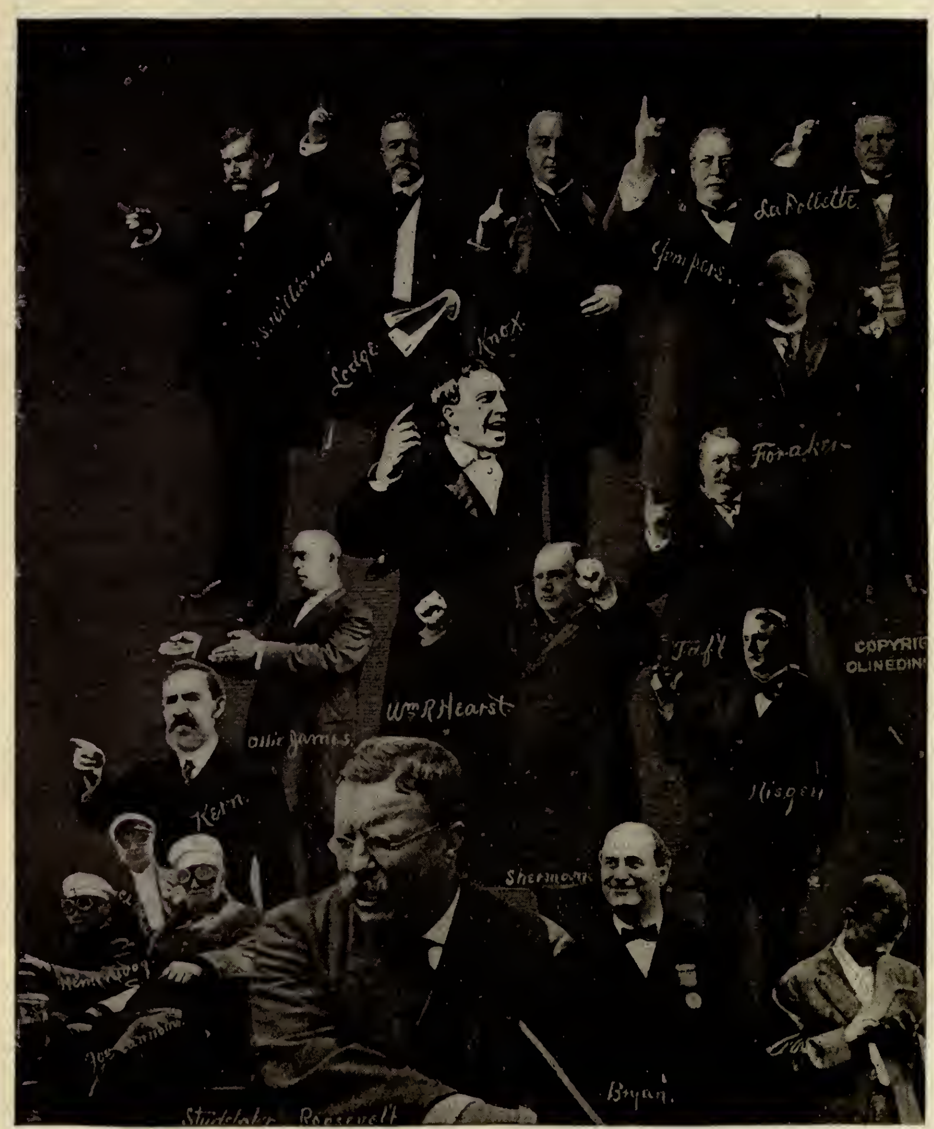

THE CAMPAIGN ORATOR IS ABROAD IN THE LAND. PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PUBLIC MEN POSED AS THEY APPEAR ON THE STUMP IN THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

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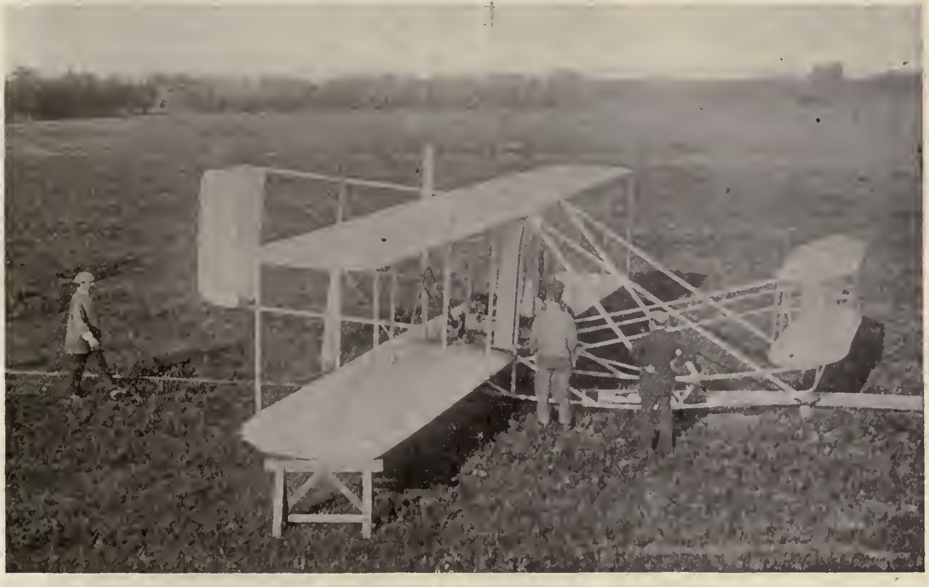
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX OCTOBER, 1908 NUMBER ONE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH the advent of dirigible airships and aeroplanes, all sorts of fantasies and fancies inspire thought and conversation at Washington these autumn days. Now that aerial navigation has become an accomplished fact, 1908 becomes a memorable year in the world's history, and Fort Meyer will henceforth be regarded as the historic spot where man first successfully and completely asserted his ascendency over the most tenuous and unstable of elements. The death of Lieutenant Selfridge in the accident of September 17 was a sad climax to the experiments, but that spot in the parade ground will mark the place where a noble soldier—aeronaut—hero—gave his life for his country.



THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE

* * *

When Orville Wright made his test flights in September, he continually broke all previous records. To maintain a speed of 39.55 miles an hour was not quite up to the record made at Kittyhawk, North Carolina, where forty-four miles an hour was the outside limit, but it was quite fast enough for all experimental purposes. The circles made there on the Hatteras beach were larger and did not impair the speed so much as the shorter turns at Fort Meyer. Fifty-seven times the great iron bird swept about the fort, almost describing the figure eight in the air, and indicating a control which appeared supernatural, as the machine hovered and alighted on the earth with its engines still puffing, chugging and capable of farther flight.

The aeroplane has come to stay, and its influence will be felt in peace and war. Mr. Wright insists that it could carry an enormous charge of high explosives and drop it in the smokestack or on the deck of such an ironclad as the Dreadnought, with such terrible effect as to revolutionize all naval warfare. For this and like reasons the army and navy departments of every nation have been keenly interested in these trials, and have been greatly excited by their outcome.

CAPTAIN THOMAS S. BALDWIN
Airship "California Arrow"

* * *

IN the future it will be impossible to write a letter from Washington to the "folks at home" without some mention of the trips of airships. It would be difficult to describe the intense and thrilling interest of the twenty-five spectators who, with the army officers, witnessed Orville Wright, the "sky sailor" smashing his own and all other records. By his series of phenomenal flights at Fort Meyer, Mr. Wright secured the prize of $25,000 offered by the government.

With that quiet modesty which indicates true greatness, Mr. Wright hardly seemed to realize that he had demonstrated a great principle, by proving the fact that it was possible to remain in the air as long as the machinery keeps going; and had clearly proved that greater success is now merely a question of mechanical perfection and developed power.

Lieutenant P. Lahm, aeronaut of the signal corps, was taken for a spin around the drill ground, which must have had for him all the novelty of the first automobile ride.

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ORVILLE WRIGHT
Who navigated the Wright Brothers' Aeroplane in the United States Government tests at Fort Meyer, Virginia, and kept busy for a month smashing all aeroplane records, realizing the dreams of the sand dunes of North Carolina

Of all summer events that thrilled cosmopolitan Washington, none excited more general and intense interest than the world-record-breaking flights made by Orville Wright and Captain Baldwin.

AS the years advance the halo of pleasant memories that gilds my personal experiences in the harvest field glows softly sweeter and more poetically dear. Astride the leading horses, with a McCormick reaper in tow—cruising to and fro through a sea of golden oats. How's that for a figure without a mixed metaphor? Starting out in the early morning, with the circled sun just peeping above the horizon, how long and warm the days were until the noonday lunch! The monotonous click, click, click of the reaper tempted a wish that "something would happen" in the way of a break-down, that there might be a chance to rest my legs. It was not at all like riding in a Fourth of July procession or at a coronation or on some other fête day. That tall, raw-boned "Hippy" had nothing of the Arab steed about him in pace or appearance; and the saddle of superimposed gunny sacks seemed to ossify into hard lumps as the day progressed. Sweeping around the field, how the great swaths fell, the golden stalks seeming to nod to the sharp-toothed reapers as it moved along. The six "binders" kept up their "stations," knotting each succeeding bundle with a band of straw, casting it jauntily aside for the shockers.

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CENTER SECTION OF THE KEEL OF UNCLE SAM'S NEW DIRIGIBLE BALLOON

G. H. Curtis, inventor of the motor, in stooping position in the operator's place beside the engine; Lieutenant Foulois on the left; Captain Baldwin on the right

The noonday lunch under the trees! How good the sliced meats, white bread and golden butter, home-made pickles and cold coffee tasted, and never was drink more palatable than the "switchel"—magical brew of molasses, ginger and water—that we drank from a jug stowed in a shock. Perhaps we dozed a little before it was time to start in on the long hours of the afternoon that made me wish all the time that the great orb of day could be made to drop quicker into "Sunset Land." How slow the last rounds seemed as the reeking horses slowly wound their way around the last squared "circle," fighting flies that followed in swarms the clicking reaper.

Time never hung heavy as we rode home in the old wagon box, jolting along the country road; the "chores" were soon dispatched, and what a relief it was to stretch out in the old attic under the roof and dream of that sun that would assuredly rise on the morrow, look down on a long day's work and set once more in the evening of another day. There was a wage of fifty cents a day to dream over, and long before it was earned I had spent many times the amount of my harvest savings in imagination, with the chums at home.

"NO MORE RICKETY-RICKS OF THE OX-CARTS"

What a rich flood of memories come to the some time farmer's boy as he wanders to and fro in the old fields—the old trees and osage orange hedge seemed like old companions of golden harvest days. Now I have confessed in the remembrance of the weariness of those hours, but I still remember that it was an unfailing source of grief that my birthday always came when I was bound to be in the harvest field. Yet there I felt a pride in being able "to go harvesting." How to make a knot and bind a bundle—how proud I was when I first learned to make a bundle that would enable me to take a station and receive two dollars a day! Indeed I am inclined to a settled conviction that every boy is deprived of his birthright who is not at some time permitted to go upon a farm and do farm work. There is a constant demand each year for thousands of helpers during harvest time, and the best thing many a father could do for his son—far better and more healthful than a costly trip to the shore or the mountains—would be to pay the boy's expenses and let him go off and have an experience in the harvest field.

* * *

"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock."

IN the records of the Agricultural Department we find the information as to the immense harvests of our country. In baronial times it was customary to grow only sufficient "corn" to supply the baron and his immediate retainers, but now the mere surplus of the American harvests feeds half the world. This is the keystone of our American prosperity and progress, whether incarnated in the building of cities or the reaping of the fields.

In the handsome new marble building of the Agricultural Department are preserved the archives of the great American farms, which indicate, that with the high prices of products and the bountifulness of crops, the farmer of today is likely to enjoy to the full the fruits of his labor, and that there has also been for the last quarter century a decided trend toward making farm life more popular among young people than it has been in the past.

The time is coming when country life will attract the farmer boys and others from low-priced positions in the city back to the soil. The loneliness and dreariness of farm life are passing with the telephone and rural free delivery. This is all embraced in the action of President Roosevelt in appointing a commission to report and investigate on how to make farm life even more attractive to the boys already on the farm and to those who are struggling for a mere pittance and bare existence in the overcrowded cities.

Memories of my own days on the farm are often recalled as I travel about the country and observe the wonderful advances made in the methods of agricultural life within the past ten to twenty years. On the prairies of Dakota many farmers are using automobiles; the same is true of Oklahoma and other sections of the West. The automobile is playing a star part in the agricultural development of the country. One sees loads of milk cans gliding over the roads on the way to the dairy, or the tons of wheat going at a pace of thirty miles an hour; indeed, a strange contrast to the rickety-rick of the ox-cart, ploughing its way hundreds of miles into Chicago, as it did fifty years ago. The automobile is used for utility, whether it be to carry the good wife herself with poultry, butter and baskets of eggs to exchange on Saturdays, when everybody "went to town" for a social meeting and day of "trading." The tonneau of the automobile holds the produce and she is soon free with hours to do her "shopping"

"CHICKENS IN THE COOP GO WHIZZING BY"

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON

now, where years before it would have been necessary for her to devote nearly the entire day to going and returning for "trading" with old Beany Brown at the corners.

As the farmer follows the plough, and turns the sweet-breathed sod, he realizes that it is little short of miraculous that, in a few months, from this same soil shall come the fruitage and crops of harvest. No sooner are the early crops out of the way, than feed corn, turnips and many vegetables are planted. The ways and methods of farming of today, though similar in purpose to those of bygone years, are becoming constantly more and more practical. In the South one sees the hillsides ploughed in terraces, to save the killing labor of drawing the plough up hill, and also to prevent the crops being washed out by heavy rains. These and many other important changes speak of the development of the farming of today, which has been largely brought about and popularized by the Agricultural Department. It has been estimated that at least ten per cent. is gained to the country by the modern methods introduced at the suggestion of the department. In many instances where land has been considered utterly unproductive, better methods have apparently so changed its character that it yields a good living on crops suggested by a knowledge of soil values

IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS OF MASSACHUSETTS

* * *

The importance of aiding American farmers to ascertain and use the best methods for producing crops cannot be overestimated, in view of the fact that this is the chief industry of any great country. Other lands may have their arts and handicrafts, which are the finished products of generations of skilled workers, at whose taste and beauty the world stands amazed, but there has never been a marvel equal to the wonder of the tremendous wealth produced by the farms of the United States. It was noticeable at our international expositions that city and foreign visitors were always more impressed with the agricultural displays than with any other operation of American industry. Another peculiar thing is that American farmers travel about much more than in any other country. It is not uncommon for a farmer raising wheat in Dakota to spend his winters in California giving his attention to tropical fruitage, with a view to future development. Such broadening of the ideas and purposes of our country population must greatly promote the success of American farming in generations to come.

PICKING COTTON IN OKLAHOMA

* * *

ADJOINING the office of the chairman of the National Republican Committee at No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York, is that of the treasurer, Mr. James R. Sheldon, who looks the part of a captain of industry who has come at the call of his party. There is a quiet strength and all the elements of a forceful personality in his greeting, and his clear blue eyes sparkle as he briefly outlines the task of his department, which is to collect the necessary funds to carry on a great national campaign. With something over $170,000 in the treasury held over from four years ago, he had "enough to begin housekeeping."

Mr. Terry, his office assistant, sits opposite, with a large journal, in which he records the contributions, giving equal prominence to large and small sums—one full line to each. By means of this book, Mr. Terry keeps his chief thoroughly posted, and it will also prove an important feature in the closing of the campaign, showing all receipts and disbursements of the funds, and demonstrating that a political campaign can be conducted on a strictly business basis.

In selecting Mr. Sheldon for the important office of treasurer, the National Republican Committee made no mistake in believing that they had secured the "best man for the job," not alone because of his intimate connection with the chief business interests of the country, but because they required a man who had a long-sustained record of success and achievement. The Advisory Committee appointed by Chairman Hitchcock and the division of his working force in the several states will give Mr. Sheldon an efficient organization wherewith to secure the best possible results.

* * *

EVEN during the hot months of midsummer the justices of the Supreme Court contemplate the docket for the early fall, which is especially large this year. A large number of cases are set for the October term, when they will be submitted as speedily as possible after the opening day

Two cases that will attract national interest are those of Harriman against the Interstate Commission, and of the Interstate Commission versus Harriman, both of which proceedings arise from questions submitted by the commission which Harriman refused to answer when propounded to him in New York. The decision will define the limit of the commission's authority in regard to probing into railroad financial transactions.

Other cases will be the Chicago & Alton Railroad against the United States, and Faithorn against the United States; the New York Central will also appear against the United States in a case which grew out of the criminal suit for rebate on sugar rates. As a matter of fact, a great deal of legislation for the coming session of Congress will hinge upon the decisions of the Supreme Court on the October docket.

THE DAIRY MAIDS AND DOLLY VARDENS ARE ONLY IN POEMS NOW

Many knotty points are taken up during the vacation season, and are solved in the open air at beach or mountain, for the members of the Supreme Court are favorable to deliberations during the recreation days. When the sombre-robed justices march in stately procession on October first, they will be prepared to approach some of the most important questions that have come before that body for many years past, and that will have much to do with the final legislation credited to the Sixtieth Congress.

There will be more direct popular interest in supreme court decisions than for many years past.

HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT AND FAMILY

Helen Taft   Charley Taft   Mrs. Taft   Robert Taft   Hon. William H. Taft

HON. J. S. SHERMAN, VICE-PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE, AND FAMILY—FOUR GENERATIONS

Hon. J. S. Sherman   Mrs. E. S. Babcock   Sherrill Sherman   Ellen Sherman   R. U. Sherman   Mrs. Sherman   Thomas Sherman

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VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING

EVERY day, except Sunday, there is a throng of visitors at the executive mansion, curious to see "how the first lady of the land keeps house," as one young lady remarked. Entering through glass doors into a spacious lobby, the visitors soon drop their awed and timid demeanor. In the state dining room, which is also used by the President and his family, the trophies of the President's hunting days attract the first admiration of the visitors. The table, prepared for the family, has the "President's chair" at its head, and this simple domestic arrangement is a contrast to the resplendent proportions of the crescent-shaped table which fills the greater portion of the room, and which is used at diplomatic and state dinners. On the walls of this room are Gobelin tapestries costing $40,000; but the glory of the scheme of decoration is the heads which adorn the frieze, representing the big game of the country, most of them killed by the President himself. At the east center of the room is the majestic moose head sent from Alaska; directly beside it is a bear's head with open mouth and ferocious expression, which is said to be the original Teddy Bear, which gave the President one of the most thriling experiences of the chase. A number of these heads have been purchased by the President, to complete the collection which includes big-horns, mountain lions and bears—altogether an impressive exhibit.

In the Blue Room, where the diplomats are always received by the President, and where diplomatic functions and conferences are held, the furnishings are entirely Napoleonic, even to the brass clock on the mantel, presented to President Jefferson by Napoleon, and which still measures the flight of time with impassive face and dignified "ticktack." There is no sign on the azure walls to indicate the door or passageway to the Red Room, used by guests at social functions, and this mysterious doorway seems to appropriately belong to the room where are received the diplomats of the world. Within its circular walls, with all its fascinating furnishings, the language of every nation represented at the National Capital has been heard. Could they but speak, they would indeed send forth a ghostly echo of the confusing tongues at the Tower of Babel.

Leaving the Blue Room, we come to the cozy little Red Room, with its luxurious and lurid couches piled with gorgeous, downy pillows of generous proportions, and commodious easy chairs. Here President Roosevelt may spend an evening at home, before the open fire, with a book or magazine. Possibly he takes a nap or forty winks of sleep in the early evening, as a prelude to a night's reading before the clocks are wound, the door locked and the cat put out, to go to bed. Under the chandelier in this room, Miss Frances Folsom became a White House bride, in June, 1886. The coy blushes of the young lady visitors on this occasion were sweet to behold when they were told that if they stood under that chandelier they would be married within the year. They made mock rush for the charmed spot, while the

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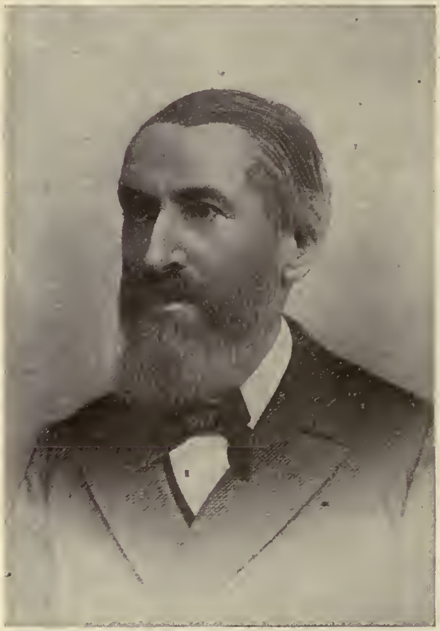
THE NORTH FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE

young men, with a realization of leap-year, maintained a respectful and coquettish diffidence. Over the mantel in the Red Room hangs the famous portrait of Lincoln.

In the Reception Room afternoon tea is served. Personal friends are here received by Mrs. Roosevelt, and it is also used for semi-public and family gatherings. Here is the famous painting of Washington by Stuart which Dolly Madison saved when the British burned the White House in 1814, by hurriedly cutting it from its frame and taking it with her as she fled from the executive mansion.



THE LATE AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD

In the spacious East Room, which one can designate as the general social meeting-point, a pair of great blue Haviland vases, presented to President Grant by the Republic of France, is about the only adornment aside from the famous Steinway piano, valued at $22,000, embellished with the coat of arms of the thirteen original states in colors on the gilded case, which occupies the position of honor in the east corner of the room.

In the corridor below this floor may be seen the White House china. Here, arranged in glass cabinets, are the dishes used by all the presidents from the time of Washington. The quaint Colonial designs of Washington, the monogram "TJ" of Jefferson, the stern simplicity of Jackson's dishes, down to the rich gold-webbed plates of the Roosevelt administration, adorned with a seal in colors, are an interesting study in ceramics. The young brides all make careful inspection of this collection, with true housewifely admiration, while the bridegrooms soberly contemplate—and mentally compute—in impressive silence. In this corridor, most appropriately hang the portraits of the women who have "poured tea" as mistresses of the White House table. One may perhaps be pardoned the thought that among all the fair and graceful ladies one sees eagerly inspecting the treasures of the White House, there may be some future first lady of the land.

* * *

IF there ever was on earth a man who lived books, breathed books, loved books and knew books, it was Ainsworth Rand Spofford, librarian of Congress from 1865 to 1897, and later assistant librarian. The magnificent library building which he was largely instrumental in securing for the nation, may well be called a monument to his life and labors. Born in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, the son of a Congregational minister, Mr. Spofford devoted most of his eighty odd years to libraries, and it was always a proud satisfaction to him that New Hampshire furnished the first public library, supported by the people, established in the United States.

Mr. Spofford has been a wide traveler, was a thorough student, a ripe scholar, and a most enlightening and entertaining talker. There seems to be no subject touched upon in books with which he was not familiar. As a library specialist he appeared to have permitted nothing to escape his observation, and a busier man it would have been hard to find. Only the other day I saw him in his room, barricaded by books, intent upon looking up specific and concrete information, and it is unnecessary to say he found it, for his mind was as alert and comprehensive as it was a half-century ago. He scorned physical discomforts, and would fain give no quarter to any infirmity. His recent reply to Tolstoi's essay maintaining that Shakespeare was not appreciated by his countrymen until after the merit of the plays was set forth by Goethe, is an overwhelming refutation of the charge through its array of facts showing the large number of editions that were published within the first century after Shakespeare's death—a refutation that must convince even Tolstoi himself, to whom a copy was sent; while his later disquisition, "The Migrations of Mankind," sums up in an able and most instructive way the movements of tribes and peoples from the dawn of history to our own land and time.

The books purchased of Thomas Jefferson virtually formed the foundation of the "library of Congress," established in 1801, and Mr. Spofford has done much to make it a library of national and international scope—equal in its functions to the famous British Museum. The stores of knowledge sometimes displayed in the Congressional debates were often due to his ability to point the members to the precise book and chapter where they might obtain the information needed.

* * *

OUTLINED on the future of the precocious new state of Oklahoma is the dark silhouette of an Indian, who, barring misfortune, is destined to become a figure of national importance. This man, C. D. Carter, was born thirty-nine years ago of educated Indian parentage on both sides, his father being of Cherokee and his mother of Chickasaw blood. The place of his birth was near Boggy Depot, an old fort in the Choctaw Nation. The boy grew up under the training and tutelage of his mother, who had been converted and educated by the missionary Methodists. The days of his youth were spent on the wilds of the western frontier with only full blood Indians of his race as his playmates. At the age of fourteen he entered the Chickasaw Manual Training Academy at Tishomingo, and from then until manhood his time was divided between his school duties and work on his father's ranch, near Mill Creek, as cow-puncher and bronco buster. Finishing school in 1887, he began life for himself as a cow-puncher on the Diamond Z ranch, which was located where the beautiful little city of Sulphur now stands. The Santa Fe railroad having been built through the Chickasaw country in the summer of 1887, numerous frontier towns were established along this route. At one of these, Ardmore, Mr. Carter located in the fall of 1888, where he was variously employed as cattleman, clerk, bookkeeper and cotton man until September, 1892, when he was appointed auditor of public accounts of the Chickasaw Nation. As auditor, more than two millon dollars were paid out on his draft, including school funds and per capita payments, yet not one word of dissatisfaction was expressed with his handling of these funds. He has held the position of superintendent of schools, mining trustee and many other important offices in which energy, integrity and ability were the chief requisites, and let it be said to his credit that he emerged from the maelstrom of tribal politics as one man against whom not one suspicious whisper of fraud has ever been breathed. He is a characteristic man of the people, and his fight for the removal of restrictions in order that his people may build and own their homes especially endears him to the hearts of his constituents, who have elected him to Congress by a majority of fourteen thousand votes. At the request of the various Indian delegations visiting the Capitol, Mr. Carter will be placed upon the House Committee on Indian Affairs, in which position his knowledge of the wants and characteristics of the Indian should make him a most valuable member. The Carter name got into the Indian tribes by the capture of Nathan Carter, when a boy of twelve, by the Shawnee Indians, at the Lackawanna Valley massacre.

CONGRESSMAN CARTER OF OKLAHOMA

THERE are at the present time upward of 4,000 colored people employed in government service at Washington. Of these about 3,500 are messengers and laborers. Some 500 are in the classified service, and many of them take high rank as clerks or specialists in various lines. They are distributed throughout nearly all of the departments and bureaus. The office of the auditor for the Post Office Department probably has the largest percentage of colored people in its personnel, though there are a good many in the office of the Register of the Treasury and in that of the Recorder for the District of Columbia. Nearly twelve per cent. of the clerks in the bureau of the auditor for the Navy Department descend from the African race, and some of them are commanding salaries all the way from $1200 to $1800, and they do their work well.

Photo by Clinedinst, Wash.

MARY CHURCH TERRELL
Member of the Board of Education

Until recently the office of the supervising architect had felt itself immune from intruders of the tribe of Ham; but about one year ago, to its consternation, two bright young negroes, under the competitive tests of the civil service, won a place upon the rolls of this exclusive bureau, and nearly created a panic therein. More recently an intelligent young colored woman earned a position upon the same terms in the same branch of the public service, and added still farther to its dismay; but it has doubtless helped to establish the fact that talent must be recognized there as elsewhere in government employ, without reference to race, color. or previous condition of servitude.

* * *

WHILE it is much more of a rarity to find a colored man in Congress than it was immediately after the war period, there are yet a few notable instances of negroes holding high positions in the departmental counsels.

Ever since reconstruction days, the offices of the Register of the Treasury and Recorder of the District of Columbia have been held by representatives of this race, except when the Democrats were in power. And several of the responsible assistants are or have been prominent colored people. At the present time the auditor for the Navy Department is a colored man; and during the Harrison administration John R. Lynch of Mississippi filled the same honorable position with credit. He is now the only man of his color holding a position of paymaster in the military branch

Photo by Paine Studio, Wash.

ROBERT H. TERRELL
Justice of Sub-district Court of District of Columbia

of the government. He draws a salary of $3,500, and is thoroughly capable.

The colored people of the District of Columbia are ably represented upon the school board by Mrs. Mary Church Terrell. She is a woman of unusual talent, a graduate of Oberlin College, a fine writer and public speaker and a lady whose accomplishments would do credit to any race. Her husband, Judge Robert H. Terrell, is one of the justices of the peace of Washington; salary $2,700; a position calling for a level head and fair knowledge of law.

Four of the most conspicuous positions now held by colored men in the Capital City include the following:

The duty of the register of the treasury is to keep all accounts of receipts and expenditures of public moneys, and of all debts due to and from the United States, and much routine work for an orderly adjustment of the same. The register's name must appear upon all paper money and other certificates standing for gold and silver. His salary is $4,000 per annum. William T. Vernon, the present register, is a native of Missouri, but he is now living in Kansas, where he was for a long time a prominent educator. He is an orator of much power, along religious, educational and political lines, being in frequent demand upon the public platform in all parts of the country where his race predominates. He is making a popular public official, and acquaintance intensifies his sterling qualities. There is no doubting his African antecedents, as he is so ardently black as to justify the ace of spades to grow green with envy. When former Secretary Shaw met him for the first time, he is reported to have exclaimed: "Whe-w, but, my! Vernon! you are the *clear thing*, aren't you?" Anyhow, Vernon gives color to his high office in every respect. The assistant register gets $2,500, and pulls the laboring oar in this office. The place has been ably held for a number of years by Cyrus Field Adams, a native of Kentucky, but coming into the public service from Chicago. His father was a prominent Baptist divine, and for a great many years before the war preached to the freed negroes at Louisville, Kentucky, and started one of the first newspapers devoted to the fortunes of the liberated race. His son took up the calling of journalism, and is a writer of much versatility. Unlike his chief, he could almost pass as a lily white in any community, North or South.

The recorder of deeds for the District of

JAMES A. COBB
Now on the Attorney's Staff for the District of Columbia

Photo by Turner
JOHN C. DANCY
Recorder of Deeds for District of Columbia

Columbia is custodian of all real estate records. It is an office of large responsibility and affords a salary of $4,000. The position has been held for a long time by John C. Dancy of North Carolina. He is a Methodist preacher by profession when upon his native heath. He is a good hand-shaker and friend maker among his people, and is a natural leader of men.

The auditor for the Navy Department has control of every dollar of expenditure made by the navy establishment of this nation,—amounting in the current year to about $110,000,000. The bureau comprises about 100 people and the accounts they handle are among the most difficult in the service. Since the opening of June, '07, Ralph W. Tyler of Columbus, Ohio, has been auditor, and is meeting the demands well. For nearly a quarter of a century he has been engaged in daily journalism in his native city of Columbus, having had practical experience in all branches of the calling, news, editorial and the counting room. Mr. Tyler is practically educated, has a pleasing address and careful mental poise, all of which qualities fit him for the making of a wise auditor and will enable him to minimize that feeling of caste which any man of his race must encounter in the Capital City of the nation. Mr. Tyler is about forty years of age. He is a native of central Ohio, as is also his wife and all their forbears upon both sides, for a number of generations back. It speaks well for Mr. Tyler's tact and worth that he should come to his present position without the opposition of any of the factional elements in Ohio politics.

RALPH W. TYLER
Auditor for the Navy Department

Photo by Buck, Wash.

W. T. VERNON
Register United States Treasury

Prior to the Civil War it was common for negroes to be messengers and laborers about the public buildings, but the right to hold responsible positions of trust only came to them after the emancipation proclamation was signed by Abraham Lincoln. Thus it will be seen they are slowly coming into some of the higher attributes of American citizenship.

Another and more recent acquisition to the national official family is James A. Cobb, who, several months ago, was appointed upon the attorney's staff for the District of Columbia, a place granting a salary of $2,000. Mr. Cobb is a young man about thirty-two years of age, a native of Louisiana, and for the past six years a resident of Washington. He is a graduate of Fisk and Howard universities and is a lawyer of promising attainments.

IN one of the spacious leather chairs was seated the ex-governor of New Hampshire. It was late, approaching midnight, when romances glow with double brightness, and the walls are "flecked," as the novelists say, with shadows that call up old memories. The ex-governor told of the time when he was a poor boy in his native village, and his mother did the washing there while he went to school between the performance of sundry small jobs.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

One day there was a party in the "big house," where his mother sometimes helped, and the little fellow was invited. All aglow with anticipation he prepared to attend his first party, and his bronzed legs well scoured, preparatory to his ascent of the hill and appearance at the "big house," where he duly arrived in the stately parlors clothed in Kentucky jeans. One of the most attractive features of the assembly for him was the presence of the mother of his young chum, through whose courtesy and affection the invitation had come to him.

Among the dainties handed around was a large cake, well frosted, cut in dainty bits, which came first to the lad who had never before been feasted on frosted cake. He was in doubt what to do, and in his excitement did not observe that the cake had been cut; he reached out to take the whole of it, which to his healthy appetite seemed a reasonable supply. The gracious hostess saw the young guest's mistake and leaned over to whisper:

"Take one piece only, Johnny."

The blushing embarrassment soon passed away when he realized that only she had seen his error.

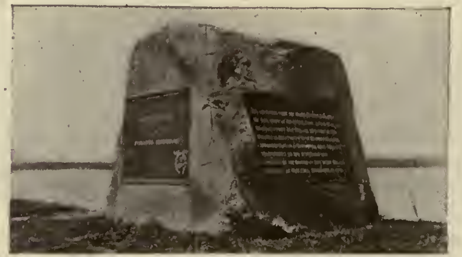
Years passed and this poor boy became later governor of New Hampshire. Passing through his native village one day he learned that she whom he loved, the lady who once lived in the big house on the top of the hill, was ill. Throwing aside all other engagements he drove direct to her home,—not, alas, the stately mansion of old days. He did not forget to visit a florist and obtain an armful of flowers for the sick woman, whose kindness in former years had never been forgotten—thus the governor of the state sought in some measure to repay the kindness of the good woman who had saved the boy of other days from embarrassment by whispering, "One piece only, Johnny."

CHARLOTTE WALKER
Playing Agatha Warren in "The Warrens of Virginia"

Entering the house he found his old friend

HALESITE, HUNTINGTON BAY, WHERE SECRETARY CORTELYOU SPENDS HIS SUMMERS

bed-ridden, after a long illness; the wan face little resembled the blooming countenance of long ago. His old chum had passed away and the mother had lost money, her old home and health, and was the only living member of the once large family. Little wonder was it if that great son of New Hampshire stooped to kiss the fevered brow and told her how he never could forget that frosted cake, and her many kindnesses in old days. They spent a happy hour together, and in the loneliness of her last days the mother who had lived in the big house was cheered by the love of the boy whom she had saved from an awkward moment at a critical period of his young life, when he made his first appearance in society.



NATHAN HALE MONUMENT, HUNTINGTON, L. I.
"I only regret I have but one life to lose for my country"

* * *

ONE of the most significant benefactions that have come to the federal government is the presentation of the beautiful Constitution Island by Mrs. Margaret Olivia Sage. This bit of beautiful landscape nestles in the bosom of the Hudson opposite West Point, and its history, as its name indicates, dates back to the time of the Revolution.

The island was purchased from Miss Anna Bartlett Warner by Mrs. Margaret Olivia Sage, widow of the late Honorable Russell Sage, and presented in the name of both ladies to the United States, to be used as a reservation for the United States military academy. The letters which passed between Mrs. Sage and President Roosevelt are documents well worth a record in the archives of the nation, telling as they do a story of patriotic generosity that is inspiring.

"LAWRENCE, LONG ISLAND, Sept. 4, 1908.

"*The President:*

"Sir—I take pleasure in tendering as a gift to the United States from myself and Miss Anna Bartlett Warner, 'Constitution Island,' opposite West Point embracing about 230 acres of upland and 50 acres of meadow, the same to be an addition to the military reservation of West Point and to be for the use of the United States military academy.

"My attention has been called by Captain Peter E. Traub, one of the professors at West Point, to the importance of adding this island to the West Point reservation, and to the unsuccessful efforts of successive administrations of the military academy and secretaries of war to secure the necessary appropriation to purchase it.

"In historic interest it is intimately connected with West Point. It formed during the Revolution a part of the defences of the Hudson River. Upon it are now the remains of some ten breastworks commenced in 1775 by order of the Continental Congress and completed later by Kosciusko. The guns mounted upon the island then commanded the river channel as it rounded Gees Point, and

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE

to the island was attached one end of the iron chain intended to prevent the British warships from sailing up the Hudson. Washington's life guard was mustered out on this island in 1783.

"It is distant only about 300 yards from West Point, and in its present natural condition forms an essential part of the landscape as viewed from the West Point shore. The occupation of the island as a summer resort for profit, or its use for manufacturing purposes, would, in the opinion of the West Point authorities be extremely detrimental to West Point, both from an esthetic and from a practical standpoint. Moreover, its acquisition is desirable for the future development of the academy. Purchase of the island by the federal government has been recommended both by Honorable Elihu Root and Honorable William H. Taft as secretaries of war, as well as by the board of visitors of the present year. Bills appropriating $175,000 for the purchase of the island have been repeatedly before both houses of Congress, and I find that such a bill passed the Senate in 1902, but was never brought to a vote in the House.

"Miss Warner has received repeated offers from private parties of a much larger sum than that for which she was willing to sell to the United States government, but had steadily refused, from patriotic motives, to accept them, in order that it might ultimately become a part of the West Point reservation.

"Under these circumstances, after conference with friends officially connected with the military academy, and with Miss Warner, I have become the owner of the island in consideration of the same amount for which Miss Warner has been willing to sell to the United States, upon the understanding that I offer the island to the government for the use of the United States military academy at West Point, so that it shall form a part of the military reservation.

"In view of the great pecuniary sacrifice to Miss Warner in parting with the island at this price, she becomes with me a donor of the property to the United States government.

"I am prepared to execute a proper deed whenever I am assured that my gift will be accepted for this purpose, and that any necessary authority has been obtained from Congress or from the State of New York so as to vest in the United States the same jurisdiction over the island which now exists over the military reservation at West Point. My deed will be accompanied by full abstract of title and will contain no conditions except:

"First—That the island be for the use forever of the United States military academy at West Point, New York, and form a part of the military reservation of West Point, and (pursuant to the covenant in Miss Warner's deed to me, which runs with the land), 'that no part of it shall ever be used as a public picnic or excursion or amusement ground operated by private enterprise, individual or corporate, for profit'; and

"Second—That Miss Anna Bartlett Warner have the right to reside as at present on Constitution Island, in full possession of her house and the gardens appurtenant thereto during her natural life, and to the use of such spring or springs from which she now gets her water supply, together with the right to pasture her cows and horses and to take such firewood as will be necessary while she resides on said island; it being clearly understood that these reservations in her favor are restricted to her own life only.

"It is a great satisfaction to me to be thus able to carry out the great desire of Miss Warner's life, and I am sure that her unselfish and high-minded refusal to sell Constitution Island for other than government purposes will be a tradition dear to the heart of every West Point graduate.

"Respectfully yours,
"MARGARET OLIVIA SAGE."

"OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1908.

"*My dear Mrs. Sage*—Through Mr. DeForest I have

CHAIRMAN FRANK H. HITCHCOCK AND PERSONAL STAFF ON SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK
They unfurled Taft flags. Reading from left to right, Walter F. Barnum, James T. Williams, Jr., Frank H. Hitchcock and Theodore L. Weed

SENATOR JOSEPH M. DIXON OF MONTANA

In Charge of the Speakers' Bureau at Chicago. Senator Dixon is something of a Spellbinder himself and very popular in Montana

just received your letter of September 4. I wish to thank you for your very generous gift to the nation, and I have written Miss Warner thanking her. I have sent your letter at once to the secretary of war, directing him to see that whatever action may be necessary, if any such there be, whether by Congress or by the state authorities, in order to consummate the gift, may be taken. Permit me now in behalf of the nation to thank you most heartily again for a really patriotic act.

"With regard, sincerely yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

"OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK Sept. 5, 1908.

"*My dear Miss Warner*—I have written to Mrs. Sage thanking her, and I write to you to thank you for the singular generosity which has prompted you and her to make this gift to the nation. You have rendered a real and patriotic service, and on behalf of all our people I desire to express our obligation and our appreciation.

"With regard, believe me, sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

* * *

THIRTEEN new members of the United States Senate talk of organizing a thirteen club at the opening of the Congress. Among those sworn in at the last session, and a conspicuous member of the last thirteen, is Joseph M. Dixon of Missoula, Montana. He was a member of the house and was especially interested in irrigation. The two great reclamation projects which especially interest him are the Huntly and Sun River districts in Montana, where about $9,000,000 will be expended.

Smooth-faced and pleasant in address, he was chosen by President Roosevelt to act as his conscience in the settlement of the Northwestern Indian muddles. And no one really knows Joe Dixon except to trust him.

Senator Dixon was born in North Carolina, Speaker Cannon's native state. He is a type of the young man whom Horace Greeley had in mind when he uttered his famous saying "Young man go West." In his home town, Missoula, Senator Dixon is very popular, and the town is as proud of its senator as of its reputation as the "Athens of the Rockies," for there the state university is located; and it has long been considered the intellectual center of the inter-mountain land. Senator Dixon has charge of the Speakers' Bureau at the Chicago headquarters of the Republican National Committee, and to see the calm and placid way in which he signed up "spellbinders" for the fall campaign was to him a task as graciously accomplished as hearing a class of young ladies practice elocution. When his sparkling blue eye kindles an approval, you know there is a contract to be signed.

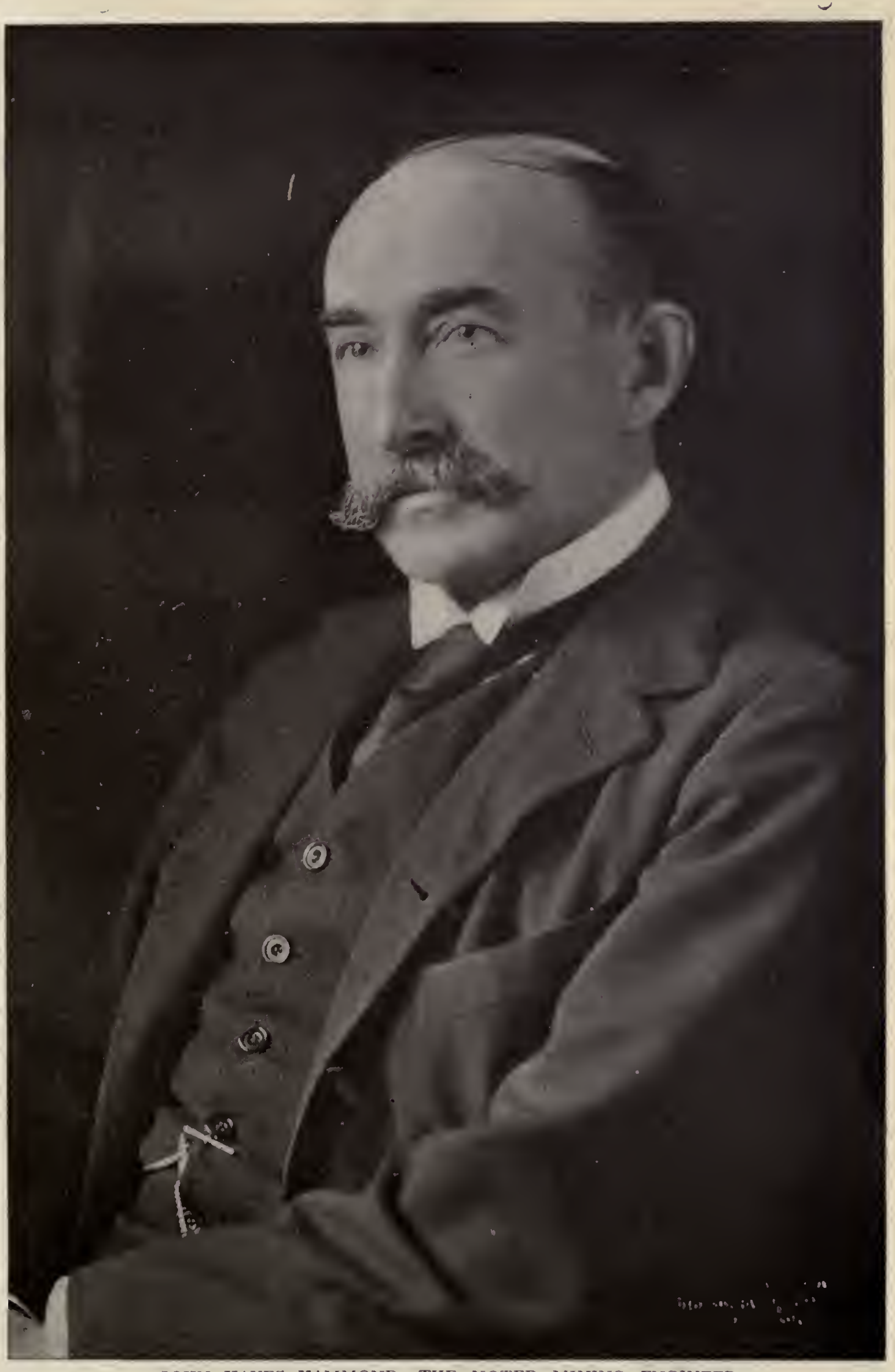
* * *

SEATED in one of the big chairs in the lobby of The Arlington a few days ago, I found Congressman John Emory Andrus of Yonkers, New York, one of the most faithful and tireless workers in Congress. Not without some difficulty, I finally persuaded him to give me some particulars regarding his career, which cannot but prove to be interesting reading. For persistent endeavor under adverse circumstances, which has been finally and fully crowned with sterling and splendid success, it would be difficult to find in Congress, or out of it, a more inspiring and noteworthy example of what may be accomplished by a man who starts out to be "the architect of his own fortunes" than that of the gentleman who so ably represents the Nineteenth Congressional District of New York.

The story of his early struggle to obtain an education at Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, and of his life immediately following his graduation, reads like fiction and should form an inspiring chapter of American biography of especial interest to the young men of the present day.

Mr. Andrus is the son of a Methodist preacher. He spent a portion of his early life on a farm, and after having accumulated a little money determined to satisfy his ambition to attend the oldest Methodist college. He started out, with his worldly possessions in one small trunk and less than thirty dollars in his pocket with which to meet the expenses of his college course. By means of stage coach, he journeyed from Delhi, New

CONGRESSMAN JESSE OVERSTREET
OF INDIANA



JOHN HAYES HAMMOND, THE NOTED MINING ENGINEER

Known in four continents. He is president of the League of Republican Clubs, and is a college mate of Judge W. H. Taft

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, JR.

MISS GRACE DEXTER BRYAN

York, to the Hudson River. Coming down the Hudson on the night boat, he got what rest he could by sleeping on his trunk, and found, upon reaching New York City, that the Connecticut River boat would not leave Peck's Slip on the other side of the city until evening. In order to save expense, he attempted to carry his trunk across the city unassisted, but, at the corner of Church and Chambers Streets, met an Irishman with a hand-cart, who was looking for a job. A bargain was soon made whereby the two agreed to join forces for the day, Andrus promising to drum up customers for his Hibernian partner. The first customer refused to trust them with his goods, until Andrus left his watch as a pledge, but, after finding them to be honest and efficient, became interested in their venture and aided them. Success followed. They were kept busy all day, and at its close divided the receipts, which amounted to seven dollars and fifty cents. The Irishman was anxious to continue the partnership, but Andrus was not to be turned from his purpose.

On the night trip to Middletown, he again used his trunk for a cot. Next morning he landed, dragged his luggage for about a mile up the hill to the North College, where he was assigned to a bare room innocent of carpet or furniture, in which he began his college life, alone and friendless. Exercising strict economy, he gradually obtained the barest necessities in the way of furnishings, boarded himself for some time and earned what money he could. Of course he succeeded—that followed as a natural sequence.

He graduated in 1862. He applied for a school at Bayonne, New Jersey, and, upon reporting for examination, found forty applicants ahead of him. When questioned by the committee as to what salary he would accept, he retorted: "I am not after salary; I want work." This won for him favorable attention, and he was engaged to teach for the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars per year. Not content with what, in those days, was regarded as a good salary, Andrus sought in every way to increase his income, and it is significant that, at the end of the first year of teaching, he had saved and laid away the sum of one thousand dollars. A

RUTH BRYAN-LEAVITT AND CHILDREN

year later he had three times this amount to his credit.

Four years after graduation, with a capital of ten thousand dollars, he became one of the firm of Reed, Carnrick and Andrus, at that time manufacturing a single medicinal preparation. In 1873 they were doing an immense business, having been the first to exploit that class of medicines known as "elixirs" which replaced, to a great extent, the old extracts and syrups.

Later on Mr. Andrus withdrew from the firm and incorporated The New York Pharmacal Association, which manufactures Lactopeptine and its compounds. These are protected by patent and trade-mark. The business has steadily grown until this firm and its products have gained a world-wide reputation. He is also treasurer of The Arlington Chemical Company, whose products, dry and liquid Peptonoids, are equally well known, and holds a like office in The Palisade Manufacturing Company, whose specialties are Hemaboloids, Borolyptol, etc.

Mr. Andrus has never lost his interest in his Alma Mater, where he began and successfully won out in his strenuous and manly struggle for an education. He has for years been a trustee of Wesleyan University, and, dating from 1892, for twelve years a treasurer of the board. Years ago he donated nearly thirty thousand dollars for the improvement of the old North College and many subsequent gifts have demonstrated his affectionate regard for the university. He has also served on the board of trustees of Washington University, the Drew Theological Seminary, and has liberally, though unostentatiously, aided many a good cause and deserving institution.

Curiously enough, while his own experience would tend to confirm the current belief that such courage, patience and endurance could not but ensure success, Mr. Andrus strongly expressed his opinion that success, as measured by the acquisition of money, cannot be gained by any certain combination of ability, character and persistent endeavor. He compares the pursuit of wealth to a man ascending in an airship into the uncertain currents of the upper ether. The voyager believes that his ship is navigable and under full control, but he may reckon without some aerial current which may sweep his ship in a direction he never intended to take. Mr. Andrus seems to think that many a business man inflates his balloon and starts it on the upward journey, and when it is caught in the currents of success and rushes swiftly forward to even greater heights than he dared hope to attain, no one is more surprised than himself. Perhaps other balloons that ascended at the same time may have been caught in downward currents and wrecked upon jagged rocks, chimneys, or in the sea.

When I asked Mr. Andrus for his photograph he demurred, saying that younger and handsomer men would look better than himself in magazine pages, and that gray whiskers were not as attractive in print as the smooth and rounded cheeks of youth; but his listener did not agree with him. Mr. Andrus is a tall man of striking personality, with close-cropped chin whiskers and black eyes. He is always interested in the proceedings of the House, being very seldom absent. He follows the discussions carefully and gives close attention to all that comes up. In fact, one member related to me that, after making a rather pretentious effort one day at a session where the auditors were chiefly in the galleries rather than on the floor, it was a hand-grasp and compliment from Congressman Andrus that made him feel that his weeks of preparation were rewarded by appreciation. He remarked:

MRS. WILLIAM J. BRYAN

"Congressman Andrus is one of those 'encouragers' who sit back of the scenes and know how to help their colleagues to do their best, and secure sound and practical legislation."

* * *

THE charm of ideal home associations is revealed in the life of William J. Bryan as well as in the career of Judge Taft, his rival nominee for the presidency. The campaign of 1908 has been free from personalities, and a splendid tribute to American citizenship is the honor and favor shown public men who have in turn honored the home ideal. Whether as a young lawyer starting in life, or a grandfather with "the chicks on his knee," Mr. Bryan's home-life has been a worthy example. There is a sweetness and content in the life at Fairview that has won the admiration of all home-loving people irrespective of partisan connections.

The campaign interest has been more directly focussed upon the leading candidates than heretofore. The first tour of William J. Bryan in 1896 when he traveled 18,000 miles speaking in nearly every stopping place set a pace that will encourage the same record-breaking ambition that has infested the aeronautic tests within sight of the White House.

* * *

A HOST of orators will soon be abroad in the land, with texts selected from the party campaign book, telling the people the whys and wherefores of the issues of 1908. Political campaigning this year is set forth by a number of Republican advocates, showing "why Taft should be elected," in calm, dispassionate premises, and President Roosevelt reiterated his opinion conclusively in a letter to the Montana stockmen just prior to the main election.

We are recognized as a government by law, and require for chief executive a man possessing the proved judicial temperament allied with administrative faculty, humane, yet strong, and able to elucidate in plain, practical words and actions, the many intricate propositions of the law. The chief executive or president, in signing a bill or a measure, should be qualified to pass upon it from a judicial as well as an executive and administrational point of view.

The four hundred decisions written by William H. Taft, while on the federal bench, have been pointed out as proof of his thorough mastery of law as applied to present day problems. His noted decision in the "Narramore case," concerning the laborer who sued for damages on account of an injury sustained while using defective equipment, has become an authoritative rule — not a mere ruling but a *rule*—referred to as a landmark, absolute and fixed, an authority immutable.

In this case Judge Taft was called upon to pass directly upon an Ohio statute, which provided a criminal penalty for any injury resulting from unsafe or defective equipment. The contention by the defendant corporation was that the statute was criminal in character, and that when the state had secured its measure of justice, the injured man no longer had any claim for civil damages. Judge Taft held that it was not sufficient to leave it to the person employed to make a complaint in a criminal proceeding, but that "the full spirit of the legislature contemplated that the injured man should be allowed to sue in damages for compensation for the injury which he had individually met."

For years corporation attorneys have tried to break down the *rule* established in this case, which has now become as familiar to those considering the cases of injured employes as the rule in the Shelley case is to lawyers dealing in land titles. Judge Taft has made an impression on the jurisprudence of the nation, and this case and others have proved conclusively that when it comes to the inherent rights of labor and the people, his decisions have been most sweeping in the consideration of the public welfare clause of the constitution, protective of the inherent rights of all the people.

* * *

An appreciation of the massive proportions of the physical and mental reserve force of William H. Taft cannot be gained unless one knows something about his eight years' service as a federal judge in one of the busiest circuits of the country, when he wrote his four hundred decisions. A number of these are known to the people because of their prominence in American jurisprudence. His splendid ability and determination to give the people "a square deal" in this wide range of cases cannot be gainsaid. The decisions range from patent, equity, real property law, insurance law, contract, federal procedure, tort, interstate commerce law, to admiralty and bankruptcy. His patent decisions alone would make an authoritative reference book on that branch of law. In one of the most

MR. BRYAN AND GRANDCHILDREN

important cases, a voluminous departmental report was simmered down to twenty pages, which indicates something of the terseness that Judge Taft has at command, and the pains he takes with all work that passes through his hands. He has always lived in a legal atmosphere, and the whole family seem to have the same leaning. His father and grandfather were lawyers, his father being an active practising attorney for forty years. His five brothers are all lawyers. From early boyhood almost, the Judge appears to have shown an irresistible genius for the work which he has so well accomplished. His passion for research in every decision, shown especially in the patent cases, has acquainted him with nearly every form of machinery, from a stem-winding watch to a turbine motor. He knows that general proportion of mechanical construction usually known only to the expert. He understands the function of cams, pulleys and many other appliances as a rule familiar only to practical mechanics. In simplicity and clearness of statement it is conceded that no one has surpassed the lucidity and plain common sense of these four hundred federal court decisions. His findings in the superior court of Ohio have become statutes. He long ago pointed out the right of unions to combine and strike for the improvement of conditions of labor and for higher wages and other beneficial purposes, but held that the strike or boycott must be on the person with whom the union had a grievance, and that no innocent third party must be interfered with for the purpose of industrial warfare. Sixteen years later this decision was verified by the supreme court of Massachusetts and other courts.

HON. J. E. ANDRUS
Member of Congress from Yonkers, N. Y.

Judge Taft has held appointments under four presidents, and his experience, reaching out on all sides, includes the duties of a newspaper man, a citizen, a lawyer, a judge and a cabinet officer — an experience that has especially fitted him for the high executive honor for which he has been nominated.

* * *

THE establishment of a flourishing chain of women's clubs in the Canal Zone, under the name of the Canal Zone Federation, is an event of more than passing importance. With Mrs. George Goethals acting as president, the movement was inaugurated with true American enthusiasm, and the often expressed fear of an unbearable monotony and isolation on the Isthmus has been entirely eliminated. This is largely owing to the recommendation of Miss Beeks, who, on behalf of the National Civic Federation, visited the Zone last year and closely investigated conditions there. Their Welfare Department sent Miss Boswell there to organize. The inception and progress of the work is interesting. Miss Boswell's informal talk at the meeting clearly expressed her reason for coming to the Zone, and while she fully appreciated the importance of the work already being done by women on the Zone in domestic life, she suggested that every woman "has time to be kind," and added:

"We hear a lot about the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Let us prove that there is a sisterhood of women."

It will be readily understood that the women's clubs organized in this spirit will have marked influence for good on the Isthmus. All the women present signified their intention of joining a women's club should one be organized. This preliminary meeting was held last October, and before the twelfth of that month eight clubs had been organized, seven of which were represented in a meeting held at Ancon for the purpose of establishing a federation. At this same meeting the Canal Zone Federation of Women's Clubs was formed, and Mrs. George W. Goethals was elected president and a constitution adopted.

The quarterly meetings held at Ancon, Culebra, Gorgona, Empire and Colon have been of great interest, and it would be difficult to estimate the valuable work done by this organization, for the members of the clubs form not only a "Home Department," which, among other interests, has considered horticulture and the improvement of general surroundings of the homes on the Isthmus, but where hospitals are located the care of the sick has been considered and nurses given papers before the clubs containing valuable suggestions on home nursing and kindred topics. These features, with the literary entertainments and talks on various matters of general interest, are but a slight indication of the valuable work done by the Canal Zone Federation of Women's Clubs.

* * *

WITH his usual good humor and common sense Justice Brown of the Supreme Court has established statutes which are an indication that this legislative body keeps in touch with the questions of the times. While the justice maintains his personal preference for the companionable and wide-awake horse, he takes note of the "masterful influence" of the benzine buggy. His conclusion is that the automobile has come to stay until some new invention arrives to oust it, in turn, from its seat as prime favorite of the man of leisure.

It has not, however, been discovered that there is any law whereby ordinary wagons and carriages may be compelled to keep out of the way when the chauffeur toots upon his horn. The right of the state to classify automobiles as a distinctive kind of vehicles is affirmed, but the justice has expressed an opinion that the regulation of automobile traffic should be left largely to each individual state, rather than arranged by rushing into Congress with hasty legislation of doubtful validity. The learned jurist has expressed his opinion that the future rights of the automobile depends upon the tact and courtesy of the chauffeur and his sponsors, but that

From "William Howard Taft, American" *Copyright,* 1908, *Robert Lee Dunn*

MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

it is rather over-straining the road jurisdiction to determine that the automobile should be placed under national law, on the basis of regulating interstate commerce, because even regular vehicles of commerce are bound to comply with the laws of each state, when these laws do not interfere with interstate commerce.

* * *

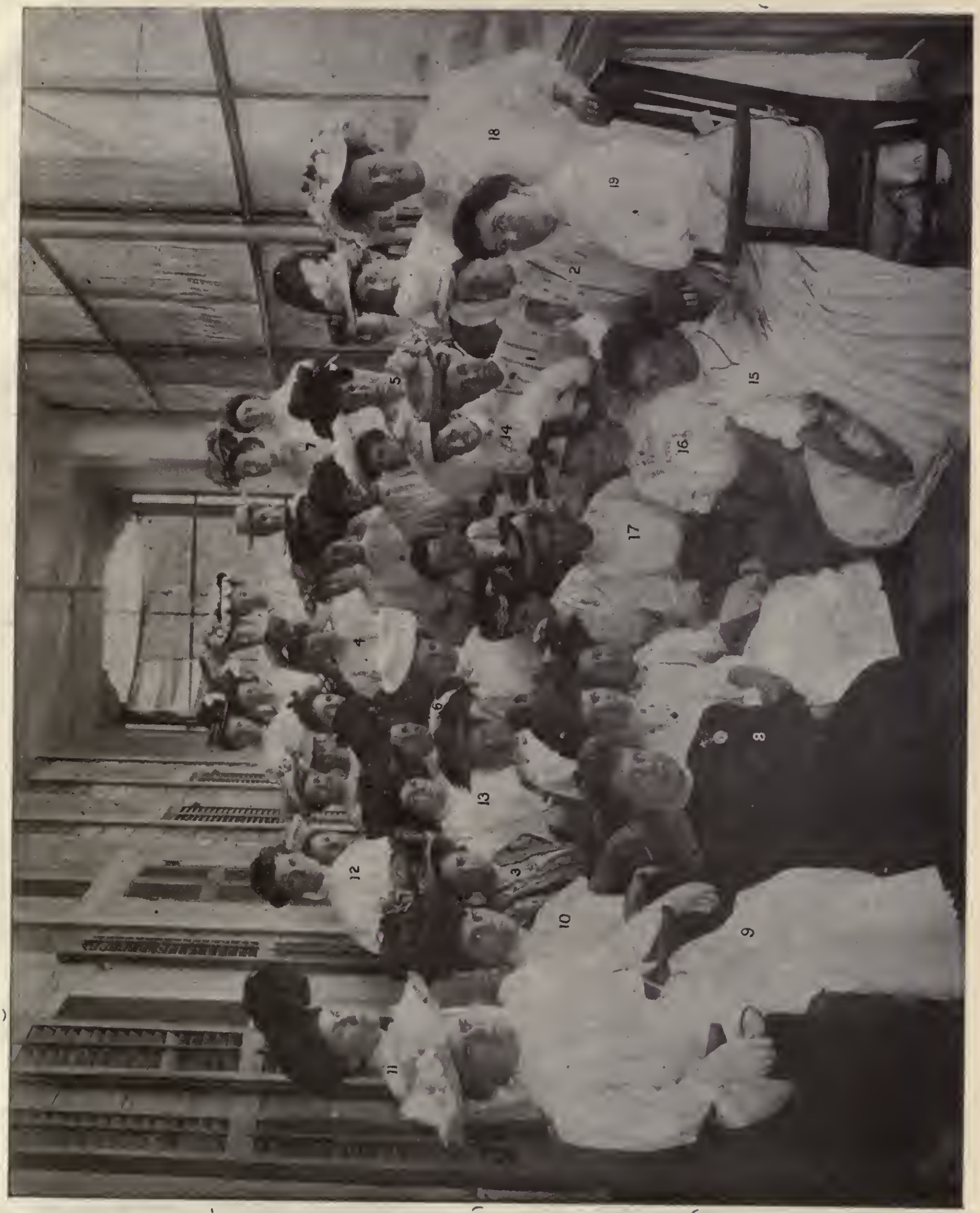
PREPARATIONS have already been begun at the Naval Department for a disposition of the ships of the fleet in February, when they return from their cruise around the world. The details of this circumnavigation of the globe by the entire fleet certainly marks an epoch in the chronicles of the naval history of the United States.

The plans include a grand review of the ships by President Roosevelt on Washington's Birthday, at New York or Hampton Roads, and within ten days from that event the fleet will proceed to Guantanamo for their annual cannon and small arm target practice. Altogether it looks as though the President's suggestion as to the advisability of "keeping the navy in prime condition," made by him at Newport, is to be followed out closely, and both men and ships will continue in the best of "fighting trim." The latest reports from Admiral Sperry state that the fleet is in even better shape than when it left Hampton Roads.

These hot days have been busy ones for Admiral Pillsbury of the Bureau of Navigation, who keeps in touch with the globe-encircling navy, and provides it with adequate recruits for the new ships which are being put into service. A splendid record has been made in the recruiting department of the navy, and it is believed that in future there will be no difficulty in getting all the men required by the service, which must be highly gratifying to those who have worked hard to bring this part of the country's defence to perfection.

JUDGE TAFT WITH SENATORS ELKINS AND SCOTT AT HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

One of the most popular documents ever issued by the government is the handsome booklet in colors prepared for the Naval Department by Messrs. Street & Finney of New York, entitled "The Making of a Man-o'-warsman." It ranks high as one of the best bits of current literature ever put out by Uncle Sam, and has been effective in bringing up to a high standard the personnel of the new recruits to the navy.

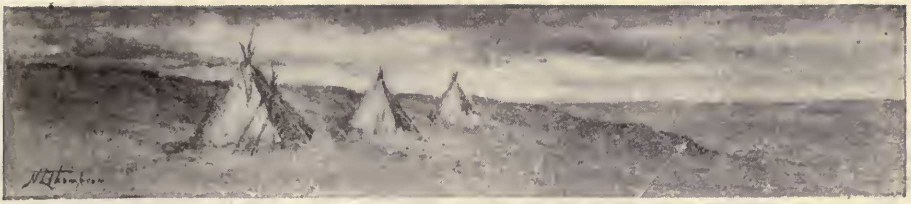


CANAL ZONE FEDERATION'S FIRST MEETING

1—Mrs. Lorin C. Collins, First Vice-President and Acting President of the Canal Zone Federation, President Cristobal Club. 2—Mrs. W. C. Gorgas, President Ancon Women's Club. 3—Mrs. F. R. Roberts, President Pedro Miguel Women's Club. 4—Mrs. N. F. Morrison, President Gorgona Women's Club. 5—Mrs. J. C. Barnett, President Paraiso Women's Club. 6—Mrs. F. M. Miracle, President Empire Women's Club. 7—Mrs. J. L. Elliott, Vice-President Gatun Women's Club. 8—Mrs. Charles J. Jewett, Ancon. 9—Miss J. M. Beattie, Corozal. 10—Mrs. J. F. McTyer, Empire. 11—Mrs. F. H. Powell, Cristobal. 12—Mrs. E. S. Waid, Paraiso. 13—Mrs. John Burke, Cristobal. 14—Mrs. M. C. Rerdell, Cristobal. 15—Mrs. Ralph R. Wolf, Gorgona. 16—Miss Eunice Browning, Empire. 17—Mrs. Edna Fraser, Pedro Miguel. 18—Mrs. S. R. Calvit, Gorgona. 19—Miss Helen V. Boswell.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. C. BURROWS, WIFE OF SENATOR BURROWS OF MICHIGAN



A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

By GRACE KELLOGG

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CHAPTER XX.

Two more days and I came within sight of the encampment. I had thought little as to what my course of action should be. It was evident the maiden was not being ill-treated, yet there was the possibility that she might be considered as a captive, and, according to the custom of many tribes, be given as a slave to the favorite wife of the warrior who had taken her. Or some brave might conceive an ardent admiration for her and there be the necessity of removing her at once.

As for the rescue party under Pokoota, it was due in five days, yet I must not count too greatly upon it, for there was an even chance that Pokoota might never reach the town of the Senecas.

Meantime it was needful that I be unsuspected and unharmed by the strangers, that I be able to strike for her when the hour came. Therefore I took the pocoon-root and the red paint-root and the sumach, and painted my body in a strange fashion not known to my people, but much resembling the style of the court dress in the Sunny Land. Such portion of myself as I could see, decked out in excellent-fitting hose of orange embroidered with marvellous jet rosettes, and doublet of scarlet, pinked and slashed daringly with black and broidered about the edge with vernal green, moved me to laughter, while I blushed to imagine the ruff of white that lay on my shoulders and the marvelous collar of gold and rubies that clasped my throat. Aye, even my mokawsons I turned into shoon of black with gold buckles; but I left my face undisfigured that I might seem the odder, unmasked in a country of masks.

So decked, I approached the camp. It lay in a hollow glade of blue grass, hemmed in by the creek and three round mounds, symmetrical as inverted bowls. Upon each of the two mounds which sat on the bank of the creek with the town between them, stood two rough-hewn pillars of rock on end, with a third slab laid across the top to form an arch. What purpose they served I knew not, yet they reminded me of naught so much as burial-stones. And indeed I learned that the mounds were indeed crypts for the bodies of the chiefs.

On the third mound stood a small stone house, square and flat-roofed. The sun shone on it brightly, reflecting in a dazzling eye from a round polished surface just above the door, where a hanging curtain was flapping noiselessly in a wind which scarce stirred the grasses in front of the opening. Cheerful enough! And yet there was something uncanny about it all: the glaring eye of light, the stealthy flapping curtain, the whispering blue grasses.

I came out of the woods and entered the village between the two nearest mounds.

It was hot midday and the warriors were lying in the doors of the wigwams, smoking and sleeping.

No one moved, but all eyes were alert.

At last an old warrior who wore a magnificent nose-ring of carved silver, rose and said courteously, "Friend, you are our friend."

"Friends," replied I gravely, "Friends, Matchemanito the Bad and all the Heaven-Dwellers greet thee."

With the words I bowed low, and to the amazement of all the tribe, grasped and shook heartily the hand of the old warrior who had greeted me.

The brave drew his hand away gently, and a significant look which rejoiced my soul flashed from eye to eye about the circle. Among my people a crazed man is not merely an object of commiseration, but a being to be welcomed as a guest-friend, and treated with all veneration and solicitude. The old warrior rose at once, and led the way to the town-house. As I was following, brows knit and eyes intent, pondering my next step, he turned suddenly and caught the intelligence in my eyes. His gaze met mine, startled, questioning, accusing. Mine met his defiant, non-committal. A half-instant thus and I had shut down the blank light of idiocy over my gaze—but I knew in my heart that the harm was done.

Nothing was said, however. The old warrior turned back as suddenly as he had wheeled, and held aside the door-flap for me to enter.

There, in great baskets of birch-bark and kettles of brass was the corn and hominy and succotash.

"Oh, my guest-friend," said my host, "there is little in the town-house of the Micosukees. We have no bear-steak, nor sugared venison, nor buffalo like the rich fare to which our guest friend is accustomed. Neither have we bird nor fish; our young men are now out upon the hills and rivers seeking what they may find. We prepare a sacrifice to the sun that he will send plenty to their hands; our maidens are beseeching Matchemanito the Bad that he will not send upon us the Black Famine.

"Oh, my guest-friend, eat. Such as it is, it is thine. Thy coming has gladdened our hearts. Thy presence is welcome to us. We hold thee a precious token from the Great-Hand that plenty shall be in our town-house once more."

He was silent, waiting with cold unsmiling eyes for my reply. Deep in his heart I read suspicion black and deep and silent as pools among the rocks—tschuk! I am white man enough to read eyes that mask and lips that fabricate veils for the truth.

"Oh, saluted one," I replied as politely and as treacherously as himself, "I eat of your succotash with gratitude in my heart, and no longing for sugared venison. I am but little accustomed to more than roots and nuts. I am a wanderer, an outcast of all men, because that I hold commerce with Matchemanito, who is my lord and master. All men fear me. But in truth, senselessly, for my spirit is well-wishing to all; and, so I have my pittance of food, I harm none. Yet do I remain long with none. The All-Destroyer calls—and I follow on. None harm me nor drive me away, for they fear the vengeance of Matchemanito, and they rightly believe his friendship better sought than his hatred."

I was almost famished by this time. With the sight of the food my appetite had sprung up with violence. But it was impossible to eat till he motioned me to.

He looked at me with something of awe still mingled largely with suspicion and remarked tentatively:

"My brother's breech-clout is of the fashion of the Iroquois."

"My brother speaks truth," I replied readily enough. "Not more than six moons ago the Wanderer took them from the body of a Seneca chief whom Matchemanito slew by his tomahawk."

"The Micosukees have a young captive of the Senecas," remarked my host, watching me behind the mask.

"The young men of the Iroquois are well-trained. He will be but poor sport at the torturing," I said indifferently.

"It is a maiden," returned the warrior, stealthily, watchful.

"Do the Micosukees, then, torture maidens?" I asked.

"In some sort—this one," returned the warrior grimly.

"Is there then war between the Iroquois and the Micosukees?" I asked again.

"O, my friend, there is not, nor is there likely to be," replied the old warrior with a grim half-smile just fluttering his nostrils as he looked at me. That meant that he suspected me of being a Seneca spy and was generously informing me of the fact beforehand that I should never bear tales to the Senecas—a fact of which I was tolerably certain already, that could hardly be helped. Yet if I could compass my designs, I meant to have a certain dearly-loved maiden bear tales and to spare to the Senecas.

I drifted idly into a tale of wars between the Kewanees and the Neponsets. The old warrior listened approvingly, and his suspicions weakened. For how should a Seneca know of the wars of the Kewanees and the Neponsets? In truth, his sagacity was not at fault, for I had but recently become a Seneca.

"Tschuk! Our guest-friend has eaten nothing yet," observed the old warrior finally, and waved his hand more hospitably than he had before spoken.

It was well. I had been strongly tempted to brain him with my tomahawk and fall upon the succotash tooth and nail.

After a gluttonous repast, which my host shared with me, we went out and lay down. I soon slept, deeming it shrewd to let them see how greatly at my ease I was. Moreover, I was in sore need of sleep to keep me sharp-witted and give me the strength to back up my wits when the opportunity to use them came—if it ever came.

I do not know how long I slept. But of a sudden the blood went pulsing through my veins so tumultuously that I awoke fully, though my eyes remained closed—a habitual precaution which has often been of use to me.

"O, little sister," a cold crafty voice was saying: "Behold the stranger who says he is thy friend, and thus claims our hospitality. Dost thou know him, or shall he like an impostor be driven from our camp?"

My head went giddy. I almost caught my breath. A girl held the safety of both of us in her hands.

There was a slight pause, as if she were scrutinizing me. Then came her dear voice, low and child-like in its naivete:

"The stranger is no Seneca. No, nor Iroquois. There is no totem anywhere upon him."

"You know him not?" came the cold driving question, and I guessed how the piercing eyes were fastened upon the face.

"I have said," replied the calm voice proudly, and withal in some ingenuous surprise at further questioning. "The stranger is no Iroquois. Neither has the daughter of the Senecas ever seen this manner of painting. Let him be driven from the lodges of the Micosukees. He hath not said truth if he hath claimed kinship with the Iroquois."

I flung one arm up, muttered a ditty under my breath, lazily opened my eyes and stared up unsurprised and unrecognizing at the maiden whose eyes met mine with no betrayal in their cool depths. Then I yawned, turned over and went to sleep again.

When I finally awoke it was evening. The Micosukee was still sitting smoking beside me as if he had never stirred, but I knew well that that vision of her had been no dream.

I sat up, yawned, took out my pipe, filled it in silence, and began to smoke. The fires were lighted in the wigwams. The squaws were coming in with baskets of berries which they took direct to the town-house. One stood her crib up on end near me, and it fell forward, not hurting the papoose, yet setting him squalling at a great pitch. I picked up the *gaonseh* and charmed away the youngster's uproar by playfully puffing smoke in its face, and the mother looked around and smiled at me. One of the maidens brought some berries to the old warrior, and half shyly, half boldly, offered some to me. I took a handful and substituted for it in the basket a bauble, of which I had not a few in my pouch, and the girl scampered off in high glee.

While he thought my attention was thus distracted, the old warrior, who was the werowance of the village, made a sign to a stunted little priest painted sickly green, and the next instant, as if she had risen from the ground, Pontilogah was standing before me.

I paid scant heed to this, for I was chirruping to a not over-shy brown girl with a flat nose and heavy ears.

The old warrior plucked me by the arm.

"The maiden whom the Micosukees will sacrifice to be the Bride of the Sun," he said affably, motioning to Pontilogah.

I surveyed the girl boldly—Hawenneeyu forgive me!—for his eye was upon me.

"The Fire-God should be pleased. She is fit to be his bride," I said, and turned to catch my new acquistion by the arm—though my heart was dying within me. I pulled her down beside me; a proceeding which she appeared to enjoy intensely, uttering hoarse animal-like cries of delight.

Pontilogah's eyes were upon the top of the wigwam. She seemed weary and abstracted, like one who is surely to die and has already lost interest in things of life. No one could have done it better than she did, yet her brain must have been in a whirl of conjecture, questioning, and torturing hope.

I was smoking again now, leaning heavily upon the bulky palpitating shoulder of the Indian girl.

I slept soundly that night. It might be many nights before I could sleep again—unless indeed I should fall into the long sleep.

In the morning I diced with two or three old men and had excellent luck with the plum-stones, my mind being too full of plans to give any thought to the play.

Force was out of the question. I was at present one against fifty, or thereabouts, not counting the women, and at any time the young men and the rest of the warriors might return. I cursed the appetite of my companions that had made her rescuers one instead of six.

Strategy it must be—but what?

Meanwhile I amused the village with some simple tricks of Tschappich, witchcraft, which quite convinced them that I was in truth an ally of Matchemanito's who should be treated with all due respect.

The sacrificial ceremonies were to take place on the sixth evening. The old werowance explained them to me at some length, for we had become quite sociable together.

First there would be the prayer and consecration. Then all the camp-fires would die out and nothing should be heard or seen save the chanting of the priests about the victim and the flaring of torches. Slowly the torches would burn down and out. Then should the priests spring upon the victim and slit and tear her, limb from limb. I cannot write it. It brings the drops of sweat out on my forehead even now, though then I sat and silently applauded the program and laughed grimly now and then in echo of my host.

If one might but see her, speak with her, if only for an instant. I dared not try without excuse. Indeed it would have been useless to try, for she was kept in the stone house on the hill to be the Bride of the Sun, and none might pass the door, not even the sickly green priests with their vile prying eyes.

I had nothing to complain of in my captors. They were a fierce people as those be that worship the Fire-God, yet they treated me with all hospitality and gentleness—which I, eating my heart out in idleness, noticed only as confirmation of my impotence.

XXI.

It was the fifteenth day, and Pokoota's promise was unkept. It had been my forlorn hope. It faded with the fading of the sun-glow in the west.

That night about midnight when all the camp was asleep one of the priests came in great alarm to me, and besought me pitifully as I cherished his life to come quietly with him. Ordinarily I think I should have assured him how very little I cherished his scurvy existence and remained where I was. Now the chance of finding some avenue of escape for her led me out with him.

In all secrecy we stole away, and by a detour gained the back of the sacred mound of the stone house. Here he paused to tell me, "The maiden—the Bride-to-be of the Sun—she was ill—she had been seized by a strange devil—it was as much as his life was worth if the maiden die—he—he—happened to be—to be where he heard her—he thought—"

I seized him by the throat and pressed him down backward.

"What have you done to her—what have you done to her?" I demanded hoarsely, almost beside myself with fear. He gasped and gurgled in terror.

"Nothing—nothing—I swear before Manito I only peered within the curtain-flap—nothing more—"

He was telling the truth. I released him reluctantly. We came to the door. I peered within and listened. The maiden was in truth acting very strangely, yet I knew there be madmen and madmen, and for all I knew there might be madwomen to mate with both kinds.

Therefore I said solemnly:

"The Sun mid-high tomorrow she will die. A devil hath his eye upon her and will fly away with her soul. Look!"

I pointed dramatically upward. It was true: a great black-winged shape hovered over the stone house.

The priest shivered and quaked.

"Yes, she must die. You lifted the curtain-flap and the devil's eye fell upon her. Tomorrow by the sun mid-high they will find her beautiful body lifeless, and the devil will cry out from between her beautiful dead lips how that the false priest raised the curtain-flap—"

He was writhing in his skin now like an ugly mottled snake.

"Then will there be no sacrifice to the Sun and the crops will die and the young men will return empty-handed; and they will seize the wretched priest—"

"Mercy! Mercy!" he shrieked—yet softly, too.

"They will seize the traitorous priest," I went on ruthlessly, "and they will do to him that which they would have done to the maiden—"

He groaned, and collapsed at my feet. I lifted him up roughly, and said:

"Yet because the unhappy priest is also a medicine-man and a brother of mine, and because I would not have the people starve, since I must starve with them, therefore will I save the maiden's life from the devil. Do you listen?"

His eyes were staring at me, vacant with terror, but he nodded his head loosely.

"Then go to the foot of the hill, turn your back on the house and look not back, if you would not have the devil seize her on the instant."

"But if the maiden escape?" he protested feebly.

"Madman!" I cried so fiercely that he staggered backward in fresh fright, "Do you value your worthless life so little that you question me, your savior? Hark!"

We listened, rigid.

From the stone house came a long strange moan, like winter wind crannying about the corners of the lodge, and then a word repeated, "The Eye! The Eye!"

"Do you hear?" I demanded coldly. "And do you still hesitate? She feels the evil Eye upon her already, drawing the soul out through her body. By mid-high sun tomorrow—But you fear lest she escape! Well, I will leave you to watch her."

"No! No!" he groaned in a stifled voice, throwing himself flat and clasping my ankles in an agony of suspense. "Tell me what to do. I will do it."

"It is well. But question me again, or disobey but one finger-nail's breadth my commands and the devil seizes the maiden that instant—"

"I will obey! I will obey!"

"Then bow your forehead to the ground seven times swiftly saying: '*Gishuk nipahum! Gishuk nipahum!*' each time."

He obeyed eagerly. One might have laughed at this, it was such child's folly—but the tragedy of life and death hinges on such moments.

"Now," I continued sternly, "Make a sign of the cross, so, toward the spot where each of the other six priests lie hidden in the grass about the base of the mound, and point carefully, for if you miss one of them by a hair's breadth—"

He obeyed, making the unaccustomed sign with painful care, and I noted the place of each of the sleeping sentinels.

"Now," I continued more gently, "You have begun well. Go down to the foot of the mound, bite each of your scurvy wrists till you draw blood, make a cross, so, on your forehead, then throw yourself on your face, and pray without cessation till dawn, as you value your life.

"At dawn rise, come half-way up the mound, and watch the door carefully lest the evil spirit enter while you watch not. Whenever you think you see him coming make the sign I showed you, and he will be frighted away.

"But above all—and this is the most important of all—let no one raise the curtain-flap the width of a grass-blade till mid-high sun tomorrow. By then the danger will be past and you may carry her her mid-day meal. You will find her in a deep sleep, into which I shall throw her that she may not hear when the devil calls her. When I have done this I shall leave her alone. But you need fear nothing. She will not awake till you call. Now go."

He went as arrow from bow. He would obey.

I lifted the curtain-flap and entered. The maiden was cowering in the furthest corner of the hut, moaning and uttering strange words.

"Pontilogah!" I called softly. She sprang forward and laughed softly up at me with mischievous delight.

"Art not afraid like the other medicine-man?" she demanded wickedly.

"Yea verily, but not of thy madness, love," I answered, "of thy beauty."

She stepped back proudly and flung up her pretty head.

"Didst come only with love-talk?" she asked coldly.

"Nay, there is no time for talk of any kind. I am come to take thee away—home."

She started, "But there are those who watch."

"Nay, the six sleep, and the seventh prays."

"But we shall be followed."

"When the sun is high tomorrow. Yes. The more need of haste. Come."

We stole out of the stone house and dropped the curtain carefully behind us.

We crept down the back of the hill. If we could pass the sleepers safely all would be well. If we waked one—well, he should speedily render an accounting to Manito.

We were half-way to the peril of our circle of priests behind which lay the forest and safety, when the moon suddenly burst forth from the louds. With one impulse we both dropped prone in the grass. I motioned Pontilogah to follow me, and we crept slowly down the hill. Here to the right lay one priest, somewhere, hidden in the grass. Here to the left lay one, so close that I could hear his breathing. I had made a poor calculation. Nothing to do but crawl silently on. I motioned Pontilogah to pass me that I might spring upon the sleeper if he stirred. She went on to wait for me in the edge of the forest, while I, having guided her past the sleeping priests, must needs go back to cover our trail.

The cursed moon shone dazzling white upon the mound. Had there been aught waking on that side of the hill I could not have escaped detection. But the six slept placidly on, and the seventh was praying without ceasing on the other side of the mound, overlooking the camp.

Wherefore by the mercy of these circumstances I passed the circle of priests and reached the forest unchallenged.

My eyes sought in vain to pierce the sudden blackness, yet I knew she would not go far within the shadows till I joined her.

"S-s-s," I signaled gently. Cautiously came the answering "S-s-s," from behind a tree on the edge of the shadow.

I sprang forward toward the sound.

"Cousin?" I whispered.

"Cousin, you yet exist," came the suave salute, and the old Micosukee stepped out into the moonshine

"A beautiful night," said I, clutching at the first words which came.

"A beautiful night," returned the werowance gravely.

"But I was to keep tryst with one of the maidens," I hazarded, "and she is faithless to the promise. My brother has not seen aught behind the hill that seemeth like a maiden waiting tryst?"

He smiled unfathomably.

"The werowance hath eyes too old to spy out trysting maidens," he replied.

A gleam of hope shot through me. Had he perhaps come only a moment before? Had he not seen the maiden Pontilogah?

I glanced aside at his face, but nothing might be read there. Had he seen me on the hill? He could scarcely have helped it. What had he thought if he had seen it? Had I befooled him into believing my madness? I doubted it. And yet—and yet—all this he might have seen, and yet not having seen Pontilogah, and deeming her well-guarded, might not dream that she had already escaped.

My chiefest fear was lest he had not been alone in the forest.

We walked on side by side. I knew there was no escape for me that night. I hoped that she would not wait for me, but would press on homeward. I might slip away in the morning, before her escape was discovered—I smiled as I caught myself cheating myself with the pretty hope.

To be sure there was not a horse in camp and if I could get the start of them—I smiled again.

In the meantime we reached the wigwam which had been shared with me. We sat down and smoked in silence. The werowance did not leave me till dawn. I took this to be a good sign, signifying that he feared lest I should make another attempt to rescue the maiden—a fear which would prove him ignorant that she had already gained the woods.

The sun came up and shone on the stone house and on the priest praying mid-way down the hill. He had learned his lesson well.

Day came softly on.

I watched my chance, but it came not.

Where was the maiden Pontilogah? Did she wait for me in the greenwood, or had she gone on to safety?

They tried to take up a morning meal to the stone house, but the medicine-man would not have it. They insisted. My heart beat fast, but he held his ground doggedly. And the basket of fresh food came back down the hill.

At noon hour I was out and near.

One-two-minutes more and I knew my life would be worth less than a shrunken kernel of corn. I was minded to see the value drop.

The medicine-man rose with a great shout of thanksgiving which drew all eyes toward him. Then he mounted the knoll and stretching out one hand to the curtain, paused and looked up at the sun cautiously. It was full noon. He raised the curtain. I held my breath. The silence hummed about me. The eyes of the werowance were upon me. Dully I heard the loud cry of the priest. And dully too I saw the maiden Pontilogah come forth from the door and stand on the brow of the hill, her eyes bright and staring in the broad sun, her hands groping slightly.

I could have laughed aloud, ha-ha! The jest was good. So the werowance had not gone alone into the forest to wait for me! There had been those with him who had seized her and carried her back to captivity.

Another day passed. I was worn to the very bone with helplessness. What could I do? There was no help—no help. And two evenings after this, when the jealous moon should have gone, was to be held the sacrifice.

There was one thing left that I might do. I might try persuasion on the old werowance. It could do no harm. He knew I wished to carry off the girl; and perchance when he knew—

It was folly and worse than folly, but I went to him. I told him the story simply frankly; how she had fled, and I had followed her; and that now he might hold me a willing sacrifice to the Sun-God; but let him send back the maiden to her home. She was not a captive in war; she was but a guest; and she was my greatly beloved.

The werowance smiled.

"Did we wish thy life, my son, we should do it readily, and scarcely in exchange for the maiden's. But we can make no use of it. The Sun-God wishes a bride. In truth it grieves the Micosukee to do this thing, but what would you have? It is the life of one—and that one a stranger—for the life of many—and the many his own flesh and blood. Were it not better so?"

All this was hopelessly true.

"But the maiden is of the Iroquois and the daughter of a Sachem. The Five Nations will come shortly upon her trail seeking swift vengeance from the tribe which has done this outrage."

"What singing-bird will tell of the outrage?" asked the old werowance looking through me with clear impersonal eyes.

The question was pertinent.

"Then let me die first!" I cried.

"All in good time—all in good time," he assured me benevolently.

But I knew I could not die while there was yet life in her veins. I should hope to the end. And always Pokoota might appear.

That day I tried to persuade one of the older men to come out hunting with me. I had no plan in my mind, but it was impossible to remain inactive.

He was flattered by the proposal and said, gladly, tomorrow.

"No, today," I persisted, and had a vision sent from Matchemanito as to a great elk off there—vaguely to the West.

He considered.

I elaborated on the odor of fat venison. I smelled it, tasted it, chewed it, eloquently. He decided to come.

The old Micosukee made no objection. Why should he? The Iroquois were many days trail to the north; and as for me, he knew I would come back, drawn to the lodestone.

We set off amicably enough. My companion was a guileless old chap, proud of the prowess of an arm that had seen its best days a score of years ago. I but hastened him to the happy hunting-grounds a few moons sooner. I had never killed a man in cold blood before—nor ever save in self-defence. Yet now I struck him down from behind and went on with scarcely a thought for the deed. All day I wandered desperate. At night I built me a sweat-house of hoops covered with my mantle and placed hot stones therein and threw water and herbs upon them, and prayed mightily and wrestled with the agony of the torture, crying out to Hawenneeyu. And at dawn, when I came forth, weak and shaken, across my door lay hoof-prints.

I have often run down a deer, and I think could run down any animal in a day but a wolf. But a horse, while he is not so fleet at short distances as a deer, nevertheless has far more endurance.

This I found to my sorrow. I caught a glimpse of my quarry once, a fine stallion, a mare, and a colt, all quite wild.

From dawn to noon I ran them, with only one other glimpse of them.

The sun was high in the mid-heaven. And that night she was to die.

Rage possessed my soul, and I fought like a demon with my slow-footedness.

About mid-afternoon I saw them again, and took a desperate resolve. A horse shot just under the mane, falls, but revives shortly without trace of injury.

I drew on the mare and let fly. The arrow sung, pierced, and quivered in her neck—a finger's breadth too low. She was dead when I reached her. Beside her with lowered questioning noses stood the colt and the horse. They made no move to escape when I came up. I took the stallion away—it was for her—and left the colt still dumbly pushing its soft nose into the mare's rigid flank.

By the time the sun was below the treetops the struggle for mastery was over and the stallion and I were one mind and heart, and that mind and heart bent on saving a girl.

The incantation and the consecration were done when we reached the village. We halted in the edge of the forest whence between one burial hill and the templed mound we could see by the fire-light the glade, the empty wigwams, the men and women huddled back upon the edge of the creek, the little circle of priests about the girl who stood motionless before them.

"See, little brother," I whispered in my stallion's quick ear. "Do you see the open space between the opposite hill and the templed mound? Do you see the forest beyond? Thither go we, shortly."

The Sun-God was called to witness that they were about to present him with a Bride pure and lovely to the eye, that his heart might again be turned to them. That he might again cause to thrive the beans and the corn, the melons and the tobacco.

The fire died low, sublimating with its clear glow the form of the girl who stood erect and proud, facing death as a warrior should. As it sank and sank, the loathsome seven caught up torches and set them flaring as they flung their vile bodies in a wild uncouth dance.

The torch-light struck on the awed faces of the braves and the scared eyes of the squaws huddled in silent terror of the supernatural. Now and again it flared in her face and one could see that her dark eyes were large and open and apathetic. I wondered if she realized—I hoped not.

Slower and slower grew the contortions of the twisting bodies; lower and more tense came the death-chant; the torches flickered and went out, one by one.

"Ready!" I whispered, and the stallion gathered himself together.

The priests drew closer about the girl. The last torch flickered out. There was a hush as darkness fell. Then a loud cry, "Oh, Sun, accept thy Bride!"

The stallion leaped forward—A priest or two went down beneath his hoofs, but the Bride he brushed gently. I caught her up in my arms, and we were gone into the forest.

A deep hush followed.

It was broken by a shrill scream of rage. There arose the out-cry of many voices and a confused uproar of tongues.

I heard nothing more. I held the girl close and lay along the stallion's neck to escape the grazing boughs. We could not long ride so. The double weight was too great for sufficient swiftness. But Pontilogah lay quite relaxed in my hold.

I wondered if she had fainted. I bent farther over. Her eyes were open and dark.

They wavered as I leaned over her, and fixed upon mine unseeingly.

"Who art thou?" she asked in a strange monotone. "Thou shouldst be the All-Destroyer. Art thou a god? Shall I be thy Bride? Thy arms burn me. There was a man, who was to save me, but he is dead—dead in the forest. We are all dead—dead—dead—"

My heart stopped beating. I lifted her up. Better that both of us have our brains dashed out than that this continue.

"Pontilogah," I said gently, as mothers do to fevered children; and as mothers do, I gathered her all against me, and laid her head upon my shoulder, where presently she began to cry softly, so that I feared no longer.

By and by she lifted her head and looked at me through tear-heavy lashes.

"Thou art good to me," she said, "I would I loved thee."

I kissed her solemnly upon the brow in answer, and now that she was her brave young self again, I explained quite soothingly that we were safe, but that she must ride on alone, for swiftness, while I covered the tracks. She must ride home and send back those who should meet me; though there was no danger—no danger—

She looked at me silently for a heart's beat.

"Be there danger or safety, we share it together," she said quietly.

It was then that an arrow sung and our horse dropped under us.

So.

Well, I had five arrows well-poisoned, and a good string on my bow. I put her behind the horse, and drew my bow ready to aim and let fly.

Now I could make out shadows stealing warily up on all sides. How had they headed us off and surrounded us?

There came a loud joyful cry from the girl:

"Waupeka! Waupeka!" And an answer.

As for me I was too weary to be grateful to Fate just then.

"Pokoota?" I said listlessly.

"Here, brother!" came the response close at hand. I laid my hand on his shoulder. There was small need for words.

We were almost home before Waupeka left his charge and came to walk with me; I, who had relinquished her to him almost without volition.

"Pokoota will say naught of the others. They-who-were-braves—"

There was a pause.

"They were brave men," I said after a time.

Then there rested silence between us.

(*To be continued*)

THE BODY

THE eyes of me are wrought of night,
  Yet every dawn I find
Celestial beauty in the light
  With which the skies are lined!

The breath of me is drawn in sighs,
  Yet through the love-thrilled years
I share the joy of paradise—
  The rapture of the spheres!

The veins of me are small and weak,
  Yet like a starry flood
The fires of heaven therein seek
  The channels of the blood!

The limbs of me are shaped of dust,
  Yet stronger than the clod
They bear the soul like weight august,
  Or mantle dropped of God!

Edward Wilbur Mason.

ORION

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

O THOU bold hunter of the jewelled night!
Orion belted with the stars of light!

Bright rover of the wilderness of space:
Great lover of the pleasures of the chase:

What quarry is it falls before thy aim—
Some sunset like an eagle winged with flame?

Or some wild beauty of the sky afar,
The gold-horned moon or silvery falling star?

Thou huntest till the morning like a fawn,
All gently blinds thee with the gaze of dawn.

O soul of mine! immured in night of time,
Thou too art hunter glorious and sublime.

Thou too dost love the chase; in age and youth
Thou stalkest some swift loveliness of Truth.

But thy best trophy—the great light of Love,
Comes when thou seekest not, from God above!

CHRISTENING OF "NEW CYCLOPS"

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

THE hot, arid breath of the wind sizzled the oil in the compression cups and raised blisters on the new paint of "Old Cyclops." A puff of dry steam and oily waste combined to make the atmosphere in the vicinity intolerable. Welden wiped a streak of dirt across his face, spat a mouthful of sand from his lips and rapped the iron sleeve of "Old Cyclops" a vicious whack.

"The man who named that scrap-heap 'Old Cyclops' should be hung to the boom. I wonder what sucker palmed the thing off on Mr. Vincent."

The engineer in charge of the giant steam shovel wiped his grimy hands on his overalls to clear his mind for action.

"She's all that, an' worse," he began. "But she can work at times, an' that makes you feel some pity for her. But she's a worn-out cuss, an' you can't expect—"

"No, Jim, I don't *expect* anything from her," cut in Welden sharply. "I don't expect anything, but this dirt's got to fly. We're here under contract to dig this ditch, an' if every steam shovel and trencher this side of civilization is going back on us what in—Oh, well! what's the use talking. The job's ours, and we're supposed to do it."

"If we could get a new sleeve now, and—"

But Welden walked away without heeding Jim's suggestion. His mind was feverishly active. Here he was on a job that was to make or break him, saddled down with old rotting machinery, and the mercury hovering around the century mark in the shade, and goodness knows what in the sun! Ten thousand cubic yards of dirt moved in three months, and the ditch little more than a shallow gully marked off on the landscape! It was preposterous to think it could be finished in one year.

In his pessimistic mood, the abortive attempts of the puffing engines to cut through the sand ridge made him think of grotesque ants trying to move a mountain. For six months they had asthmatically groaned and snorted away at their task, and what had they accomplished?

"I can't afford to fail this time," Welden groaned between clenched teeth, "and yet—yet it is an impossible task. There's something wrong. Mr. Vincent has been mislead or—or—No, he wouldn't deceive me. What object could he have in that?"

The big contracting firm of Vincent & Company had figured on the job, and had secured the contract for a sum much lower than any competitor. Welden was merely a link in the chain. As chief engineer in the field, it was simply up to him to carry out orders from Mr. Vincent, and those orders proved a herculean task. There had been delay at first in getting the machinery delivered—through no fault of his—and then duplicate parts were missing, and accident seemed to follow accident. "Old Cyclops" had failed him at a critical moment, and the prospects were gloomy.

"If it wasn't for Mr. Vincent I'd chuck it—yes, chuck it, reputation or no reputation," he growled. "I'm no quitter, but this thing is impossible."

Half an hour later he had sent a long telegram for instructions in which a good deal of his pessimism was unconsciously injected. Then, with the help of Jim and six hours of heart-breaking work, he managed to make such repairs on the old steam shovel that it would half-heartedly perform its allotted task. In the midst of his discouragement, the reply to his telegram was handed to him. A long whistle of astonishment, and then:

"Here's for a rest, Jim. Read that!"

The orders were brief and to the point:—

"Henry Welden:

"Suspend all operations. Lay off men and await my arrival. Important developments necessitate this.

"WILLARD VINCENT."

"That means," began Jim stupidly, "that—"

Welden laughed boisterously at the engineer's astonishment.

"Yes, Jim, it means we're discharged, and we can go back to gold prospecting again. Remember the time we spent six months in developing the old placer mine at Gilt Edge Creek until we ran out of funds? Well, we're up against that same thing, only in a little different form."

"I've often been a-wishing that we had that old hydraulic plant down here to scatter this sand. Why, Mr. Welden, we moved ten times as much dirt and gravel with that squirter as we do with these rigs. Why don't they scrap these shovels and hydraulic the gravel bank?"

"Why, Jim, you should know that as well as I do. With water worth a dollar a barrel in this God-forsaken desert, we'd run up a pretty bill for Vincent & Company."

The engineer wiped the beady sweat from his face and growled inaudibly to himself. Welden walked back to his shack pitched in the desert and made out the pay-roll to date.

"I'll accept orders literally, and shut down tonight."

Five days later he stood by the way station, six miles from camp, waiting the arrival of Mr. Vincent. When the train slowed down to permit passengers to alight, a slight figure in a trim traveling suit of some neutral color swung off. No other passenger condescended to change his seat in the hot, stifling cars.

"Hasn't come," exclaimed Welden in disgust. "All my trouble for nothing. "I'll be—"

The slight figure was approaching him, and as the champagne-colored veil was partly lifted, he caught sight of inquiring eyes.

"Are you Mr. Welden?"

She seemed to accept his stare as an affirmative, and continued sweetly:

"My father—Mr. Vincent—couldn't come, and I have taken his place. I—I have the money here for the men."

She touched a neat hand-bag with a golden monogram studding it. Welden smiled in spite of himself. Think of her traveling two thousand miles with nearly five thousand dollars tucked loosely in such a contrivance! It was all of five thousand dollars up to date, including his own salary, and the men were eagerly waiting for their money.

He led her to the desert buckboard and helped her to the hard seat. Fortunately, the afternoon was waning, and the sun was cooling off its rays. Between the jolts of the uncomfortable vehicle he learned the story.

Mr. Vincent had been growing old, and had lately left much of his business to his subordinates. They had figured on digging this section of the irrigation ditch, and in the hurry he had not checked off their estimates. Then when too late the error had been detected. At the contract price, the firm of Vincent & Company was more than likely to be ruined. The job could not be finished, and every cubic yard of dirt moved meant a loss to her father.

"So, you see, father has decided to give it up," she added. "A receiver will be appointed, and he will not get anything for what he — what you have done. But he wanted the men paid off, and he thinks he may be able to get you to stay with the new people who will take it up."

Welden looked into the face by his side, and then blurted out as he clucked at his horse:

"No, I'll quit with your father. He did me a favor once, and I've staid here partly to repay it. I've felt all along there was something wrong. At the rate we were moving the dirt, it would take two years instead of one to cut through that sand ridge. I've been doing some figuring myself, and these old machines here are losing propositions."

"Yes, father said he was afraid they were a little—antiquated," she responded.

Welden did not comment. He was thinking of "Old Cyclops" trying to remove ten cubic yards of dirt when it was rated at thirty.

"If I could do anything, Miss Vincent, I would stay here for your father's sake, without pay, but—"

She shook her head slowly, but with the disapproving smile on her lips there was a tear-drop shining in the eyes.

"How is your father?" he asked abruptly.

"He is not very strong," she murmured. "This—this failure has prostrated him, and I fear his mind will give way under the load."

A look of pathetic weariness crept in her face, and Welden inwardly rebelled at his inability to cheer or help her.

The camp was no place for a woman, but two hundred men contributed their services freely to make it more comfortable for the woman who had journeyed two thousand miles to pay them off. Secretly they left one-third of their wages in Welden's hand, which he was to return to her when she finally left for the East. They would not touch a cent more—not if they starved. Jim even insisted upon giving half of his wage, and grew angry when Welden refused to accept it.

"It's an even shake, Jim," he replied, "and I can't take more from one than from another."

"But you'll be giving more than a third of yours, I'll bet," retorted the old engineer angrily.

Welden flushed and turned away without replying.

Two days after Miss Vincent's arrival in camp, Jim came into Welden's half-dismantled shack with the astonishing news that "Old Cyclops" had quitted the job in dead earnest.

"She's sunk in the hole she's been digging," he explained. "Got tired of holding up her head, I guess."

"Then that means we'll have to dig her out and spend more time repairing her. We must remember that the machinery is part of Mr. Vincent's available assets, and we can't injure any of it."

They worked two hours in the excavation where "Old Cyclops" had tumbled. Then Welden, in trying to attach a grappling iron to her truck, nearly slipped over his head in a sea of soft, moist sand. When he pulled himself up by means of the derrick chain, he had a queer expression on his face.

"Jim, that sand's wet down there," he said. "How do you account for that?"

"I dunno!" simply and honestly replied the engineer.

"Well, I think I understand it, and I see now why 'Old Cyclops' dropped down into that hole. There's water down there, Jim."

The engineer nodded assent, but with no intelligent light on his face.

"Can't you grasp the situation, you old gold-digger?" impatiently demanded Welden. "There's an underground spring or river down there, and 'Old Cyclops' is falling in it. If we give her a push or two she'll go way through the crust."

When this news broke on Jim's dull mind, he took a new interest in life. Half a hundred men brought up a second steam shovel and trencher and set them to work to dig around "Old Cyclops." But the more they excavated the deeper the old steam shovel dropped down. Her extreme weight broke through the light crust, and then with a rumble and splash, the machine disappeared from sight.

"That settles it!" exclaimed Welden. "We have found water. In the morning we'll sound the depth and find how much we have."

The examination of the underground spring showed that a perennial supply of clean sweet water bubbled up around "Old Cyclops," and that the source of it was apparently inexhaustible. Welden kept himself close to his shack that day, and he was so busy with his maps and figures that he could not take his customary stroll with Miss Vincent.

Haggard-eyed but jubilant, he emerged from his shack late at night and stumbled over to Jim's abode. Rousing that man from his sleep, he said:

"Jim, I've sent all of the money away—every dollar you and the men trusted me with for Miss Vincent."

The engineer stared at him to see if he was crazy.

"You can call me crazy, Jim, and I won't hit you, but I had to do it," he continued. "See, here are my figures. With these old steam shovels and trenchers, we've moved less than five hundred cubic yards of dirt a day, and when they break down we're losing that much of work through idleness. Now up in Gilt Edge Creek we used to remove twice that amount with our one old hydraulic. If we had three of these old machines working here we could—"

Jim started up and began to dress himself.

"When will the old squirters come?" he interrupted.

Welden laughed.

"I've ordered them to come at once, and I pledged every dollar we had among us to pay the first installment on them."

"Well, I've got a little laid by, and you can add that to the next payment. But I want to see that water again. It might shift and leave us while we slept."

For a good part of the night the two old gold prospectors sat on the edge of the hole and listened to the trickle of the water. For three days thereafter they worked heroically to get things in shape for their new excavating machinery. Miss Vincent, at their urgent request, remained over.

One morning when she opened her eyes

she was conscious of a throbbing and heaving of the earth which greatly mystified her. She lay quietly on her couch for some time, listening. She had spent some weeks once in a mining camp, and the queer vibrations of the earth made her think of that experience. There was the hiss of escaping steam and the rythmic throb of machinery, with a queer, dull rumbling noise as if the earth was being demolished by some irresistible force.

When she dressed and walked out into the hot atmosphere of the early morning, the whole camp was alive and active, and from the great ridge of sand which had proved the Waterloo of Vincent & Company great clouds of steam seemed to rise. Occasionally spurts of water shot high in the air and formed beautiful rainbow effects against the background of white sand. The sight fascinated the girl from the East, but her quick wit came to her rescue. She had not been unmindful of the attention and loyalty of the workmen, and she instantly divined some foolish attempt on their part to redeem her father's reputation. Certainly the whole camp was in feverish activity.

On the top of the great sand ridge, with measuring instruments and signal flag in his hands, stood Welden. Below him Jim was directing the powerful stream of water from an immense hydraulic, across which they had painted in red, "New Cyclops." The powerful hydraulic was disintegrating the sand ridge like a sea tide eating away a sand bank. Designed to wash away rocks, gravel and sand for mining, the big leviathan found it child's play to bore its way through the soft, yielding sand. The great suction, rotary pump drew its water from the underground stream, and squirted it through the long nozzles with sufficient force to demolish a stone wall. Even as Miss Vincent watched in surprise and astonishment, half the great ridge caved in and nearly engulfed several of the workmen under tons of sand. Welden was waving frantically signals from above, and in reply Jim directed the men in their work below.

Little as she knew about hydraulic mining and dredging work, Miss Vincent realized that something unusual was happening. There was a fascination in this scattering of the sands before the onrush of tons of foaming water. The slow, deadly-monotonous excavation of the sands by dredge and bucket had dulled the energies of the workmen—so many cubic yards per minute, so many per month, and the sand ridge always towering defiantly before them—but under the power of the new force they ran around like imps in a mimic battle of war. So absorbed were they in their work that not for a long time did they notice the girl watching them. Then a silence followed by a cheer; Jim twisted the nozzle of the powerful arm of the hydraulic and made a grand-stand, spectacular spurt of water. It missed its target and swept the crest of the sand ridge away like a house of paper.

Miss Vincent uttered an exclamation of fright. Jim lowered his frightful engine of destruction and glared through water-soaked eyelashes toward the rising sun. In his careless aim he had demolished the crest of the ridge, and with it had gone Welden.

The force of the water had carried their chief a hundred feet over the ridge, and when they reached his side he was cleaning sand and muddy water from ears, mouth and nose.

"Jim, you scoundrel!" he stammered. "You did that once before on the Gilt Edge Creek, and—"

He silenced his threat, for near him stood one whose ears could not listen to such words. The eyes had such an intense expression of concern in them that Welden felt a queer sensation. He forgot his predicament, his anger at Jim, and his anxiety to hurry the excavation.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Welden?" she asked tenderly, offering a hand despite his water-soaked, sand-covered clothes.

"No, only knocked out by my own medicine," he replied, rising somewhat painfully. "I know now we can get through this sand ridge in half the time the contract calls for, and it won't cost a third what your father figured on. That underground stream and our 'New Cyclops' will turn the trick."

"But where did you get this—this—"

She stammered in confusion, pointing at the pulsating hydraulic.

"Oh, that is an old squirter Jim and I used for mining. We used to knock the roof of mountains off with it, and this sand ridge can't stand against it. She's worth a dozen steam shovels out here, and if the water holds, you can wire your father we'll save the contract for him and make a good profit.

'Old Cyclops,' after all, played a good trick, for it found the underground stream for us."

"If you're no worse, Mr. Welden, I'll start her up again," interrupted Jim, looking longingly at his machine.

"Certainly, start her up, Jim. I never told you to shut her down. Miss Vincent here will help me back to my shack, and later I'll join you."

Half way across the intervening sand stretch, Welden seemed to lean heavily on his companion's arm, and her willowy form bent toward him to give him support. Jim, squinting sideways, shook his head and muttered:

"It's no place for a woman out here. She'll cause trouble, and then—huh! they're all alike!"

But whether the derogatory remark referred to Welden or Miss Vincent or to machines for excavating sand and gravel, it is not quite clear. Only Jim knew, and he was a discreet man, given to much silence.

A BUNCH OF WHITE ASTERS

By M. C. LENDON

A WINTER evening among the mountains cold and silent and chill. Not a sound to break the monotony of the November gloom save a dull moaning among the pine trees or the occasional call of a lonely bird. At the little farm-house nestling among the Catskill hills, the day had seemed never so dreary. Aunt Dorothea and Uncle Hiram Saunders sat in the living-room of their small cottage and watched through the hazy windows the darkness as it came silently and drearily down, both thinking, no doubt, how like to their own lives, so nearly completed, was the oncoming night. For they were old and feeble now, these two occupants of the mountain cottage; Uncle Hiram would soon be seventy years of age, and Aunt Dorothea had, only a few days back, baked a delicious spice-cake in honor of her sixty-fifth anniversary. Yes, time was fast bringing them to the "sunset and evening star" of life, and soon would come "the dark."

They sat side by side, he with her hand clasped in his, she with her head nestled on his shoulder. Not too aged had they grown to be able to love and st trueach other.

Uncle Hiram was thinking deeply as he gazed upon the winter landscape before him. He was thinking of Dorothea sitting so quietly by his side, the playmate of his childhood, the tender sweetheart of his boyhood, the loving companion of his manhood, the wise counselor of old age. She had been a good wife to him through all the years, even cheerful and hopeful through fortune's changing scenes. Truly, she had been a good wife to him and a tender mother to Marie ——. But the thought of that name brought a pallor to his cheek, a shiver to his frame, a rising sob to his throat.

Marie was their only child in whom every hope of their fond hearts was centered. She had left her humble home in order to win fame in the brilliant city with her wonderful voice. She had left them in anger, for the father had been harsh to her because of "that stubborn vanity of hers"; his words even at parting had been cruel, "you'll live to rue this day, this silly act of yours sometime when your mother's heart is broken, when I am laid in my grave, then you'll wish you had stayed with us." Now, all anger had gone. He only longed for his proud, beautiful daughter upon whom the world was now lavishing such praise.

Her name had brought her back to him

so forcibly that ere he could check himself, he had awaked from the realms of the ideal with a start, and with a yearning found in our world of stern reality he cried aloud, "Marie, daughter—our baby girl!" The silent figure by his side turned her face toward his at that magic word, and whispered, "Father, I want her, I want our child, our Marie! Won't you ask her to come home?"

"Yes, mother, I will," he said, softly kissing her quivering lips. "You know, the white asters by the front window are in bloom now, they're mighty pretty, too, and mother, I'm going to send her a bunch of them to wear in her hair—you know her hair is golden. Don't you remember how her little face always looked with those golden curls around it? And I'm going to write her to come back to see us again just for a little while. I'll tell her how we miss her and want her, and maybe—maybe she'll come."

And the mother answered with a glad smile, "Yes, dear, maybe she will come."

* * * * * * *

Marie Saunders sat in the elegant parlor of one of New York's most splendidly furnished hotels. Clad in white, her snowy neck and arms glittering with jewels, she looked, indeed, a queen. She was waiting for the carriage which was to convey her to her theatre, for Marie Saunders, the beautiful, the gifted, had become the most famous prima donna of the day. The metropolitan city lay prostrate at her feet, as it were, in wonder and admiration. Night after night she held them spell-bound, thrilling every heart of her vast audience so that now, while barely in the first years of her womanhood, she had won all that ambition could demand, —fame and fortune. Yea, the whole world smiled upon her.

Perhaps tonight, as she sat waiting, she was thinking of this success, for often a smile illumined her features—a sweet, pensive smile, more sad, however, than joyous. Her reverie was broken by the words, "Mademoiselle, your carriage," and carefully wrapping a heavy robe around her bare shoulders, she entered her carriage, silent and thoughtful.

Eight o'clock at Curtis' theatre afforded a scene fascinating in its brilliance. Fashionable New York had gathered there, eager for one last sight of their favorite. The prima donna would appear before them tonight for the last time of the season before going on her Western tour, and it seemed as if the whole city had turned out to do her homage. Every seat was taken. Gallery and pit presented a sea of faces. Even standing room could not be obtained much longer. Beautiful women and handsome men chatted genially. Gay laughter and greetings resounded on every side, until the curtain rose and Marie appeared upon the stage. First, a hush greeted the famous singer as with breath caught, the audience gazed upon her, then applause loud and long broke forth, almost deafening in its intensity. The prima donna smiled for a moment upon the admiring throng and soon stood quiet and composed until the house had grown perfectly still, then, after a short prelude from the orchestra, she raised her head and stepping slightly forward, glided into a solo which bore its listeners away on the wings of song to a land of tranquil skies, blue lakes and dew-kissed flowers. She sang of Italy with its sunshine, of Switzerland with its mountains, of Scotland with its banks and "bonnie braes." Song after song burst from her lips as time after time she came before the footlights. When the moment came for her last solo, with a sigh of regret the pleasure-seekers realized that they were about to lose their favorite, that her voice would soon charm a people in far-distant lands.

As Marie came upon the stage for the last time, it seemed that she had never been so lovely. The careful observer, however, might detect a change in her appearance. She wore the same robe as at the beginning of the evening, to be sure, her hair was arranged in the same burnished coils, yet there was something different. It was this: instead of the bunch of lilies that had before been fastened at her waist, there lay on her bosom a cluster of pure white asters, not of the hot-house variety, but simple, daintily-perfumed flowers grown in a home-yard out in the open air, fed upon heaven's own sunshine and dew. The lips of the prima donna quivered, her eyes shone with unshed tears, her cheeks glowed with a warm, rich hue as she stood there in all that blaze of light, ready to begin her last solo.

Upon the program the final number was printed, "The Dungeon Song," from "Il

Trovatore," but instead of that weird melody, there came forth in a voice of longing and love the time-tried and world-hallowed words,

"'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Never in all her career had she sung as she did then—throwing her whole soul into the tender lines; the liquid, clinging notes thrilling and filling and lulling the hearts of many who were "exiles from home."

As she sang, Marie could see the home of her childhood among the Catskills where a loving father and mother prayed for her return. Her father's harsh words on the day of her departure were forgotten now. That one message, "Daughter, come back to Daddy and Mother; they need you," overbalanced every feeling of resentment. There only remained a wild desire to go back to the "lowly thatched cottage" again.

As the last notes died away, the prima donna with bowed head and swelling heart left the stage, unmindful of the rising sob followed by a storm of applause which came from the enthralled audience. She had forgotten her glory now, and only murmured to herself, "I am going home tonight, back to love and duty."

* * * * * * *

The mountain region again. The selfsame cottage nestled among the hills, the same gray-haired father and mother seated near the window at the noon hour looking upon a snow-wrapped world, this time with the sunlight glittering upon it. Not much of their conversation is heard, only this in a low voice: "Mother do you reckon she got the flowers? I wonder if she liked them. Mother, do you think Marie will ever come home again?" A quick knock upon the door, a well-known step across the threshold, a loved voice crying, "Father, mother, I've come to you! I've come home to stay. These brought me back, look!" and she held in her hand a bunch of withered flowers. "Mother, mother," cried the old man, "it's my asters! They brought our darling home!" and amid sobs of joy and kisses of rapture the curtain falls upon them. We leave the three happy in each other, mother, father and daughter in a union made perfect by love.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE

O BEAUTY, thou immortal flame of fire,
Forever dost thou gleam upon the sight:
The wonder thou of men, the world's desire—
A torment and delight!

From the bright casement fair of paradise,
Angel of pity doth Sandalphon strain
To weave in garlands the impassioned sighs
Of souls that strew thy train.

Thy roses fade, but thou thyself dost lie
Safe at the inmost heart of dusty doom;
A million times thy million stars may die,
But thou dost ride the gloom.

Smile from thy height upon the lowly sod;
Smile on the soul of man in age and youth;
O shadow of the awful shade of God,
And light the world to Truth!

Edward Wilbur Mason.

CARMENCITA

By WILL GAGE CAREY

'THE most thrilling ascension?'" repeated Antonio Nunez, the celebrated aeronaut to whom I put the query, — "ah, yes; well I remember it, senor. Let us sit yonder in the cool of the garden, and I will tell you of that wild flight through the air; and how I was brought face to face with death, — and Carmencita!" Then seated beneath the luxuriant, spreading foliage of that tropical garden, he told me the story.

"It was not so many years ago this happened, even though I had just started on my career as an aeronaut, for you must know that here in Mexico the science of ballooning has not been so long known as in your own country. I had not made over a dozen or so ascensions, yet I was already known throughout the whole land, and was shown as much honor and was thought by all to be as daring as the brilliant toreadors who came each year from Spain to fight the fierce Andalusian bulls.

"I was travelling through the Guadalajara country, giving exhibitions at various little towns, usually where a *fiesta* was being held; for the promoters had only to advertise that I had been engaged to ascend into the air with my great balloon, and the crowds would come pouring in from all the country surrounding.

"Ah, that beautiful Guadalajara country, senor! The rolling rivers, the purple hills, the verdant plains where nestled the sparkling lakes; but loveliest of all,— the senoritas of that country! I had travelled far and wide, but nowhere seen such grace and charm and wondrous beauty. I had never known before what it was to truly love; but now I — *Caramba!* I'm telling the last of my story first!

"I had been engaged to make ascensions at a little town which lay just at the foot of the mountain ranges. A *fiesta* was being held there, and I was to ascend once each day during the entire week. A vast crowd had thronged into the little town; a noisy, boisterous assembly, — carousing, gambling, drinking *pulque;* making the most of their holiday as though they never expected to see another.

"Few among them had ever seen a balloon. From the moment I began filling the great silken bag with gas they pressed about in their eager curiosity and wonderment, it was with difficulty that I could get things in shape at all. At last, however, the big balloon was nearly full. As I hurried to and fro making the final preparations for the ascension, the crowd suddenly swung back as a magnificent black horse dashed up, and a young girl sprang lightly down from its gleaming back, and with bridle-rein slung over her arm stood watching the swaying balloon, her beautiful dark eyes aglow with animation. Suddenly she gave the rein to a young Mexican to hold, and came over near where I was at work; I paused and stood there spell-bound gazing straight into her face.

"Such a face!

"A clear, delicately-tinted, olive complexion, — full, red lips, now parted in a half-smile of wonderment and doubt, revealing her pearly teeth of dazzling whiteness, and eyes, — great, dark, lustrous eyes into which I gazed and seemed unable to turn away!

"I'm not so handsome as many men, senor; but, somehow, she seemed to have taken a fancy to me—I could tell that much by the way she looked at me; as for myself, I had fallen madly, desperately in love at first sight!

"At that moment the richly-dressed young Mexican who had assisted her to alight from the spirited black horse came and grasped her roughly by the arm, and rebuked her angrily for the looks and sweet smiles she had bestowed upon me. His piercing dark eyes smoldered with the light of intense jealousy and hatred as he gazed in my direction, meanwhile continuing to upbraid the beautiful Carmencita, — for such I heard him call her during his vehement and maddened tirade. I would gladly have taken him to task for his manner toward the young girl, and for the personal remarks he made concerning myself, in his furious outburst; but the moment for the ascension was at hand, and I could wait no longer. I gave the signal to my helpers to cut loose, then as I grasped the handle of my trapeze and soared quickly upward, I glanced at her again. With the sweetest little manner imaginable she laughingly motioned for me to take her along with me, her dark eyes dancing with merriment. '*Yo tambien! Yo tambien!*' (I also!) I heard her say, and the sweet entreaty of her voice thrilled me through and through.

"The roar of a thousand voices reached my ears as I shot swiftly upward; but I heard only those last words of Carmencita, — '*Yo tambien!*' My eyes were fastened upon only one in all that mighty throng. She was sinking away from me faster, — lower, lower, — now I could only distinguish from out the dark mass beneath her little silken mantilla which she waved at me until some one semeed to seize her roughly and hurry her away. At length I felt myself sailing gently along through the air, a thousand feet above the gaping crowd. My head was in a whirl, — but it was not because of the height, senor!

"I don't recall much concerning my flight that day. I remember, however, that I pulled loose my parachute much sooner than common, and floated gently back to earth without mishap. The balance of the day I was busy getting the balloon loaded up and hauled back to town.

"That night a still greater and more tumultuous crowd attended the *fiesta*. Some were playing the games of chance, wildly, impetuously. Others strolled to and fro, laughing, chatting, and listening to the sweet strains of music from the band. I spent the entire evening searching amidst the gay revellers the face that had so impressed and fascinated me; no trace could I find of Carmencita! I concluded that she must have ridden in from some of the outlying rural estates, and had long since returned to her home.

"At last weary and disheartened with my futile search I returned to the *casa* at which I was stopping and retired; but alas! not to sleep for many hours. The vision of that beauteous face floated ever before me, and my mind was wretched with the thought that, try as I might, I would perhaps never see her again. Ah, senor, you smile? you are of a colder clime; you know not what it is to love — to adore, as do we with natures more intense and impulsive!

"The hour for my second ascension was at hand.

"The big balloon pulled and tugged at the ropes which held it; the crowds surged and thronged about me more eager and excited even than the day before. A moment more and I would be high in the air above them. I stepped back into my dressing-room to leave my sombrero. When I came out again I saw the young Mexican, my rival for the affection of the lovely Carmencita, bending over the ropes of my trapeze. At my approach he straightened up quickly and darted off into the crowd.

"My suspicions were instantly aroused.

"I thought that he had severed some of the strands, possibly, so that the ropes would break while I was in mid-air. I caught up the bar of the trapeze, and standing on the ropes attached, tested them with all my strength. They were strong and firm. What could he have been doing with them then? My suspicions were by no means dispelled, but I forgot the circumstance entirely when I turned again to the crowd; a delicious delirium began stealing over me, — before me stood Carmencita!

"She looked even more radiantly beautiful than on the previous day; but ah, senor, so unhappy!

"Her eyes showed that she had been weeping. She looked frightened and disturbed. The young Mexican approached and stood sullenly by her side. Then I saw how it was: he had warned her, threatened her. She gave him a look of mingled scorn and contempt; it was plain that she resented his manner toward her, for with a defiant little laugh she kissed her hand to me as I gave the signal to my assistants, grasped the bar and swung upward into the air.

"At that instant I heard her piercing scream and saw the flash of steel as he sprang toward her. Then the group where she had been standing seemed but a seething turmoil of riot and confusion. I drew myself up onto the bar and grasped the ropes, — by only a hair's breadth I escaped being dashed to the ground: the ropes had been saturated with burning acid!

"Words cannot describe the horror, the torture of those next few moments.

"I let go of the ropes and sat clutching the bar of the trapeze. My hands seemed to be holding to a bar of molten metal. Still I dared not release them for a second, as the balloon was pitching and lurching in its upward flight so that it was only with the greatest effort that I kept from being thrown from my perilous position.

"At last I could retain my grasp no longer. The acid seemed burning into the very bones of my hands. With the little strength I had remaining, I managed to jerk open a valve to the big bag above, allowing the gas to escape; then the power of my hands left entirely. Unable now to sit upright upon the bar, I was forced to hang by my knees face downward over the yawning abyss beneath.

"What a scene lay spread out below me! The hills, the valleys, the verdant plains; the rivers, — tiny bands of silver, which seemed ever beckoning to me: calling me to drop — drop — drop into their cool, limpid depths! My mind was fast clouding, from the rush of blood; my ears rang with strange sounds, — yet above all I seemed to hear the call to drop — drop, and end my torture!

"The balloon was drifting rapidly now with the wind. I still had sense enough remaining to note that it was floating in a direct line for the beautiful Lake de Chapala, whose great, glimmering surface reflected the blue of the sky like a mammoth mirror. Nearer, nearer I came to that great sea of burnished silver. If I could only hold out until the balloon was over it!

A great weakness came over me. I closed my eyes as I felt myself slipping, — slipping from the bar! When I opened them a second later I saw the glittering waves beneath me. I felt myself swooning, then plunging head first from the bar, down — down into space!

"The shock of the cold water must have revived my senses, though I knew not when I struck them. I came to the surface half suffocated, but with strength sufficient to swim slowly toward the shore. Though it was not more than half a mile to land, it seemed an eternity before I drew close to it; then looking away inland, a sight met my eyes which gave me strength and determination! A black steed galloping toward the water's edge, and leaning far over his glistening flanks, urging him on to greater speed, — was Carmencita!

"A hundred yards from shore I felt the weakness coming over me again; I struggled on, on — yard by yard — then suddenly complete exhaustion came over me; I sank, helpless, beneath the waves!

"When I regained consciousness I was on the gleaming sand by the edge of the lake, with my head in Carmencita's lap, and her beautiful head bending over close to mine. She had arrived in time to witness my last faint struggles, — then had plunged fearlessly into the waves and brought me safely to shore.

"My first inquiries were concerning the tradegy which seemed to be taking place as I was soaring into the air. She told me that the young Mexican, wildly insane with jealousy, had attempted to kill her; he had been grappled with, however, before he could carry out his intention, and the knife taken away from him; but before he could be turned over to the police he had escaped to the mountains.

"That, senor, was the most thrilling ascension I have ever made; there in the beautiful Guadalajara country, — where I came so near to losing my life, — but found, instead, a jewel of priceless worth and radiant beauty — my wife, — Carmencita!"

LEGEND OF THE BLACK BEACH CROWS

By MARGARET E. COFFIN

THE tide had gone out into the wide ocean spaces and the long spits and bars of Useless Bay lay bleaching in the sun. An Indian canoe rested against the outer bar and beside it stood a half-breed girl,—Annita.

Fair Elizabeth, native-born of Whidby Island, guided me across the intervening sand and marsh and presently we stood beside the canoe. In utter silence Annita steadied it until we were seated, then stepped lightly in and paddled away in the direction of Willow Point.

The gardens of Posidon gleamed beneath the clear, still water, and along the southwestern horizon were the Olympics retiring into distance, smoke-blue, soft and vague.

Annita managed her canoe with the deft skill of the Indian and in twenty minutes ran it in-shore and made fast to a fallen tree that lay out on the sand above high tide. She then led the way to a dense clump of dwarf-firs from whence we could look out across a wide bar containing the clam-beds of the south shore.

I was in a quiver of excitement and even Elizabeth's calm face took on a glow of anticipation, for Annita had promised to show us a sight never before beheld by any but the children of the forest.

For some time we watched her impassive face for a sign. At length she uttered a guttural exclamation and nodded toward the opposite side of the bar, at the same time clasping her hands and rocking her body slightly as she crouched in concealment.

Elizabeth and I looked in the direction indicated and saw a file of cleuchmen issuing from the wood and making across the bar to the clambeds. As they advanced they kept glancing back and uttering peculiar calls. As if in answer came a long flight of noisy beach crows which alighted and arranged themselves in ranks and files across the clam-beds.

Annita swayed and rocked in violent agitation. "The souls of the siwashes, the warriors," she whispered, pointing to the stately ranks of the crows which seemed to grow larger and blacker as the lengthening shadows of late afternoon stretched dark across the bar.

The cleuchmen fell to digging clams and tossing them to the crows who snatched them eagerly and rose circling in the air, until directly over some log or rock they dropped their prey to crush it and then darted swiftly down to feast upon its juicy revelation.

As the work proceeded the crows grew eager to impatience, demanding clam after clam in quick succession, even alighting upon the heads and shoulders of the diggers and with sharp commanding cries urging them to speedier effort.

By this time the sun had sunk behind the horizon and the soft disk of the rising moon gleamed white above the flood of crimson light. A rush of cool, landward breeze bent the stiff branches of the firs and brought to our ears the distant murmuring of the incoming tide.

I turned to speak to Elizabeth, but she motioned me to silent observation, and looking again I saw that the digging had ceased and that the cleuchmen were withdrawing into the deep shadow of the wood, while the crows mustered again in ranks and files, but facing outward this time in watchful silence. "Ahgh, ahgh," muttered Annita, pointing toward the outer bar. "The warrior foes!" And far out where the blended lights of evening touched the rising tide we saw rows upon rows of Indian canoes full of armed braves borne steadily in upon the advancing water.

What could it mean? In some alarm I glanced at my companions. Annita sat in an attitude of keenest watching, her head thrust forward, her eyes gleaming. Elizabeth looked out upon the scene with an expression of quiet understanding, and gave answer to my questioning glance in a low voice. "We are looking through a veil of years gone by," she said.

The canoes came flashing forward, until they shot through the last of the red light and in the white glamour of the moon were beached upon the bar.

The warriors sprang out upon the sand and sent forth a cry of challenge. The cry was thrown back from the deep shadows across the clam-beds, and the crows, stretching their dark wings and necks, grew swiftly to the form and stature of young braves and rushed upon the advancing foe.

It was a struggle of man to man upon the white sand of the bar, the shells crunching beneath the straining feet, and as the tide of the sea crept farther in the tide of battle was driven farther into the dark shadow of the overhanging firs. At length we could discern the struggling forms no more and only by the noise, growing faint and fainter, did we know the end was near.

Suddenly there was a deep stillness and then a fierce exultant cry which the hills received and flung out upon the glistening tide.

Then the echoes died away into silence and we heard the wash of the full tide against the shore.

Annita sprang to her feet, pointing with triumphant gestures up and down.

Above we saw a long flight of beach crows winging homeward above the tree-tops, and below empty canoes rocked aimlessly, and with the turn of the tide, went drifting out to sea.

THE DREAMER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I OWN the beauty of the lonely star
That mends with pearl the outworn shell of dawn;
The whirlwind vision of Day's chariot drawn
Wildly by the Light, is mine afar;
Those argosies of cloudland, mast and spar,
I own them ere they vanish and are gone;
Night's Milky Way with pleiad daisies wan,
I own it where its radiant clusters are
Spilled down the skies. All loveliness I own
Which my uplifted eyes of daring see,
For lo, my sight hath seated me on throne,
And brought me more than kingly majesty.
I gaze and dream, owning the heights untrod,
Pan's kin aye worshipping celestial God!

A FOOL FOR LUCK

By ANNA A. MERRIAM

"Martens."

DEAR Gorden—

You had better preserve this letter in alcohol, press it between the leaves of your Shakespeare, put it in your safe deposit box, or in some way manage to see that it is kept intact, for it's probable that it may be the last you'll ever receive from my gifted pen. There! I made a period. Almost despaired of gaining that point.

To answer your question first—thank you very much, but I am forced to decline your very kind invitation to go up North and shoot a deer, though it's ten chances to one I'd get shot myself instead. An eagle eye and a straight bead are not my long suits. I've suddenly made other plans for the autumn, and I'll copy a clipping from a Want Column to head my explanation.

"WANTED a feeble-minded gentleman to board. With or without an attendant."

No, I'm not crazy, cracked, dippy, dotty—anything in that line, but I surely think the one writing that Ad. is. Now you know that people who are supposed to be up in such things say that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do. As the last hits me, the first may too, for I'm going to respond to this delightfully frank invitation. It's gripped me. First my sense of humor, and now my curiosity. Aren't you sort of interested too? Did you ever hear of a normal person with such a desire? "Wanted—A feeble-minded gentleman to board." What in the name of common sense would lead one to display such taste. It's unique. It's immense. It's positively inspiring to run up against anybody so refreshingly original. I can hardly wait to see the lady, for of course no man would do such a ridiculous thing. It's all Egyptian blackness to me. Not a ray penetrates, and I'm eaten up, consumed, burning with curiosity. It may be she is feeble-minded herself, and desires congenial companionship. Or perhaps she hopes to get her clutches on a simple-minded millionaire—I'm sure I don't know.

Of course I know if I conveyed my intentions by word of mouth or pen to any of my numerous relatives, they would immediately engage padded cell and board for me at the real place for touched humanity. Therefore, I don't intend to mention my little plan to anyone but you. I've got to confide in someone, for, being feeble-minded, I can't correspond with the lady myself, and I'm depending on you to do it for me. Engage accommodations without an attendant, and transfer me to her clutches. Then I'll look after myself. I sha'n't be able to write you after I get in, but I'll keep a Journal, and I'm thinking it will be rich reading.

Yes, I can hear you say that it is not fair to the lady and all that. But anybody with such a bee in her bonnet ought to be fooled. It's a kindness too. What would she do with a really feeble-minded man? I'll know soon enough, for whatever brains I'm so fortunate as to possess are all going to be devoted to the task of appearing as simple as possible. I'm going to read up on symptoms and things. Remember, I'm quite harmless. Now write at once and make all arrangements. We don't run any risk of bucking up against people we would know or ever be apt to know, so sail in under our own names. You don't suppose anybody else would possibly get in ahead of us? Perish the thought! Now don't waste time arguing with me. I enclose address.

Your would-be feeble-minded friend,

LARRY.

P. S. Hustle!!

(JOURNAL OF ALICE BRANTLY.)

Monday.

I'm so excited tonight I can't possibly go to sleep, so I'm going to write all about what's happened, and perhaps it will calm me down. I don't dare write any of my friends, but to make it more real I'm going to pretend I'm writing to one.

It was such a piece of luck to be left alone just now, and of course Father thought I'd send at once for people to fill the house. But I've no such intention. Dear old Aunt Marcia is a sufficient chaperone, and now I'm going to carry out one of my cherished ideas. I've broken the news to Aunt Marcia, and she thinks I'm perfectly crazy. She's sort of scared besides, but I've brought her round to my way of thinking enough so she won't interfere.

For months I've longed to experiment with music on a feeble-minded man. They are naturally less emotional than women, so it would be a better test. I feel positive music could be made a therapeutic influence for good, if properly worked. You know crazy people are always affected by music, and if one devoted one's whole time to influencing them with it—working gradually from one phase to another—I feel sure it would waken the intelligence. Of course I wouldn't dare have a violently-crazy person—just feeble-minded. Anyway, I advertised for one, and got him! Wasn't it luck? A Mr. Gorden Kurth answered the advertisement and said he was sure it was just the place they had been looking for for his cousin Laurence Hallock. He said his family were unwilling to commit him to an asylum, as he was quite harmless, and had occasional sane intervals. Oh, I'm so happy. I wrote right back, and he's coming tomorrow. Isn't it unbelievable luck. I was afraid when I sent my Ad. to the paper that they would turn it down.

I think I'll try Beethoven's funeral march first on him. It's so grand and soothing, and he'll probably be a little excited at the change of quarters. Now I must try to go to sleep. Good-night Journal, I'm going to tell you everything that happens.

(Journal of Laurence Hallock.)

Tuesday.

Well, this is the greatest thing I ever ran up against! And let me say right off, it's no sinecure of a job I've struck. This being feeble-minded in the presence of the prettiest, sweetest girl in the world, not only has drawbacks, it's regularly difficult. What her game is it's beyond me to say. Praise Be! I've not lost my intellect, but I have lost my heart. I'll step to the fair Alice's piping from now on. It only took me about half a minute to come to this eminently wise conclusion, when Gord and I stepped off the train this noon, and were met by a charming girl, who shook hands cordially with us after making sure we were her prey. I'm quite sure I looked vacant enough for all ordinary purposes, for my reckonings were all knocked out. I'd expected some elderly female, who would look crazier than I could ever hope to, or at best a sort of human sign-board of some idiots' institute. I never dreamed but what she would look different from the average run of females—real loony, you know. Instead, here was this altogether-desirable creature, who acted as if we were old friends and she was our very willing hostess. My part was passive, and it was lucky, for I began to feel thoroughly ashamed. At first I thought perhaps she was merely a messenger, but she quickly undeceived us. Gord was quite as embarrassed as I, and equally impressed too. He was also evidently suffering from the same heart symptoms, and I was mighty glad he had planned to return on the next train.

Miss Brantly arranged about my baggage, and then drove herself through a charming country—always up and up and up, with magnificent views at every turn, until it almost seemed as if one more climb would bring us to the sky-line. Finally we drove through a stone-guarded entrance, which wound in and out through primeval forests until we came to an old-fashioned, quaint homestead set in a clearing. Miss Brantly had been explaining to Gord that this year they hoped to stay in the mountains until Thanksgiving, if the roads kept passable.

Her treatment of me was a cross between the deference due your grandmother and the consideration shown a crippled crow. And I continued speechlessly idiotic.

The aunt came out to meet us, looking scared half to death, but putting on a brave front. In my effort not to frighten her, I smiled—a gentle, imbecile little grin—but it worked the other way. She backed into the house in double-quick time. Maybe she thought I was going to kiss her!

When we were shown to my room and left alone, we tried our best to explain the situation to each other. The only result was that we became as maudlinly hysterical as two girls, and had a terrible time to stifle our feelings. Gord was determined I should own up and get out at once. I was determined he should get out, but no owning-up for mine. I had some vague idea of getting sane mighty quick when he was out of the way. I won; and here I am in the clutches of the most adorable girl in the world, and she's no crazier than I am.

Nothing happened last evening. I've not uttered a syllable yet. Miss Brantly asked me to come to the music room, and I did—stayed there awhile, and then wandered out. Music of a certain kind has charms for me, but not her style. It is the classicest of the classic. I don't pretend to know what she was playing. It gave me the shivers. Why in the world couldn't she have played "The Merry Widow," or something nearer to date?

(Journal of A. B.)

Tuesday.

He is here, and my luck is still on top. I hope I should be as sincerely anxious to benefit a poor stricken man if he were cross-eyed and toothless besides, but I must admit it's nicer this way. Mr. Hallock is physically a wonderful specimen, and it makes the lack of brain all the more pathetic. He looks immensely strong. Must be over six feet tall,—broad shoulders—strong features and beautiful brown eyes, only they are absolutely without expression. They shift vacantly from one thing to another, or have a fixed, indescribable stare. It's so sad. I've not made any attempt at conversation yet, but I played Chopin's funeral march to him last evening. It didn't act on him as I hoped. Made him restless instead of soothing. I repeated it over and over. I'm going to try Bach tomorrow. Something just technique, over and over, until the notes arouse and hold his attention. Perhaps I made a mistake beginning with the funeral march. He evidently isn't ready for it yet. Now I must go to bed, so I'll be fresh in the morning.

(Journal of L. H.)

Wednesday.

I was positively so worn out being an imbecile that I couldn't write any last night. It's really no joke. I've practised and practised in front of the glass, and even yet I can't call myself a past master in the unknowing stare—the look that lacks wisdom, etc. I find it grows more realistic if I leave the mouth open and drop the jaw, but, really, I draw the line. The only two flaws I can find in my hostess are an utter lack of a sense of humor, and an atrocious taste in music. For two days she has scarcely left the piano-stool long enough to eat. Just sat there, hammering scales, or something of that nature, and watching me out of the tail of her eye. She hasn't exactly forced me to stay nigh, but I can stand even her sort of music for the sake of watching her profile. It's irresistible. I've been trying my best to get up nerve enough to have a sane interval, but I can't do it. If she only had any humor! But I'm more and more convinced she hasn't a scrap in her make-up. It's a worse affliction than being feeble-minded.

The aunt nearly ruins my poise. Metaphorically speaking, every time she approaches me she says "good dog" and "nice horsy," and holds out juicy bones and sugar lumps on a snow-shovel.

The one person in the establishment with whom I have no fault to find whatever is the cook. The table is perfect. I couldn't decide at first whether it would be less feeble-minded, or more so, to enjoy a good appetite. I finally concluded it would be quite utterly idiotic *not* to eat the good things, but even in the cause of investigating the truth, I couldn't compass such a sacrifice. Therefore I eat. No more now.

(Journal of A. B.)

Wednesday.

Things have gone quietly today. Mr. H. talks very little, and sits quite still while I play. My arms are *so* tired. So far I haven't noticed any change in his looks. He is so big and his appetite is huge. Aunt Marcia thinks it's the only sane sign he has shown—his appreciation of Phillys' cooking. I have proved to her, though, that statistics show that all idiots are large eaters. I should hate to have him grow violent—he is so strong.

(Journal of L. H.)

Saturday.

Really, I don't believe I can stand this much longer. It's getting on my nerves. I nearly finished my career today. At lunch-time, as I drew out my chair, my vacant stare focussed anywhere but in the proper direction, I stepped square on the dog—a setter. Now if you've ever done it, you know the unpleasant, squashy sensation it gives you to step on a yielding thing like that. It's also mighty unpleasant for the animal. He yowled and I yelled, and Aunt Marcia fairly shrieked. It showed what a nervous tension we were all under. We quieted down and started lunch, and then, right in the midst of the meal, it struck me funny. Of all inopportune times to laugh! There wasn't a funny thing in sight nearer than Alaska. Aunt Marcia was still shaken and nervous, and Alice (I call her that to myself) looked like a funeral director. But I *had* to laugh. Nothing could have stopped me, and I made the welkin ring, not even stopping to consider whether my laugh was of the imbecile order or not. Aunt Marcia left the table in a decidedly hysterical condition, and I fled too. Alice went at once to the piano, and began that everlasting thumping again. I could not stand it another second, and walked in and asked her if she wouldn't play "It ain't all honey and it ain't all jam." It somehow seemed appropriate to the occasion. She looked awfully pleased, and was so sorry she didn't know it, but she said she would play a nocturne. Whatever it was, it was better than the scales, and had a little tune. I'm more and more in love with Alice—if I only could be sure of cultivating in her a sense of humor. Perhaps I am the damper.

(Journal of A. B.)

Saturday.

I'm utterly worn out tonight, and yet quite happy. At lunch I was so discouraged. Without any rhyme or reason, Mr. H. began to laugh! I never heard a maniac laugh before, but I'll never forget it. It was the most uncanny thing imaginable, and made me shiver. Nothing has happened so far that has so impressed his condition upon me. Oh, it is so sad! I went at once to the piano and began Bach again, and here is where I gained some encouragement, for Mr. H. came in of his own accord and asked me to play something. I think he must have been mistaken in any piece of the name he gave —I forget it now, but it was quite queer. But it showed an aroused interest, which I've been working for. His eyes looked really pleading—like a dumb beast's. I played a little nocturne by Mendelssohn, and he seemed to enjoy it. He is so big and fine; like a great overgrown, lovable boy. I have such a funny feeling for him. I can't explain it, unless it's like a mother's attitude toward a backward child. Good-night, Journal—it's such a relief to talk to you.

(Journal of L. H.)

Tuesday.

I've been here a week now, and I think I'm "near" feeble-minded because of abysmal depths of mental depression. It's the act of the lowest of the low tricksters and charlatans, to do what I am doing every hour—working on the credulity of the sweetest girl in the world. This part of my Journal will never be seen by Gord, I promise. He'll never know how I loathed myself for this horrible deception, nor how I loved my kind hostess. She will never know either, for no man with an atom of self-respect could have the effrontery to let her know how she has been fooled. My one hope and longing now is to get away somehow without letting her know. But I'm in an absurd position. I'm not watched disagreeably, yet I know perfectly well I could not leave the premises without being discovered. The entrance gates are locked at night, and no other way out save through the pathless forest, which would soon swallow me up. It's a most ridiculous plight, but no more than I deserve. Miss Brantly (I haven't the face to call her Alice any more, even to myself) would be righteously indignant besides mortally hurt, if I should confess, and the funny side of it could never strike her. It's her misfortune not her fault—the Lord made her that way. Anyway, I'm not sure that there is any funny side to see, after all. But even lacking humor, she is the only one in the world for me, and here, by my own headlong act, I've made it impossible to ever try for her. Of all the dolts, fools, imbeciles, idiots, cranks and everything else that lacks buttons—I take the lead. And with all my brains intact, too!

(Journal of A. B.)

Tuesday.

Perhaps it's too soon to expect results yet, but I do wish Mr. Hallock would have a sane interval. If he only would, I think I'd explain to him what I'm trying to do, and then see if it would in any way affect him after the brain became clouded again. My music has absolutely no effect on him. He simply sits in a sort of stupor, and then when I speak to him, he just acts dazed. Almost like embarrassment in a sane man. Perhaps, after all, my way isn't feasible, but I won't give up yet. Tomorrow I think I'll take him for a drive and see how the grandeur of the scenery impresses him. It's such a comfort not to be interrupted with visitors. The season is rather late, and it's fortunate, for even one chance guest might make it embarrassing for me. So few people would be able to see my point of view.

(Journal of L. H.)

Wednesday.

Well, this certainly has been a day of days, and it has somewhat changed my mental viewpoint, too. After lunch, Miss Brantly asked me if I'd like to go for a drive, and I jumped at the chance. Anything to break the monotony of this dreadful piano-playing. And, of course, being an idiot, I knew I could be as silent as a tomb-stone, and just enjoy sitting next to her for several hours.

We were several miles from home, right in the heart of the hills, where the road was often too narrow for two to pass, when one of those utterly unreasonable wind and rain storms came up. It happened in an incredibly short time. The clouds gathered as though by magic, and in a second of time things were humming. Then, to my joy, I discovered that my companion was afraid—real humanly, girlishly afraid, and it simply filled me with joy. She probably wasn't conscious of it herself, but she turned to me—*me* the feeble-minded *me,*—for protection, utterly ignoring the groom in the rear. He was quite stoical, and didn't even make suggestions. The wind fairly zipped through the trees, tearing down huge trees and strewing our path with danger. And the rain! It was like driving through heavy sheets of water. Without a word, I gathered up the reins and took command—picking our way slowly. The rain was so thick that it was like passing through a dense fog, and often we had to halt and move tree-trunks from our way, or jolt over them as best we could. Miss Brantly never said a word, nor did I. She seemed to be in a dream, and I knew I was—a fool's paradise.

(Journal of A. B.)

Wednesday.

I'm so upset I can't write tonight. Got caught in a terrific storm while driving, and I'm such a coward. But the storm did not upset me nearly so much as my attitude toward Mr. Hallock. I can't account for the way I turned naturally to him for protection, when I should have been the one to protect him. I think the storm roused his reason. Statistics show that shocks do that. Certainly if he was not sane, I don't know who was. But I've nothing to pin my surety to, for he never said a word. But he certainly had more of his wits with him than I did.

(Journal of L. H.)

Thursday.

I'm rather worried. The wind yesterday must have swept through my open windows, for my papers were scattered all over. I gathered them up hastily last night, but now I've been arranging the sheets more carefully, and one is lacking. A. B. has avoided me all day, and the piano hasn't been touched.

(Journal of A. B.)

Thursday.

Oh Journal! dear Journal! my mind is in such a state of chaos I don't know whether I can write sensibly or not. My sensations have come so thick and fast today I can't marshal them in order. I can't even label them. First anger—anger that fairly burned me up. Then, it's incredible, but right on its heels came joy—living, pulsing joy. Then anger again, and shame, and the desire to hide away where no one could ever see me and my mortification. Of course you don't know what I'm talking about. I don't know whether I do myself, or whether I want even you to know. But yes, I must find relief for my feelings, and perhaps I can gain it through even unresponsive you. Anyway, you can't answer back and taunt me for my credulity.

My feeble-minded man is sane. *Sane,* I tell you, as I am. He never *was* feeble-minded—never *will* be. I am the credulous fool to be so taken in. I am angry with him—so angry I could almost kill him for playing with me. And I'm glad—so glad that I could shout it, that he is not crazy. All day I've wrestled with myself. I don't know what to do. If only Father were here to tell me. Not for worlds would I have Mr. Hallock know that I have discovered his sanity, and I cannot think how to get rid of him. There is probably quite a simple way if I could only think of it. Oh, why should he want to fool me so! I was only trying to do him good.

I haven't told you yet how I found it out. Why, the wind blew a sheet of paper from his window. It must be part of a Journal like this. I picked it up after breakfast, just under his window. Naturally, I had no idea what it was, and looked at it carelessly. You can imagine my feelings when these words confronted me, immediately burning themselves on my mind: "I was positively so worn out being an imbecile that I couldn't write any last night. It's really no joke." And then a little farther on: "I've been trying my best to get up nerve enough to have a sane interval, but I can't do it." These two sentences fairly jumped at me. I won't quote the rest—it was not flattering. Maybe it's true, though. I've kept the paper with me all day. I don't know what to do with it. If Mr. H. misses it, he will hunt for it. I guess I'll drop it on the lawn in the morning. Oh, if only some plan would come into my head! I can't seem to think. Aunt Marcia is no use. And then I'm so ashamed and humiliated I don't want to tell her.

(Journal of L. H.)

Friday.

"A fool for luck" they say, and it's never been truer than today. I'm not at all sure that I can be coherent, but I'll try, for it may make it seem more real. Not that I intend to tell even a stupid old Journal all there is to know. It's just locked up inside of me.

Early after breakfast, I sallied forth to hunt my missing manuscript. I searched carefully, but never a sign of it. Then turning a corner of the house, I suddenly came upon Alice (yes, it's truly Alice now) with her back to me, absorbed in reading a letter. I started to back away when I realized it was in reality my missing page she was reading. Before I could rally my wits she turned, and on seeing me dropped the paper and fled like a deer. Without wondering why I ran after, and though something gave her incredible speed, it was from the first a loosing race. Stopping suddenly, she faced me like an enraged goddess—panting for breath yet with an angry dignity that leveled me to the ground.

I don't know where I got my courage. It must have been the courage of my convictions, for I was absolutely convinced that there never had been, never could be anybody for me but herself, and I told her so in the quickest possible way. Of course it was the wrong end to start. I should have worked up to it as a climax. But I didn't. I worked down from it until I fairly groveled in the dust in self-abasement, and then—and then—well, then there was another kind of climax—never you mind what, but the feeble-minded man made good all right.

And Alice—Alice insists that I must be feeble-minded, after all, or I never would care for such a ridiculous goose as she. And I tell her feeble-minded is too weak a term—that I'm quite, quite crazy over her.

FLASHING EYES, THE RATTLER

By VINGIE E. ROE

HIGH up on the southern side of a hump-shouldered peak of the Arbuckle mountains he had his home; on the southern side where the sunlight fell so warm upon a great red rock and heated the earth at the mouth of the black slit of a hole beneath. Here on the lazy days he drew his long beautiful body out and stretched in luxurious enjoyment before his stronghold, lying for hours still as the world below, along the narrow ledge, the diamonds on his satin skin shining in the light. Every silent brown trailer of the Indian country knew him, and the fur-people of the hills circled wide around the base of the huge old peak where that red stone blazed above, the flag upon the tower of the castle of the king. And the king he had been always; longer than the lives of the young men of the tribe; long as the memory of the old men, who told sometimes around the smoke-fires, in the evening, weird tales of Flashing Eyes, the Rattler. None had ever counted the record of his years, for none had dared the magic of his evil eyes save Wan-no-ta the Brave, and he had lain stark beside the rock for many moons, and even yet, after the rains and snows of years, could be seen from White Man pass, if one had good eyes to look across the glimmer of white bones. Men-wah-pah, the chief, had once offered a hundred ponies to him who should bring the great skin with its wonderful colors and medicine value, but they who went were never seen again, and so the years had passed and the king was left in majesty and state, for who should brave the evil spirits which were the king's retainers?

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The agency lay down on the level plain with its cluster of warped pine buildings and straggling dirty tepees, and to Caverly the high lift of the mountains, shelving abruptly up from the earth a half mile to the north, was a sign of salvation. There was something so restful in their unalterable grandeur; a strength and help in their majestic presence which seemed like the hand of a friend on his shoulder at such times as the loneliness became unbearable. He used to sit at the agency windows—that miserable mistake of a misguided government, which he would scratch off his books forever if it wasn't—well, if it wasn't for certain things back East and for a certain doubt of his own courage and honor which he meant to prove to himself,—and look off to their wooded fastnesses and speculate as to what they held. They hid somewhere back of their curving shoulders, he knew, a strong tribe of the Indians, for they always came from the mountains in such large numbers. That was before the day when he first beheld Secunla. After that he looked at the great hills and wondered behind which rocky pass and peak was sheltered the village where she belonged. Tall and straight and slender as a sapling, soft of tongue as of moccasined tread, her molded copper throat loaded with beads and polished teeth, she came with her people to the agency, and Caverly decided he had discovered a new type of savage. He had looked intently into her face that day and marveled at its beauty of satin-dark skin and sloe-black eyes. She was a full-blood of the Chickasaws, and after that day he took pains to learn more of their outlandish speech. At the disbursement he saw her again. A great party came trailing down from the mountains to the quarterly payment of the tribes, each head bringing his household piled between two long poles lashed to a sleepy pony and dragging on the ground behind, which the women set up into a tepee as soon as they reached their destination. The distribution is always a trying time to the agent. The plain around the agency springs up in a day in a great village of tepees; there are dances around the fires at night, horse races by day, wholesale slaughter of government beeves, and great feasting, which never stops during the five or six days that the distributing goes on. And there is always the unaccounted-for appearance of fire-water, with its disturbing results. This time Caverly spoke to Secunla in her own tongue and smiled at her shy reply. In the days he was very busy, but he looked out among the lodges many times for the tall girlish form, and at night he went among the red people, talking, smoking with them and even sometimes eating a bit of roasted meat, for he was that rare thing—an agent popular with the Indians. Once he met the girl in the dusk coming from the willow-fringed spring, and as they passed he looked long into the blue-black eyes. What electric, wonderful eyes they were; soft like black velvet, with sudden points of light like gold. She was a study, a true type of primitive life, her interest enhanced by the romance of her savage blood, and Caverly, bored to extinction, decided to study her. By the time the feasting was over, and the tribes were ready to depart, he had won her to talk a little, and her low-pitched voice and dignified sentences filled him with delight. She was shy and silent, and it was hard work getting her to look at him, but he was intensely interested. On the morning that her party started for the mountains, he gave her an old locket with his picture inside, which had been his mother's. Afterward he called himself a name for doing it.

The agency was doubly lonesome after the noise and crowd, and Caverly had a great deal of time to look toward the mountains. He wrote to the East that there was no land like the West, and that he intended making a study of the Indian character. He dreamed a good many dreams in those days, smoking with his feet on the agency window-sill, and one day Black Feather stood suddenly before him, looking at him with sullen eyes smouldering with anger.

"What's the matter with you redskin? You look as if I were on your black books!" Caverly demanded in Chickasaw, but the Indian was silent, fixing him with so malignant a scowl that he took down his feet and ordered him away with no uncertainty. But all that evening he had an unpleasant memory of his eyes.

The weeks wore on, and it was late summer. Across the wide prairie to the south and east the long grass waved brown and golden, the trails were hidden by it, and the stiff stalks of the dead yucca rattled their empty bells in the warm winds that blew up from the south. Lean, long-horned wild cattle began to come in from the plains and edge down to the spring-fed creek for water. The quail called everywhere, and once in awhile a band of deer swept, unafraid, into the passes of the mountains where the grass was still green and fresh.

The work at the agency was monotonous, but Caverly was strangely contented. His letters to the East conveyed the intelligence that he was learning many things concerning the silent people of the tepees and open fires. And he was. It was no hard matter to devise reasons for bargaining with the village behind the hump-shouldered peak, which would bring them to the agency, and always Secunla came along. He had learned to know that the touch of her slender fingers was as that of the wind-blown white thistle, that her soft brown cheeks were cool and smooth as shining satin, and that the up-rush of warm red beneath them was like a crimson sunset against a storm-dark sky. She was a study worth the while that he would spend out here. The wonderful sombre light which leaped to her eyes when he caressed her was like nothing he had ever seen before. The shy pressure of her wide beautiful mouth thrilled him in a manner which he had thought belonged to the past. And Caverly dreamed, and his dreams were not always holy ones. But sometimes the destiny which rules our lives is peculiarly just.

So the weeks slipped on, and Secunla's eyes began to be deeper and to hold a wistful look, for there had been talk among the tribes of a new agent, and strange things stood before her—visions of a time when there would not be his face at the agency windows to stir into over-mastering riot the wild blood in her heart. Every time they stood together now was to the girl a glory so intense that it was agony, but her native silence hid the turmoil of her soul. Only her face, when Caverly held it between his palms, spoke. And Caverly, quick with the complacency of the trifler, read it aright. And for the reading Secunla was to answer.

The early prairie fires had begun to glimmer in the distance of the hazy days when Time, the criminal, rolled up out of eternity a day full of tricks that were linked together, and the first link had to do with a drunken brawl between Black Feather and Thunder Cloud somewhere out on the trail that led into the mountains, while the last link fell snug around Caverly's neck—and its weight before the end was very heavy. In the dark before the dawn Black Feather, his body slit like a half-skinned deer, crawled into the camp behind the peak and laid his death at the agent's door. He died at sun-up, but satisfaction for hatred was stamped in his glazed eyes. By noon, so sure to read the signals are the people of the plains, the Indians had begun to gather at the agency. They stood around, silent, watching, grim, wrapped close in their blankets. To Caverly's efforts to talk they replied briefly or with a nod. He was filled with wonder and uneasiness possessed him, for he knew them well enough to know that he was the center of interest some way. They swarmed thicker and thicker around the agency, pressing close up to the windows and encircling the building. Presently down from the pass among the hills came a wonderful party, paint and feathers and naked skin, and in the lead roade Men-wah-pah the chief. Straight to the agency they came, and with few words Caverly was told of his crime, seized, bound, placed a prisoner in their midst and in so short a time that he was dazed by it all, he was riding up through the rocky ways of the mountains to the village he had dreamed about. He stormed and swore and threatened them with the government, demanding the meaning of such indignity to an innocent man, but utter silence held the interminable line of Indians winding as far back as he could see. At an open point where the trail came out and turned around a cliff, he looked up and across at a great red stone which caught the full light of the sun on its blank face.

The village lay within a high wide valley, fresh and clear and cool. A little stream hurried through the center, loosing itself in the tangle of willows at the end. Tepees were everywhere, and far at the upper end a great lodge stood solemnly alone.

To this lodge the line, massing up in a crowd of hundreds, bore Caverly, and here, not five miles from his prosaic office with its evidences of civilization, he found himself, in all the pomp of savage ceremony, being tried for his life for a crime he knew nothing of. He was learning things about the Indian character with a vengeance. He felt at first that it must be some kind of a joke. It was all so ridiculous. He knew these men well, most of them. He was allowed to talk for himself, and put forth all his ability. They listened in silence.

Caverly shook himself like a wet dog. Surely he must be dreaming. The situation was getting on his nerves. The utter silence and that ring of hundreds of faces. He had never seen so much paint before. A hideously-adorned medicine man began some sort of a ceremony, and presently four Chickasaws came from the big lodge before whose closed doors the circle squatted and stood, bringing between them a burden. It was the sickening body of Black Feather. Caverly looked with horror at the thing and then around at the triumphant faces. In every one he read his own conviction. They took his repugnance for guilt, and they wanted nothing more.

Once more the forming of the trailing line with himself and Men-wah-pah the center of interest, and in a daze of what was fast becoming panic, Caverly found himself again on the march. As they passed down the valley, the women came from the lodges and joined the procession. Suddenly, as they turned into a different outlet among the rocks, the cavalcade came abruptly upon the form of a girl crouched against the wall. It was Secunla, who had looked ahead and foreseen the possibility of this. Her hands were pressed against her ears and her long black braids, heavy as a pony's tail, hung over her breast. She dropped lower to the earth and her face was as the face of one long dead and in torment. The line swung out and around and on. Caverly looked back and swore.

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Would that swinging motion never cease? Outwardly as calm as that fringe of dark faces on the rock above, he looked back at them and continued to swing lower and lower. The sun was so warm against this red sandstone which rubbed his hands as he swung down its face with such tantalizing slowness. There was nothing below but that narrow ledge where some poor devil had starved to death, for he could see a few white bones. Why were those beasts up there so particular about letting him down easy? There was a narrow black hole beneath the upright rock—he could nearly see into it. Great God of the blue above, what was that?

He held his breath a long moment, straining his eyes into the dimness below. A great flat head, broad as a man's hand, was slowly drawing out into the light. Behind it came the shining length of a body whose brilliant paintings flashed in the sun. The king resented intrusion. With a flash of memory, Caverly comprehended. The utter horror of it all made him dizzy for a moment, and he struggled with the frantic strength of terror. The motion of the rope had ceased for a little, but now he felt himself descend again, slowly, slowly—and that great flat head was coming nearer with its two strange eyes upon his face. Caverly felt his throat swell shut. He closed his eyes and some unbidden instinct rose up out of the depths of his soul and cried to Deity that he had not always sinned.

He drew every muscle tense and waited. Suddenly out on the warm clear air there broke a cry—weird, minor, plaintive—the Indian death-cry—and with a rush of passage, a body shot down beside him. He felt the touch of a garment against his face, and with a jar he fell to the ledge, the end of the severed rope curling across his body.

Before him stood Secunla, motionless, knife in hand, facing that raised shining head as motionless as herself. For a moment nothing moved. The sunlight fell upon her head with its even part between the smooth braids, and Caverly never forgot how it looked. For the years afterward he knew that the belt of beads she wore around her slender waist had lost a few in the back and that the fringed buckskin of her clumsy dress was stained by the red sandstone.

In that still moment when the meaning of her act came to him in its simple dignity and beauty, when he saw in a white light the silent grandeur of her soul learned among the mighty hills, something died in the man's heart, and a better thing was born. He saw her crouch a bit, with her brown arm upraised for a stroke, and he knew that the king was crawling toward her. Then it was that something within him cried out for her above anything in heaven or earth, and he tore at his bonds to loosen his hands that he might reach and draw her back. Better himself a thousand times than that that horror should so much as touch her hand. But the thing had happened. There was a peculiar cry from the faces above, for the tribe had heard the singing of the great rattles, and the king had coiled and struck.

When Caverly looked he saw her standing tall and straight, her body bending back, her arms, their muscles standing out beneath the fine skin like a man's, stretched high above her head, her hands clasped with all her strength around the giant neck, the forked tongue playing like lightning against the sky. Back and forth across the ledge she swayed, the lashing coils beating her body, winding about her straining arms and slipping around her shoulders until she gasped for breath, while the uncanny singing of that incessant hiss beat into the silence. Yet ever she held the terrible head above. Once as she bent near him something fell from her breast and rolled to within an inch of Caverly's face. It was the old locket that had been his mother's. He pressed his face in the earth and raged. There was help above, rifles and splendid shots among those rapt faces, and he begged wildly of them to save the girl. That up-held head was an easy target, but not a hand was moved. This was a sight for gods and men, and they would not spoil it. At last Secunla began to weaken. Her breath came in gasps and her dark cheeks took on an ashen hue. Caverly rolled his body near the edge. Better the rocks below than this end which he could not avert.

The new-born thing in his heart looked out of his eyes. If he could only tell her—Ah, it was coming—the end! She backed up against the rock, and he saw that she was slowly lowering her hands. They trembled now and swayed more with the writhing of that horried form. Nearer to her face came that sickening black head, and with so sudden a movement that he had not time to devine her intention, she sunk her teeth deep into its base—so deep that she bit and bit again for grip. Still—the faces above—the sunlight—the very beating of his heart—and at last, with slowly-dropping folds, the movements of the giant snake—and the king was dead.

Secunla straightened up. She sighed and leaned a moment against the rock. Then with the light in her eyes that Caverly knew she came and knelt beside him, reaching for the knife. When he stood up and took her in his arms, the rock above was bare.

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The recipients of certain letters in the East were scandalized. Caverly had deteriorated. Of all men, Caverly had married an Indian woman—a full-blood of the Chickasaws—and he would stay indefinitely in the West, for his wife was reared among the mountains; but in the spring he would bring her back for a trip, to show her beauty, for Caverly was proud of his wife.

AND HERE'S AN ARRAY OF THE GARDEN'S HARVEST

THE PRODUCTS OF THE FARM

SAYINGS BY HON. JAMES WILSON

Secretary of Agriculture

AMERICAN farmers were never more prosperous than they are today. The aggregate value of wealth produced by farmers in 1907 transcended the record of 1906, which was by far the highest ever before reached. The grand total value of agricultural products for 1907 approximates $7,500,000,000, or over six hundred million dollars more than the crop-value of 1906, and more than a billion dollars more than the crop-value for 1905. Expressed in percentages, the value of agricultural production for 1907 was 10 per cent. greater than in 1906; 17 per cent. greater than in 1905; 20 per cent. greater than in 1904; 25 per cent. greater than in 1903; and 57 per cent. greater than in 1899. The progressive increase of farm-wealth, taking the year 1899 at 100, was 125 for 1903, 131 for 1904, 134 for 1905, 143 for 1906, and 157 for 1907.

It is also interesting to note that farm products increased in price when compared with those of other labor. Taking the average prices of 1890 to 1899 as 100, the prices of farm products in 1907 were 137, or 37 per cent. higher than in the last decade of the nineteenth century; that of food, etc., was 117.8; cloths and clothing, 126.7; fuel and lighting, 135; metals and implements, 143.4; lumber and building materials, 146.9; drugs and chemicals, 109.6; house-furnishing goods, 118.5; miscellaneous articles, 127.1; and all commodities, 129.5. Thus the farmer, though enjoying a higher average price for what he had to sell (a percentage 7.6 per cent. higher than the average of commodities) had to pay still higher prices for lumber and all metallic products, of which he is necessarily a heavy buyer, while some of the articles which advanced in price the least are not largely consumed on the farm. On the whole, however, we believe that the showing is advantageous to agriculture; and also that, as land becomes relatively scarcer as the world demand for food products increases, the farmer's position will become stronger and stronger.

THE FARMER AS A PRODUCER OF WEALTH

The farmer not only produces a vast amount of wealth which is distributed for home consumption, but is also the chief factor in increasing the balance of our international trade. Our balance of trade in farm products for 1907 approximated $444,000,000, which was the chief feature of our foreign credit. In eighteen years—1890–1907—the farmers have never failed to furnish a balance of at least $193,000,000. The great total for eighteen years showed balances of trade in farm products of $6,500,000,000.

CAUSE OF THE FARMER'S PROSPERITY

The unprecedented prosperity of the farmer is due to a number of causes. The gradual diversification of American industries; the rapid increase in population; improved facilities for the transporting and preserving of farm products, and the education of the farmer by national and state agricultural bureaus, all work together to increase his prosperity. A recent writer, in speaking of the business conditions generally, says of the farmer:

"No other class of people have kept their feet so firmly since last October (1907) as the farmers have done, and they have kept their heads, too. They look out over the country and behold the symptoms here and there of financial demoralization and depression, in the light railroad traffic, partly suspended manufacturing, commercial hesitancy, inactivity, and speculative paralysis. They realize that, in so far as these things portend low wages or lack of employment for labor, they must ultimately affect the farmer by limiting the demand for his product; but they are sagacious enough to know that existing conditions, with the world's supply of food relatively low, will prevent any acute depression in the prices of farm products for two or three years to come, by which time financial disorders affecting other classes will doubtless have passed away. This means assured prosperity for the farmer and a continued chance for him to put money in the bank."

A HORIZON LINED WITH THRESHERS

NATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

As an important factor of the improved condition of American agriculture, attention should be called to some of the important lines of work carried on by the National Department of Agriculture, and the benefits accruing therefrom to the farmer everywhere. In the past twenty years the Department of Agriculture has grown from a more or less insignificant branch of the government to one of the most far-reaching and influential agencies that are now at work, not only for the farmer, but for many other classes as well. It represents the paramount and basic source of the nation's wealth.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE JAMES WILSON

SUGAR-BEETS

Among many lines of work conducted, should be noted the effort to build up new agricultural industries. One of the most important of the industries developed in recent years is the production of sugar from sugar-beets. More or less desultory work was done on sugar-beets as far back as 1867. In 1892, only six factories were in operation in this country, the combined output of which was a little over twenty-seven million pounds of sugar. For twelve years the department has consistently urged the production of this crop, with the result that there are now no less than sixty-four factories in operation, with a combined output of approximately one-half million short tons of sugar manufactured from beets, with a factory value of $45,000,000. This industry has been built up by careful and systematic investigation, experiment, and demonstration in the matter of increasing the percentage of sugar in the beet and the tonnage per acre, preventing diseases, and in other ways. One most important factor has been the production of a high-grade sugar-beet seed. For many years American growers have been dependent almost exclusively on foreign countries for our sugar-beet seed, but for three or four years past the Department of Agriculture has been encouraging the successful growth of sugar-beet seed in this country. It has shown that the seed can be greatly improved by breeding, tests of beets from American-grown seed running as high as 17, 18 and sometimes 20 per cent. sugar. The department is also continuing investigations to determine the best localities for sugar-beet production. When we remember that less than one-fifth of the sugar consumed in this country is produced in the states, it is plain that there is abundant opportunity for development; and it is certain that, wherever a sugar factory is located, labor is immediately in demand at higher wages and the value of farm lands increased from 25 to 50 per cent.

THE FIELDS] WHERE HEALTH AND VIGOR REIGN AND DEFY THE SCYTHE OF FATHER TIME

NEW RICE INDUSTRY

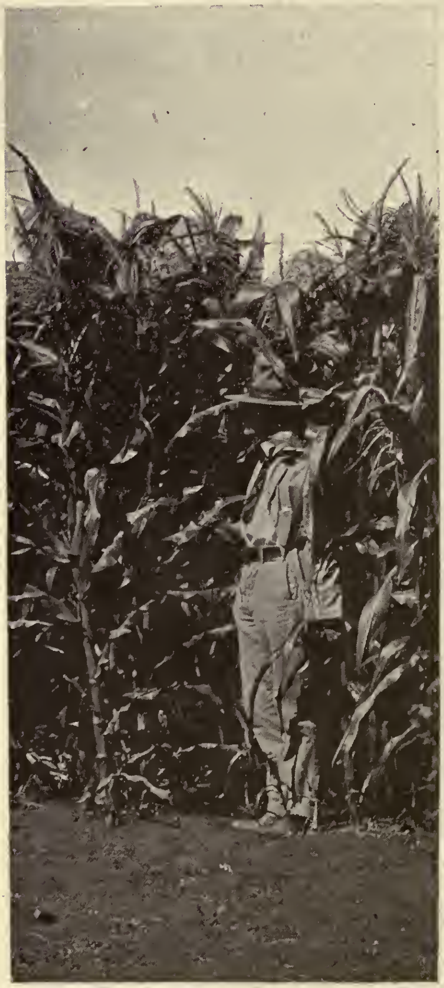
The National Department of Agriculture benefits all sections. A comparatively few years ago practically all of our home crop of rice was grown on the Atlantic Coast; the methods of handling it were more or less primitive, the production small, and the country was a large importer of rice. Twenty or twenty-five years ago the coastal plains lands of Louisiana and Texas were pointed out as a region for successful rice culture. They were used largely as cattle ranges and were selling at from $1 to $2 per acre. With the introduction and successful production of rice, the cost of land rapidly increased, and the farmers of this region saw the need for improved methods of handling this crop. Many were pioneers from the great wheat-growing states due north—Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana. They brought South with them the implements they had used in growing wheat—the gang-plough, drill, self-binder, header and other modern implements—and methods and ideas never before applied to rice culture, making it possible to produce a much larger quantity of rice per man than ever was before.

A question arose as to the competition of Oriental countries in the production of rice, and one of the department's most capable men demonstrated that one American, with modern equipment, can produce as much rice as three hundred Orientals. As the rice industry developed, it was found that the rice first grown had some objectionable features from the milling standpoint. I secured one of the best experts, and on two separate occasions this gentleman has gone abroad, studied rice-production in foreign countries, and brought in new types of seed, with the result that the rice crop of the South has been greatly increased. The production of rough rice has increased from about 300,000,000 to over 900,000,000 pounds in the last ten or twelve years. Last year's crop was worth, in round numbers, about $20,000,000 to the farmers, or about 36 per cent. above a three years' average.

THE TOWERING STALKS THAT SHOW THE SKYSCRAPER FEVER IN THE FIELDS

DURUM WHEATS

A vast territory lying west of the 100th meridian has until recently been considered of little value for agricultural purposes. The National Department of Agriculture and those of the states lying within this region, have been successful in pointing out methods whereby this country could be utilized, although the rainfall is deficient and other factors are against crop production in the ordinary way. During the last ten years the introduction of crops from foreign countries has been given special attention. One of the specialists of the department was sent to Russia for the purpose of seeing whether wheats adapted to the drier sections of the Great Plains region could be found. These wheats were secured, utilized in this region, and showed that they had promise of value. In the last seven or eight years, probably $30,000 to $35,000 has been spent in bringing in new types and introducing them. As a result there has been a vast increase of wheat production. In 1901 there was grown in this dry section from 75,000 to 100,000 bushels. This was shortly after the first introduction by the department. In 1902, the yield had increased to 2,000,000 bushels, in 1903 to 10,000,000 bushels, in 1904 to 14,000,000 bushels, in 1905 to 20,000,000 bushels, in 1906 to 40,000,000 bushels, and in 1907 to 45,000,000 bushels. The aggregate value of the wheat produced in the seven years mentioned was nearly $100,000,000. All of this was grown in a section of the country where a few years ago it was not believed that ordinary farm crops could be produced. Durum wheat has also become prominent in the exports. In 1905 Europe took nearly 10,000,000 bushels, and in 1906 over 20,000,000. Last year two-thirds of the exports went to Mediterranean countries. The ancient sheep and cattle ranges sent macaroni wheat to Marseilles, Naples and Venice; to Greece, Spain and the countries of western Europe; and even to the old homes of durum wheat—northern Africa and Russia. Shipments of this wheat were made to forty-three ports in Europe and Africa named in trade reports of the collectors of customs, and to other ports unnamed. For the year 1907 there were over 3,000,000 acres planted in this wheat; and its value to the farmer is over twice the entire cost of the Department of Agriculture during the current fiscal year, including the weather bureau, the costly meat inspection and the forest service.



WHERE CORN IS KING

HARDY ALFALFAS AND CLOVERS

The continuation of successful farming in the Great Plains region will be largely governed by the methods of agriculture practiced. No land can long continue to produce a single crop. Diversification must be followed. The humus or organic matter in the soil (the very foundation for fertility) must be maintained, and systems of farming practiced that will keep up the proper amount of humus, which can best be secured through growing forage crops, such as clover, alfalfa, cow-peas, etc. A great need of the northwestern grain region is hardy leguminous crops which can be used in connection with wheat production, such as hardy alfalfas and clovers; and, to secure these, the department has thrice sent one of its best men to Siberia for the purpose of securing seeds of crops adapted to this great northwest region. This agent is now in Siberia on the lookout for new alfalfas able to withstand the severe winters, that can be planted in rotation with wheat. The introduction of such a crop will mean greater diversification, more animal food, and the means of increasing and maintaining the fertility of the soil.

FIELD DOTTED WITH STOCK

AIDING THE TOBACCO INDUSTRY

Tobacco is one of the most important intensive crops in this country, and the farmers of Ohio, Wisconsin, Connecticut, and other states in the South are largely interested in its production. The Department of Agriculture has always kept up special investigations to help farmers to produce better grades of tobacco. A few years ago it was not considered possible to grow the fine wrapper leaf that is produced abroad, and we have been sending abroad from ten to eleven million dollars annually for fine cigar-wrappers of the Sumatra type. Several years of experimenting, to determine whether this type of leaf could be grown in Connecticut and other sections, have developed methods of growing a high-grade wrapper leaf, which is now raised under shade in Connecticut, and also in Florida. It is one of the most important industries of the latter state and large amounts of capital are invested in it. The final success of the work largely depended on the ability of the scientists of the department to secure uniformity, and this was done by hybridizing seed carried on for a number of years. The department, desiring to develop a tobacco filler industry of the Cuban type, has pointed out a number of localities where the soil seems favorable for the production of this crop. It is also trying to determine the general condition which will insure success. Tobacco is experimentally grown, made into cigars and

WHERE BLOODED STOCK PAYS

sold, largely by private individuals under the direction and supervision of the department. With fine wrapper leaf grown in some sections and first-class fillers in another, a large amount of money now sent to foreign regions will be kept at home. The tobaccos of Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia and the Carolinas, are all being studied in the same way, by the department and by the states separately and in co-operation.

HANDLING OF FARM PRODUCTS

The rapid increase of agricultural production makes it important to aid the farmer, and especially the fruit grower—the latter in every way practicable—in the handling of his products. To this end efforts have been made to improve the systems of harvesting, storing, shipping and selling of a number of important crops, chiefly fruits. A striking example of the work accomplished is shown in California, in handling citrus fruits. Over 30,000 car-loads of oranges are produced annually in California and shipped out of the state, and the growth, handling, transportation and marketing of this vast crop involve many complications. Large percentages of this fruit have been lost by decay in transit; frequently as high as 30 per cent. of the whole shipment. Some of the causes have been found by the department to be so simple, in fact, that the growers themselves had paid little or no attention to them. A mere puncture of the skin of the fruit in gathering the same, is often sufficient to ensure great loss in shipping this fruit. The department has demonstrated that a proper choice of time and weather in gathering fruit, cleanliness, good packing, and careful storage and transportation, greatly reduce the percentage of damage; and, as a matter of fact, the losses have been reduced to a minimum, resulting in the saving of several million dollars annually. Important investigations have also demonstrated the vast importance of holding fruit in storage and of placing fruit in foreign markets so as to command good prices, and relieve our own markets. This work has greatly increased exports of American fruits, enabling the fruit growers, especially of the Eastern United States, to place in European markets apples, pears, and in some cases more easily perishable fruits at increased prices, sometimes more remunerative than those paid at home.

AGRICULTURAL WORK IN OHIO

A large amount of valuable experimentation is being carried on in Ohio by agencies supported in part by the state and in part by the National Government. The Ohio Experiment Station, under its present able management, has in the past twenty years done invaluable good in inculcating better farming methods in this state, especially in the encouragement of the maintenance of soil fertility, a model for other states to follow. Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that the farmers of Ohio have right at home opportunities for getting information which will be of the greatest benefit to them in all lines of work.

HARVESTS OF THE WORLD

By CHARLES WINSLOW

THE harvests of the world; what a vista of varied yet delightful pictures this simple saying spreads before the trained observer and retrospective imagination! The suns of March beat heavily on the half-naked ryots of India and the fellahin of Palestine and Egypt, as with antiquated sickles or trenchant belt-knives they cut jagged swaths across tiny fields, followed by gleaners who gather ear by ear the pittance of golden wheat or barley which should avert for a time at least that semi-starvation which is scarcely less merciless than utter famine. Close at hand, the hoofs of unyoked cattle slowly thresh out the sparse measures of grain, soon to be poured again and again from the highest reach of extended arms that the parching winds may cleanse it from dust and chaff. Paltry and pitiful seems the store of these tiny fields, and yet their aggregated harvests often play an important part when the black-hulled steamships bear them into the London docks to be sold in Mark Lane, the great central grain-market of the world. This year, however, it is said by the initiated, there will be but an unimportant surplus for exportation from these countries.

Australia's millions of acres lack few of the latest of modern agricultural improvements, which in December will reap her golden grain under summer sun and harvest moon; but not as of old in immense profusion, whose surplus shall dot the long sea-path with black-hulled, deep-laden grain-ships. Not until next May will her wheat and barley come in to cheapen bread and forage in European ports; and England's fields, normally far from supplying the needs of British millers, seem likely this season to fall several millions of bushels short of even last year's yield. La Belle France also, despite the painful tillage and close economies of her millions of miniature farms, must, it is said, face another material shortage, while Russia, slowly recovering from stress of war, pestilence, revolt and famine, will need most of the soft wheats, whose exports this season will not meet even normal expectation.

Argentina has already disposed of last year's store, and her fields, scarcely yet in the stalk, will not bow before harvester and header until our own prairies are drifted deep with winter snows. Taken altogether the grainfields of the eastern and antipodean world are largely out of the running as competitors with our own more favored land.

Long ago the army of itinerant farm-laborers, who begin their southern labors in June, and go northward with the succeeding months until frost and snow silence the whirring threshers in late November near the Canada line, have gathered and stacked or threshed the harvests of all the states nearly to the head-waters of the Mississippi; in the hard wheat belt, the certainty of a glorious harvest is already assured. Perhaps in a ratio of two to three per cent. it may fall short of last year's bounty, which in the aggregate amounted to seven and a half billions of dollars,—exceeding that of 1906 by six hundred millions, and that of 1905 by one thousand millions. Taking the prospect of a decreased competition and better prices into account, it may be reasonably expected that this enormous contribution to the wealth of the nation will fully equal if not exceed the figures of 1907.

On the other hand the increase in the comforts and luxuries of farm dwellers, the diversification of products and consequent interest in farm development, the multiplication of free delivery routes, farm telephones and parcel post facilities, have done a great work in lessening the awful loneliness of home-life on the prairie farm which once

HARVESTING THE VARIED CROPS IN A WESTERN STATE

filled Western cemeteries and asylums with woman-victims of the "Great Silence."

Neither have all sections of our immense agricultural territory gained in an equal ratio, a matter to which President Roosevelt has aptly referred in a recent letter to Professor Bailey as follows:

"In the United States, disregarding certain sections, and taking the nation as a whole, I believe it to be true that the farmers in general are better off than they ever were before. We Americans are making great progress in the development of our agricultural resources. But it is equally true that the social and economic institutions of the open country are not keeping pace with the development of the nation as a whole."

The farmer is, as a rule, better off than his forbears, but his increase in well-being has not kept pace with the country as a whole. While the condition of the farmers in some of our best farming districts leaves little to be desired, we are far from having reached so high a level in all parts of the country. In portions of the South, for example, where the Department of Agriculture, through the Farmer's Co-operative Demonstration Work of Doctor Knapp, is directly instructing thirty thousand farmers in better methods of farming, there is nevertheless much unnecessary suffering and needless loss of efficiency on the farm. A physician, who is a careful student of farm life in the South, writing to me recently about the enormous percentage of preventable deaths of children due to the unsanitary conditions of certain Southern farms, said:

"Personally, from the health point of view, I would prefer to see my daughter, nine years old, at work in a cotton mill, than have her live as a tenant, on the average tenant, one-horse farm. This apparently extreme statement is based upon actual life among both classes of people.

"I doubt if any other nation can bear comparison with our own in the amount of attention given by the government, both federal and state, to agricultural matters. But practically the whole of this effort has hitherto been directed toward increasing the production of crops. Our attention has been concentrated almost exclusively on getting better farming. In the beginning this was unquestionably the right thing to do. The farmer must first of all grow good crops in

STANDING IN THE WAVING FIELD OF GRAIN, THERE THE REAL GREATNESS OF THE NATION IS REALIZED. WHAT CAN order to support himself and his family. But when this has been secured, the effort for better farming should cease to stand alone and should be accompanied by the effort for better business and better living on the farm. It is at least as important that the farmer should get the largest possible return in money, comfort and social advantages from the crops he grows, as that he should get the largest possible return in crops from the land he farms. Agriculture is not the whole of country life. The great rural interests are human interests, and great crops are of little value to the farmer unless they open the door to a good kind of life on the farm. . . .

"The farmers have hitherto had less than their full share of public attention along the lines of business and social life."

SELF-BINDERS IN AN OKLAHOMA WHEAT FIELD

Especially is this true in the matter of securing credit and capital for the purpose of extending business operations, or obtaining needed supplies. Even real estate loans have in the recent past been especially extortionate, and the history of "banking" in the newer states has often been a record of more usury and small "shaves." Mortgages on horses and stock at five per cent. per month and three months' time, compounded until a hundred dollars at the end of a year called for seventy-eight dollars interest, were too common to excite remark, until some unfortunate farmer saw his stock sold under the most unfavorable circumstances, to be bought in by the mortgagee, and sold again at good value to another victim.

It would seem that the extension of banking facilities and accommodation to expert and well-to-do farmers, at the same rates and on like terms as are given to the commercial customer in the same section must be a general innovation before the reclamation of valuable lands, the extension of irrigation, the purchase of choice stock and the introduction of improved methods and an advanced comfort and social development can be readily attained. That these will come in the end cannot be doubted, but that the farmer who is in love with his calling is often sadly hampered by the difficulty of securing adequate funds for legitimate improvements is only too evident.

Another matter, which is just now being strongly impressed upon some millions of weary horses, mules and oxen, and at least half as many men and boys, is the desirability

A TEXAS ORANGE CROP

of decent, not to say good, roads. Who that has traversed the highways of the European countries has not felt ashamed to recall the wear and tear of animal life, harness and vehicle, human patience and Christian grace, entailed every harvest by the necessity of hauling half loads of produce over country "roads" and prairie "trails" which should never be tolerated out of Gehenna, and there only in the Limbo of the doubly damned. As a means of grace; as a necessary condition precedent to an increased church attendance; as a practical inducement to neighborly calls and social, industrial and educational evening assemblies, the clean, dry, level road beats all the academical and theoretical missionary work to a finish. A slow, uncomfortable ride through mud and deep ruts and holes; an evening's enjoyment haunted with the consciousness that a like discomfort must be endured in returning home, and the prospect of arduous grooming, and cleansing of harness and vehicle, are not calculated to encourage farmers to encounter such obstacles to friendly intercourse and local assemblage.

* * *

AN OYSTER DREDGE WHICH GATHERS IN THE HARVEST OF SHELL FOOD

THE FOOD VALUE OF THE OYSTER

By GARNAULT AGASSIZ

"IT has been demonstrated as a gastronomic truth," says Professor John R. Philpots in his exhaustive study of the oyster, "that there is no feast worthy of a connoisseur where oysters do not come to the front. It is their office to open the way, by that gentle excitement which prepares the stomach for its proper function, digestion; in a word, the oyster is the key to that paradise called appetite."

And this has been so for thousands of years, how many thousands no one knows, for history has not preserved to posterity the name or residence of the epicure who first discovered the oyster as a food fit for the gods. That the oyster was in common use by primeval man has been conclusively shown by the discovery in the "kitchen middens" of Denmark of many thousands of oyster shells showing every evidence of having been artificially opened. In ancient Greece, also, the oyster appears to have been a recognized delicacy, for Dr. Henry Schliemann, the eminent German archeologist—who, it will be remembered, became an American citizen during the great Californian gold rush—in his historic search for the ancient and somewhat mythical city of Troy, found many oyster shells in the ruins of the five prehistoric settlements of Hissarlik.

But it was Rome in the height of her power and opulence that, by signalling out the oyster as the *piece de resistance* of the Roman banqueting halls, conferred upon the oyster its just title as one of the most delicious and appetizing foods within the grasp of man. An idea of the size and splendor of these banquets can be gained from that famous feast of Marcus Lucinus Crassus, slave trader and ruler, who entertained the populace of Rome at 10,000 tables and at a single sitting. In Nero's time millions of bushels of oysters are said to have been consumed annually, the best of them being imported from Britain.

From the first day of the Christian era the oyster has been one of the accepted luxuries of man, and, generally speaking, its price has been moderate enough to permit of its use by all but the very poor. It has graced the tables of kings and commoners in the Old World, and in the New it has been an important, if not the chief, alimentary attraction in hundreds and thousands of political and other banquets. Perhaps this is the reason why it has been blamed for so many of the ills that flesh is heir to, and with such small cause.

As an article of diet, the oyster is valuable not so much for its nutritive qualities—and these must not be under-estimated by any means—as for its peculiar condimentality and its ready digestibility. For the invalid it is especially valuable, for it is the only known food that will not at some time or another nauseate the patient, being unquestionably the most easily digested of all animal foods. Some reputable physicians, however, have maintained that the use of the oyster should never be permitted any diabetic patient. The *Lancet*, the most influential medical organ in Great Britain, disagrees with this. It says:

"According to our analyses the amount of liver sugar in the oysters was very small, and certainly considerably less than half that found by previous observers. We made a number of experiments on this point and in no instance did the amount of glycogen in the raw oyster exceed one per cent. A further examination of the organic portion of the oyster revealed the presence of glycero-phosphoric compounds, which are now used in medicine in the form of lecitline and of the glycero-phosphates of the alkaline metals for the purpose of improving the general nutrition of the nervous system."

In concluding its able article the *Lancet* says:

THE PLANT OF JACOB OCKERS, SAYVILLE, LONG ISLAND, THE LARGEST PRODUCERS OF BLUE POINT OYSTERS IN THE WORLD

"The results on the whole show that although the actual amount of nutritive material in a raw oyster is small, yet this material comprises all classes of food substances, namely, proteid, carbo-hydrates, fat, and certain mineral salts. Moreover the flesh of the oyster undoubtedly contains these substances in a peculiarly assimilable form. Apart from the extreme delicacy of the oyster, and from its peculiarly appetizing flavor, there are, we think, reasons, on purely dietetic grounds, why attention should continue to be given to the cultivation of the oyster, which, as the foregoing results indicate, is an excellent article of food."

The most common objection against the oyster as an article of food is the danger, real or imaginary, of contracting typhoid fever from its use. There are many people who maintain that after thorough investigation typhoid has never been traced directly to the oyster, but in the light of recognized conditions and of particular instances of contagion, it would be very unwise to say that the oyster, when taken from contaminated waters, cannot convey typhoid; on the other hand, it must be admitted that scientific research has never discovered typhoid bacilli in the oyster.

The sacredness of human life, however, makes it imperative upon the local, state and federal authorities to prohibit the sale of oysters from all contaminated beds. Such action might affect adversely a number of oystermen, but its effect would be only temporary and in the end would make for the general benefit of the industry as a whole, for many people would then eat oysters who are now constrained from doing so by the so-called typhoid scare.

NEVER TOO LATE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

NOTHING is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand "Œdipus," and Simonides
Bore off the prize for verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four-score years;
And Theophrastus at four-score years and ten
Had but begun his characters of men.
Chaucer of Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales";
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.
These are, indeed, exceptions, but they show
How the gulf stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
When little else than life itself survives.

MY LORD HAMLET

Historical, Literary and Psychical Considerations Touching the Principal Character in Shakespeare's Tragedy

(CONTINUED)

Dedicated, with sincere good wishes and admiration, to Robert Bruce Mantell, Tragedian—*The Authors*

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

IV

THE fourth scene is in the house of *Polonius*. In the "Hystorie," the "Counsellor" had no children; the young woman set to ensnare Hamblet had no brother. Nothing ook place at the house of the Counsellor.

But, in *Hieronimo*, the captive Prince, *Balthazar*, was taken to the house of old *Cyprian*, *Duke of Castile*, who had two children, *Lorenzo*, villain of the play, and *Bellimperia*, the heroine. In both dramas ("Hamlet" and *Hieronimo*) the relations of the Prince and the maiden are discussed. *Ophelia* is told: "For *Lord Hamlet* . . . he is young, and with a larger tether may he walk than may be given you." *Bellimperia* is told: "The *Prince* is come to visit you." She answers: "That argues that he lives in liberty."

The thankless part put upon *Laertes* descends from *Lorenzo*, but Shakespeare further used *Lorenzo* far more fully in making *Iago*. The rudiments of *Hieronimo* are nevertheless numerous hereabouts in "Hamlet."

In this scene we are to have the maiden's testimony that *Hamlet* loves her truly. Her brother does not believe it, and adduces the differences in birth. The father commands the girl to repel her lover's advances. She dutifully promises to obey. *Hamlet* knows nothing of this, which will make the main cross-purpose of the play. *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* will be forced to misjudge each other. *Hamlet* obeys Heaven; *Ophelia* obeys her father. Thus *two* sacrificial victims are now destined.

The management of the situation is so equivocal that the audience is left in perplexity as to *Hamlet's* madness, later. In *Hieronimo*, *Bellimperia* was of the royal house, and psychologically *Ophelia* is to be *Bellimperia*, killing herself as does *Bellimperia*. But the innuendoes of the Saxo "Hystorie" cling to her. Nor should it ever be forgotten that, on the Elizabethan stage, a *boy* took the part, giving no end of temptation for broad remarks—a temptation that it was the fashion not to resist.

We have shown the influence of Lyly's Eubulus on the precepts of *Polonius*. Nothing in the realm of didactic literature is better said than the precepts, but no character in Shakespeare do they more ill-befit than *Polonius*, who is badly in his dotage.

There are quotation-marks around the precepts of *Polonius* in the First Quarto.

The interval clearly has been used as a diversion, and made as long as possible, to take our minds from the *Ghost*.

By this time we know that *Hamlet* has told *Ophelia* he loves her, but Shakespeare has arranged it so that *Hamlet* is not master of his marital future. The object is equivocation, but with a psychological postulate that *Hamlet*—at least to himself—believes he is acting honorably. This makes it very human—frail, selfish, human—as even our ideals seem to be.

Ophelia is to be sacrificed as *Bellimperia* was. This is a rudiment or variation of stories such as Jephthah's daughter and Virginia. Ancient audiences looked on the fate of the beautiful *Ophelia* with complacency, because such an outcome was classic and familiar.

The reader is also to consider that a drama is a continual sacrifice to *time*. There is no *time* to tell the story of *Hamlet's* love for *Ophelia*, because its visible relation would balk the equivocation or Doubt which *is* the "Hamlet" drama, and would impose far more than a love-scene. To read "Hamlet" with its greatest interest, one must be, for the nonce, a playwright, and work with the Globe company at their bench, in their tiring-room—among their partitioned shelves or pigeon-holes.

The love-scene that there was no *time*-for in "Hamlet," *is* in "Romeo" (made from the same French book with "Hamlet"), and the murder which is so sadly lacking in "Hamlet," in order to awaken our resentment against *Claudius* and *Gertrude*, *is* in "Macbeth." But these vast Shakespéarian *tours* require *time*—plenty of *time!*

Wagner and the Chinese are essentially correct in their dogma that it takes more than one hearing, or one day, to present certain dramas.

V.

Again the moon is shining on the platform of Elsinore, and we are to understand that twenty-four hours have passed. *Hamlet*, *Horatio*, and *Marcellus* come out, and remark once more upon the uncommonly cold weather. Here are rudiments from the "frostie morning" of the lost "Hamlet," but their original reason-to-be is gone. The Shakespeare drama is to need warmer weather very soon, for *Ophelia* is to gather flowers.

Shakespeare and his partners may have suffered through the shortcomings of bibulous actors, for *Hamlet* delivers a feeling discourse on the evils of drunkenness. The sermon stands in the way of the action, and the actors omitted it from the First Folio, nor is it in the First Quarto. It would seem that Shakespeare had the matter of Prohibition (of liquor) seriously on his mind. He uses the idea efficiently in "Othello."

Shakespeare's fancy is now to go on one of its longest poetic flights. In "the profession," the tradition runs that the author himself enacted the *Ghost*, and for that reason made the speeches unusually extensive.

Out of the tedium of the Prohibition sermon, suddenly, there is the confrontation of the *Ghost*. The monitor, speaking so measuredly a moment before, now sets the English language in a turmoil as frenetic as the rapids of Niagara. The *Ghost* beckons; *Hamlet* will follow. He does not set his life at a pin's fee, and, as for his soul, it is immortal, like the *Ghost*. *Horatio* gives him the cue for madness—what if he go mad? Nothing will stay him. He exhibits great spirit. We have here, then, a *Hamlet* to whom Doubt is as yet a stranger. He departs with the *Ghost*, brooking no human restraint. This time the portent touches the intellect of *Marcellus*. "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark," says *Marcellus*.

The *Ghost* and *Hamlet* are alone, still on the platform. The hours are flying by as swiftly as in the first scene. Now Doubt begins. "Speak, says *Hamlet*, "I'll go no further." "My hour is almost come," says the spirit, "when I to sulphurous and tormenting flames must render up myself."

This is because the elder *Hamlet* was suddenly slain. He did not have the *viaticum* of the Church in his last moments. This condemns him to Purgatory and lasting fires. The dilemma of the *Ghost* is the same as in classic times. He tells *Hamlet:* "Pity me not." *Hamlet* is "bound to revenge" when he shall hear. "If ever thou didst thy dear father love, revenge his foul and most unnatural murder." Here Shakespeare is moving back to the Revenge drama, without considering that the *Ghost* first looked "more in sorrow than in anger."

As the spirit proceeds, *Hamlet* psychologically becomes aware of all he has dumbly felt. "O my prophetic soul! my uncle!" The moonlit night is flying as fast as the Furies. "Methinks I scent the morning air." The dreadful tale is told in haste—another tragedy of Eschylus—and then: "The glow-worm shows the matin to be near, and 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire!" What cares our ever-living poet for witchcraft or its necessary moonlight when these fairy fancies sweep across his brain? And even *Hamlet*, carried away by beautiful poetry, forgets that it is *ghostly* moonlight with few stars out, and cries: "O all you host of heaven!"

Hamlet is now cast obviously into the part of *Orestes* in Eschylus. "O most pernicious woman! O villain, villain, smiling, damnéd villain!" [The uncle.] *Orestes*, too, had a dear friend, *Pylades; Orestes* was driven mad by the *Furies*. But Shakespeare will again recede, and *Hamlet* will not go mad, will not kill his mother, in the classic fashion, as did *Orestes*. He takes up the *motif* of feigned insanity at once, and answers the cries of his comrades with a hawking-call: "Hillo, ho, ho, boy!" The allurement of our swineherds in the fields, "Stu-boy!" contains the same phonetic. The feigned-insanity *motif* [King David] outweighs *Orestes*, and the "Hystorie" is followed, although Shakespeare carries equivocation to its limit. Perhaps *Hamlet* would fare better as a Hero to some, were he really mad—but not to the average of all humanity, in many nations. For them, let him be as capricious as man himself.

Now he is the devoted one. He may *at last* well say: "But I have that within which passeth show." He must abandon learning; he must forego *Ophelia;* he must doubt his own mother (*Clytemnestra*); he must revenge the *Ghost.* We shall see how the Shakespearian soul revolts against murder, assassination, unfilial thought, and how Doubt *may* set up. Doubt, too, is a visible *Hieronimo* motif. *Hieronimo* required additional proof before he wrought his revenge.

To *Horatio*, *Hamlet* imparts his secret intent to feign madness: "As I perchance hereafter shall think meet to put an antic disposition on." Exactly as *Hieronimo* might "frolic with the King."

They swear. The *Ghost* is underneath, as if his tomb were in the platform, or talus, for, psychologically, it is there. The terms "uncle" and "boy" are idiomatic.

The learned Professor Chambers, of Oxford, is inclined to think that most of the extended humorous situation of the repeated oaths and affirmations, with the "old mole" following beneath, is taken from the lost "Hamlet." The Latin, "*Hic et ubique*," exorcising the *Ghost*, has not been taken out, like the Latin phrases that must have been eliminated from the first scene, where *Horatio* crossed the apparition. Kyd and Middleton, both, would be sure to quote Latin exorcisms.

The treatment of *Horatio* as a stranger continues, possibly a vestige of the Portuguese at the court of Spain, in *Hieronimo.*

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

As the vacuum electric tube sends forth its miracles; as radium transmutes into helium and seven or more other emanations; as the etheric message throbs across the wide sea; as the cataract turns the very air into fruitful soil of earth—how startlingly has *Hamlet* seemed to be ever-aware of our mortal environment! Mind is taking further hold on matter every day. It seems it *did* need a ghost come from the grave to tell us.

The Act is over. *Hamlet* is revealed. "The time is out of joint: O cursèd spite, that ever I was born to set it right!"

We know he should revenge his father's death, and ease the *Ghost.* We have heard him declare his impatience to proceed. Yet Doubt has logically set up.

The author of "Hamlet" is certainly at this time passing the years immediately following the death of his only son. He has succeeded in life, but how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem all the uses of this world to William Shakespeare! Therefore, let *Hamlet* drip with woe. It is *Hieronimo* whom Shakespeare communes with—they are fellow-fathers; they both love *Horatio.* If we look at "Hamlet" that way, it is an understandable work. The times are out of joint. The universe is an unweeded garden.

The principal rudiment that clings to Shakespeare in this complex making of his drama is the very feigned insanity of *Hamlet* itself. It has become unnecessary because of the growth of other variations of the *Brutus* motif. Probably Shakespeare feels it. Perhaps he feels it sub-consciously—therefore he sets out to perplex himself, to perplex the world, with the question whether or not *Hamlet* was really insane, or really insane at times. So, in the evolution of myths, we see a relic of the past—the feigned insanity—carried along in almost haphazard manner. By chance, it accords with the psychology of *Hamlet.* Perhaps it would be truer to say that any really serious operation of William Shakespeare's brain must become of overshadowing importance to English-speaking thinkers.

It delights the German mind to try to show why *Hamlet* logically could not kill the *King* until the last curtain. Professor Werder has an entire book, and the learned W. J. Rolfe has written a complacent introduction to the English translation. Outside events, says Werder, continually obtruded to make vengeance impossible—therefore *My Lord Hamlet* is perfect as an Avenger.

It never occurs to the German professor that if *Hamlet* had gone down from the platform of Elsinore and killed the *King*, that would have ended the play. That would have made it a one-act drama. Shakespeare has a hard dramatic task because he starts with the murder done, has cut out the love-motif and the principal conventional acts of the stage-villain, and must drag the vengeance through four more acts, while all his material cries for immediate results, and is scattered in rudiments over the entire histrionic course.

My Lord Hamlet is perfect because he is imperfect — human. Nobody "suits him worse" than he himself. To get through to the final curtain will involve the destruction of all but one ideal—friendship. What other candid man can give a better account! What other theory of the play-making is needed?

Once more, and to be cogent rather than concise: The playgoer of Elizabeth's time, sitting before this play at the first curtain, knew conventionally and by the advertisement, that it was a Tragedy. This conventionally meant a great deal. The Hero, *Hamlet*, had now received mandate from the other world to do justice. It was inevitable that he would avenge his father's murder, or it could not be advertised as a Tragedy; and it was *also* conventional that the Hero, in carrying out the wishes of the gods, should anger them, and expiate some error with his own heroic life.

The Church, in those days, deplored the pagan rudiments of dramatic art, but was blind to those equally pagan rudiments that clung conspicuously to its own vestments.

VI.—(SECOND ACT)

The actors of our time omit the dialogue between *Polonius* and *Reynaldo* with which Shakespeare begins Act II. It has little or nothing to do with the drama. *Reynaldo*, who is to follow *Laertes* to Paris, is instructed to spy on him and generally to learn of his doings. The utter senility of *Polonius* is impressed on the audience. The old man does not know what he is talking about. *Reynaldo* never reappears in the play. What *Laertes* does or does not do in Paris has no bearing on the plot. The character-part for *Polonius* was of course strengthened, but the precepts of *Polonius* in the previous act and the senility of *Polonius* in this act refuse to adjust themselves. These characters (*Polonius* and *Reynaldo*) were once *Corambis* and *Montano*, and their parts may have been cut everywhere else. We have no material at hand from which the situation descended—it is a rudiment whose history is lost.

In Elizabethan times an absolute diversion from the play—if it were deemed humorous—was welcomed by the audience. Furthermore, an excuse is made ready for *Hamlet's* cruelty to the old man.

Ardent lovers of *Hamlet* take comfort in deep study of the meanness and folly of *Polonius* as it is carefully depicted in this supererogatory scene. It has solaced many minds to make a case against the counsellor, as Lafontaine's justice-loving wolf made cause against the lamb at the brookside. Perhaps it may be of use to cursorily state this case: *Polonius* is sending funds to *Laertes*, but before delivering those funds, *Reynaldo* is cunningly to pry into all the affairs of *Laertes; Reynaldo* is to ingratiate himself with the companions of *Laertes* by lying about him—to charge him with gaming, drinking, fencing, swearing, quarreling, drabbing—anything save the incontinency of an old man! And in trying to explain to *Reynaldo* why a father should give such despicable instructions, the old man goes into mental chaos, cannot continue, and only knows, by the mass, that he was about to say something. Catching erroneously at a cue by *Reynaldo*—yet at least catching—the infamous old man gives us the familiar line that we "by indirections find directions out," and closes the interview with whatever equivocation the reader chooses to forge.

In this way, the partisan of *Hamlet* may and does inflame his own mind against the old rat that is to die in his hole behind the arras. But it is never played.

VII.

Next comes *Ophelia's* report to her father of *Hamlet's* madness. She had sent back unopened some of his letters—he must have written them after he saw the *Ghost*—and had refused to meet him, as her parent had commanded. *Hamlet* had forced his way into her sewing-room, and had certainly *feigned* madness. This we know from *Ophelia's* description of the disarrangement of his costume. Inasmuch as *Hamlet* does not repeat this conduct in presence of the audience, we are assured that he has seized this tortuous method of casting off an engagement with *Ophelia* which, as an Avenger, he cannot keep. Still, he has written to her.

Here we ourselves must remember our duty to the drama. Although it be not written in the text, still it is there—that *Hamlet*, even as a human being purely, possessing no superhuman knowledge, is almost alone. With the exception of *Horatio*, every man's hand is against him. She who should have been his best friend, the *Queen*, has deserted and shamed him. Her act is the mainspring of the tragedy to come. This isolation, if we assume a certain line of argument, compels *Hamlet* to adopt the ruse of feigned insanity in order to obtain information and counteract the hostility of the court. It is highly important that we should entertain a vivid concept of this isolation.

At the best, Shakespeare's hand could straighten out the play. It does not adjust. Yet he might sacrifice lines that the world regards as its own (not Shakespeare's) property.

Some time has elapsed since the *Ghost* walked, and we already can see that *Hamlet* is slow to act. Something ails him as well as the state of Denmark. *Laertes* must have reached Paris. The *King*, as we shall see, has heard of *Hamlet's* madness, but not yet through either *Polonius* or *Ophelia*.

There is visible the rudiment of a much stronger love-interest in the original drama than was finally suffered to remain there.

VIII.

Scene 2 opens in classic form with the royal entrance, archaic music, and deliberate speeches of the monarchs. They have sent for *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* to spy on *Hamlet*. The *King's* speech reveals no suspicion of the true cause—in fact, the royal parents have so far had sufficient reason to be disquieted at the previous formal audience. Their own guilty attitude remains veiled.

The Norway *motif* intervenes, to remind us of the unneeded Portugal-part of the "Spanish Tragedy," and then the *Queen* notes her feeling that *Hamlet's* condition has been caused by their own doings. The touch of this is light and evidently hasty. The *King* merely says it shall be sifted. The *Fortinbras* matter is slowly arranged for the last curtain, and then *Polonius*, to the joy of the groundlings, and in a speech that has made all the world senile with good humor, announces that the cause of *Hamlet's* defect is that he is mad—'tis true; 'tis pity. It is the lunacy of love, and *Polonius* (here relying a good deal on John Lyly, and posing, with charming humorous effect as a literary expert) proceeds to read a love-letter from *Hamlet* to *Ophelia*, written in the approved epistolary fashion of the time.

"The most beautified *Ophelia*. That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase. *Beautified* is a vile phrase." This aspect of the "humour" of *Polonius* is as original as *Falstaff*. It is possibly one of the first things the young Shakespearian student laughs at, and age does not wither its value. The writers of the day were trying to give to the word *beautified* the place, or at least a turn in the place, occupied by the word *beautiful*.

Yes, *Polonius* has solved the problem. *Hamlet* is madly in love with one beneath his royal station. The old man even describes the stages and progress of a very real and physical malady, and will prove his case. He will place *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* together and "mark the encounter."

The *Queen's* original attitude of innocence, as in the First Quarto, lingers in the text. She says: "But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading," and *Polonius*, perhaps almost rudely, presses her away.

Space necessary to monarchical times has been allowed for the royal audience, and some of the most humorous work of *Polonius* has been done. The quality of Shakespearian poetry is here absent in the serious speeches, and Shakespeare may have taken that portion of the text almost bodily from an old "Hamlet."

The actors of our time, both English and American, have refused to stop for the Norway matter, and have cut it entirely out. The drama thus "goes" better, and democratical-republican institutions permit the abridgment.

The playwright of the lost "Hamlet," however, might, in doubling the arras-scene, be dramatizing the "Hystorie," for, before the counsellor, in Saxo, went behind the hangings and got killed for his curiosity, "they had," says Saxo, "been able to find no better, nor more fit invention to entrap the young prince than to set some fair and beautiful woman in a secret place."

IX.

The "humour" of *Polonius* having been invented, it may now be employed as a foil to the "wit" of *Hamlet.* The *Prince of Denmark* takes the audience directly into his confidence, as he would take *Horatio.*

The out-and-out cruelty of *Hamlet* to *Polonius,* seasoned as it is with wit and satire, has been the direful spring of woes unnumbered to old age and to stupidity of all degrees, in the last three centuries. Every ill-natured man, sharpening his tongue on a good memory, has spitted his victim, paying dubious honor to *My Lord Hamlet.* Yet while the judicious grieve, they laugh.

The situation is perfect. The old man *Polonius* is sacrificed to the innate cruelty of our natures; he does not suffer; the harm must come home to us, for *our* thumbs are down—all the barbarity of our race is agog.

"My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you." "You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life."

Hamlet naturally supposes he is alone. The learned counsellor is still at the door:

> *Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.
> *Ham.* These tedious old fools!

And *Polonius* does not even *then* go, but stays to introduce two other "slye fellows" at a moment when *Hamlet's* nerves are sorely on edge.

The mere presence of *Polonius* annoys *Hamlet,* and the situation is so well drawn that latter-day Science has been aided, and will anon find the physical reason, measuring the affair in similar cases with some sort of bolometer.

X.

Where Shakespeare is working in prose, as in the many great dialogues of this act, we profit by a freer flash of his genius. There is not even the light harness of the alleged iambic meter to stay the speed of his invention.

Rosencrantz and *Guildenstern,* those two most unfortunate of detectives, are ushered to their task. *Hamlet* seems to take *Bellimperia's* pose—he is "in prison."

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." This is the mature Shakespeare—like *Lear* on the heath. With what fine equivocation *Hamlet* hints of the *Ghost*—"For to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended."

Shakespeare here inserts the standard and exemplary tribute of Man to his own race, with the spectacle of his cosmic environment—apple of gold in picture of silver. ("Look you," etc.) We stand before *My Lord Hamlet,* dumb until he speaks, thoughtful because he thought. Here *Prospero* is present.

The players have by chance stopped at the castle. *Hamlet* mentions the leading parts in the "stock": The King, knight, lover, comedian, clown, and lady—(always some "joke" attaching to the "lady," because she is a boy). It is the same troupe or "cry" of actors *Hamlet* patronized in the city—(Wittenberg, that is, *Hieronimo's* Toledo). The clown shall make laugh those in the audience who are waiting to laugh anyway—hair-trigger laughter. Now follows the "local color," because the Globe Company, at London, it seems, had been forced to travel. Tragedies by children from the choir of St. Paul's had become the fashion, with rattles on the stage, and brats enacting *Hieronimo* or *Lear!*

> *Hamlet.* Do the boys carry it away?
> *Ros.* Ay. . . . Hercules and his load too.

The Globe Theatre had for sign a globe, with Hercules underneath, bearing it. The children had taken possession of Shakespeare's stage. They played at both the Globe and the Blackfriars.

Thus, it fared with Shakespeare, Kyd, Middleton, Marlowe, while "pretty fellows" at court set the fashion in wit and novelty.

The two spies are now to stand aside and observe *Hamlet's* interview with the traveling company of actors. It also happened in history that a London company went to Denmark and Germany. Many local allusions of a whilom witty or satirical nature are lost on us.

Shakespeare and his "cry" of players—(pack of hounds in full cry)—at the Globe Theatre must have come near getting their heads cut off. In the Essex rebellion the conspirators met at the Globe, and hired the actors to play "Richard II" on the day set. The Globe Theatre was closed, the actors were compelled to seek a living by travel, and this we may take to be the "inhibition." It is an important episode in Shakespeare's life, because his noble patrons were involved, but we know almost nothing about it.

"While memory holds a seat in this distracted globe." *Hamlet* has said this in Act I. It would be nearly impossible to repeat such a sentence in London, about 1602 or 1603, without calling up the troubles of the Globe Theatre, and the inhibition which led to the traveling of the players.

The player of those days ranked in law as a vagrant and beggar. Actors were only safe when they were patronized by a noble and became his servants. He and his friends wanted to see dramas that had been "tried out," and for that purpose the "common stage" was allowed, where all classes could form an opinion as to the value of the work. If it succeeded, representations were then given before private audiences. Thus a "common player," as used by *Hamlet*, meant "a public actor."

When *Hamlet* says: "For look, where my abridgment comes," he means "My actors are coming—my experimental play is about to be given." This is the rudiment of *Hieronimo*, because until *Rosencrantz* informed *Hamlet*, a moment ago, the *Prince* did not know the players were traveling, or that they were at the castle of Elsinore.

Probably all dramas partake of this psychological quality. The playwright knows what is to happen; the audience in time learns what *has* happened; the logical or literary hiatus in the text is not noted, and its proper filling may not be needed. Here, (we think) because the natural progress of "The Spanish Tragedy" brings on the play-within-the-play and makes its reason clear, Shakespeare feels that it is already clear in "Hamlet." Anyway, if it be not now, it is to come.

XI.

The *Players* come in, it seems in costume. The King's Company, in 1603, was granted a license "freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morals, pastorals, stage plays, and such other like." Shakespeare, in the speech of *Polonius* announcing the actors, plays whimsically upon this verbiage. Tribute is paid to Seneca for his *Ghost* and to Jephthah, who had the daughter to be sacrificed. Here Shakespeare surely should have tossed a leaf of laurel to Kyd, but it seems to be a natural law of borrowing, to throw off a false scent.

Hamlet advances to the *Lady*, among others, and starts the laugh by addressing her; for she is a boy growing too fast, and likely to have a cracked voice. The sort of "humour" lying hereabout, while it is no longer tolerable in English, is still current in Paris, and among the French is taken almost as a matter of course.

As a prologue to the trial of elocution which now takes place, *My Lord Hamlet* gives us his own private ideal of a good play: The drama he recalls was well digested in the scenes, and set down with as much modesty as cunning. There were no bawdy speeches to make it popular, nor were there studied affectations in the style of the author. It was made in an honest method, as wholesome as sweet—in brief, it was handsome and yet plain.

This play, of course, was not acted above once. It pleased not the million. It was caviare to the general.

We hold that we may take it from this that Shakespeare, at the mature stage of his career, would *rather* have made a "Hamlet" with the speeches to the boy-players (the *Player Queen*, the *Queen*, and *Ophelia*) greatly modified—made decorous.

Shakespeare's astonishing skill as a true humorist rendered him far more open to temptation toward indecency than was Kyd. It is human, too, to pass "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

In his noble lament that the common people forever drag down the ideal, or despise it, *Hamlet* touches, has touched, will touch, the deepest feelings of our race. We all wish to be better—but it bores us. Nevertheless, the mere iconoclast need not rejoice that we have given *him* license—we despise *him* the more.

XII.

The *Player* is to "speak a piece." Shakespeare now runs against a real difficulty, which he solves as best he can—and not very well. It is to be remembered that *Hieronimo* was waited on by a client who sought his attorneyship. The client had lost his son by murder. *Hieronimo* marveled that this lowly man should feel so bitterly while he (the noble *Hieronimo*) whose *Horatio* had been murdered, remained so ignobly tranquil.

Now *Hamlet's* man, at hand, who is to cry out against acts of blood, is a hired actor, even in the very scene. He must indeed paint bloody pictures, in order to become excited himself and to excite others who are still actors, not auditors. Notwithstanding the calm criticism that has just escaped the lips of *Hamlet*, the *Player* must put on all the blood of *Titus* and *Hieronimo*—(Shakespeare, the butcher's son, remember, has no great dislike of blood-letting). *Hamlet* gives the *Player* the cue: "Head to foot, now is he total gules—[all blood; *gules*, in the jargon of heraldry, one of the *tinctures*, colors of the shield—crimson]—horribly tricked with blood of fathers, mothers," etc.—nothing could be more bloody. So, with this cue, the *Player* proceeds to tell how the rugged Pyrrhus cut old Priam into pieces—"mincing with his sword her husband's limbs." By this time, notwithstanding the intrusion of the "humour" of *Polonius*, the *Player* is in mimic agony over the death of Priam and the woes of Hecuba, and *Hamlet* wearily lets them all go. The *Player* will do; he will serve the purpose.

Why does Shakespeare let *Polonius* break in on the *Player?* Of course, it is easily funny—the old man is not listening, any more than is the audience, and it is a terrible fustian, for Shakespeare is making a parody of a most bombastic passage by Marlowe and Nash in "Dido, Queen of Carthage," 1594. (Have we not read the bitter thing Nash had said about the "shifting companions"?) A little later *Hamlet* is to warn the *Player Clowns* not to speak more than is set down for them, for in the meantime some necessary question of the play may be up for consideration—"that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." How, now, then? "This is too long!" and "That's good; mobled queen is good!" —these laugh-provokers make a farce out of the ripping-up of the aged Priam, and artistically deprive the speech of its value as a foil for *Hamlet's* powerful soliloquy of self-accusation that is to follow.

It is reasonable to believe that the part of *Polonius* "grew," despite the author—for actor and author never agree. The laugh was there, to be had for the asking; the company wanted it—particularly in tragedies; again, the take-off on Nash, the malicious critic, was worth having, and was worth pressing into the region of burlesque. AGAIN, let us keep firmly in mind that it was easier to change the "copy" of Shakespeare *the* than it would be *now*.

So great a genius as Coleridge, catchin only the original purpose of the speech, wa angry that any commentator should decla the lines of the *Player's* recitation (the rugge Pyrrhus) were of bombastic order.

We suppose one must read "The Spanis Tragedy" entire, in order to see how tru the grief of *The Old Man* who has had h son murdered acts as a rebuke to *Hieronim* the procrastinator; but, on a previous pag we have quoted enough of *Hieronimo's* splen did speech to demonstrate the origin of th galling soliloquy of self-recrimination wit which *Hamlet* ends the Second Act.

We can see how ill the rudiment of Feigne Insanity fits on most of this scene. The spi and *Polonius* have been standing by, bu never has man spoken more rationally tha *Hamlet* in this immortal region of the tex

Hamlet will now let the audience kno what he has just learned, that he will, lik *Hieronimo*, produce a play and perform before the *King*. He stays the *First Playe* "Dost thou hear me, old friend; can yo play the Murder of Gonzago? You coul for a need, study a speech of some dozen o sixteen lines, which I would set down an insert in't, could you not?" "Ay," says th *Player*, and goes. "My good friends," sa *Hamlet* to his unwelcome visitors, the spie "I'll leave you till night"—for he must wri the dozen or sixteen lines and adjust the to the "Murder of Gonzago." The spies g because they are bidden to go.

The reader should know that the chan of a play also comes toward *Hieronimo* i stead of it being his own suggestion. *L renzo*, the villain, tells the avenging fathe "We are to entreat your help." (Act IV Scene 2, "Spanish Tragedy.") One woul think it were Shakespeare himself speakin here:

Hier. When I was young, I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poetry . . . . .
When in Toledo there I studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy:
See here, my lords—[*He shows them a book.*

It is this tragedy by *Hieronimo* that enacted before the court and serves as th vehicle of *Hieronimo's* revenge for the mur der of *Horatio*, his son.

One other thing should be considere *Hamlet*, as might one actor to another, pr vately giving another his cue of action in the outside world,—*Hamlet*, the last thing he says to his "old friend," the *Player*, points to *Polonius:* "Follow that lord; and look you mock him not." This, to the traveling actor, sufficiently conveys the information that *Hamlet's* mistreatment of *Polonius* had an occult reason pertinent to *Hamlet* alone, and was not to be copied by others. While this feature is not adjusted, it is by Shakespeare, and it is there, and informatory, too; because anon the *Queen* is to tell us that over the corpse of the unfortunate *Polonius Hamlet* wept for what had been done. Shakespeare is seen framing the play toward the sacrifice of *Polonius* as well as the innocent *Ophelia*.

XIII.

Whatever may have been the circumstances that led to the intrusion of the long ears of *Polonius* into the sorrows of the "mobled queen"—whether Shakespeare himself did it, or the comedians arrogated the laugh—the method by which the laughter is evoked has been copied by Laurence Sterne with unerring sagacity into a correct situation in the "novel" entitled "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy." There, in the middle of a ponderous oration, the unfortunate *Phutatorius*, with the inconceivably hot chestnut aboard, leaps to the ceiling with the cry of "Zounds! — — —!" just as the two horns of the dilemma of the learned *Didius* have become equally antagonistic. But there, the dull sermon is properly, not improperly, the foil of the funny interruption.

In Shakespeare's text of "Hamlet"—or what goes for Shakespeare's text—the logic of the drama has been most capriciously dealt with. The clown has been allowed to do the very thing that (for a mere laugh by the groundlings) the great critic on the very spot declares unequivocally to be villainous, and to need reformation altogether.

XIV.

We have come to *Hamlet's* great outcry. *Hieronimo's* chief effort is in the same relative place. It is not a sermon. It is not a "Cato, thou reasonest well" speech. It is not a splendid encomium such as *Hamlet* has already delivered. It is a piece where wording and acting go together. It puts to shame the style, but now recited, that Marlowe and Nash held in regard. It is spoken in solitude, because *Hamlet* like any other Ideal—(really a variant of *Harlequin*, invisible)—can be seen only by *Horatio* and the audience. If the actors should hear the speech?—that again, like the forthcoming vengeance, would end the drama. *Hamlet* has "gone apart."

It will be noticed that the iambic text is broken; in five places no attempt has been made by the poet to fill out the lines. We believe Shakespeare had advanced to a point in his art where the fetich of printer's quads no longer gave him pause. He could now mend his poetry without using a word he did not want. The result here offers an example to all dramatic poets forever. If they have anything good to insert, let them not measure what they take out.

Hamlet is alone, as he had hoped to be when he entered, reading. But these interruptions have given him an idea, and a tentative excuse for delay in his Revenge. The idea is the "play." Yet he cannot fully deceive himself—he lacks his own respect—he cannot escape Gethsemane. "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" "A dull and muddy mettled rascal!" He is pigeon-livered and lacks gall to make oppression bitter! He is an ass, and curses like a very drab, a scullion! Fie upon't! foh! He has cast away his rapier; he has thrown himself upon the ground; he has suffered a thousand pangs of shame at his own delay; now Doubt, the angel of delay, answers his cry. He will have the *Players* play something like the murder of his father. *That* will tell. The devil is potent with such weak and melancholy spirits as *Hamlet*, and perhaps abuses but to damn him. Yes, the play is necessary. The play's the thing, wherein he'll catch the conscience of the *King*.

This is *Hamlet's* Passion in Gethsemane—his humanity. In order to live a little longer, he crucifies himself. He suffers some more, because of his ideal capacity for suffering. It is classical, too, for the Sacrificial One to withdraw in agony one, two, three or more times, each time imploring that the cup may pass, yet promising to drain that cup. Shakespeare's own mind is on Calvary, because, in *Ophelia's* grave, later, *Hamlet* asks the brother if he will drink the vinegar.

"I'll do't," says *Hamlet*.

Hamlet's Amenti, *Hamlet's* Ganges, *Hamlet's* Gethsemane, comes on slowly because the drama itself began so late in the progress of the world-story of Revenge or justice. Four acts in the cavern of Doubt must be decorated with the stalactites of Shakespeare's fancy.

XV.—(THIRD ACT)

Once more the drama reverts to classic form, the archaic music sounds on the recorders, and the automaton *King* and *Queen* march divinely but slowly in. The German remnants of the lost "Hamlet" betray the fact that the structure of that production was still more ancient, and also had Chorus and Prologue.

The two spies tell the *King* that *Hamlet* has confessed his madness. The *Queen* suggests amusement for her son, and is told of the *Players*. The *King* approves the idea, but proceeds to explain to his consort that he and *Polonius* have determined to make lawful espial while *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* meet, the *Prince* secretly having been sent for. As the *King* gets into hiding, he openly admits his guilt. "O heavy burden!" the incestuous murderer cries.

The fair *Ophelia* is placed somewhere not prominent in the scene, with prayer-book in hand. The situation is ready for action, but Doubt is still to rule. The young *Hamlet*, calm after his Agony, oblivious to all surroundings, deep in thought, gradually, in the most famous of all his soliloquies, shares his melancholy with the world. His isolation is now well manifest in the text of the drama, and it has long been established psychologically.

XVI.

To be, or not to be: that is the question. We are impressed with the feeling that this celebrated homily had been written before "Hamlet" was undertaken as a work, and that the first soliloquy (the Everlasting and His canon 'gainst self-slaughter) once was part and parcel with it. Although it serves the purposes of delay, and places in beautiful relief the lonesomeness of *Hamlet*, it stands structurally as an obstacle in the road. He *must not* commit suicide; he has the play on hand, and by its means will test the honesty of the *Ghost*, and may learn the guilt of the *King*. If that guilt shall appear, the Avenger is to do justice. So, toy with the idea as he may, there must not be the longing for suicide that was permissible in the First Act, and we may guess that Shakespeare split the speech in order to better adjust its ideas to the middle stage of a Revenge drama. *Hamlet's* "weak and melancholy" spirit was broken with his mother's untimely marriage, at the beginning; now, informed by Heaven, his burden is crushing, and self-slaughter, no longer to be considered by the *Prince* for himself, can only be discussed for the purpose of showing its futility as to any good Catholic or Lutheran not an *Orestes*, or devoted Hero, like the *Prince*. It may aid the reader, to recall that, in the First Shakespeare Quarto, the great soliloquy was placed at a point further forward in the drama than the one it now occupies. The change in the Second Quarto was made by Shakespeare himself.

We have the problem of the subjective and the environment. We are to give *Hamlet* the highest degree of individuality and freedom adjustable to his known destiny—for he is aware that it is his fate to kill the *King* —it is a cursèd spite. We see him pondering on suicide when we know he cannot commit suicide. Does he himself know it?

Again, we should consider the possibility that the speech is a mosaic, inserted as a whole without special reference to the situation, because the good Catholic or Lutheran has a dread of the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns, and *Hamlet*, unless the devil have abused him, has knowledge of at least one traveler so returned—his very father, the Majesty of Denmark who smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

Read in "bourn," an old English word for creek, or river (thus, a boundary) as if it were Acheron-bourn, or Styx-bourn.

In book iii, chapter 12, of Montaigne's Essays, the Frenchman deals with the substance of the Apology of Socrates. Florio translated Montaigne into English, and there is a copy of Florio in the British Museum which contains the (disputed) signature of William Shakespeare. Montaigne said: "*Si c'est un aneantissement de notre etre.*" Florio translated this: "If it be a consummation of one's being." *Hamlet* speaks of "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Montaigne, complaining of the Fronde wars, has said: "All is out of frame" (Florio's words), and Shakespeare has said "The time is out of joint," and has pointed to "this goodly frame."

Shakespeare was a close reader of Montaigne, and sometimes copied a whole paragraph (in other plays). Probably, in reading the wonderful book at some time *previous* to Hamnet's death at Stratford, the poet jotted down a speech that might be used by some philosophical character in a theatre. That speech has not in it the grief of *Hieronimo*—yet, because it has not been specialized to any one particular chamber of life's horrors, it is all the more general and popular. Many a young man dwells on this speech when first suffering the pangs of despised love, and feels that Shakespeare wrote for him alone.

Following *Hamlet's* line of argument in this speech, the Agnostic philosopher logically may kill himself. There is no mention of the quality of the consequent act of desertion from those left behind, which increases both their duties and their woes; but *Hamlet* admits that Conscience—that is, (in his case) Religion—makes cowards of us all. In other words, there is an implication that those left behind do not enter into the problem,—need not be considered,—and the brave non-religious man might his quietus make. But this, we believe, is not fair to an argument made in a day when Agnosticism was not tolerated as a thought, nor probably entered into Shakespeare's mind.

Dreams had a more important practical place with Shakespeare than with us. From Saul's time down to Blackfriars and the Globe, the state of the brain during sleep had been theoretically connected with the other world. Nobody in Shakespeare's time desired the dreams that came to Richard III the night before Bosworth field. The most of what is certainly known to reasonable men concerning demons and spirits may be traced to dreams, or to mental conditions nearly related to sleep. The disquisition here under consideration hinges on the likelihood that if death be a sleep, then dreams may accompany that sleep, and doubtless, with the heads of "traitors"—with the heads of one's best friends—spiked over one's doorway, the dreams of people in "the good old days" were of a more tragic order than the average dreams of today. So, whether it were nobler to live or to die? Nothing but the consideration of these dreams could make such a calamity of a long life—otherwise life need not be long. What were these ills, as they occurred to Shakespeare while preparing the piece of mosaic? We should include all of those he mentioned in (1) the thousand forms of bad health; (2) the whips and scorns of time; (3) the oppressor's wrong; (4) the proud man's contumely; (5) the unfavored lover's pangs; (6) the law's delay; (7) the insolence of office, and (8) the spurns that patient Merit of the unworthy takes.

These surely are ills enough; yet *Hieronimo* had worse; *Hamlet* has worse; and *Hamlet* being the Hero of this Tragedy at the Globe, the humblest beer-drinker in the mire of the courtyard in front knows that *Hamlet* is doomed, in classic form, to avenge; also to commit some fault before the gods; and then to die, in classic expiation of that heroic fault. We must repeat: Not a single auditor in Shakespeare's time but knows this.

The poet passes at will from pagan myths to Christian religion, but during the Third Act his material forces him conspicuously toward pagan *motives*. That it is the gods who direct *Hamlet* is literally set down (at the death of *Polonius*) when the *Prince* says: "Heaven hath pleased it so, to punish me with this and this with me, that I must be *their* scourge and minister"—that is, scourge and minister of the gods. Here we see his individuality narrowly limited.

"Thus," says *Hamlet* in effect, "it is, that we doomed ones lag. Happy those who may bear the ills they have, rather than fly to others that they know not of."

Psychologically, we may opine that Shakespeare thought he knew what sorrow was before he lost his only son—that heir for whom he was amassing the most stupendous estate that envious and property-loving man has sent to probate. We do not feel that this speech was written after Hamnet's death. The doomed *Prince* rather envies those who tarry on life's way, and excuses himself for the iterating postponements of Revenge.

The speech, to those who live in better political and economical times, covers and considers the average vicissitudes of life, and gives generous surcease to those who—(their flocks not yet assailed by Death, the archer) —most humanly believe they suffer all that they could be capable of suffering.

Of the conventional readings, perhaps two things may be entered without offense:

1. "Take arms against a sea of troubles." Strabo's Geography tells—and it is in Fleming's English translation of Elian's "Histories," 1576, book 12: "Some of them (the Celts) are so bold, or rather desperate, that they throw themselves into the foaming floods with their swords drawn in their hands," etc. This was a ceremony, like the wedding of the Adriatic at Venice—a rudiment of sun-worship, the dolphin, the fish, Pisces in the Zodiac.

2. "The whips and scorns of time." Robert Armin was an actor in the company at the Globe, and almost certainly played in "Hamlet." He wrote a book in 1608, "The Nest of Ninnies." In that book is the phrase: "There are, as Hamlet says, things called 'whips in store.'" *Hieronimo* uses the term "Whips in store." "Whips in store of time" might be the Shakespearian reading, because "Whips and scorns of time," even with Shakespeare's bill of health, has never successfully sailed the sea of English speech. Robert Armin ought to be an authority on the text of "Hamlet."

THE WEE SAILOR

I'M rocking my boy in his cradle tonight.
He's seven months old and a wee little "mite,"
With armlets so chubby and pink little toes,
Eyes of deep blue and a "turned up" pug nose.
I cannot help thinking while rocking him there:
Will he grow to sweet manhood with frame strong and fair?
Will he care for the water and long for a sail?
Will he be a bold sailor who now is so frail?
Whatever he will be, whatever his due,
He surely is Master and we are his "crew."
By day he commands us, and also by night;
We're always on watch, and we're always in sight.
Whenever he hails us we answer "Aye, Aye!"
We watch for a storm when a frown passes by.
He's a "Bucco" all right, and can yell for his grog
With a voice that can sound thro' a "Long Island fog!"
We've signed on our "papers"; we're in for a cruise;
Our "skipper" can work us as hard as he choose.
We've cared for his "craft," and report from the "bow"
That the "tackle" holds well, and she rides easy now.
Little Skipper keep watch; let our prayer reach your ear—
Please don't slip Life's hawser and leave your crew here.

THE HOME

AT a recent banquet, after we had all completed our perorations on every subject under the sun, there was a lull and a young man whose name came at the end of the program, arose. After a very happy introduction, he took away the breath of his auditors by remarking:

"Gentlemen:—I have prepared my speech with great care for this auspicious occasion, and it is in my dress-suit case in the cloak room. Would one of the waiters please bring it here?"

A waiter disappeared and returned dragging a heavy burden; then even the staid Philadelphia gentlemen began to smile inwardly with a realization that the "lion of the hour" was come, that the hands of the clock were stealing toward the small hours, and that there was a speech in that dress-suit case still to be delivered.

Without a smile or a sign of mirth, amid breathless interest and dead silence, the young man gravely opened the suit case and said:

"My speech is on the subject of observation; I have here thirty different articles. I will remove them from the suit case, hold them up one at a time slowly, and in succession, and then give you two minutes after I have finished my three-minutes' speech for you to hand in a list of what I held up. It will be instructive to learn how many objects have been observed."

He proceeded to hold up the articles very deliberately and carefully, while a smile of disdain flitted across the faces of the clever men who listened to him.

"Thinks we are kids in the kindergarten —going to teach us the rudiments of observation—us!"

After a brief talk, the promised two minutes were allowed; the highest number of objects listed out of the thirty held up for observation was twenty-three, despite the fact that all were common, everyday articles: scissors, knives, paper weights, pencils, pens —and the still more important fact that that entire assemblage were regarded as men of exceptional intelligence, who had been successful in their various callings. Yet they could not remember thirty trifles for three minutes. Since then I have seen the same experiment tried with twelve objects, but in no instance were the dozen articles remembered accurately.

This was certainly a new method of addressing a banquet, and training the sight and memory to observe and record, but that three minutes' speech, carried in the dress-suit case, was very effective and long remembered. It especially impressed some of the legal gentlemen present with the fallibility of circumstantial evidence as told by various witnesses.

The speaker told us that this was a common game in his own home, where Saturday evening was carefully set aside as "papa's night," by his little ones; as he told of the experiments tried by his children, we all listened more eagerly than if he had spoken in tones of sonorous thunder and with mighty, "swelling words," for we read between the lines and saw the picture of a happy home. The wit of the company was heard to remark: "If an assemblage of intelligent men cannot remember thirty articles held up carefully before their eyes, it is unreasonable of the good ladies of our households to expect a husband to recall hasty verbal instructions for purchases to be made downtown."

By the Editor.

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the little helps found suited for use in this department, we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

SCREEN FOR A CYLINDER STOVE

By Carro A. Bird, Plainfield, N. J.

When the door of cylinder stove is left open there is always danger of pieces of coal snapping out and setting fire to whatever they fall upon.

This danger may be avoided by procuring a piece of quarter-inch square-mesh chicken wire a half-inch larger all the way round than the door. From one side of the wire cut notches to fit over the hinges of the door when open. From the opposite side cut one notch to slip over the door-catch and thus secure the screen in place. This screen-door may be blackened with stove enamel.

RIDDANCE FROM RED ANTS

By G. H. Henderson, Cleveland, O.

In answer to "A Request" by W. B. Robinson, Knoxville, Iowa, I will say that our experience with "The Little Red Ants" was something like his. Someone told us to take pieces of fresh meat and put where they were, and as they liked it, and would gather on it, then destroy them by putting in hot water. Then we used the skin of cucumbers by rubbing the inside part over or across their paths, and we were never bothered with them again; that is 5 years ago.

EGG SHELLS FOR CLEANING PURPOSES

By Mrs. M. Barrett, Jacobsburg, O,

Egg shells dried and crushed are the very best bottle cleaner for baby's bottles; use rain water and soap or hard water and soda.

CANNING HELPS

By Mrs. D. Frances Webb, Rockingham, Vt.

To can string beans, snap them into once, then pack them in cans, taking care to get them in as tight as possible. Let water run over them or turn water in until the air bubbles are all out. Place the covers on but do not fasten; let them stand over night. In the morning again allow water to run over them, and work out all the bubbles. Then place the covers on and partly fasten. Boil for six hours, remove from fire and seal tightly. Small early beets, shell beans and peas can be canned in the same way. The secret of success is in packing tightly and getting out all the air bubbles.

To can corn, cut from cob and press it firmly into can with a round stick which just fits into the neck of the jar. Then scrape milk from the cob to fill the can — no water should be added. Cook the same as the other vegetables.

NERVE TONIC

There is no better nerve tonic than a cold sponge-bath every morning.

TO MEND A COAT LINING

To mend a coat lining that is worn about the arm-hole, cut out pieces that match the lining, in a shape like a dress shield, making them just large enough to cover the worn spots. Hold them at the seam full enough so they can be filled down flat at the outer edges.

TO REMOVE MILDEW

By Mrs. G. W. Barge, Union Centre, Wis.

To remove mildew, rub the article with soft-soap, completely covering all the spots, then lay on the grass or hang up where the hot sun will strike it. In a few days wash out the soap and boil it. If you have missed any spots, repeat the process. This is a sure recipe and removed the mildew from a white dress for me when it was perfectly black with it and everything else tried was a failure.

TO CLEAN LAMP BURNERS

When your lamp burners become black and do not give a good light, try boiling them in water in which you have parboiled white beans and with a little rubbing they will be as bright as ever.

TURKISH TOWELING AND EMBROIDERY AND COVERING BUTTONS

By Marjorie E. Whitford, Brandon, Wis.

To secure the best results in ironing an embroidered waist, belt, or any article in which the design is raised, iron on the wrong side with the pattern resting on a Turkish towel which will allow the raised work to sink into the nap and at the same time take the wrinkles from the rest.

COVERING BUTTONS

To cover buttons smoothly without the little corners which so often come in the cloth, cut the circle of the goods to be used, about 1½ the size of the button; gather as near the edge as possible and slip over the button. Draw the thread tightly and fasten.

NEW WAY TO SWEEP

By Mrs. W. H. McMorris, Cleveland, O.

Experience has taught me that the most satisfactory way to sweep a dusty room is to use a broom for a short distance and then gather the dust and dirt with carpet sweeper — continuing in like manner until finished. It is not only easier and more sanitary but at end of season — carpet is almost free from dust.

NEW WAY TO STRETCH CURTAINS

By G. J. G., Xenia, Ohio

How and where to stretch my lace and net curtains without stretchers had been occupying my mind for several days, when, almost like an inspiration, I thought of my attic window as the solution of the question, and which, upon trial, has proved so satisfactory that I must tell about it, especially at this time of the year when so much must be done in the way of doing up lace curtains. I measured the length and width of curtains before wetting them, then when they were washed ready to stretch, I tacked small brads about an inch or so apart all around the window-casing, according to the measurement of the curtains, and simply stretched a pair or two pairs right over the window, where they dried rapidly. This kept them all the same size and prevented them from being torn to pieces, as they so often are on stretchers. The longer curtains I stretched on down, tacking them to the floor. Also scrim and Swiss curtains done this way hang much prettier than when laundered in the usual way. The small brads do not mar the casing, and any window with a sunny exposure or otherwise can be used. I left the brads in casing to be used for other curtains at any time.

CAN OPENING

By Mrs. A. B——, New Mexico

The tin can that is furnished with a key for opening can be made to work with greater ease if a skewer is passed through the opening of key, thus giving a larger head for the hand to grasp.

UNPAPERED CAKE-TINS

I do not use paper in my cake-tins any more; I grease freely with lard, put in dry flour and shake about until it has entirely covered the grease. Put in cake batter, and when it is done it leaves the tin easily without use of knife, and does not adhere in any place. You have no broken cake and no paper to peel off.

EXTINGUISHING A FIRE

By Mrs. W. A. Davis, Weeping Water, Neb.

When trying to extinguish a fire, remember that one quart of water applied to the bottom of the blaze will do more to put it out than ten quarts at the top. A few gallons at the bottom of the flames will rise in clouds of steam when the fire is rising and quench it. This fact is worth remembering.

WHEN BUYING CANNED GOODS

Examine canned goods before buying. If the sides of the can bulge, reject them, as this denotes the presence of gas, which renders the contents unfit for food.

DISH-WASHING MADE EASY

By Mrs. E. C. Barber, Sibley, Iowa

I use a small whisk broom in place of a dish-rag in washing dishes. It saves the hands and can be kept sweet and clean by scalding after using. I use the broom for the pans and kettles, as well as the china, and dry them on a towel kept for that purpose. This is especially helpful when one is obliged to wash dishes in hard or cleansed water.

NICE PUMPKIN PIE

By Mrs. B. R. Shope, Mechanicsburg, Penn.

To improve the taste and flavor of a pumpkin custard, add a small handful of shredded cocoanut; this does not hurt the pumpkin taste, but gives a pleasant flavor.

"LADY BALTIMORE" CAKE

By Mrs. J. C. Weir, Newcastle, Ind.

Many persons upon reading Owen Wister's book, "Lady Baltimore," were disappointed because the recipe for the cake, held secret for many years by the aristocracy of South Carolina, was not given. Here is the original recipe for that famous cake, which is truly delicious.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three and one-half cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, whites of six eggs, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of rose water. (I prefer vanilla.) Cream butter, add sugar gradually, beating continuously; then add milk and flavoring, next the flour into which baking powder is sifted, and lastly, stiffly-beaten whites of eggs, folding them in lightly. Bake in three layers.

FILLING

Dissolve three cups granulated sugar in one cup boiling water, cook until it threads, then pour it over stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs, stirring constantly. Add one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of chopped nut meats (pecans preferred), and five figs cut into very thin strips. Ice top and sides of cake.

EXTERMINATING RED ANTS

By Rev. C. H. Gilmore, Rock Rapids, Ia.

In the March number of your splendid magazine there is a request from W. B. Robinson for a recipe for the extermination of the little red ant. Some years ago I had an experience something similar to that described by him. I tried all the so-called exterminators, only to find they thrived on them. Then I tried camphor gum. Wherever I put that there was the place the ants avoided. But to put it in the receptacles for any kind of victuals meant the ruination of the same, so I tried cayenne pepper, and found that to sprinkle the shelves with plenty of that would rid me of the ants. Hoping that this will be of use to the inquirer, and that he will be able to rid himself of the pests, I remain yours truly, *C. H. Gilmore.*

QUICKLY MADE HOT BISCUIT

By Miss S——, Georgia

Perhaps many families would like hot biscuits for breakfast more frequently were it not for the time required to prepare the flour. Try this plan:—At dinner, when your kitchen is warm, measure flour, put in salt, baking-powder (or soda), then rub in the necessary quantity of lard, having it ready to mix with either sweet or sour milk. In the morning it requires but a few moments to mix it and "pick it and pat it and put it in the pan," and how delicious they are buttered while hot. If one will keep this prepared flour on hand, mixing bread ceases to be the bugbear so many consider it.

REDUCES THE GAS BILL

By Mrs. L. P. Dryden, Albert Lea, Minn.

To cook soup, mush, dried fruit, or anything that takes a slow fire and long time to cook, I use my hot-air register. First bring to a boil on gas stove, then wrap clean cloth around vessel with heavy shawl over all, and put on the register. No extra heat from register is needed. Soup-bone treated in this way at seven in the morning, will be thoroughly cooked by noon; mush put on the night before will be fine for frying next morning.

POTATO USED FOR SPROUTING

By Mrs. H. F. Hubbell, St. Louis, Mo.

To insure the sprouting of syringa or other shrubs from cuttings, before planting insert the end in a potato.

FROST-BITTEN PLANTS

By Miss Helen Perkins, Canton, Ohio

In January last I had an unwelcome guest—Frost. He stole into a room from which the heat had been accidentally turned, and did his very worst to a window full of plants left to his mercy. Fortuately I discovered, in the the morning, before the warm air had been let into the room again, that they were "stiff as a board." I gazed upon them with dismay, and then it occurred to me that I had heard of the remedy—a dark closet; and as there was one close by, I called a little assistance and dragged my luckless "windowgarden" into it, shutting the door so that no sudden light or heat could enter. Toward evening I peeped in with bated breath, and was amazed to find my plants restored to their pristine beauty.

NEWSPAPER PILLOW FOR TRAVELING

A newspaper crushed into a soft ball makes an excellent cushion for resting the head on the train, and is most comfortable, owing to the fact that there is a certain amount of spring to a rolled paper, which will prevent one's feeling the jar and motion of a train even better than a feather pillow.

When traveling by night in the summer, I carry an old piece of white cloth and several thumb tacks. I moisten the cloth and tack it firmly over the window screen of my berth, and find that this simple device serves to keep out a great deal of dust and soot without depriving me of air.

MEASURING FOR HOOKS AND EYES

By Mrs. S. T. Gilkeson, Springdale, W. Va.

Keep a half-yard of "tape hooks and eyes," to baste on dresses when fitting. When ready for the permanent fastening, lay right sides together and baste securely, then, with a long stout thread, begin at the waist-line and take stitches in the edge of both pieces as far apart as you wish your hooks, remove the basting and shift the thread until the pieces are an inch or more apart. place a hook at each stitch on the other, and you may be sure they will be even, and you are saved the trouble of measuring from hook to hook.

TO REMOVE FRUIT STAIN

By Ella M. Smith, Franklin. Penn.

Hot milk is even better than boiling water to take out fruit stains.

BRILLIANT WINDOW GLASS

Starch rubbed over windows or mirrors in the same manner as whiting will make them even brighter and does not hurt the hands.

ONIONS AS A DEODORIZER

Sliced onions in a pail of water will remove the odor of new paint.

NUTMEG IN CREAMED POTATOES

By Carrie L. Sprague, North-East, Penn.

A little nutmeg in creamed potatoes is a wonderful improvement.

A DRIPPING CREAM-PITCHER

A speck of butter rubbed on the nose of the cream-pitcher will prevent the cream from running down on the table cloth.

FOR SNAKE BITE

By Agnes Gwin, Appleton City, Mo.

Apply gunpowder and salt, or an egg thickened with salt.

NEW WAY TO COOK RICE

By Mrs. Erland Engh, Dallas, Wis.

If the desired quantity of rice is put into a thin cloth, tied loosely enough to allow for swelling, and placed in a kettle of salted boiling water and allowed to stay one hour. then taken out and prepared, it will be whole, light and snowy, presenting a most appetizing dish, and is easier cooked, requiring no stirring.

A NOVEL SALAD DRESSING

To the yolks of two eggs well-beaten add one-half cupful of strained honey, one tablespoonful of sugar and the juice of two lemons. Cook until thick. When cool add one-half cupful of whipped cream. Serve with fruit salad.

COLORING FADED RIBBONS

By Mrs. A. J. Baker, Orleans, Neb.

A good way to color faded silk ribbons or silk of any description is to procure tissue paper several shades darker than you wish your ribbon to be when colored; wash and rinse the silk or ribbon, scald the tissue paper and put the wet material in the hot water, moving it about until the desired shade is obtained. Squeeze from the colored water and press with a moderately-hot iron, pressing hard. Yellowed ribbon can be colored a beautiful pink, using rose pink paper. This is for the lighter colors, as pink, blue and white.

UNIQUE ANT EXTERMINATOR

By Mrs. W. T. Garrison, Columbia, Penn.

Take the parings of cucumbers and throw around wherever the ants come. You can't have too many of these parings, and so each time you have fresh rinds throw them among the old ones. Don't feel discouraged if the ants do not leave immediately. When cleaning the closet or other place where the ants come, do not throw the rinds away; put them back again, and continue to add fresh ones as you obtain them. Use for several weeks.

WHIP CREAM FOR SALAD DRESSING

By Rella E. Johnson, Brooklyn, Wis.

Whip the cream to be added to salad dressing. A thicker, richer dressing than if plain cream is used will result.

SWEET APPLE PICKLES

Use the spiced vinegar in which peaches or pears were pickled in making sweet apple pickles. These can be made in the winter after the pears and peaches have been eaten, and will be of delicious flavor.

DUSTING THE SEWING MACHINE

By A. C. Fenton, Washington, D. C.

For many years I have dusted my sewing machine with a piece of soft muslin, and had always been annoyed to find the job not altogether successful. One day I used a small paint brush with long handle, and found to my joy that the dust could be dislodged with perfect ease.

SAVES YOUR HANDS

By Harriet Winship, Shellrock, Iowa

To save burning your hands when taking pies or other things from the back of the oven, slip a pancake turner under the dish and draw to the front of the oven. The pancake turner is also useful in removing cookies from the kneading board.

PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS
IN THE WEST

By W. C. JENKINS

TELEPHONE MATTERS

COMPETITION in telephone service does not offer a choice of benefits, but compels a choice of evils—either a half service or a double price."

This is the conclusion of the Merchants Association of New York after an extended inquiry into the dual telephone system.

I have made an extensive study in the workings of double telephone systems in practically every city of importance between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. I have talked with thousands of bankers, manufacturers and merchants, and there is but one sentiment, and that sentiment is aptly expressed in the above quotation. It is true there have been cases where a Bell company has been indifferent to the demands of progressive cities, and the introduction of an independent system has brought more or less relief, but this relief could probably have been secured through channels which would have been far less costly in the end, had intelligence instead of prejudice prevailed. Personal inquiry made by me in every city I have visited showed that the use of two telephone systems is very general among the small tradesmen, and is regarded by them as a very grievous burden, as the annual charge is a heavy tax upon a small retail business. This unwarranted expense is, in a special sense, compulsory, as, if they have but one telephone, they are certain to lose the trade of families having only the other. Hence, there is only one conclusion, and that is, that it is not desirable for any community to have competition in telephone matters unless it is to regulate some very grave evil. The almost universal experience has been that competition raises rates materially to business and professional men.

There is not a city between the Atlantic and the Pacific but that the business men will express the almost unanimous verdict that double telephone systems are a failure because impracticable, and impose unreasonable burdens upon the business community. It is a natural monopoly and must necessarily be so, and the only practicable restraint that can ever be applied is reasonable regulation by the state or municipal government. Competition, where it has been attempted in the mountain and Pacific states, has brought with it absolutely no benefit, but on the other hand has worked a manifest injustice to thousands of small tradesmen, who are not responsible for the introduction of the dual system; and it has also been a grievous injustice to those daring men who in the early days of the telephone risked immense sums of money in the construction of a system, the difficulties of which are almost beyond comprehension to the ordinary person. To those, however, who are familiar with the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific States, the expense and difficulties of line construction across deep canyons and over snow-clad mountain-passes may be easily understood, and it would seem that these pioneers in the telephone business in the West should have been given the most cordial support, instead of being hampered by competition that has produced no benefit to any one, save perhaps the individual promoters, who have reaped their harvest and have left for other fields.

While the dual telephone system has been in operation but a few years in the West, the rumblings of discontent may be plainly heard by those who care to listen. The small tradesmen in a number of cities are already petitioning for the consolidation of the two existing systems. Some of these petitions express in plain and unmistakable terms that the experiment has been in its nature a grievous blunder. The streets have been encumbered with many poles that would be unnecessary if there had been but one company, and the citizens are paying at least a dollar and a half per capita per annum where the dual system is in effect that would be unnecessary if there was but one company. In other words, a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants bears an unnecessary burden of at least $150,000 per annum as a result of the smooth work performed by the promotors a few years ago.

A little over a year ago the Independent Company of Sacramento, California, left the field. In a most singularly frank letter addressed to the company's subscribers, the officers and directors stated: "Since the installation of our plant, new devices and improvements have been discovered and applied to such an extent that to continue longer in the telephone business would necessitate the total reconstruction of our system on lines that are modern, and the practical abandonment of our present plant. This would involve the expenditure of a large sum of money, which investment would be hazardous, owing to the peculiar competitive conditions which must necessarily arise where the lines of two telephone companies parallel each other, and where each seek the same people for their patrons. Wholly unlike any other business in existence, there is that interdependence of all subscribers on each other for a complete service which makes the maintenance and operation of dual telephone systems most undesirable. In other words, it is our belief that so long as one telephone system meets all the demands both for local and long distance service, and keeps pace with reasonable public requirements and charges rates commensurate with the service rendered, then a second system would mean duplication and added expense to the telephone-using public."

As illustrating the grievous wrongs inflicted upon the American people through conditions which permit a dual telephone service, a few facts pertaining to Sacramento are worth studying, inasmuch as they portray the injustice to business men which exists wherever there are two telephone companies:—Number of Independent telephone subscribers in Sacramento, March 1, 1907—1,551. Number of Bell subscribers—4,880. Number of Bell subscribers having Independent telephones—839, leaving 712 exclusive Independent telephones. The cost to the merchants who were compelled to carry 839 Independent telephones in order to do business with 712 exclusive Independent subscribers was $2,222.50 per month, or $26,670 per year.

Could space be permitted to analyze the stupendous unnecessary expense inflicted upon the business men of Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and other Western cities, through this dual system, the figures would indeed be startling; and when it is seen that this stupendous outlay produces no benefits, but rather an inconvenience and a positive annoyance, it would seem that an economical problem of vast magnitude awaits solution. The West is not governed to any great extent by sentiment, and while this dual telephone problem exists in nearly all the states, it will not be strange if relief from this unnecessary burden first comes to the front in the Western States.

I have no wish or desire to parade before the readers of the National Magazine those unpleasant features pertaining to telephone matters which have come to the front in San Francisco during the past year, because they have no bearing whatever upon this great question. In my studies I am more concerned about cause and effect of the dual system and its application in the different states. I freely confess that arrogance, indifference and incompetence on the part of certain Bell companies in the past have been the cause of independent birth and growth, but the movement in most instances was the result of indefatigable work of as shrewd a crowd of promoters as this country has ever seen. Many of our best and most honorable business men have been deluded by those promoters.

Possibly no business enterprise met with greater loss in the San Francisco disaster than the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company. In the three days an exchange of 52,000 subscribers, with its costly and intricate appliances, was practically swept from existence, involving the expensive and laborious reconstruction of 90,000 miles of underground wires. Before the embers were cool, however, orders duplicating this vast equipment were on the files of Eastern manufacturers. The corporation has worked indefatigably to rebuild its system in San Francisco, and its efforts cannot fail to be appreciated by the people of that city.

The Pacific Bell Telephone Company was organized in 1880 by Mr. George S. Ladd, who became its president, and who continued in that capacity until his death, in 1889.

This company received from the National Bell Telephone Company (the predecessor of the American Bell Telephone Company) an exclusive and perpetual license for the territory comprising the states of Nevada, California, Oregon, Washington, a portion of Utah and the Territory of Arizona. At that time and in the years following, certain privileges were granted the Pacific Bell and Mr. Ladd by the city and county of San Francisco, which rights were merged in a fifty-year franchise to the predecessors of the present company.

In 1883 the Sunset Telephone-Telegraph Company was formed, and sub-licensed from the Pacific Bell all of its territory excepting the city and county of San Francisco; these properties being again transferred in 1889 to the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company.

In 1890 the Oregon Telephone and Telegraph Company took over certain counties in Oregon surrendered by the Sunset Company, and other counties in Oregon and Washington, also surrendered by the same corporation, were taken over by the Inland Telephone and Telegraph Company.

In 1900 the two companies last named were absorbed by the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company.

In 1906 the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, with a capitalization of $50,000,000, was formed, and took over the properties of the Pacific States Company in the city and county of San Francisco, and leased the plants of the Sunset Company in California, Oregon and Washington, which is the present status of affairs.

Among those originally interested in telephone growth on the Coast were George S. Ladd, Lloyd Tevis, Monroe Greenwood, Frank Jaynes, Samuel Hubbard, J. C. Cabrian, John I. Sabin, F. W. Eaton, Horace Hill, Jr., J. Henley Smith and W. F. Goad.

The enormous investment of the company may be best illustrated by the following:

Number of instruments	298,123
Employes	9,533
Miles of wire (aerial)	288,476
Miles of poles	19,413
Places connected	1,694
Toll stations	964
Exchanges	730
Underground mileage	269,693
Submarine	813
Number of poles	679,455
Exchange conversations daily,	1,827,085

About two years ago Edgar C. Bradley was elected vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Mr. Bradley had been for several years vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and he carried with him to San Francisco those high ideals of business prudence that have always characterized the Postal Telegraph Company. He knew but little about the mechanical equipment of a telephone plant, but he knew that in order to obtain the confidence of the public no other course could be followed than one of strict integrity; and that he has followed this course is manifest to many people who in the past have been confirmed in their hostility to the public utility companies of San Francisco.

Recent reorganization by Mr. Bradley has placed the affairs of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company upon a basis that will insure not only better returns to the stockholders, but a better relationship with the public. The business has recently been divided into three departments—the commercial, the plant, and the traffic. The company's territory has been divided into three divisions:—the Northern Division includes that part of the company's territory in Idaho, Oregon and Washington; the Central Division includes Nevada and that part of California north of the north county line of Kern, San Luis Obispo and San Bernardino counties; the Southern Division includes that part of California south of the north county line of Kern, San Luis Obispo and San Bernardino counties, and Arizona.

On every hand I found a very friendly feeling towards this company. There is a general belief that the service is satisfactory at the present time, and the rates, when all expenses are taken into consideration, are reasonable. Regarding the policy of the company, Mr. Bradley expressed himself as follows:

"The policy of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company is, in brief, to command the admiration and respect of the people of the territory in which it operates, believing that the confidence of the public is one of the most valuable assets a corporation can possess; to furnish a strictly first-class service at a price that will yield a proper rate of interest to its stockholders and bondholders; to be honorable at all times in whatever dealings the corporation may have with municipalities or with individuals; to extend its lines as fast as possible into every inhabited part of California, Nevada, Washington and Oregon; and to secure the most competent employes that can be obtained."

The early organizers of the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company, a subsidiary of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, little realized the immensity of the undertaking which they had launched for the benefit of the people of Utah, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. Neither could they possibly conceive that their efforts would receive so little recognition by common councils when the independent promoter came along. There is no territory more difficult for telephone construction than certain parts of these four states. In some portions there are stretches of country of 150 miles, through which the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company's lines pass, in which there is no habitation. The difficulties of handling the building of these lines can be readily understood by any one familiar with the country. It is a barren, treeless waste, and without water, and it has become necessary in some cases to make special arrangements with railroad companies whereby water for the construction and repair crews of the telephone company may be secured from the engines. Many of these lines have been built with practically no immediate returns in sight, but with the view of connecting the great inter-mountain region into one system. It was believed that the territory would eventually be greatly benefited, and in the course of time the money spent would be returned. The benefits which have resulted from the construction of this great system cannot be estimated, but that they are enormous is a certainty. Previous to the building of this system in the Rocky Mountains, the losses to sheep and cattle men each year were enormous, but since the country has been traversed by the telephone lines, daily weather reports and storm forecasts are sent through the entire system, which enables the sheep and cattle owners to corral their sheep and bring their cattle into places of safety several hours before the storm arrives.

The Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company was organized in 1883 by the consolidation of a number of Bell companies which had sprung up in Utah, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. A few short lines connected some of the towns, but the toll line business was not understood, nor was its present development conceived. There were at that time about 1,500 subscribers in the four states, and not over 200 miles of toll lines. There are now nearly 50,000 subscribers in the system and 7,000 miles of toll lines and 24,000 miles of toll wire. In addition to this the system connects with 2,800 farmers and sub-license stations.

One of the greatest difficulties which the Rocky Mountain Bell system has had to contend with in its line construction was heavy timber on the mountains. A crew of men was constantly engaged for five years clearing rights-of-way and cutting timber to prevent trees falling on the lines. These men lived in cabins in the mountains and were away from the business center for many months at a time. Many of these lines are long distances from the railroads, which necessitated all supplies being freighted by pack mules. Then again the dangers and expenses incidental to snowslides have been among the difficult problems encountered by the company.

In the early days of the corporation the growth was small and the proposition was extremely difficult to finance. About seven years ago the utility of the telephone became better understood and appreciated by the miners and stock raisers, and its development then assumed a very encouraging aspect. Oftentimes during the past six years it has been impossible to get sufficient men to build lines as fast as they were needed.

The corporation has a very advantageous franchise in Salt Lake and in several other Utah cities. The Mormon spirit seems to have been to encourage the telephone men in every reasonable way.

The Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company has an investment of $7,800,000 and has no bonded indebtedness. All of its funds for construction purposes have been secured from the sale of stock. There are about 300 stockholders in the four states, and efforts will be made to increase this number when additional stock is placed upon the market. The system has always been the pride of the managers and directors since its first organization. They have worked indefatigably to build up a corporation that would take the lead in the development of this picturesque and wealthy territory. Their efforts may not be fully appreciated, but their labors must eventually be recognized by the thousands who have gone out from the East to this great western land of opportunity, and who are now among the wealthy men of the country. Credit is particularly due to George Y. Wallace, president, with the aid of his directors, and D. S. Murray, general manager.

The Independent movement in Utah began in 1904, when a corporation was given a thirty-year franchise by the Salt Lake City council. Franchises were also obtained in other cities in Utah by the same promoters. The history has been practically the same as that of other independent telephone enterprises, namely—anything but a financial success, and the infliction upon the people of Utah of an unnecessary financial burden.

I had no difficulty in finding in Salt Lake City a large number of merchants who would welcome the consolidation of the two companies. The sentiment was aptly illustrated by one merchant, who expressed himself as follows:

"We are compelled to have both systems at a great increase in cost and unnecessary annoyance. There is no alternative but to pay this extra cost for the naked privilege of having two telephones on my desk, one of which I can gaze upon in no other light than a nuisance."

On December first, 1907, Mr. H. Vance Lane, who was connected with the Nebraska Telephone Company for twenty-five years, and to whom much credit is due for the efficiency of that system, assumed the presidency of the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company. Mr. Lane expressed the policy of the corporation to me in the following language:

"We propose to give to the people of Utah, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming the best service that money can buy. Our rates will always be reasonable, and we shall at all times recognize to the full not only our duty to our stockholders but our duty to the people of these four states, whom we shall endeavor to serve in a manner that will make them our friends. We shall get the best employes that we can hire and we shall at all times invite honest criticism."

Considering the difficulties of construction and maintenance, the Bell rates are very low. In Salt Lake City the rates are for business houses, unlimited service, $78 for an individual line and $72 for two parties on a line; for residence telephones, $36 for one party and $30 for two parties, unlimited service.

STREET RAILWAY MATTERS

In discussing the great question of what are reasonable street railway rates, too much consideration cannot be given the fact that conditions vary in each individual city, so that a reasonable rate in one locality would be entirely inadequate in another. It is the general prevailing sentiment that a five-cent fare with universal transfer is a fair charge for carrying a passenger. An exhaustive study recently made by Massachusetts experts reveals the fact that a five-cent fare under conditions which prevail in some cities is not sufficient to keep the system in first-class condition, pay interest on the bonds, and dividends on the stock. Under a five-cent fare, it is possible for the majority of roads to

EVOLUTION OF STREET RAILWAY SERVICE IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA keep pace with the growth of their respective cities and at the same time give rapidity of transit and comfort to the passengers that admits of no honest criticism.

There are few American cities that do not possess the corporation haters and, strange as it may seem, the very men who are loudest in their denunciation of the monopolies are generally the first to complain when any deterioration appears in the equipment or the character of the service. These agitators assert that the rates should be reduced while the excellence of the service should be maintained.

A demand for reduced railway rates is largely peculiar to the eastern cities. There is more liberality in the western municipalities toward corporation men, and the agitator finds it very difficult to get any permanent foothold. The spirit of the West seems to be that the best is none too good, and the people are willing to recognize efficiency and honesty at all times. Invariably I have found Western public utility companies under the management of capable men—men who believe that corporation affairs are not games of chance in which politics play a considerable part. They recognize to the full that no public utility company can ever expect to obtain a degree of efficiency in any manner other than by treating the people openly, honestly and frankly.

In Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake and Los Angeles, cities that I have recently visited, I have found street railway systems that are not surpassed anywhere. Immense amounts of money are being put into these corporations each year in the belief that the spirit of the people justifies these large expenditures. These corporations enjoy advantageous franchises given by common councils and endorsed by the people, who fully realize that security to investors in public utility companies is a paramount feature of municipal progress.

THE HUNTINGTON INTERESTS

By common consent, the birth of Los Angeles, California, as a modern American metropolis, dates from the ninth day of November, 1885, when the last spike was driven on the Atlantic Pacific Railway, thus completing a new route between the Atlantic and Pacific and providing competition in overland railroad transportation.

The second stage in this era of railroad development may be properly reckoned to have commenced thirteen years later, when, in October, 1898, Mr. Henry E. Huntington, having sold out his interests in the street railway systems of San Francisco, purchased, with his associates, the Los Angeles Street Railways, or the greater portion of them. About a year after Mr. Huntington had acquired control, there began an upward movement in the development of Southern California that astonished the country. The assessed valuation of property in Los Angeles county, which in 1898 was $90,819,643, had risen in 1903 to $168,268,166, and in 1906 to $305,302,995. The development of street and interurban railways in Southern California has astounded street railway men in every part of the country.

Twenty years ago there were in Los Angeles a couple of horse lines with dinky cars that made very infrequent trips. Three years later, at the time of the real estate boom, two short lines of cable road were operating the western hills, and a rickety sort of an electric line was being built by a real estate speculator who had subdivided a tract of land at the end of the line. A few years later a cable system was built at large expense and which involved heavy financial losses to some Chicago capitalists upon whom the bonds were unloaded, and who sank nearly a million dollars in the deal. But in 1898, when the railroads passed into the hands of the Huntington syndicate, it was quickly realized that a new and remarkable spirit of enterprise and boldness had taken the place of former weakness, the motive power was changed to electricity, and today Los Angeles has undoubtedly the most complete system of street railways of any city in the United States.

The lines operated by the Los Angeles Railway Company, the Pacific Electric, the Los Angeles Inter-Urban Railway Company, the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway Company, The San Bernardino Valley Traction Company and the Riverside & Arlington Railway Company, which comprise the Huntington system, is undoubtedly the greatest system of street and inter-urban railways in the world. It consists of over 500 miles of standard gauge line, reaching from Alpine (Mount Lowe), a mile above the sea, to the south coast ocean resorts, and penetrates all the valleys in the beautiful country adjacent to Los Angeles.

The Pacific Electric Railway was the name adopted by the corporation managing the suburban electric lines of the Huntington system, Mr. Huntington having acquired the line to Pasadena and outlining the plan for an extensive system of suburban railways reaching out from Los Angeles in every direction. Since then there have been completed electric railroads to practically every city and town of importance in Southern California and to the thriving beach resorts tributary to Los Angeles as a center.

The Los Angeles & Inter-Urban Railway Company is an important factor in Mr. Huntington's system, and about two years ago he acquired also the Los Angeles and Redondo Beach Railroad, and is rapidly developing the property traversed by these lines. Besides being president of the Los Angeles Railway Company, the Pacific Electric Railway Company and the Los Angeles & Inter-Urban Railway Company, he is vice-president of the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway Company and is director in nearly fifty corporations, among them being the Central Pacific Railway Company, Wells Fargo Company, San Francisco National Bank, the California Wine Association, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Arizona, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of New Mexico, the Gila Valley Globe & Northern Railroad, and the National Security Company of New York. He has also other financial and corporate interests. All of his enterprises are on a large scale. Mr. Huntington is a man of large affairs and handles millions as the ordinary man does dollars.

One of the most enduring monuments to his public spirit and enterprise is the mammoth Pacific Electric Building of Los Angeles, a building of nine stories, with eleven acres of floor space and which is the terminal station for the wonderfully perfect inter-urban system. This is the largest structure of its kind west of Chicago, and was completed in December, 1904.

Henry Edwards Huntington was born February 27, 1850, at Oneonta, New York. His father, Solon Huntington, was a man of means and a much-respected citizen in the section in which he lived. The Huntingtons are of English descent and the family boasts of a long line of English ancestry. The first representatives of the Huntington family settled in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1632. Mr. Huntington was educated in public and private schools in his native village.

When he was twenty years of age he went to New York City, where he found a place with one of the great hardware firms, and here he remained for several years. Later, he went to St. Albans, West Virginia, where he followed lumbering for about six years.

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON

In 1880 he was appointed superintendent of construction of the Huntington lines between New Orleans and Louisville, giving special attention to the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern Railroad, when this system was being built. In 1884 his uncle, Collis P. Huntington, appointed him superintendent of the Kentucky Central Railroad, which was then being operated by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. In the following year, Mr. Huntington was appointed receiver of the Kentucky Central Railway, and a year later, when the property was sold to the Louisville

Nashville Railway, Mr. Huntington became vice-president and general manager of the Elizabethtown, Lexington & Big Sandy and the Mississippi Valley Railways. He was in charge of these interests until they were sold in 1892.

In April, 1892, Mr. Huntington went to California to assume the position of first assistant to the president, C. P. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific Company, whom he represented in San Francisco until March, 1900. In that year he was elected second vice-president; and June that same year was elected first vice-president. He was the absolute representative of C. P. Huntington's interests in California, with all the power to act in all cases.

There is perhaps no corporation man in the United States who is more loved by his employes than is Mr. H. E. Huntington. His motormen and conductors are receiving higher wages than are being received by employes of any similar corporation in the world of which I have knowledge. On several occasions he has voluntarily raised their wages. There is no desire on the part of the men to organize labor unions, and a more satisfied and competent class of employes could not possibly be found. As illustrative of the prevailing sentiment among the employes, the following resolution of appreciation will suffice:

> "An Expression of Thanks
> To Mr. Henry E. Huntington,
> President of the Los Angeles Railway Company.
>
> "We, the conductors and motormen of the Los Angeles Railway Company, in special meeting assembled this eighteenth day of December, nineteen hundred and five, desire to express to you, and to those associated with you, our hearty appreciation and gratitude for your good-will and liberality, manifested toward us hitherto on many occasions during the period of our service with the Los Angeles Railway Company, and made especially evident to us on December the sixth by an unsolicited increase in our wage schedule.
>
> "We take this occasion, at the beginning of the New Year, to assure you, in recognition of your generous treatment of us and your kindly consideration for our welfare, that we shall make every effort to perform our duties in such manner as well befits trusted employes and public servants, doing faithfully and cheerfully our part in the way of aiding you to maintain a railway service that shall be efficient, comfortable and safe.
>
> "Signed for the conductors and motormen by,
> FRANK R. NYE, WILLIAM SCHULTZ,
> JOHN COLLINS, P. C. MCNAUGHTON,
> GEO. F. MILLER,
> *Committee.*"

The owner of a monopoly or corporation enjoying and using valuable franchises carrying great powers which the people think belong to them, is placed in a position which is calculated to develop the bad traits of human nature. In many states the people or their legislators and city councils improvidently granted in the past huge powers which are beyond the reach of a reasonable and proper regulation. There is undisguised hostility on the part of the public. Patrons and people become querulous. Sometimes attacks are unjust. The ordinary corporation man thinks it is impossible to please. He must earn dividends for his stockholders and he ends by hating the public and disregarding it and its interests.

From the day H. E. Huntington assumed control of Southern California's greatest public utility companies, a change was apparent. He invited just criticism, met the people cordially and never fooled them. The representatives of trade bodies and labor organizations which were all powerful in Southern California were rather dumbfounded at first by this attitude of open-minded, direct honesty. Some were suspicious of the profession, and even of the application to the business conduct of a public utility, of this fidelity to high and true principles; but in the end they have become his fast friends and admirers, and would now be willing to say that this summing up of Mr. Huntington's ideals, aims and rule of conduct is not the mere jargon of perfunctory laudation, but the sober, incontestable truth. Mr. Huntington believes that one and the same conception of moral duties must control man's conduct as an individual and as one of a collective body. Corporate honesty is no less essential than individual honesty. To deal justly with the public is quite as necessary as to deal justly with any single member of the public.

Men strive in a multitude of ways for success. They plan and scheme laboriously, propound intricate theories, talk of indirection, falsehood, sharp practice and insidious methods as the necessary concomitants of a business career; but here is an ingenious, clean and honorable man who goes straight to his work in the direct path of innocence and good faith, and who has won a success in corporation affairs that is not excelled in the United States and which has astounded the shrewdest corporation men of this country.

Mr. Huntington's policy is the policy that public utility men must adopt whether they wish to or not. The whole nation is now demanding that the corporations and public utilities shall adopt a higher and better standard of service to the public and in the methods of fulfilling the trust due to investors. Mr. Huntington is in a sense a pioneer. He has adopted his simple plan by intuition and because he can do no other way; and not the least impressive of his work is the spectacle of an army of employes declaring with solemn earnestness that they do not consider their work as a "mere job," but that they will perform their duties to the public in the spirit that animates Mr. Huntington.

Human beings are not machines, but living creatures who must feel the touch and power of a personality; and when a personality lives by high ideals in a life of work, it blesses those with whom it comes in contact like a benediction after prayer.

This tribute to Mr. Huntington is not the result of two or three personal interviews, but is the sentiment expressed to me by over a hundred representative business men and bankers of Southern California. No one had unkind words to say regarding Mr. Huntington, but one and all attributed the remarkable development of Southern California to the immense sums of money he has brought to the section and the honest, fair-minded policy that animates his business conduct.

POWER HOUSE OF THE KERN RIVER PLANT OF THE PACIFIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY

SOME OF HARRIMAN'S STREET RAILWAYS

The street railway system of Salt Lake had its inception when Brigham Young saw the necessity for this utility in the early days of the "Mormons" of Utah. It was simply a horse car system when it was first introduced, but was one of the best in the country. For many years the church fostered this Salt Lake corporation and made extensive improvements as was necessary. Franchises were given the corporation, but notwithstanding the fact that the church controlled the railway company and the Mormon people controlled the council, no injudicious or unreasonable grants were ever given. The first system was built in 1872 and traversed a few of the principal streets and ran to what is now known as the Oregon Short Line Depot. Occasionally the corporation would pay a dividend of three per cent. per annum, but not very often. In 1889 a corporation was organized by Francis Armstrong and A. W. McCune for the purpose of acquiring the street railway, and electrifying the system. On August 17, 1889, the first electric cars appeared upon the streets of Salt Lake, and within a year the entire system was changed over to electric traction. The new company secured a twenty-year franchise. In 1890 another corporation known as the Salt Lake Rapid Transit Company was organized, and built a competitive system. In about ten years Mr. McCune and associates purchased the property and formed a new company known as the Consolidated Railway and Power Company. On January 1, 1904, a consolidation was effected of the Consolidated Railway and Power Company interests with those of the Utah Light and Power Company, the latter company having a franchise for furnishing power, electric light and gas. This company owned power plants in Ogden and Cottonwood canyons, together with a steam plant in Salt Lake City. The new corporation was named the Utah Light and Railway Company.

The new corporation was to some extent controlled by the Mormon church, but not to the extent that was generally claimed. The church, it is true, had a heavy investment in the system and the president of the church was also president of the railway company, a rule of the church when its funds are invested to any considerable amount. There were many other stockholders, however, whose aggregate holdings were greater than those of the Mormon church.

For some time the charge of commercialism which had been made against the church had awakened in the younger element of the Mormon people a desire to dispose of church holdings in business enterprises that were upon a foundation where the church credit was no longer a necessity, and so, in 1906, when overtures were made by E. H. Harriman, looking to the acquisition of the Utah Light and Railway Company, the church readily consented to the sale.

A fifty-year franchise had previously been given the street railway company, and the agitators, who had manifested a spirit of antagonism against the system on account of its being a church institution, now directed their guns against it because it was a monopoly. It was asserted that the fifty-year franchise was invalid because it had been granted by a Mormon council to themselves as part of the Mormon church, which it was claimed partly owned the street railway company. When this claim was made and legal proceedings were brought to annul the franchise, the complexion of the council had changed from Mormon predominance to a Gentile majority. Mr. Harriman, through his legal advisers, applied to this council for a new franchise which would forever dispel the litigation on this question and a grant was given in 1907 of substantially the same character as the franchise given by the Mormon council.

Immediately, Mr. Harriman started to improve the system, and during 1907 $1,000,000 were spent in extensions, new rolling stock, and other improvements. A similar amount will be spent during the present year, and it is Mr. Harriman's intention to make the Salt Lake street railway the best in the United States of any city of its class.

It is a matter of congratulation on the part of the people of Salt Lake that the Utah Light and Railway Company is backed by ample capital and a man of Mr. Harriman's progressive nature. Few people realize the importance to American municipalities of excellence in street railways, and there is no one feature that contributes more to the growth of cities than the ability of street railway companies, through ample funds, to make extensions as soon as they are needed.

The Utah Light and Railway Company will undoubtedly be found at the head of all industrial processions for building up Salt Lake, and this beautiful western city is destined to become one of the most progressive and up-to-date municipalities west of the Missouri River.

The Utah Light and Railway Company charges five cents for a single fare and gives transfers. Commutation tickets are sold in books of fifty for two dollars, thus giving a four-cent fare. Students may travel to and from public schools and the University for three cents by purchasing fifty tickets. These, however, are good only on school days. City police and firemen in uniform are entitled to free transportation.

The company's lighting franchise is very favorable to the city, in fact better than obtains in a great many cities of its class. Street lights, all night service, are furnished for five dollars per month, and considerable free lighting is given the city for public buildings, library and city offices.

The street railway company has 100 miles of single track and 148 cars. About sixty-five are operated regularly and twenty-five trippers are in daily use. Oftentimes the entire equipment is called into use. About fifty miles of track will be reconstructed during the present year and $600,000 spent in car barns and shops. In addition to this, a new water power plant will be built in Weber Canyon of 3,000 H.P. capacity and at a cost of $350,000.

Officers of the corporation are as follows: W. H. Bancroft, president; P. L. Williams, first vice-president; W. S. McCornick, second vice-president; F. H. Knickerbocker, secretary; George S. Gannett, treasurer; Joseph S. Wells, general manager.

These officers assumed their positions upon the acquisition of the system by Mr. Harriman. They have been identified with large corporations in various capacities for many years, and know every detail of the Salt Lake street railway system, and fully understand the needs and demands of the people. They believe the best asset that a corporation can possess is the good-will of the people, and,

Tener, photographer

FLUME ON BRIDGE ACROSS KERN RIVER. KERN RIVER PLANT OF THE PACIFIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY realizing that efficiency and honesty will obtain this asset, they are applying every energy to bring about this result.

The Los Angeles Pacific Company, popularly known as the Harriman lines, is an important factor in the development of Southern California. Mr. Harriman has great confidence in the future of Los Angeles and tributary territory, and is willing to back up this confidence by the expenditure of large amounts of money. His street car and interurban railway systems are among the most modern in the United States, and, with a liberal corporation policy, the admiration and confidence of the people have been secured.

The first of the lines now owned by the Los Angeles Pacific Company was a twenty-mile single track line built in 1896, which left Los Angeles through the old section of the city, passing through Colegrove, Sherman and Sawtelle, and had its terminus in Santa Monica. Later the Colegrove line was double tracked.

In 1900, what is now called the "Main Line" was built westward from the center of the city through the new portion, connecting with the old line at Beverly.

In 1902 the "Short Line" to Venice was built, giving a fourteen-mile double track line to that popular resort, connecting to Santa Monica.

In 1903 the line to Playa del Rey, Manhattan and Redondo was built, making a double track line twenty-three miles long. In 1903 the Santa Fe single track line from Inglewood to Ocean Park and Santa Monica was bought and electrized. This, with the numerous local and branch lines, made a mileage in 1905 of approximately two hundred miles. The system to that date was narrow gauge—three feet, six inches.

In the fall of 1907 and the spring of 1908 several miles of additional local lines in Hollywood were built, and in March, 1908, nearly all of the lines were standardized, changing the gauge to four feet, eight and one-half inches.

July 1, 1908, the Southern Pacific branch to Santa Monica was taken over by this company and electrized, and is now being operated; also the Long Wharf at Santa Monica, built by the Southern Pacific Company, and which projects into the ocean nearly one mile.

At the present date the Los Angeles Pacific Company owns and operates about two hundred and fifty miles. It is constructing two tunnels in the center of Los Angeles, which total about fourteen hundred feet. These tunnels are double track, and through them will pass the cars of this company. They are being built upon the plan and in the same method as the Bay Shore Cut-Off tunnels, built by the Southern Pacific Company in San Francisco. These tunnels will cost over $200,000, and will make a saving in the running time between the center of the city and Hollywood and Colegrove of twelve minutes.

The company during the last two years has bought at enormous cost a right of way from the center of Los Angeles to its outskirts, and plans have been drawn and work is expected to be started in the near future for a subway, which will be approximately three miles in length, and which will cut the running time to the beaches, Venice, Ocean Park and Santa Monica, which is now thirty minutes, to seventeen minutes.

The nearest beach points from the center of Los Angeles are Venice and Santa Monica, which are between fourteen and fifteen miles. The next nearest beach is Long Beach, which is about twenty-two miles.

The Los Angeles Pacific Company bought, in 1900, some oil lands, from which it produces all of the oil necessary to operate its power plants. In 1906 the company entered into a fifteen-year contract with the Edison Electric Company, and now receives all of its power, which is generated by water in the Kern River, 118 miles from Los Angeles, from that company. This railway company now sells its production of oil. The railway handles a great deal of freight besides its passenger business; also hauls a great deal of the oil from the oil fields along its lines to Redondo, where it is shipped by water.

The officers of this company are: R. C. Gillis, chairman executive committee; E. P. Clark, president; M. H. Sherman, vice-president and treasurer; A. D. McDonald, secretary, and R. P. Sherman, general manager.

The directors are: E. P. Clark, M. H. Sherman, R. C. Gillis, A. D. McDonald, G. E. Newlin, A. I. Smith, Colonel Epes Randolph, W. F. Herrin, R. P. Sherman, John D. Pope and M. E. Hammond.

Like all the Harriman railway systems, the Los Angeles Pacific Company is noted for its progressiveness and liberality.

It has secured the confidence of the people of Los Angeles and tributary territory, and it has gained this confidence by methods that will at all times command respect from the people.

John B. Miller, president of The Edison Electric Company, of Los Angeles, a corporation which has been among the most potent factors in the development of Southern California, furnishing electric light and power to over a score of the most important cities at advantageous prices and under reasonable conditions, said, "We take the people into our confidence." The policy of Mr. Miller and his corporation is best illustrated by the history of The Edison Electric Company, with whose management Mr. Miller has been identified since its inception. That history, while covering a period short in years—about twelve—embraces the greatest changes and advances in the art of hydro-electric power generation and long distance transmission of electricity, as well as the growth of the company from a little 200 horse power steam plant serving a few hundred customers, just outside of the city limits of Los Angeles, with single phase distribution, to a company serving a population of over 400,000 in twenty of the principal cities of six counties. The company has 500 miles of transmission line, ranging in voltage from 10,000 volts to 75,000 volts; seven water power plants of a capacity of 40,000 horse power, and auxiliary steam turbine plants of a capacity of 20,000 horse power, the latter for emergency and reserve purposes, and serving eleven towns with gas, using the very latest designs of machinery and employing nearly 2,000 men.

Starting with the little steam plant, as above mentioned, the first step in the development outlined was to secure control of the most promising supply of water power then tributary to that territory, and, having secured this, it naturally followed that it was necessary to develop a market for it. The utilization of high head water power propositions with long distance transmission was little understood ten years ago, and no development of any size had been successfully accomplished, so that it was difficult to enlist capital, and the obstacles at times seemed insurmountable; but these were one by one all overcome until the company finally completed and operated its first water power plant, of 4,000 horse power capacity, with eighty miles of transmission line at 30,000 volts. Coincident with this, the company had expanded its territory by gradually taking in local companies, and this process was repeated, developing water power and securing control of territory and controlling the bulk of this power tributary to Los Angeles and supplying practically all of Southern California, until the situation above depicted was arrived at. In discussing the difficulties encountered and the success attained, Mr. Miller said:

JOHN B. MILLER
President of the Edison Electric Company, Los Angeles

"This has resulted in a practical monopoly, but I believe that a public utility corporation should, subject to wise and intelligent regulation of its rates and service, be a natural monopoly in the best interests of the public that it serves, and for these reasons: Before we took over and consolidated the different water power propositions, they were struggling along under the greatest of financial difficulties. The wonderful development of Southern California is very largely due to the rapid completion and operation of this large amount of cheap power, which would have been impossible except in a strongly centralized organization. The different towns which we took over, invariably by buying out the existing company or taking it in with us, had about the same conditions of service. Current was supplied from five o'clock in the afternoon until eleven o'clock at night in a very limited portion of the town, generally not more than one-tenth of the territory embraced in the city limits—a very uncertain service, at high rates, and customers required to furnish their own lamps—and extensions were very limited. In every case our policy has been the same: to supply a constant current, twenty-four hours a day, free lamp renewals, and a more than liberal policy of extensions, frequently doubling the capital invested in extensions annually, together with an immediate and substantial reduction in rates, and further reductions have been made by us voluntarily as fast as the volume of the business would warrant, so that every city is thoroughly covered with distribution, has a first-class and ample supply, with rates that will compare favorably with any similar section in the United States. It is safe to assume that if all these cities had continued to be served by isolated and independent companies, the rates would have been at least forty per cent. to fifty per cent: higher to make an adequate return upon the investment, and that not more than one-fourth of the present territory would have been covered by distributing lines.

"Again, where two companies occupy the same field, there is bound to be duplicate investment, which means double the capital upon which the public is expected to make a return. The streets have either twice as many poles upon them as is necessary to serve the public, or are subject to twice as much digging up and disturbance in extending mains and poles as is necessary, were one company in the field, to say nothing of the fact that, with but one company in a given territory, it is always easier to raise money with which to add to the plant and meet the demands of the public for extensions. It has been the policy of our company to voluntarily reduce its rates whenever the volume of business would warrant, and to keep not only the service first-class in every particular, but the rates sufficiently low to render the company fearless of any wise and intelligent regulation. By wise and intelligent regulation, I mean the co-operation on the part of the regulating body not only to secure for the public first-class service and reasonable rates, but to the corporation sufficient returns to encourage the continued investment of capital in the business. I believe that the public can obtain a better service and lower rates under these conditions than in any other way, because, as I have said, competition involves duplication of investment and then generally the consolidation of interests with more capital invested than is really required to supply the community, and with the necessity upon the public to make a return upon the double investment.

"There has been a good deal of agitation on the question of municipal ownership of public utilities; but investigation has shown that in most countries the public is better served at lower rates under private ownership, even where the tendency to eject politics into the management of the municipal plant is not so apparent as it is, unfortunately, in most of the cities of the United States, because of the lack of incentive to improve the service and extend the business under municipal ownership as compared with private management."

The attitude of The Edison Electric Company of Los Angeles may, perhaps, be best exemplified by a circular which hangs in the public lobby of every office in every city and district under the jurisdiction of the company, and which reads as follows:

> President's Office, Sept. 26, 1905.
>
> *To Officers and Employes:*
>
> The Edison Electric Company desires to have the confidence and respect of the Public with which it deals.
>
> Officers, Agents and other employes should, in every reasonable way, endeavor to increase that confidence and respect by doing everything in their power to make the name of The Edison Electric Company synonymous in the mind of the Public for good service, square dealing and courteous treatment.
>
> The Public gains its impression of the

Company through contact with its representatives, and they will, therefore, be held responsible in every instance for carrying out the well established policy of the Company—"*good service, square dealing, courteous treatment.*

Yours truly, John B. Miller,
President.

It would be difficult to find a public utility company that possesses the confidence of the public to a greater extent or one that invokes more hearty co-operation on the part of its employes than does The Edison Electric Company of Los Angeles. The officers never take any active part in politics; they never mingle with nominating politicians, and their only purpose is to serve the people as cheaply and satisfactorily as possible, and at the same time keep their plants in first-class shape and receive a reasonable interest on the money invested. The officers are: president and general manager, John B. Miller; vice-presidents, Henry Fisher, William R. Staats, H. H. Sinclair, J. W. Edminson; secretary and assistant general manager, R. H. Ballard; treasurer, W. L. Percey. The capital stock is $11,200,000, $4,000,000 preferred, balance common.

John B. Miller was born at Port Huron, Michigan, where his family lived for six generations. He was educated at Ann Arbor, after which he clerked in a law office for two years. He ran a plantation in Louisiana for two years and then entered the firm of J. E. Miller & Son at Port Huron, fueling steamboats. In December, 1896, Mr. Miller went to the West and settled in Los Angeles. He became interested in the Edison Electric Company and West Side Lighting Company in the spring of 1897, and has been with the company since that time. Mr. Miller is on the board of directors and executive committee of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, Los Angeles Trust Company, The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, and other California enterprises.

CONCRETE BRIDGE AND LINED CONDUIT, KERN RIVER PLANT OF THE PACIFIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY

The Pacific Light and Power Company came into existence about ten years ago. The company had been originally formed to utilize the water power on one of the mountain streams of Southern California. At its beginning it was a small concern, and the plant was only of a three thousand horse power capacity. The product of the plant was used in lighting in the city of Los Angeles and in supplying the power for irrigation purposes to the Southern California farmers. The success of the undertaking was assured from the start, and it was not long before another power plant in an adjoining canyon was acquired by the company and greatly enlarged. Later the power plant was built on the Kern River, 125 miles from Los Angeles, for the purpose of supplying the state railways with power and incidentally furnishing current to the manufacturers of Southern California.

It is manifest that the company possesses extraordinary advantages, for the reason that power has been sold cheaper in Los Angeles and Southern California than in any other section of the country during the past ten years; the street car systems have grown very rapidly, which required a large amount of additional power each year, and so it became necessary to build additional water power plants on the Santa Ana River, and also to construct a 25,000 horse power steam plant at Redondo. This place was selected, because water for circulating purposes could be obtained in unlimited quantities, and oil and fuel could be secured very cheaply. These advantageous conditions have resulted in Los Angeles and tributary territory being supplied with current for power and lighting at prices that range from fifteen cents to twenty-five cents lower than prevails in the average American city.

A moment's reflection will show what this cheap power means to Southern California. It is a proposition very attractive to manufacturers, and also makes it possible to cultivate the thousands of acres of arid lands by furnishing power for irrigating purposes. And it is to corporations like the Pacific Light and Power Company that much credit is due for the remarkable strides which Los Angeles and other cities in Southern California have made during the past six years. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of Southern California residents have made fortunes during this period, and it should be understood that the most potent factor in making such achievements possible include the great electric power companies.

The Pacific Light and Power Company has demonstrated the commercial practicability of electric transmission at as high a pressure as 80,000 volts. It would indeed be difficult to find a public utility company that had planned more wisely from the very beginning, and while the corporation has expended during the last ten years over $10,000,000, it is admitted that this large investment has been wisely planned. The company's plants are all of the most complete and modern character, and it is claimed by experts that the system is practically perfect. Besides Los Angeles, several other Southern California cities are being supplied with light and power by the Pacific Light and Power Company.

William J. Kerchoff, president of the corporation, and who is in active charge, believes that one of the most valuable assets a public utility can possess is the confidence of the people, and he asserts that there is no better way of obtaining this confidence than by giving the people the best character of service at the lowest possible rates. That he has carried his theories into practice is conceded by the business and manufacturing interests of Southern California. And from a very thorough investigation of the prevailing corporation sentiment, I found that his company has a host of friends and practically no enemies.

It is a difficult proposition for public service corporation managers to please everybody, but when a customer presents himself at the office of the Pacific Light and Power Company with a complaint, he is given the most respectful and courteous treatment, and never insulted. If his complaints are meritorious, they are quickly remedied, and as a result of a very liberal policy, the corporation is making a record in advancement that is not only pleasing to its stockholders, but also to the business man of the territory in which it operates.

A PERFECT SUGAR BEET IS A JOY TO THE FARMER

Though Wordsworth said of Peter Bell—

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more." —See page 185.

A SCENE FROM THE SOUTH AFRICAN HUNTING GROUNDS WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WILL VISIT NEXT YEAR

In the December issue will begin a series of remarkable articles by Peter MacQueen who has just returned from a thrilling trip through Darkest Africa. Mr. MacQueen was the staff contributor for the National Magazine during the Cuban war in Cuba and in the Philippines. He is one of the widest-known travelers and the readers of the National have a rare treat in store from his pen depicting the stirring adventures in Africa, which the President will visit next April.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ELECTION day comes ten suns before the ides of November. If the date for an event so important as the election of the President of the United States had been fixed for the thirteenth of November in olden days, there would have been earnest consideration among the Roman soothsayers, as they bent over the victim slain at the altar to ascertain what of good or evil the "cauls involved with solemn art" might indicate for the future of the nation. The "thirteenth" would suggest foreboding and disaster for one party or the other. Luckily, election day does not come on the thirteenth, and Shakespeare's warning concerning the "ides of March" has no terrors for the voting hosts.

The election of a president marks the dividing epochs in national history; it is conducted on very different lines from those graphically described by Dickens in his chapters on "A Shoal of Barnacles," a clique of solemn prigs, who all assiduously studied the art of "How Not To Do It," at their headquarters, the Circumlocution Office. They were annually congratulated on their success as follows: "My lords and gentlemen, you have, through several laborious months, been considering with great loyalty and patriotism, How Not To Do It, and *you have found out.*"

"All the business of the country went through the Circumlocution Office except the business that never came out of it; and *its* name was Legion."

The American voter is not a circumlocutionist; he has no "objection to be precipitated" into anything.

In the closing days of the campaign the heavy battalions of speakers were not concerned with Precedent or Precipitation as they looked over the field where every voter had his own individual, firm conviction upon the evidence presented. The thorough system inaugurated in the present campaign reached even remote voters, who had almost forgotten that they had a vote. They were not only informed that they were not on the registration list, but were told, by means of a red-marked card, where and when to register.

* * *

The result of the election is important, but far more so is the expression of individual beliefs; each man has his ideals; he may "vote for the best man" or stick to his party, just as he chooses, but in either case he decides for himself; he is not "led to the polls by a stately Barnacle," but demonstrates his own political views. For instance, I heard a man say: "I am not a Republican, but I am a Taft man."

Another said: "I am not a Democrat, but I am a firm believer in Bryan."

The revolt against dictation by a few labor and other organizations means much for the upbuilding of the nation. The power of mere personal leadership has lost its charm. Men look rather at what the leader stands for than at his own personality; they keep apart from affiliation with any party. This is somewhat of a paradox, in view of the fact that the campaign has been essentially one of remarkable organization; it is business organization utilized as a piece of machinery and not as a guiding force. It has been called "the campaign of organization," and it might, with equal truth, be called "the campaign of reorganization"; of partisan and political beliefs.

In the congressional districts the fight was stubborn and close. "Uncle Joe" Cannon's gallant "charge" in the old Danville district was a most picturesque feature of the campaign. In no other presidential election has the "idio" of the voter been more in evidence. There was less of the traditional records of party organization. This is not disintegration, for individual strength means national power, and makes strongly for progress.

JAMES T. WILLIAMS, JR.
Secretary to the Chairman, Republican National Committee

* * *

THE National Conservation Commission, one of the live-wire institutions at Washington, is making rapid strides toward securing an inventory of Uncle Sam's natural resources. It is a vast undertaking, but the corps of experts and scientists who have been at work all summer are bringing in reports which indicate splendid progress.

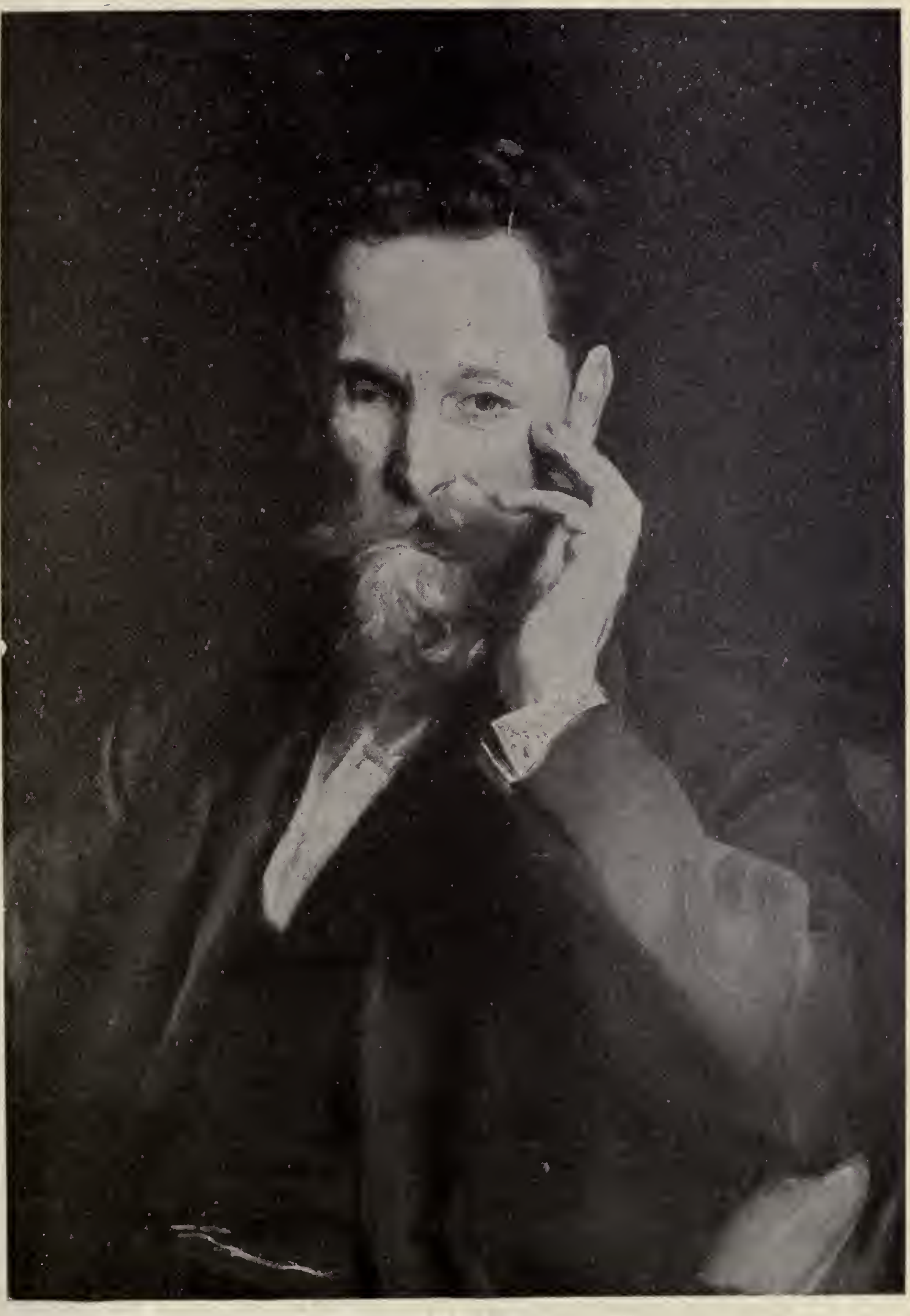
When the schedule of inquiries sent out by this commission is complete, it will assuredly embody the most valuable data contained in the government archives, and will have great influence in deciding the important questions of the future. Mr. Thomas R. Shipp, secretary of the National Conservation Commission, in the Forest Service at Washington, was formerly secretary to Senator Beveridge, and is a product of the Hoosier State and an enthusiast. He lives, talks and breathes his work, and is issuing bulletins of progress which indicate how rapidly this movement has advanced, although started at the White House conference of governors only last May. The personal interest of the governors of the various states, and their co-operation, and the compilation by Henry Gannett of the gigantic mass of material, resulting from inquiries made, will furnish the first real inventory ever made by Uncle Sam since he went into business "on his own hook" in 1776.

The details show immense waste in unexpected ways and places, as by the erosion of the soil by heavy rain and other causes, which is declared to be as great a depletion of natural wealth as that sustained by the denuding of the forests. Another avenue of loss is the waste of water power, and the government will in a short time know what proportion of existing water power is being used. Just what amount of flood water goes unutilized will also be ascertained.

On Tuesday, December 1, the National Conservation Commission will have a meeting for general discussion on the reports received from the various bureaus, and on December 8, commissioners will discuss the subject with the governors of the various states or territories or their representatives. This is regarded as one of the most important meetings scheduled for the winter.

* * *

DURING the coming winter, Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence of Nashville, Tennessee, will very likely be the guest of President Roosevelt, who met Mrs. Lawrence, the adopted granddaughter of "Old Hickory," when he visited the home of her illustrious grandfather during his trip to Nashville. Mrs. Lawrence found a home there with General Jackson, and at "The Hermitage" met, "as guests honored and honorary," Presidents Johnson, Polk and Van Buren. Later, she met President Buchanan at Washington, and as Presidents McKinley and Cleveland were also known to her, her meeting with President Roosevelt completes a long line of presidents she has met since General Jackson's time.



JOSEPH PULITZER
Editor of the New York World

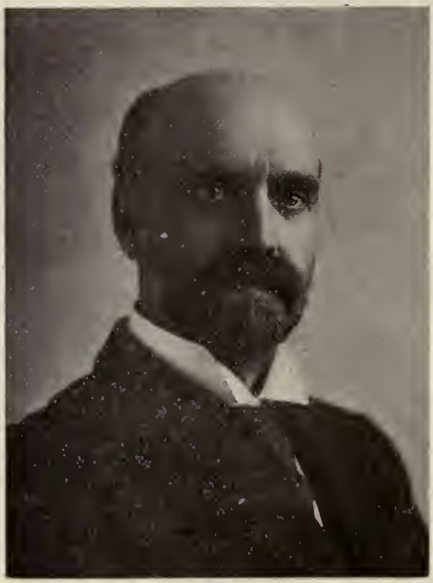


Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN
Commissioner of Education of the United States

It is interesting to hear Mrs. Lawrence tell of the likeness to "Old Hickory" which she discerns in the lineaments of President Roosevelt. No one is better fitted to detect such a resemblance than is she, the daughter of General Jackson's adopted son and his only surviving grandchild. She is about seventy-five years of age and is the often mentioned "Little Rachel" of "Old Hickory's" declining years.

The President is gathering material for a notable literary work which he will doubtless take up when he retires from the White House, and the notes from his visits to the homes of former presidents while President, will add graphic material to the historical lore he has in preparation.

* * *

THE headquarters of the National Democratic Committee, at the Auditorium Annex, Chicago, has been a busy place for the past few months. The literary department, in charge of Josephus Daniels, has made a splendid record. Willis J. Abbot was another political pilot who stood at the helm night and day and is a veteran of many campaigns. Judge Wade of Iowa, in charge of the Literary Bureau, was constantly busy with conferences in the rooms or the corridors.

The entrance to headquarters leads directly from the lobby of the Annex through the front and back stairs, which makes it easy of access. The incessant click of the typewriters suggested all the busy-ness of a great newspaper office. There was never any time that good line "stories" were not on top for the Democratic newspapers. The young cartoonist, who has made the hit, is a son of Bill Nye. Even after Treasurer Haskell left, the boys went right on with increased vigor, not even thinking of whether or not the "ghost would walk" on pay day.

The last hurricane speaking tour of Mr. Bryan through the East, gave the committees a chance to rest on their oars and await the results of the pamphlets given broadcast.

* * *

ONE of the funniest incidents brought to my notice for some time was the surprise of a friend, just landed from England, at our American slang. He had been carefully educated at private schools, and gave me to understand that any departure from good, classical English was "decidedly impropaw." Eton and Oxford had done their best for him, and he had the mellifluous drawl that is associated in the American mind with "swell English," while every sentence he

J. OGDEN ARMOUR
Head of Armour & Co., Chicago

uttered was not only correct, but ornate enough to have stood as a model in an English phrase book for the benefit of the foreigner. We stood chatting to an acquaintance, to whom I introduced him, and were absorbed in discussion, when a fourth man came up, and said:

"Now, if you'll let me butt in, I can tell you all about that."

My English friend almost fell off the curb, and his surprised look attracted my attention to that choice and expressive "butt." After we had passed on, he said:

"Butt—I never heard of any creature 'butting' except a goat"—he pronounced it "gow-et"—"I really glawnced up the street expecting to see one."

With carefully chosen language, I explained the meaning of this vulgar word as used in the States. We had not gone far before a senator waved his hand to me and we stopped to talk with him. Something had gone wrong with the voting in his district, and he burst out with, "We're right up against it."

CONGRESSMAN WATSON
Who has made a whirlwind canvass for governor of Indiana

My companion looked hastily to the right and left, and then listened attentively while the legislator told how he desired a place on a certain committee for a special purpose, and it had not fallen to his lot.

My friend wore a meditative and puzzled air; in a minute or so he said:

"I should like so much to know what barrier he was up against."

"He told me he was up against 'it.'"

DR. HARRY B. BERTOLETTE
Delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Seventeenth District of Ohio

"But what *is* 'it'?"

I endeavored to explain the wide scope of "it" in American vernacular. The climax was reached when we walked out Seventh Avenue and he called my attention to a sign in a shop window which read:—

"LADIES' AND GENT'S CLEANSING
AND PRESSING INSIDE."

He stopped and stared at it as though it had been some mysterious Egyptian hieroglyph.

"Bah Jove," he said, "that really might be called intricate. What a curious mode of advertising public baths. May I ask what the pressing process is? Is it some new method by which one's interior is massaged and bathed, or does the sign merely indicate that one enters the interior of the building in order to undergo these processes, whatever they may be?"

We walked two squares before I made this clear; I began to think that the explanations were hardly worth the trouble, so I turned my attention to other things and remarked, "I feel like breakfast now."

"Now," he said, "I understand your idiom. You mean that for the moment you feel like boiled eggs and toast—don't you?"

"No," I growled, "I feel like a boiled owl," and he was more mystified than ever.

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WATCHING THE BALL

WHILE the days that Judge Taft spent at Hot Springs, Virginia, may not figure conspicuously in the campaign of 1908, they cover that important period of preparation which meant so much to the future activities of a presidential candidate. Situated nearly half a mile above the sea level, encircled by a verdant Virginian mountain range, "The Homestead" of Hot Springs, Va., lies in picturesque seclusion, in a veritable natural amphitheatre. This magnificent summer resort is worthy of its reputation; no wonder, then, that it has been for years the favorite rendezvous for the people of Cincinnati. It was only natural that Judge Taft should retire there with the "home folks" before the "hustings," as our English friends would say. Indeed, it would be very difficult to find a place better adapted to the requirements of the opening activities of a presidential campaign—recreation and business.

We arrived at Hot Springs on a day of conferences. In room 529, sat the Judge buried in his work, his quarters adjoining those of Secretary Carpenter, where the typewriters were flying at express speed. There were books, papers, copying presses and sundry other evidences of business-like activity. Singularly enough, on the threshold I beheld a plain axe, but was assured that its use was for opening boxes only, and that its red top was symbolic of nothing but its newness.

When the conferences were on, the Judge had before him a typewritten list of thirty-five distinct topics for consideration with Chairman Hitchcock and Mr. Vorys, who will remain with him at Cincinnati during the campaign. Every hour of the morning was spent in conference. Senators Scott and Elkins came to discuss the dual Republican state ticket in West Virginia, but decided after farther consideration to bring the matter up in a regular way before the National Committee for a judicial determination.

There were some guests at the hotel who did not appear in the political rush, but there was an atmosphere redolent of the approaching election-time. In the spacious lobby, portraits of Taft and Sherman beamed from the walls.

On the same train with our party was John Hays Hammond, erstwhile candidate for the Vice-Presidency — a South African mining engineer who is said to be able to smell a gold mine at any distance. He has the distinction of being the highest-paid mining engineer in the world, is a resident of Gloucester, Mass., and a classmate of Judge Taft, who greeted him familiarly as "Jack." Mr. Hammond has been elected the President of the National League of Republican

Clubs, and has since taken an active part in the campaign to elect his classmate, and add to the glory of the Yale alumnus.

* * *

Judge Taft confessed it — the rose is his favorite flower, and now the question is, whether it be the Rose of York or of Lancaster — the white or the red? The matter is left open until after election. Whatever his preference for boutonnieres, however, it must be said that his favorite recreation is work. The way he devours it is amazing; he is not nervously quick, but handles his mail with the same deliberation that he handled legal documents while on the bench holding court down in Tennessee and Kentucky — those Southern States that still retain an enthusiastic admiration for him and his public service.

The most popular event for the guests at "The Homestead" comes about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the orchestra at the Casino begins to play, and little groups gather about for a cup of tea and a chat. This day we let the cup of tea go by, sauntering down the hill to witness a game of golf, between "Bill" Taft and Lindsay of the New York World, who had been selected as the victim in place of Senator Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, whose valiant stand for Roosevelt's "Second Elective Term" has passed into history. The Judge swung deliberately along, with that curiously elastic and almost silent tread which not infrequently characterizes heavy men. Mr. Taft looked his part as one of the leading citizens of the country, attired in a silken golfing shirt and light gray trousers, and wearing his famous Filipino hat — a broad, full, light headgear.

* * *

In front of the Casino stretch the famous "Homestead" golf links, each hole of which has its appropriate name, special difficulty, and natural beauty. There is "The Walnut" near a great tree of that name; "The Graveyard," where spectral granite obstructions have been indeed the burial place of many a golfer's fond anticipations, and "The Crater," a deceptive little hill whose invisible summit conceals a depression wherein nestles a cozy green. Many promising drives come to an untimely end here, and many an extra stroke is needed to get out of limbo.

Mr. Taft's negro caddy carried his well-tried clubs — seven, the mystical number dear to magicians and golfers, whose exploits with the ball at all times seem to partake of the marvellous. Although a novice, I had Chevalier Hill explain the game with maps and plans on the well-kept sward. The seven golf clubs suggest Scotch "canniness," being prepared and trained to surmount obstacles with a specific club for a specific drive, or bunker. There was the driver, with its long elastic shaft and carefully shaped and balanced head, with which the gutta-percha ball is driven to marvelous distances. Next the brassie, whose wooden head, defended by a plate of brass, takes up the work of

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JUDGE TAFT ON THE LINKS

the driver in long grass or rougher ground. Then the cleek, iron-headed, narrow-faced, set at an exact parallel with its long shaft, drives the ball with great force and accuracy, and is, of course, less likely to break. The niblick's brazen or steel head, set at a peculiar angle, comes into action when the player has to "lift" and at the same time drive his ball out of a depression. The short-headed mashie is for gradual approaches to the desired hole, the short-handled putter for skilfully holing a well-placed ball on the green, and the midiron is a kind of compromise, or general tool, for special ground and unexpected difficulties.

From the book "William Howard Taft, American." Copyright 1908, *Robt. Lee Dunn. Chapple Publishing Co.*

NOW FOR A DRIVE!

In the summer time the player saunters along over the same course which he takes on a brisk "trot" during the crisp days of autumn, but always finding keen enjoyment in the beauties of nature. Each hole has its own teeing ground, with its green-bordered hole located in a guarded place. It may be that a bunker appears to guard the approach to the invincible hole. The general direction of the course is indicated by a white flag which floats out among the trees in the distance. Eighteen holes constitute the "Homestead" golf links. It is 2,780 yards going, and the return makes it 5,560 yards, or something over three and a half miles.

To see the Judge stand with the tiny golf ball elevated on a pinch of sand and swing his club two or three times in preparation for a stroke, is a delight in itself. It is easily seen that it is not the hard hitting that counts so much as the accuracy of the stroke which is in an exact circle; the ball follows the club for eight or ten inches and then zips off two or three hundred yards. The player is ambitious to make each hole with the fewest possible number of strokes. To put the ball into a cavity a few inches in diameter some three hundred and thirty yards away — to send it through the air, avoiding trees and other obstacles, and make it fly the desired distance in the right direction — that is golf. As the players say, "Nothing can equal the satisfaction of a good drive," — and when he looks at his companion at the close and says "2 up"—that's golf.

* * *

If there are any business cobwebs hanging about the brain, they quickly fly off, for the utmost concentration is required. Nothing but golf can be thought of, and it certainly tempers the spirit and cultivates the patience. After galloping over the links with Judge Taft, I no longer wonder at his love for the game.

As the spectators naturally gather about the players the word "fore" is often heard, which means "look out!" On the links it is etiquette never to stand behind a player that he may not be rendered nervous by the fear of hitting any one in the rear with his club. With one eye on the direction flag and another on the ball, a player has no time to think of onlookers.

As we sauntered along Judge Taft remarked that to him the beauty of golf was the opportunity it afforded to observe nature, "and never," he said, "does a walk over the golf links seem tedious." When I saw him make a drive up "The Crater," following the ball with the energy of a boy after a red apple, while I came along behind, breathless and perspiring, I began to appreciate the value of "form," and concluded that the Judge had acquired it.

Light-footed and agile as Nimrod himself, this big man ascended the steep slope, intent on the game. While perspiring freely, he never appeared at all fatigued, and made a cheery picture as he strode along — loose jointed, swinging his club and always ready for a quick, decisive drive from tee to tee.

In his trousers' pocket the Judge kept a score book in which his strokes were faithfully recorded. He has equalled the prize record of John D. Rockefeller, having made the eighteen holes in eighty-eight strokes. A story was related of how Mr. Rockefeller went the rounds amid a chorus of "Magnificent, Mr. Rockefeller," "Splendid stroke, Mr. Rockefeller." This was repeated just to cheer on the Judge — but he never failed to make his drives count.

It soon became evident that Mr. Lindsay was being beaten; he rushed over and requested us to have Jack Hammond come and talk a little more politics to the Judge — "He is playing too well," he said, "and I must jar those strokes with a little politics." "Jack" Hammond went over, but the Judge caught the gleam in the eye of his old school chum and suspected the plot.

"Remember, no politics until I have made the last stroke at the 'Homestead,'" said the Judge, and he finished the game with the prettiest drive of all, that won the plaudits of the onlookers. As the ball went sailing off, seeming to circle like a bird above its nest, dropping with amazing accuracy, and then rolled over toward the flag in the hole, where a deft stroke with the putter finished the game — Lindsay and the Judge looked with satisfaction at his score of 92. — "2 up."

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JUDGE TAFT WITH HIS FAMOUS MANILA HAT IN WHICH HE ALWAYS PLAYS GOLF

When the ball is in the green, the player farthest from the hole has the first shot, and Lindsay had a series of first shots; but "putting" that day was bad, the ball circling along the edge of the hole and passing it by haughtily, bringing to Lindsay a feeling that printed words cannot describe. Judge Taft has a way of calling "whoa" to his balls that seems almost to effect their progress, while a clicking of tongue and lips, a curious and unspellable sound, always marks disgust or pity as the balls fly or amble contrarily.

JOHN C. CROCKETT, OF IOWA
Appointed Reading Clerk of the United States Senate

Justice Harlan told a story to Judge Taft of how he went out to play golf in a fog. He thought he would drive the ball and sent it off at a "hazard." He came to the caddie and asked him to find the ball, looking within a radius of three hundred yards. The caddie's eyes stuck out.

"I done found dat ball, Judge. It am in de hole sure 'enough. It jest wiggled in like."

It was certainly remarkable that a drive through the fog should place a ball where the most earnest effort of two to twenty strokes may fail in broad daylight.

Judge Taft responded with a fishing story, also about a fog. He went out one day in a wagon to fish and the fog came down thick. He drew up where he thought the stream ought to be, cast his line, felt a pull, and hauled in a fine trout — another bite and another, until the wagon was filled. The fog lifted and the wagon was three hundred yards from the river! There was a silence which might be felt, when Judge Taft concluded, and Justice Harlan told no more fog stories. It was decided as a draw.

These stories remind one of the old Yankee carpenter who was shingling a big barn when a dense fog came up. He was so intent upon his work that he had shingled off the roof and some thirty feet into the fog before it lightened up and let him gradually down to the ground.

After a succession of experiences on the links — in fog and sunshine — many a golf player lies in bed at night, considering the problem as to whether he ought not to have used a midiron instead of a mashie in making that hole. So in the activities of today such games as golf have their influence in keeping alert and active those faculties that mean so much in the solution of problems that present themselves along the links of life.

* * *

THE great conquests of science have been demonstrated in the Tuberculosis Congress in Washington. More and more the capital is becoming the meeting center for those interested in this and all other important movements. There has seldom been a gathering that has attracted more widespread attention, or given more alarming information concerning the ravages of the "great

CONGRESSMAN H. OLIN YOUNG

white plague," which seems to deal death to every country and nation alike.

Dr. Koch, the German specialist, was there, and all that he had to say was listened to with close attention. He told of his wonderful research, giving the subject a weight and impressiveness that could not possibly be secured by mere reading.

It is gratifying to note that the paramount purpose now is to save life. It is stated that if even a much smaller amount of money than that spent in establishing and maintaining life stations on the coast could be allotted to the study and care of people afflicted with consumption, many more lives would be saved to the nation than are now rescued from death by means of these stations. Public sentiment is awake, and it is believed there will be an appropriation in the near future.

On the train from the West, which carried several of the delegates to the International Tuberculosis Congress, was a young Ohio farmer and his wife, who had been in Arizona in the hope that the climate there might stay the hand of the dread destroyer. The young woman was in the last stages of consumption, and for four nights her husband had not left her side. On Sunday morning she was very bright and cheerful, and seemed much better; she insisted that her devoted husband go to breakfast, while a jolly, rotund traveling man volunteered to remain beside her. The husband had scarcely entered the dining-car when the change came; he was hastily summoned, and the young woman, who had struggled through weeks of homesickness in the search for health in Arizona, passed quietly away amid the roar of the limited.

FRANCES STARR

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

Washington correspondent of *Chicago Tribune* and a noted magazine contributor

The tender sympathy of the people on that train compelled us to believe in the eternal goodness of heart of all humanity. The husband was inconsolable at the thought that he had lost even one of her precious last moments by going to the dining-car, and could find but little comfort in the thought urged by the kindly passengers that the last he had seen of his wife was when she seemed her old self—bright and cheerful and at her best.

According to rules, the train should have stopped at the next station, but it was so near the journey's end that the passengers pleaded that the run might not be interrupted. Despite the protest of the delegates on their way to the Tuberculosis Congress, the young man carried his precious burden straight through, and was saved the grief of seeing it put off among strangers instead of at the home station, as she had planned. It is probable that the sad occurrence proved a vivid object lesson to the delegates, and that it helped to point a moral at the Tuberculosis Congress. No appropriation can be too generous, or no amount of time too precious to spend in the work of this Congress for better public health.

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MARTIN B. MADDEN OF CHICAGO

Who has the Republican and Democratic National Headquarters in his district—to say nothing of the Auditorium and Annex.

* * *

WITH the opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition only a few months distant, public interest is fixed on that energetic northwestern point of the national compass, Seattle. This will be a great "World's Fair," and everything will be completed in readiness for the opening day, June 1, 1909.

The beautiful campus of the Washington University is being transformed into a veritable fairyland of gentle slopes and commanding terraces overlooking Washington Lake. Ranier Avenue looks as though it led directly to the summit of snow-capped Mount Ranier, towering 14,000 feet above it in the distance.

Nearly all the buildings of any importance are either under construction or completed. The Manufacturers' Palace, fronting the eastern wall of the Court of Honor, was the first to be completed. Machinery Hall, a permanent brick building, is also finished. Many of the buildings are to be permanent, including the Fine Arts Auditorium and the Forestry Building. Of the million dollars appropriated by the State of Washington, $600,000 will go into permanent structures. The great amusement highway known at former expositions as the Midway, The Pike and The Trail, is to be christened "The Pay Streak" at Seattle, emblematic of the harvest of Alaska gold that has poured into Seattle.

The popular enthusiasm manifested during my visit to Seattle, when the first ground was broken for the exposition, indicated the high crest of American sentiment regarding all things progressive. The preliminary exercises were held in that magnificent natural amphitheatre just beneath the hill and overlooking the beautiful lake. There one realizes that what especially impresses everyone who visits Seattle for the first time is the character of her people; the cheery, hopeful, dauntless expression that whatever they undertake will be done promptly and done "better and best." This exposition will virtually in-

F. J. V. SKIFF

Appointed United States Commissioner for the Japanese Exposition, 1917

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SENATOR JEFF. DAVIS OF ARKANSAS

troduce Seattle to the world as a city of world-wide ambitions, aspiring to become the metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

The United States government exhibit will be a small exposition in itself, and is now well under way. There are separate structures for Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines. This group is to stand at the head of the Cascades closing in the northern bend of the Court of Honor. The government will have a very elaborate showing for the $600,000 appropriation. Various state buildings are in course of erection.

THE LATE SENATOR PETTUS
He lived to ride in an automobile despite his protest

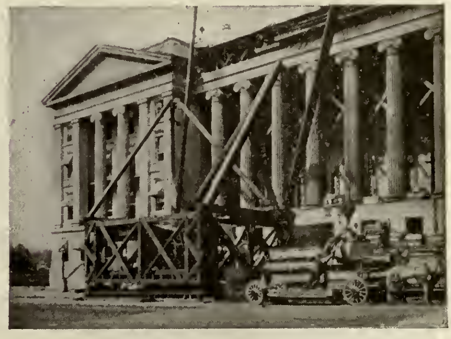
The "Pay Streak" is over three-quarters of a mile long, and will contain the very newest creations in popular and curious diversions and amusements.

Over a half-million dollars is being laid out by the street-car company to provide adequate service for the crowds. Everybody appears to be boosting, and every letter sent out by a Seattle resident contains some reminder of the coming fair. The cactus dahlia has been named as the official flower of the exposition; it resembles the chrysanthemum in appearance and blooms in great abundance from June until the frosts of autumn, when the great Pacific exposition will close in a blaze of glory.

NOTHING in Washington has attracted more attention from passersby than the dismantling of the "American Pantheon" by the substitution of the new pillars for the old ones. The Treasury Building furnishes the only pure example of Greek architecture in the country. The sandstone pillars were peculiarly susceptible to smoke, and the tedious process of cleaning them with sand-blast took so much time that before the last pillar was cleansed the one first worked upon had become smudged again. It was finally decided to replace them with those of granite, each one of which would cost $23,000 and be subjected to a rigid examination. One pillar was discovered to have a slight crack in one of the flutes, and was rejected after it had been delivered on the ground by the railway. The work will be continued until all the sandstone pillars of the Treasury Department have been supplanted by the classic Greek granite columns which are more in accord with the dignity of the building.

* * *

NOWADAYS when I meet that grand old gentleman and original poet, Joaquin Miller, at Washington, I wonder how he feels at the prospect of having a life competence assigned to him, provided he lives long enough. Few poets have sung in measures that swept closer to the hearts of the American people, but while he has reaped a rich harvest of love and admiration, it may be that he has been no better rewarded financially than Edmund Spenser, in the time of "good Queen Bess." It would seem that her "goodness" to the poet of her reign was of somewhat doubtful quality, as her repeated promises to remunerate him for his verse



THE AMERICAN PANTHEON
Placing new pillars in the Treasury Building, Washington

By permission International Bureau of American Republics

"MONROE PALACE," AT RIO DE JANEIRO

were unkept. In desperation, he wrote:—

> "I was promised on a time
> To have reason for my rhyme.
> From that time unto this season
> I received nor rhyme nor reason."

John Herrin, an old prospector, has been less ungrateful to the poet of the Sierras. At last the miner has struck it rich in Rawhide, and has made a will leaving all that he possesses to one who saved his life thirty-five years ago.

Joaquin Miller frequently risked his life in the wilds of Idaho to get the miners' letters to them through the terrible snowdrifts and storms. On one such occasion he found John Herrin senseless and half-frozen in the deep snow, and carried him into Millersburg, where he was brought back to consciousness. The prospector never forgot this kindness, and all his life it was his ambition to "strike it rich" that he might have some means of showing his gratitude to his poet preserver. So he has made his will and written a letter to Mr. Miller in which he tells him that he not only leaves him his money and mines, but his two pet jackasses that have served him so faithfully, as he followed his varying fortunes across the desolate plains on prospecting journeys. In his characteristic answer, the poet said that he thought more of the jackasses than he did of any other property his friend might leave him, and hoped that Mr. Herrin would live many more years to enjoy his good luck rather than pass it on to anyone. It reads rather like an old-time romance to learn that after the flight of many years a man has been rewarded because he faced death to "bring letters across hundreds of miles of freezing snow."

SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "A GRAND ARMY MAN." DAVID WARFIELD AS WESLEY BIGELOW

* * *

WHILE the Balkan question is agitating Europe to the core, it does not appear to make much impression at the capital, though it is a frequent theme of conversation in diplomatic circles. It is somewhat difficult for Americans to understand European diplomacy, and the almost sacred regard for form and precedent has more to do with international complications than at first sight seems possible. It is not only in Russia that the germ of truth in the absurd old college song is felt,

> "Take your last look at the sea, sky and brook,
> And the watercourse flowing so far,
> For, infidel, know you have trod on the toe
> Of Ivan Ptuski Scvar."

The slightest indignity is sufficient to cause trouble, and it is said that the grievance began when the Bulgarian minister was not invited to a dinner given by the cabinet or porte in Constantinople, as was customary, the omission being understood to proceed from the fact, that the generation of "young Turks" had decided to make Bulgaria a vassal, in fact, ignoring the rights implied by the treaty. An invitation to dinner, or the lack of it, begets political feuds, and the gauntlet that shakes Europe to the center with war rumors, is thrown down by means of the polite forms of society usage.

* * *

ONE of the most significant gubernatorial contests in the country was that resulting in the election of Bert M. Fernald as governor of the state of Maine. In the conduct of his hard-fought campaign, extending over a series of several years, he was aided by the splendid persistence of his friends, an unbroken circle that is rare in modern politics.

Mr. Fernald hails from Poland, Maine, the place made famous by Poland water, and he is very appreciative of the enthusiastic loyalty of his fellow citizens, which is one of the things that the new governor of Maine will never fail to cherish in the log of his political cruise.

The contest on the prohibition question in Maine was squarely met with that courage and conviction which are always admirable. Mr. Fernald entered the field with a straight declaration for strictly local interests and did not rely on national issues to pull through. The Pine Tree State has reason to be proud of the governor who is now elected, and his administration will doubtless be marked with that vigor and virility which are characteristic of the man.

* * *

ONE of the first stories of the session told in the cloak room was by Senator Knute Nelson, just after a "fresh chew."

"In the summer of 1871 I moved to Alexandria, Minnesota, and the following winter I was employed on a case in Ottertail County, by a Lutheran minister. The preceding year the minister employed a 'student' to teach a term of parochial school in his parish. This 'student,' though highly educated, proved to be a worthless fellow, and, consequently, was discharged. It seemed that, afterward, the minister and his father-in-law published in a prominent newspaper a notice and warning to all good Christians, especially Lutherans, not to employ this 'student' as a teacher, as he was morally unfit for such work. The 'student,' in order to retaliate and justify himself, at once filed a complaint with a

HON. B. M. FERNALD
Governor-elect of Maine

justice in respect to the publication referred to, and upon this complaint the justice was induced to issue subpoenas to nearly all the prominent people of the neighborhood to appear before him at his office in a small country saw-mill on a day specified, to give testimony as to the standing and character of the 'student,' such subpoenas being also served on the minister and his father-in-law. They supposed that the writs were summonses calling them into court to defend themselves for the publication mentioned, and were much alarmed.

J. B. REYNOLDS
Prominent member of Presidential Commissions

"The minister, on a cold winter day with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, drove with a horse and cutter down to Alexandria, my home, a distance of forty miles, to see me and get me to appear in the case. He forgot to bring a copy of the subpoena with him, but insisted that he and his father-in-law had been sued, and also insisted on my going with him to appear before the justice the next day. Although I pointed out to the minister that if there was anything in the case it was a matter of libel, over which a justice had no jurisdiction, he was so frightened that he insisted on my going with him. I had no idea that it was only a subpoena to testify as to character. Had I known this I should not have gone, but being in the dark as to the nature of the case, and being so urgently importuned, I finally consented to go.

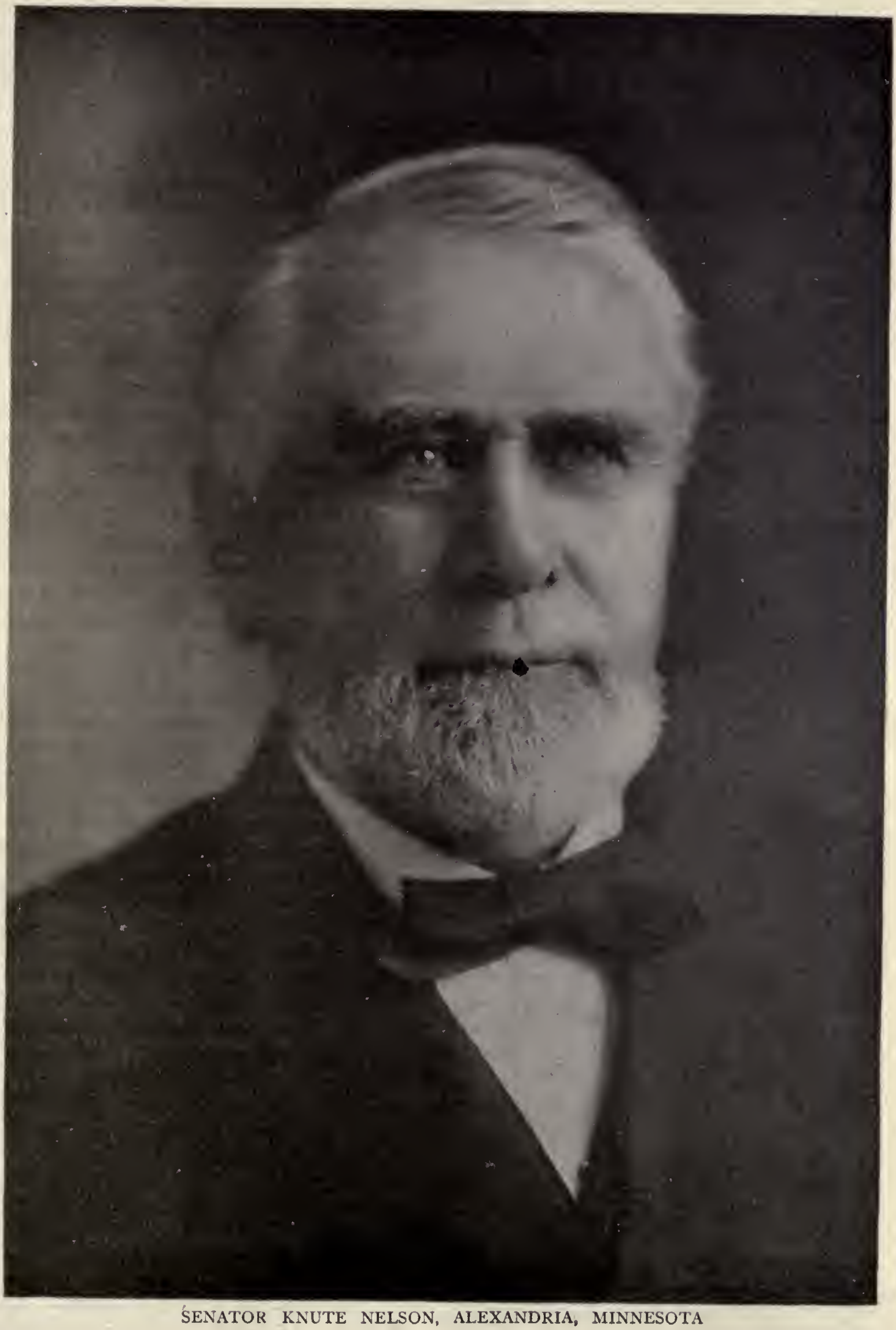
"We left Alexandria in a cutter about sundown. It was bitter cold, the thermometer still below zero. We reached the minister's father-in-law's house at two o'clock the next morning. I immediately went to bed.

"Upon arising the next morning, I asked to see the summons. To my great surprise, I found it was only a subpoena to testify as to the character of the 'student.' I saw that it was a great farce, and told the minister and his father-in-law that it would be foolish for us to put in an appearance under those circumstances. But they were still in great fear, and I compromised by sending a farmer over to the justice at the saw-mill, two miles distant, to take observation. The farmer found quite a crowd before the justice, and he was swearing them in one by one and taking down in writing what they had to say as to the character of the 'student.' The farmer, after watching the proceedings for an hour or so, came back and reported the situation to us, and this finally quieted my clients.

"The minister lived on his United States homestead claim on the other side of a small lake, and in the afternoon we all went over to his two-room log house. After supper, the minister, in a sort of prayer-meeting voice, solemnly stated that he regretted very much that he had no money to pay me for my services, but, going over to the south wall of the house, pointed out a rifle and a shotgun hanging on the wall, and told me he would be glad if I would accept one of them for my fee, dwelling considerably on the merits of both. I replied that I realized that money was scarce in a new country and that I did not expect to get any from him, and that as I was not much of a hunter, I did not care to rob him of his guns which he needed and had use for more than I, and that if he would take me home next day we would call it square."

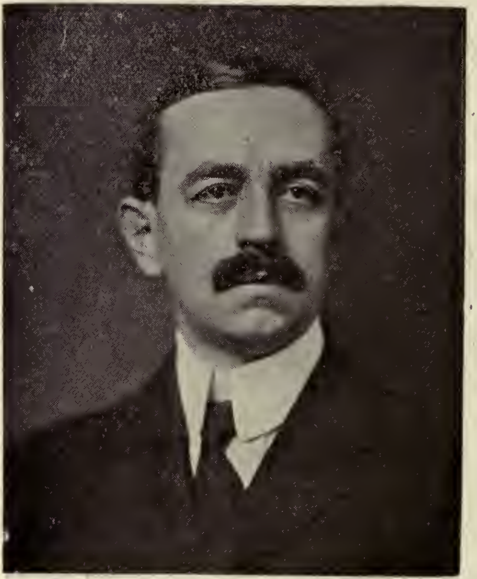
* * *

THE report of the commission of which Mr. J. B. Reynolds was chairman, on existing conditions on the Isthmus of Panama, is gratifying. Under the instructions of President Roosevelt the three commissioners reported on the welfare and condition of the workers. While on the Isthmus, like many



SENATOR KNUTE NELSON, ALEXANDRIA, MINNESOTA visitors, they became enamored of the great project, and made general observations, taking a complete survey of the work in progress. The President's decision to place the work under the management of the army engineers, making it a strictly governmental under taking, has proved a wise move.

The personnel and spirit of the workers makes this decidedly an ideal industrial enterprise, in charge of federal authority. Such complaints as have been made deal chiefly with the pay-roll. but rather with relative amounts than with any honest belief that any worker is insufficiently paid. The objection is that the other fellow is receiving too much in proportion to the salary of the complainant, for there is no instance where a worker's pay is not ample for him to live comfortably upon. This phase might be worthy of the close study of the socialist, who overlooks the inborn impulse toward rivalry that is so common in human nature.



HERBERT KNOX SMITH
United States Commissioner of Corporations

In fact, the sociological aspect of the work on the Zone is worthy of careful observation. Over 50,000 people, on a narrow strip of land in the tropics, are living together in peace and harmony, under sanitary and governmental conditions that are not surpassed by any commonwealth in the United States. It is an example of the force and power of federal control, and also demonstrates how small a part actual money may be made to play in the carrying on of a great industrial undertaking, though behind it all there is never a time when relative values and opportunities are overlooked.

The positive belief is now expressed on all sides that boats will pass through the canal in 1915. The records made each month under the generalship of Major Goethals and his efficient corps have surpassed all expectations. The work accomplished reveals ever-increasing mastery of expeditious methods that are the outgrowth of the experience gained from day to day.

The monthly sanitary reports of Colonel Gorgas should be interesting reading matter for every board of health in the United States. The thorough manner in which he has combated every form of tropical disease and has stamped out infection is doing much for the ultimate triumph of modern hygiene both in the Zone and the rest of the world.

* * *

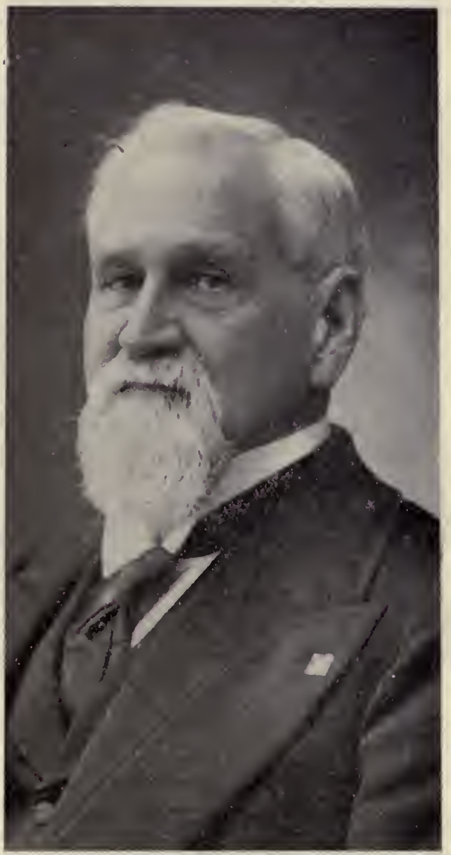
A VISIT to the Bureau of Commerce and Labor always finds a busy force. One of the perplexing problems that has been presented to Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations in this department, has been how to establish federal control and regulation of gambling in stocks and produce. The conclusion reached in his report made to the President is that this form of gambling must be restrained through the taxing power of the Constitution. This is looked upon as one of the most difficult problems before the administration. The moral difference between the gambling of cards, lottery, race track and stock market has not been defined, but the great volume of business transacted on exchanges is conceded not only to be legitimate, but necessary to the working of the modern system of doing business. The remedy afforded, it is believed, is included in the bill introduced by Congressman Hepburn of Illinois, providing a tax especially levied upon every transaction, such tax to be refunded when it shall be established to the satisfaction of the secretary of the treasury that an actual transfer occurred. This amounts to exacting a fee from everyone engaging in transactions whether or not there is a legitimate transfer, but difficulties are presented when even the government makes a contract for supplies to be delivered in the future, and even a farmer in running his bill at the store is counting on a future delivery of his crop in order to pay his obligations. Germany and Switzerland have already stringent laws on stock gambling, but the conditions in each country are so different that it is believed a special remedy or penalty of taxation must be provided in this country. The co-operation of the states must be secured to make a federal law at all effective.

* * *

"GOING to the Grand Army encampment with father" has been the delight of many a soldier's son and daughter for years past, and the encampment at Toledo was an especially happy event for the visiting veterans and their younger relatives. The ride from New England through the Green Mountains of Vermont was a delightful one, with weather and scenery matching the hearty, cheery bearing of the old soldiers and their companions. Old stories were told with more vividness than ever, yet one could not but feel that there was lacking something of the activity of former days, but the traditions and training of a glorious past lifted most of them above the senility and melancholy with which old age generally tinges the carriage and bearing of men in the sunset of life.

What a delight it was just to be with them! There is no other organization so democratic and so comprehensive in its comradery, including every trade and profession, the learned and the unlearned, the very wealthy and the very poor. No introduction is required—once the little bronze button is seen, the greeting comes as from comrade to comrade. Neither religion nor politics, race nor caste, color nor previous condition are allowed to sever comrade from comrade in a Grand Army Post.

One of the most charming features of these encampments is the presence of sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, and even great-grandsons and great-granddaughters there with the veterans, for some of the older men have lived "to see the goodness of the Lord" even unto the fourth generation. Who does not remember the old-time pictures of the daughters of the veterans—winsome girls in their teens? Many of those timid, pretty maidens who marched by the Flag, or strewed flowers in the path of soldierly feet, are now matrons, and perhaps the proud mothers of striplings who followed the Flag in Cuba or garrisoned the island posts of the Philippines. The granddaughters have taken their places and now come with grandpa to the encampment, taking good care that he sees all that he wishes to see and attends all the campfires and reunions of regiment or brigade in which he is interested.



THE LATE GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE
Prominent member of the Confederate Veterans

Many elderly ladies were in attendance, and one dear old lady, white-haired but comely, daintily attired in white and decorated only with medals and white ribbons, made a picture that lingered long in memory. One could imagine what a belle she must have been forty years ago.

The first question asked on every side on arrival was "Where are our headquarters?" Then some lady of the Relief Corps would step up and say:

"Now you know how to obey orders, so you will come with me."

H. M. NEVIUS
Commander-in-Chief Grand Army of the Republic

The veterans and their companions were soon piloted to some comfortable stopping-place. The ladies of Toledo appeared to know just how to provide for the thousands of visiting comrades, and complaints of neglect or disappointment were few and far between.

Mayor Brant Whitlock, who has succeeded "Golden Rule" Jones, was especially happy in the welcome which he accorded to visitors. Collector of the Port Bonner and William Bowles were two of the reception committee into whose hands we fell. Then can we ever forget the hospitality of Dr. Reinhart and family? The open houses and hospitality of Toledo made it altogether one of the most delightful reunions in the history of the organization.

The civic parade given by Toledo on the day previous to the Grand Army parade was especially interesting, headed by the "Cherry Pickers" attired in red and followed by other civic orders in green and yellow, giving a glow of color to the line as it passed along spacious Jefferson Avenue.

General Grenville M. Dodge, the only corps commander present, received an enthusiastic ovation from the veterans, who delighted to meet their old commander once more, to pay tribute to the sturdy veteran, the surviving corps commander of the famous Army of Tennessee.

The kindness and hearty hospitality of Toledo and her people will never be forgotten by the veterans, who came in squads and companies from all parts of the country, with the drums and fifes leading them as in days gone by, the true martial music of past wars; for there is a shrilling, penetrating, stirring motif in the rhythm of fife and drum; an inspiration to stern, unsparing, enduring warfare. As Schiller says in "The Battle":

"Hark! how they sound with their glorious tone!
Hark! how they thrill through the marrow and bone!"

One of the features of the encampment was the dedication of the monument at Fort Meigs, eight miles up the river from Toledo. Historic spots are few in the Middle West, and the State of Ohio is to be congratulated upon erecting this memorial within her borders, to mark it as she has other noted places. A great throng gathered on the grounds about the pedestal of the monument, which stands across the river from the town of Maumee, on land acquired by the United States when the tract of country known as Northwestern Ohio was obtained, and seven Indian tribes, comprising 7,000 men, met General Anthony Wayne to negotiate the transfer of the land.

During the War of 1812 Fort Meigs was right on the frontier line, and was twice besieged but never taken. Here the invasion of a powerful British force from Detroit was resisted and checked, and the disgrace and defeats of previous operations atoned for.

The American forces, under General William Hull, had been driven from Detroit, whence it was expected that he would successfully invade Canada. It was claimed that Hull had loitered when by decisive action he might have struck boldly and changed the whole trend of the war. On the contrary, he not only failed to invade Canada, but, with little show of resistance, surrendered Detroit and his army to the enemy, for which he was court-martialed and condemned to be shot, but was later pardoned. Chief Tecumseh and the mustering warriors of many tribes became active allies of the English, and the whole frontier lay open to their ravages. General Proctor, commanding the British forces, invaded Ohio in 1813, and with a superior force and his Indian allies invaded General William H. Harrison at Fort Meigs. The besiegers were strong in artillery and had an abundance of ammunition, while Harrison was outnumbered and poorly supplied. The Indians were very bold, and kept up a constant and deadly rifle fusillade upon the American works. It is related that, from a lofty elm on the opposite bank of the Maumee, an Indian marksman continually picked off the American officers and soldiers and no one seemed able to bring him down. Finally a long-range rifle, left unused at General Harrison's headquarters was thought of. Bullets were moulded for it and greased patches and fine powder procured, and a renowned marksman given charge of the gun, which kicked so hard that few men cared to use it; its range was tremendous, and it brought down the Indian at the third shot. General Harrison afterwards gave it to one of his scouts. Near the fort is an old well, famous in another siege in which only thirty American scouts were holding the fort. Here, also, in the great siege, fifty members of the Pittsburg Blues and a scout of the Kentucky Sharp Shooters were buried.

From the famous painting by Phililppoteaux

GENERAL GRANT AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

At this dedication the states of Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Virginia and Ohio took part, and were represented by their governors and lieutenant-governors. The monument is a simple shaft of granite, and peculiarly appropriate for the purpose for which it is designed.

In 1840, on this same spot, William Henry Harrison made one of the most notable of his political addresses. It was during the memorable campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," which was the slogan of the year in which Horace Greeley first entered the arena of American politics.

LAWRENCE Public Library

It was a great day for Fort Meigs County, and the farmers came in large numbers from all parts of the country, with wagons laden with musk-melons, peaches and other fruit. It was truly a gala occasion—one of those old-fashioned gatherings which recall the true pioneer spirit and hearty hospitality of frontier life.

Colonel Nevius of New Jersey was elected the new department commander, and the old comrades parted with a sturdy and stoic handshake; hoping to meet again, but as ready for the real battles of life in advancing years as when, rosy-cheeked, strong-limbed lads, they parted at the mess tent to rush into the red blare and smoke of battle, when the bugle sounded the call to duty.

NORMAN E. MACK

* * *

WALKING down Michigan Avenue, I chanced to meet Congressman Madden patrolling his district. While it is normally Democratic, including that part of Chicago reaching along the lake, here where the Auditorium Annex, now the Democratic headquarters, is located, the congressman always expects to obtain his customary majority. He has a way of knowing just how to get votes and to serve his constituents in the most effective way.

The congressional campaign here seems to be much more strenuous than in the country districts. The sovereign voters are not quite so respectful or dignified, nor do they appear to understand the privileges commonly accorded to political candidates; ammunition, consisting of bad eggs and orange and banana peelings, is in common use. Congressman Madden claims that this is not the case in his district, but that he has one of the most respectful constituencies in the country, even if it does include the bailiwick of the famous "Hinky-Dink."

* * *

AMID the crush of visitors at the Hoffman House headquarters, that begins to arrive early in the morning and continues until late at night, Chairman Norman E. Mack, of the Democratic National Committee, is one of the genial souls who radiate sunshine in political campaigns. Up in room 465 he has a conference with the "heavy artillery"—downstairs he mingles with the crowd, and the infantry and cavalry are ready for the final dash. Mr. Mack is the well-known publisher of Buffalo, New York, and always has a friendly feeling for a fellow-publisher. Iron-gray hair adorns his massive head, and his gray eyes always give a cheery greeting and welcome to all comers. His personality is peculiarly impressive.

Nathan Straus, the celebrated New York merchant, called to make preparations for entertaining Mr. Bryan at his home; downstairs Governor Francis, just arrived from the West, was getting a line on speakers, and everyone seemed confident that the tide for Bryan was rising fast; telephones were buzzing; from Mr. Herman Ridder's room arose a busy hum that sounded like a newspaper office. Every now and then prominent Democratic workers poured in, and it was evident that Chairman Mack is one of those politicians who know how to keep a finger on the pulse of the people—for not all his guests are noted men—he understands the value of the influence exerted by "the man on the street," and the "friend from the country."

Mr. Mack is one of the old, original Bryan men, and is an ardent admirer of his chief; it was delightful to hear him pay an almost boyishly enthusiastic tribute to his leader. His last words to me on meeting, and his last before saying good-bye, were,

"Bryan is going to win, I know."

AN IDEAL VEGETABLE GARDEN
An acre of ground like the above should pay from $500 to $1,000 per year

SOUTH TEXAS

THE LAND OF RISING VALUES

By FRANK PUTNAM

TEXAS is today the focal point of the eyes of hundreds of thousands of home-seekers. Within that state is the last large area of high-class lands to be bought at low prices. Last year not less than 250,000 people entered Texas and became residents of the Lone Star state. Most of them settled on farms, and fully two-thirds of them bought land in south Texas.

The country never saw any such migration as this one. Scores of thousands of these people are moving onto lands which they have bought and paid for on the installment plan. They come bringing money with which to build homes and buy farm equipment, and they prosper from the taking of the first crop. They delight in the mild climate—the constant cool gulf breezes of the summer months and the freedom from snow and ice in winter. They plant one crop at another's heels—their lands are at work for them twelve months in the year. They find they can live out of doors the whole year through, and can go in shirt sleeves ten months of the twelve. Freed from the northern winter cold and the northern winter confinement within closed houses, they gain health and strength such as they never knew before—live more in a year than they used to do in two years.

They find land as rich as the best they knew in the north, and they find it selling at one-third to one-half what similar land in the north sells for. They find that on this south Texas land they can grow two or three crops every year, as against one annual crop on the northern land. They find that they can have in their dooryards and home orchards the finest sub-tropical fruits—the orange, the Bur-

GULF COAST PORKERS
Grown on alfalfa and fattened on peanuts

bank plum, the grapefruit, the lemon, the fig, the persimmon, the kumquat and many more, and in their gardens the finest strawberries and other small fruits, with fresh vegetables, twelve months in the year, that are unequalled for quality and variety anywhere else.

They find rice-growers earning from $50 to $100 an acre; alfalfa, $75 to $150 an acre; corn fields producing 40 to 75 bushels an acre, worth 75 to 90 cents a bushel; cotton earning from $35 to $80 an acre; cattle, hogs and sheep fattening on rich pastures all through the year, without requiring shelter or other feed than that which they pick themselves.

They find a country well developed with railroads, market towns, schools, churches, good roads, and inhabited by a hospitable, neighborly people.

THE GROUND FLOOR OF A RISING MARKET

They find themselves, in a word, on the ground floor of a rising market, the favored, early buyers in a region that is rapidly becoming the richest, agriculturally, of any in the United States; and they take profit, not only from their labor upon the land, but from the labor of the other tens of thousands of settlers, whose coming is swiftly raising all land values in south Texas. Most of them leave northern and eastern states in which farm land values have gone about as high as they can go. Those northern lands are pressed to the limit to earn five and six per cent. on their present valuations. The big profit in those lands was taken by the men that went there early, and bought for from $10 to $40 an acre the farms that are now worth $100 to $150 an acre. The man that buys these advanced northern lands today has little or no hope of reaping a gain from higher land values in the future, and he has to work hard and sell his products shrewdly to get a low interest return on his investment.

A DISH OF STRAWBERRIES
No trouble for growers to make $500 and more per acre

That is the reason why so many hundreds of thousands of people in all the northern states are going into south Texas. They are going there to do what the early settlers did in the northern states—take the big land profit that comes with doubled and tripled values, as the region fills up and the great ranges give way to countless highly cultivated small farms.

South Texas was a long time getting known. Cattle kings ranged their vast herds upon her fertile plains, rent free, for generations. They didn't want anybody to know how rich the land was. They drove out the first settlers that tried to make farms—first, told them the country was worthless except for grazing, and that a small farmer could not make a living there. Then, if the small farmer failed to go, they tried scaring him; if that failed, they drove him out forcibly, and often they hanged him to a tree as a warning to others.

THE COMING OF A NEW ORDER

But the old order has gone forever. And it went so rapidly, once the law took charge, that in south Texas, for the first time on this continent, agriculture made the change from range feeding over enormous areas to intensive farming on very small areas, without passing, except in a few localities, through the transition stage of middle-size, general purpose farms. Today there are thousands of families making a good living and accumulating property with their earnings on five, ten and twenty-acre south Texas farms.

Over in Brazoria County, in August, I found men from the north hewing five and ten-acre farms out of the woods, paying $46 an acre for the land, and wise enough to know they had bought cheap. They figured that one acre of this land, producing two or three crops yearly, is equal in value to two or three acres of the richest land in the north. And they bought it for less than half as much per acre as they sold their northern land for. One man had five acres in oranges, two years old. Within two years he will begin taking a crop off that five acres worth $300 an acre, and rising every year until at eight years, if his orchard averages with others in south Texas, it will bring him a minimum of $500 an acre.

I thought it strange that those men had paid $46 an acre for timber land, that must be cleared with ax and brush hook, when they could have bought equally rich land on the prairie for less money; but even at that, and counting the cost of clearing the land at $12 an acre, they had made a better bargain than they could have made in any northern state, because their south Texas land, planted to the fruits and small crops of the region, is as certain to triple in market value within five years as the sun is to rise tomorrow morning.

WHY VALUES ARE STEADILY ADVANCING

The only reason land worth $150 to $250 an acre can be bought for $35 to $50 an acre in south Texas, is because there is more land than people to work it. This condition won't last long. The North and the East have learned of the chance that is offered in south Texas, and they are pouring in to take advantage of it. Land values there are rising more rapidly than anywhere else in America. Lands that went begging at $5 an acre ten years ago cannot be touched today for less than $20 an acre, even in tracts of 20,000 or 30,000 acres. And the lands that are offered today in small lots, of five, ten or twenty acres, at $35 and up to $50, will reach $100 and $150, the northern maximum, in five years more. But they will not stop at those figures, as northern lands have done. They will go much higher. *Iowa and Illinois farm lands that produce an annual average crop worth* $35 *to* $40 *an acre—the best northern*

JUST PEARS
A Provident colonist, holding a limb containing fifty-three pears, cut from a tree on the Provident tract

lands—are worth $150 *an acre, and in some cases are held as high as* $200 *an acre. What, then, is the value of south Texas lands that produce at the rate of* $200 *to* $500 *an acre annually?*

For the answer to that question, look at southern California, where the fruit crops that south Texas now excels in growing, have made lands worth $1,000 to $2,000 an acre—lands that a quarter of a century ago could have been bought for $2 to $5 an acre.

South Texas, in a word, is rapidly repeating the experience of southern California, and has, moreover, this great advantage over California, that it is 2,000 miles nearer the great central and eastern markets for fruits and garden truck. South Texas can reach Kansas City and Chicago three days earlier than California, and can reach New York and New England with her fruits in six days by water from Galveston, cutting freights to a fraction of California's rates by rail, and insuring to south Texas orange, lemon, grapefruit and fig growers, a heavy and permanent advantage over competitors in marketing their products.

GULF COAST SCHOOL
The schools of the Gulf coast country are unexcelled

CALIFORNIA AND FLORIDA ORCHARDISTS BUYING SOUTH TEXAS ORANGE LANDS

California and Florida fruit-growers, knowing that in south Texas the third and last great sub-tropical fruit district in the United States has made good, and is coming forward swiftly as a competitor with the older districts, are coming into the Texas coast country, and buying up big tracts of land upon which to extend their orchard operations. In California they are obliged to fertilize and irrigate their orchards. Both processes are costly. In the south Texas rain belt—the eastern half of the coast country—they need do neither. Nature provides an ample supply of water from the clouds, and the almost exhaustless fertility of the virgin soil relieves them of the necessity, for many years, of buying fertilizers. In all Texas, last year, the total sale of fertilizers amounted to only $129,000, yet the value of Texas farm and orchard products was more than that of any other state.

For a year I have been studying the Texas coast country, both in the eastern rain belt, with its average annual rainfall of forty inches, and in the semi-arid lower half of the coast region. And I have reached the conclusion that the rain belt portion of this coast country is destined to be, within twenty years, the most thickly settled and richest agricultural district on the American continent — as densely peopled as Holland—a region of five, ten and twenty-acre farms intensively cultivated, producing from $200 to $1,500 an acre yearly, and having a market value close to $1,000 an acre throughout. The soil, the climate, the natural products, the transportation facilities and the markets to work this result are all here. All that is lacking is the people, and they are coming in at the rate of 15,000 to 20,000 every month.

HOW THE COAST COUNTRY IS BEING SETTLED UP

From time to time I have visited various places in the coast country, where new developments were taking place on a considerable scale. Last week I went over into Wharton County, eighty-five miles from Houston, to look at the region recently opened to settlement by the Provident Land Company of Kansas City, one of scores of the projects that are developing south Texas. I found it to consist of 20,000 acres of the richest and best situated lands in south Texas. On neighboring farms I found fine flocks of fat

READY FOR THE PLOW
The Provident land tract is, for the most part, covered with a luxuriant growth of wild hay, from which two cuttings per year can be obtained

CORN FIELD
From 40 to 75 bushels per acre, and another crop can be raised following the corn

sheep; droves of hogs that would do credit to the Cedar Valley of Iowa; rice fields earning, this year, as high as $106 an acre. I found it to be ideally adapted to growing oranges, lemons, grapefruit, figs and the other subtropical fruits, and this interested me most, because I have made a special study of these fruits in south Texas. The landscape there reminded me of the Iowa country—with its broad, rich meadows deep with grass, belted around with woodlands that fringe the streams. The drainage—and this is a most important point in south Texas' level plains—was excellent. The prairie in that region is cut through at intervals of two or three miles with creeks, and the land slopes both ways downward to these creek bottoms, affording quick outlet for the heavy rainfall of the late winter and early spring months. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, warm and easily worked, running from twelve to eighteen inches deep, above a heavy clay subsoil. The region is free from mosquitoes, having no low, marshy places, and the old settlers there tell me they don't mind living eighteen miles from town, because they never get sick.

They have free rural mail delivery, and keep up with the markets, the baseball games and the news generally.

The 20,000 acres is being cut up into small farms. The price, I believe, is $35 an acre. It is eighteen miles from Louise, on the Sunset lines, thirty miles from Glen Flora, on the Santa Fe, and twenty-five miles from Hallettsville, all three thriving trading towns. It is a natural town site. As the small farms come under cultivation—and I understand that more than a thousand of them have already been sold—they will build up a busy market town. The Santa Fe's Houston-San Antonio line, surveyed and completed to within twenty-four miles of this land, will run through its center and is sure, I am told, to be finished within two years, possibly within eighteen months.

POMEGRANATE TREE

A Provident colonist, in the foreground, has a cluster of pomegranates in his hand
Photograph taken on farm in the Provident tract

SOME FACTS ACCOMPLISHED, AND A FORECAST

Now, I have seen, within the past year, land in the Rio Grande valley, that was bought for $1.25 an acre, five years ago, sell for $100 an acre, and bear crops worth over $100 an acre this fall. I have seen orchard lands thirty miles out of Houston, bought eight years ago for $22.50 an acre, reach a

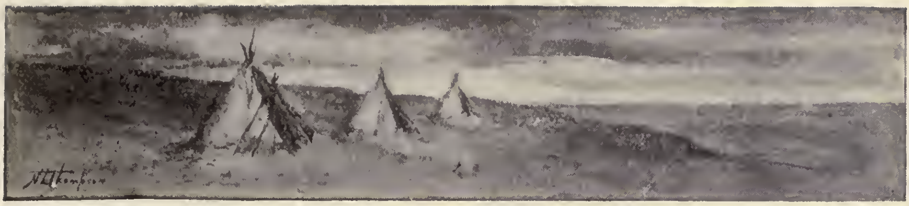
HERD OF JERSEY COWS
The conditions for stock growing could not be more favorable

FIELD OF BERMUDA ONIONS
Onions return from $200 to $1,500 per acre

market value of $400 an acre this year, and produce orange and fig crops worth from $200 to $500 an acre. And I will go on record, here and now, with the prediction that, when five years have passed, there will not be an acre of this land, which the Provident Land Company is now selling for $35 an acre, that can be bought for less than $150 an acre, and that a large part of it will be held at more than $250 an acre. It is more likely, the best of it, to be worth $500 an acre five years from today, with development in oranges, figs and other fruits, but the lower figures represent what in my judgment is virtually a certainty. You may think the time set for the advance is very short; but remember that, while it took seventy-five years for Iowa farm lands to advance from $10 an acre to $150, the rise in south Texas will be vastly more rapid, because the inflow of new settlers is many fold greater than it was into Iowa at any part of the seventy-five years of her growing period.

North and central Texas, one-crop regions like the northern states, have filled up like the northern states. Farm lands there are worth from $75 to $150 an acre. Tens of thousands of farmers are selling out in those parts of the big state, and buying better land for less money in the coast country. Four-fifths of the migration into Texas from the north and east is to the coast country. I want to urge young men at the north, as I frequently urge the young city men of Texas in the editorial page of the *Houston Chronicle*, to get title to some of this rich land while it is still cheap. It is the last chance of the kind that will be offered in the United States. And the opportunity is passing quickly.

Photographs by courtesy of the Provident Land Company.



A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

By GRACE KELLOGG

(Copyright, Grace Kellogg, 1908)

CHAPTER XXII.

THE same day that we reached camp, Waupeka came to my lodge with a great armful of furs of marvelous beauty, and strings of wampum fit for the arms and neck of my Princess herself, and a brass kettle cunningly wrought, and some bark of trees pictured upon with red clay most marvelously. All these Waupeka brought in and laid down with grave ceremony in the corner of my wigwam.

"What are these," said I, "Waupeka?"

"My brother brought her back," he said simply.

Here was a coil indeed! I dreaded to wound him. I feared to wound her, through him. Yet the cleanest way out was to speak.

"My brother thanks where there is no need," I responded. "Sagehjowa thought to save the life of his own—and needs no gratitude from anyone, save the gratitude of his own soul to that Higher which enabled him to do this thing."

Waupeka stepped back suddenly. His face held its impassive dignity, but a strange light played over it.

"Did not Sagehjowa know that Waupeka was loving and wooing the maiden Pontilogah?" His voice was calm, but with an under-current of emotion which might break suddenly into passion.

"Sagehjowa knew this not, Waupeka. Yet had he known this, what is unwon of one man may fairly be played for by another."

"Played for?" asked Waupeka.

"Fought for, if you like."

"Aye, fought for," echoed the boy in a low tone.

"In fair fight," I added.

The words meant nothing to him. To us all is fair in war. Savage cunning, treachery, crafty deceit, patience, traps, surprises—these may be used upon the beasts, to your mind; to our mind, they may better be used upon men who can meet treachery with treachery.

"Fought for," repeated the young brave. "Then Waupeka too, will fight for her."

I paused. Then I laid my hand gently upon his arm.

"My brother," I said. "The fight is done."

He leaped back and crouched.

"Sagehjowa—has—won?" he asked.

"Sagehjowa has won," I answered.

He trembled in every fibre.

"She—loves you?" he said, low.

"I do not know. I think not. But she will afterward. It is the way with women, is it not?"

"Afterward?" he asked dully.

"After I have made her my wife."

His eyes searched mine restlessly.

"Have you made her that—already? While you and she—were away—together?"

"No!" I cried fiercely. "I take no woman so."

Deep distrust and suspicion came into his roving eyes.

"Then if she loves you not—will woo you not—and you have not taken her so—how—how—?"

My eyes forced his squarely, angry that they should so spy upon mine.

"Sagehjowa waits not to be wooed by a maiden. He loves a maiden who is too proud to woo. He will wed with her, and win her so. The Old Ogista has said it."

I saw his muscles tighten suddenly, and I was ready for him. Like a panther's the lithe graceful body lengthened and hurled through the air. I had the better grip, but I was over-fatigued, and I could feel my muscles weakening and weakening, though I set my teeth and threw every nerve of my body into the grasp.

Suddenly all at once it gave way.

"Curse!" I said, and staggered back against the wall, the boy above me. He drew his knife deliberately.

"Sagehjowa," he said fiercely, "has fought with his wits and the promise of an old man. Waupeka will fight with his strength and a two-edged knife."

I smiled and tried to shrug my shoulders, but he was too heavy upon me.

He drew the knife slowly across his arm to test it, smiling as the hot blood spurted up in quick response.

"A sharp knife," he murmured softly.

"Good," replied I. "A sharp knife is merciful."

"But cold—cold," he sighed.

"Cold now, but it will soon be warm. Sagehjowa's veins run with a fire not known to Waupeka's knife."

I hated to quarrel with the boy in the face of death, for I loved him; yet I could but follow his lead.

Suddenly his ferocious dalliance gave way to a burst of nobler passion.

He raised his arm back and up with the knife poised gleaming above me.

I looked at it steadily.

He laughed, terribly.

"Now who will wed with the maiden Pontilogah, do you think, my brother?"

The knife descended—

"The maiden Pontilogah will wed with neither of you, Waupeka, if you do this thing," came a clear voice from the doorway.

Waupeka turned slowly and staggered back and back, his eyes fixed on the maiden's face.

As for me, I stood quite stupidly, cursing the blackness in my eyes that was keeping out the sunshine.

"Neither of you, if you do this thing," she repeated.

"And if Waupeka does not this thing?" he asked somewhat too quickly.

"Maybe, neither, then also." Hot on the question came the proud answer.

"My brother," said Waupeka, "Waupeka was wrong. His blood was hot, and he forgot that to slay the Sachem was to slay himself."

I smiled grimly. It was a naive apology.

"Sagehjowa need fear his brother no longer. Waupeka will love him once again."

I drew a step nearer Pontilogah. In faith I could not help it. She drew me as the sun does the lake.

But Waupeka saw, and his words grew slow and wary—watching, I took yet one step nearer, making shiftly pretence of plucking my pouch from the floor, and his soundless lips drew back tight across his teeth.

"Waupeka," said Pontilogah, gently.

He was alert all over at the dear voice. Everything else was forgotten as he fastened his eyes humbly upon her, waiting her command. She seemed to review her thoughts, wondering which to set words to.

"Waupeka," she repeated softly, to gain time. He came nearer her, and would have knelt and kissed her hand I think, had he been bred in another land.

"Waupeka," she began a third time, "thou hast been my brother a long time. Since the moon of Seed-Corn after the Eries stole Pontilogah's mother, Waupeka has been Pontilogah's very dear brother. He used to bring the best nuts and wild berries to Pontilogah when he was yet a boy; when he turned man, and used the skill of a man, he brought the fattest gros-beak, the shiniest-scaled trout, the biggest elk's horns, to Pontilogah. Often he has wished to hoe her portion of the field lest she be wearied, or to add her portion of the fresh buffalo meat to his own pack.

"Now Waupeka must take from Pontilogah a greater fear. He must pledge her that there shall be no strife between him and the stranger."

The word cut me deep.

Waupeka's nostrils quivered. Slowly he spoke.

"There shall be no strife between Waupeka and the stranger—while the stranger makes not Pontilogah his wife."

The girl seemed about to speak, then stopped abruptly, and made a gesture of content.

Then she turned to me, and I looked her in the eyes. There was nothing in them but the fading content.

"In some sort, Sagehjowa has showed himself Pontilogah's friend. Now Pontilogah begs, if she is in any measure dear to him, that—"

"He shall not be hurt," I said briefly.

Her eyes lit up and turned upon Waupeka. With bowed head, in moody silence, he walked out of the wigwam and turned toward his own lodge, out of sight.

Pontilogah also was about to go, but I stopped her. She turned fearlessly and waited my pleasure.

"Pontilogah," I said, "I can wait no longer."

She looked coolly at me, questioningly.

"Do you not understand?" I cried, "I love you." Her coolness pricked me to madness. "Days—nights—moonlight—sunlight—darkness—it is all the same—I love you." I was holding myself in hardly. I might not touch her, and when passion must all be told through the tongue, mad words come tumbling forth that one cares not to repeat in cold blood. But forsooth she understood before I had done.

When I was quite at an end of talking, she turned her head meditatively upon one side and eyed the poles that upheld the roof of my lodge.

"And yet," she said mildly: "Pontilogah hates the Half-King so that there is no one else in the world that Pontilogah hates so much. He took Pontilogah's buffalo from her; he caught her in his arms as a naughty papoose; he—" she caught her breath sharply and went on more hurriedly, "then he followed to her camp that he might spy upon her;"—"Nay! never that," I cried—"he refused her life when it was forfeit to him, as one might refuse a worthless thing"—her bosom rose and fell rapidly and her words leaped forth—"he took her father's place—he set himself up over her people—he, a stranger—a squaw-man who has not a scalp to dangle from his roof-tree—a coward who makes peace—peace—peace—fights like a squaw—Oh, oh!—woos like a squaw—with his love-love-love-talk."

"Nay then!" I cried savagely, stung beyond endurance. "If I woo like a squaw, we will have no more love-talk." I caught her by the wrists—and remembered myself in time, and was ashamed. I did not release her, yet I held her gently, as a woman should be held—with strong hands, but gently.

She stood motionless and rigid, waiting I know not what; only her eyes, unquelled, shot defiance.

"Tonight," I said steadily, "Pontilogah comes to dwell in the lodge of Sagehjowa. Our father has said it. The lodge of Sagehjowa is lonely and dark. It will not be lonely nor dark when the sunshine comes to dwell here."

She stood mute and passive. I fancied her more yielding, and raising her chin with one hand, kissed her upon the mouth.

She flashed one look of scorn up at me, then her eyes dropped again. Yet she made no slightest resistance. Neither did her sweet cold lips quiver at the touch. We both stood, waiting, so long that the silence unstrung my nerves.

"In God's name, speak!" I cried at last.

She raised her eyes and looked coldly through me.

"Sagehjowa has spoken," she said lifelessly. "He has saved Pontilogah's life. It is his. He might sell her, slay her with the tomahawk, cleave her limb from limb, pierce her flesh with lighted splinters, cut off her hands—but he may wed her if he prefer. It is all one."

There was silence between us, she wearily unconcerned, I ridding my fancy of all the dreams—little tender dreams that had nested in the dark corners of my heart. It hurt. God; it hurt.

Then I loosed her wrists, and went and sat down upon my mat and buried my face in my hands.

After a long time I knew by the stillness she had not gone yet.

By and by I looked up, to see her still standing there, motionless, and indifferent as ever.

"Go," I said.

She started slightly.

"Go?" she repeated, flashing a quick glance at me.

"Go." I answered slowly.

"Go—to—not to come back tonight?" she stammered breathlessly.

"Not to come back tonight," I repeated in a low tone, "I cannot put the thing I love to the torture."

She went like a wild thing. She flashed across the circle like a gleam of sunshine thrown from broken glass.

I put my forehead in my hands again and thought—or perhaps suffered without thinking. I do not know.

"So—gone!"

XXIII.

At dawn of the next day we learned by the watch outside the town that the Eries were approaching. There was a great number—men—women—children—papooses slung on their mother's back in the *gaonseh*—and all in gorgeous apparel, and peace-paint, green and white.

Scarcely had I been apprised of this, when the ambassadors of the Eries, twelve very grave warriors, were seen approaching through the corn-fields. With twelve of my own warriors I went to meet them, and escort them into the town with sweet-talk.

"Would not our dearly-cherished brethren lodge with the Senecas during the feasting and the game?"

"The Eries knew the loving hospitality which they should be offered from the Senecas, yet had they yielded to the urgent entreaty of a little band of friends a few miles up the Muskingum to dwell with them during the days of the feasting." A statement which I heard with great relief, the more so that I observed that my war-chief looked black at it. We went to the guest-house and ate abundantly of the bountiful fare set forth by the women. After this the Erie warriors returned to their people, bearing each a string of green and white wampum in token of the great good-will which went out from the hearts of the Senecas toward their brethren of the North.

Then we set about getting the peace paint upon ourselves. I had hitherto done this service for myself, for I had no squaw. But this morning two of the keegsquaws started on a race for me laughing.

It was Pontilogah who reached me a bare half-second before the other. With winning she lost her courage of a sudden, and stood before me, shame-faced, her eyes to the ground. I would not help her out. At last she said shyly:

"May Pontilogah put the new paint upon Sagehjowa?"

"Forever and a day," I answered. "If she will."

It was a novelty to have other than haughty looks and scant words from my princess. But we had the reason for it soon.

The brush was drawing across my breast from shoulder to shoulder now and the maiden standing before me. Suddenly—we were a little apart from the others—she dropped to her knees before me.

"Pontilogah—for the sake of her tribe, that they may not be called 'Women' as the Delawares—Pontilogah doth beseech Sagehjowa to take off the peace-paint and cry war against our enemies, that singing-birds may not laugh at the Senecas, that singing-birds may not laugh"—she drooped suddenly and finished in a low tone—"at Sagehjowa. It is Pontilogah, the daughter of a Sachem who asks this, my father."

"Sagehjowa knows that it is Pontilogah the daughter of a Sachem, who asks; more, he knows that it is the woman whom Sagehjowa loves, who asks. Therefore Sagehjowa pleads with her that she ask not. Hawenneeyu is not pleased at the shedding of blood; the smoke of burning villages is not pleasant to Hawenneeyu. The blood of women and little children cries aloud from the cursed ground, and Hawenneeyu hears and is wroth. The Eries are his children, though they call him by another name. As a father is grieved and stretcheth his hand to part his sons from strife, so is Hawenneeyu grieved at the strife of his sons. There is room for us all on the earth. Let not the Eries and the Iroquois seek to take away the earth either from the other. Who shall say that power to kill gives right to kill? Man has a right to live. When we, being the stronger, snatch this precious right from our brethren we are thieves in the sight of the Great Spirit.

"And what is the use? We go to battle with the Eries. Many of us are slain; many of them are slain. One of us conquers, and exterminates the other. Our women are made slaves and our sons grow up in servitude, hoeing Erie fields with the Erie women. All that we may decide which is the stronger man, the Iroquois or the Erie. And after all, when we have decided it, what satisfaction do we get compared to the happiness we have lost, and the misery we have wrought?

"By the game which the war-wishers scorn, we shall decide the same point: which is the stronger man. And we shall have shed no blood in deciding it. Feasting and joy and tense excitement before; afterward feasting, joy for the conquerors, and, if gloom for the defeated, at least a gloom borne by them themselves and not by their widows and orphans."

The girl stood listlessly before me, scarcely listening.

"All that may be true. Pontilogah knows not. Yet rather than see the Senecas made Women, Pontilogah will give herself—aye to be the wife of Sagehjowa—to plant his fields and till his corn, to grind his maize, and carry in his venison, to roast his meat and hang the bark buckets upon his sugar-trees. Aye, and to dwell within his lodge—in love."

She trembled visibly at the last word.

I stretched out my hands blindly.

On the one side, the love of Pontilogah, on the other, a belief. To choose—to choose. Should not one live and die for a belief? Aye, die and live—for living were the harder.

Yet could one turn away life's supreme gift after all these years of seeking?

Might not I be wrong? Was not war perhaps the only way for the peoples of the earth? Would not the smoke from the smouldering in their veins ever blind their reason. Was I not clinging fatuously to a bubble theory?

No! No! It was true. In the far horizon was the prophecy of light! The day was even now dawning when wars should cease, and nations live as brothers. Through the darkness of the ages lay a path of light, and my feet were set upon it.

She knew, without my speaking, and quietly took up the brush of peace-paint again. When she had done, she went away.

That night and the next we feasted late and lovingly, we and the Eries, but I had no heart for feasting, and went to my wigwam as early as might be. The wind soughed through the shreds of the skins, that second night, and now and again a chestnut burr dropped with a dull thud upon my tent, and slid softly to the ground. Once and again the bear skin of my door blew a little aside, letting a fallen leaf stray in.

I lay upon my bed wide enough awake. "Tomorrow—and tomorrow and tomorrow" —And never a morrow with her smile to bring the dawn into my lodge. Never a morrow when she should come and sit on my mat and smile up into my eyes. She was never far from me that night. Once the fancy took me that she was waiting outside my door, as she had waited that first night that I spent on the plains,—asleep, her pretty head drooping uneasily against my door-pole, her long hair wound by the wind about her neck, and flung in a heavy rope against my wigwam, lashing the deer-skin. I knew the tapping was only the loosened end of a thong, tossed in the wind, yet I rose and went out—and smiled to find myself surprised that nothing was there but black night and wind and falling leaves.

I could not go back but made my way down to the river and stood motionless through the night on its brink.

At my feet the stream murmured incessantly. The little live things in the edge of black water kept a tiny surf plashing gently in the adder-tongue, ebbing and trickling through the grasses with a sound of sobbing. Above on the low bluff, the dark wigwams brooded silently from shadowy door-ways. Behind them the pelt-hung scaffold rose, gaunt and stiff, responding with a melancholy creaking to the faint stirring of the night air.

XXIV.

Morning came, as mornings do.

We made all arrangements for the game. It was to begin at sun-up; in the flat plain to the northwest; thirty chosen men on a side; twelve times through the goal to win the game; any form of combat allowable so long as the ball was propelled only by sticks. All this was in accordance with the regular understood rules of the game as played among us; yet I thought it better to have it all notched down on a stick, for reference in case a dispute should arise later, and possible violence threaten.

Prizes to the goal-makers to be awarded by the Senecas, as hosts: to the first who should make a goal, for either side, a blooded horse with bear-skin saddle and bit and stirrups, also a dog well-sired and trained in running down the deer or baiting the buffalo; to the second, five domestic dogs in good flesh for roasting, and ten pounds of tobacco; a monstrous brass kettle and ten pounds of tobacco to the third; two small kettles and ten pounds of tobacco to the fourth; a gorgeously painted quiver, filled, in token of peace, with tobacco instead of arrows, to the fifth; a handsome skin and ten pounds of tobacco to each of the others.

That would leave us without tobacco for the rest of the year, but no one spoke or thought of that.

The side winning the game was to retreat without violence and to receive of the defeated, wampum to the value of two fathome per scalp of every chief and councillor; one fathome for every brave; one-half fathome for every boy; one-tenth fathome for every squaw and keegsquaw. The defeated side to prepare a feast and acknowledge thereat the victory of their opponents. The Eries then to return peaceably home, whether defeated or victorious, and both nations to live in peace, unmolested either by the other, henceforth.

All this was set down carefully, and agreed to at the feast that night.

They sat silently—my people and the visitors—in a great circle three deep about the empty plot where the Erie chief and I should meet together to take our vows.

As I looked about on the swarthy faces, the grim lips, the wary fathomless eyes set in the painted masks, my heart misgave me. In truth I have seen more subtle diabolical treachery practised among the palaces of the pale-eyed people than ever I have seen in the forests, but in the land of conventions, even treachery is held within certain conventional limits; may be grappled with, outwitted, fled from. But here treachery stalks, simple, direct, straightforward, too monstrous to grapple with, too sinister-wily to outwit, too keen-eyed and silent-footed to flee from. It is in its own country, and every avenue of flight is furnished forth with eyes and pointing fingers.

Together the Erie werowance and I smoked the pipe of peace in deep gravity and silence; together we buried the black tomahawk, and with our own hands built above it a fire of split wood, through which we clasped our hands as we took the vow.

"If the men of Waskonoket forget their peace-paint and one drop of Iroquois blood stain an Erie tomahawk, or an Erie arrow, or an Erie knife, the Great Spirit do so to Waskonoket and more also if he lay not down his life to Hawenneeyu, blood for blood."

"If the men of Sagehjowa forget the peace-paint, and one drop of Erie blood stain the tomahawk of a Seneca, or his arrow or his knife, the Great Spirit do so to Sagehjowa and more also if he lay not down his life to the God of the Eries, blood for blood."

A shudder ran through the assembly, for at the last word there rang through the woods far and wide the scream of a screech-owl, the night-watcher on earth of the gods, the Carreyagaroona.

XXV.

The ball game—I should rather call it la crosse—the stick-game,—is played with a small wooden ball, and a stick held in each hand. The sticks, which are about five feet long, curve over at the upper end and are there strung across with thongs in a sort of coarse, stout net.

The field is laid off one-half mile long by one-quarter mile broad. In the middle thereof is a tall pole, and at the centre of each end of the field are erected two poles about fifteen feet apart.

The players are of any number on each side and have little individual placing on the field except for the two centres who are, after a manner, captains, and the two goals, who guard the upright poles, through which effort is made to strike the ball.

There are no rules but this one: the ball must be propelled by the sticks only, and touched neither by the hands nor the feet.

There is no social function of all the year to compare with the ball-game.

The young men train for it from boyhood up. The old men dream till their death over a spectacular goal made. Any maid or matron is to be had for the asking of the la crosse hero. Judge then the excitement of this game, where the fate of a nation was ruled by the caprice of a three-inch ball!

Long before dawn the women and maids and the children were up, and the town was filled with a bustle of excitement. There was little noise except for the stifled squall of a deserted papoose, the splash of some refractory youngster in the river, the intermittent rattle of the dried gourds as the pebbles dropped into them. Yet sleep was as impossible as if pandemonium had reigned. I and my brothers are much like the other wild creatures of our forests; we talk little, perchance from an original instinct of caution, lest we draw the attention of danger; but we feel each other's thoughts and moods as you white men feel the atmospheric changes—distinctly—consciously—and intelligently.

By dawn the squaws and keegsquaws, the braves, and the children were gathering upon the plain, and by sun-up a dense hedge of humanity marked the border-line of the field. A subdued whisper and rustle, a craning of necks, a shifting of limbs,—so much we could hear and see as we waited for the Erie players to form at the other end of the field.

I had Waupeka, Tokacon, Pokoota "the Scalpless One," Iron Bull and five and twenty others, all tall and straight, supple-limbed and gleaming golden-bronze with oil.

Suddenly a mighty cry burst forth, a whoop and a yelling, the rattling of gourds, the blowing of whistles—the Eries were on the field.

I gave the signal and we dashed forward. The hubbub dropped, was caught up, and swelled with a mightier howling and shrieking of reeds.

Then fell a sudden hush.

A neutral tossed up the ball at the central pole. A rush—a shock—a melee of twisting brown bodies—one gliding out and swinging away down the field carrying the ball in his stick—the whole pack behind in full cry—in front a single goal-keeper—a lightning dodge to the right—a sprint to the left, a violent push, a leap over the sprawling goal-keeper and the ball through our goal. Pandemonium of joy among the Senecas. Waupeka's father mad with delight, seeing already his son, the first goal-maker, mounted upon the stallion of the breed of Flying Eagle.

The ball at centre again.

Tossed up—a rush—a shock—a melee—a separating—the ball somewhere in the midst—tossed out to an Erie—caught—struck away by a Seneca—caught up by an Erie—scooped out of his stick—carried along—the Seneca down—the ball whirled back by an Erie—to and fro—hurtling through the air—lost in the midst of the mass.

I was at centre in the thick of the rush—I saw nothing but the ball, and a brown confusion of forms,—I had it in my stick. A rush down the field. Tripped—staggering—down. The crowd was fighting for the ball above me.

A man stumbled, and as he fell, rammed the butt-end of his stick at my neck under the jaw. I jerked to one side and the stick went into the ground. The man was up and into the crowd in a moment but I had recognized him. It was Iron Bull.

Three times he tried to play me foul that day, and it would have been my pleasure to have taught him a lesson, but that there was greater work on hand—and the lesson would keep.

Up crept the scores, side by side—Waupeka had made two goals and I one—Iron Bull should have gotten one. I think his mind was more set on some other project.

The sun was far up the sky. The sweat began to roll from our bodies. One man had an ear torn off and dangling, smearing him with blood. I myself had a cut on my forehead, and we were all pretty well bruised by being tripped and trampled on.

Yet good humor was prevalent. There was no viciousness or bad temper displayed.

Eleventh goal for the Senecas! With the Eries only eight!

And then came the playing. Men fought like demons—clenching—struggling—tackling—striking—rolling together in the dust—trampled under foot—the crowd howling and roaring somewhere in the distance like surf upon a far shore.

Suddenly a wilder yell beating down and drowning all the rest.

From the Erie side.

What did that mean?

Goal for the Eries!

Nine to eleven for us.

Centre again—another goal for the Eries. Ten to eleven for us—God in heaven, what does this mean? It was through Iron Bull that the Eries got that goal.

Centre again. My ball—lost—mine again. Dribbled it down the field. Within two throws of the goal. Almost within a toss for goal. A big Erie bearing down upon me—Iron Bull was to my right—an easy toss to him. Hurrah! Give us a goal! What! *Dropped.* An Erie with the ball. What was the matter with Iron Bull? My head swirled. What was Iron Bull's game?

Goal for the Eries.

Eleven to eleven.

Silence fell. Only the soft thud of feet, the sharp crack of stick on stick, the heavy breathing of sixty throats as one.

There was no longer time of space. We were swung somewhere in an infinity of limbs and sticks through which a round disc leaped and hurtled.

Almost to the Erie goal. Ah-h-h! *I have it!* Now a run for it. Lost!—Ah! Tokacon! Tokacon! Tokacon!

There was a shout that shook the earth. Things were happening, but I stood quite blank and staring; still seeing the ball fly from Tokacon's stick into an Erie's. *Why did you lose us the game, Tokacon?*

The awards were being given out. The Eries were shouting themselves mad. Significant looks were passing between one and another of the Senecas, though outwardly they were coolly indifferent to circumstances.

I felt vaguely unsure—of what or of whom, I did not know.

The evening passed quietly enough however, with feasting and dancing. The wampum belt of surrender was given from the Senecas to the Eries, and the fathome for the scalps handed over in due form.

Shortly before dawn we turned in. My brain was hot and feverish. I could not get to sleep. By and by I rose and lifted my door-mat to go out into the cool air. As I did so I perceived shadowy figures outside. When I came out of my lodge they vanished. I made a circuit of the camp but could discover naught.

Mystery was abroad and, I doubted not, treachery. For the rest of the night I patrolled the camp and meditated upon the future joy of getting the Eries safely home again. I was unpleasantly aware that it would have been better for the success of my plan if the Senecas had won the game. What would be the outcome of it all I could not foresee.

On the morrow Tokacon called me aside for a private consultation. We went some distance away from the town. After a long and rambling preamble cut short by my impatience, he proceeded to inform me concerning a plot of the Eries to massacre us that night. It was obviously a tale of his own invention and so I told him at last in disgust. Whereupon he proceeded to show me how that his veracity was as great as his love for his Sachem; that this was truth; and why it was truth; with much circumstantial evidence of the clearest falsity adduced to prove the point.

At last I entirely lost patience.

"Have done, Tokacon!" I cried, "Let us get back home. The Eries would have time to execute half a dozen plots while we loiter here."

An odd light gleamed for a moment in his eye and then went out.

When we reached the camp again it was empty.

I looked at Tokacon. His eyes were wide open, as frankly surprised as my own.

"Where are they?" I demanded fiercely.

"How should Tokacon know?" he answered suavely. "Has not he been with Sagehjowa, seen what Sagehjowa has seen, heard what Sagehjowa has heard? Does he know more about this thing than Sagehjowa? Let Sagehjowa tell Tokacon 'Where are the people?'"

At this moment a boy of twelve or so came out of a lodge in a great hurry. I called to him and asked him where everybody was.

"Gone to the wrestling," he called back, speeding away like the wind.

"Come," I said sternly to Tokacon.

The plot was thickening.

We set off on the run, Tokacon ahead.

All at once I saw something suspicious in the grove, a little way from the path. I slipped aside swiftly and reconnoitered.

In a half-covert was one of our nameless people, an obscure fellow of whom I knew no good, and he was painting himself in the manner of an Erie.

There was something on the cards then.

(*To be continued*)

KOLB'S FARM

By GEORGE SCOTT

Author of "Tamarack Farm"

WHEN a boy I worked on a farm and once in a while worked hard. I remember of raking and cocking hay in Tamarack Hollow long after the sun had gone down, driven to it by the forecast of the weather and in anticipation that on the morrow I might have a wet day off and a good time indoors with Mabel, the daughter of my boss. I loved Mabel.

In the autumn season, however, I had pleasant times breaking up food for the cows by rolling pumpkins down the side-hill of the upper pasture. I cheerfully threw the pumpkins over the cornfield fence with a pitchfork and started them on a roll down the pasture field where they increased their speed at every bound, until some exploded and flew into a hundred pieces, causing the cows to shake their heads and their tails and run after the fragments.

Even these few enjoyable hours were often marred by a notice that I was under surveillance, when I would hear an authoritative voice from over the potato field fence: "Say, young man, stop fooling with them air punkins!"

But of all the farms I ever worked on, Kolb's Farm was the hardest. While there employed I received $13 a month and found—found with tools that I didn't hanker after, but I had to use them or take the consequences—so I used them, for I was ordered about that year more than usual.

On Tuesday night, June 21, 1864, Abraham Lincoln sat in the White House waiting for a telegram from General Sherman. The same night the One Hundred and Twenty-third New York was rounding Kenesaw Mountain, its men out of humor, so much so that even the refrain, stating where John Brown's body lay buried, remained unwarbled by any of them. For eighteen hours they had marched thirty miles and advanced less than four—and were still marching.

When a file halted at some obstacle in the darkness, the rear files were sure to butt into the files in front, and the collision of bodies brought on a vocabulary of words that were disrespectful to Lincoln, Sherman and the Constitution of the United States. What was said awakened the whip-poor-wills in the mountains, and from their galleries in the tree-tops they filled the air with their tantalizing notes that poor Will (meaning Sherman) would be whipped on the morrow.

Tired as the men were, they soon began to march better, for the clouds seemed to leave the sky, the stars came out and the dark world seemed brighter as we saw Bill Brady pulling a wash-tub from under the piazza of a house we were passing, apparently determined to give his shirt a good washing if we ever reached camp. As he bravely shouldered the tub, our Captain observed him, too, and vehemently ordered, "Drop that tub, you scalawag, and fall into line!"

Bill shattered the tub against a turpentine tree and fell in, singing "When Johnny comes marching home," and the regiment joined in making the woods ring with the song; the whip-poor-wills, ashamed of themselves, held their tongues and listened, for the men were in the right spirit again.

The regiment continued its half smothered tramp, tramp over a sandy road, the click of hilts of bayonets against canteen stopples making the announcement possible to the scouts of Joe Johnson of our flank movement on Atlanta, when suddenly at 2 A.M. the men went into camp by falling down on each side of the road for a little rest. Scarcely were they stretched out when the orderly-sergeant of Company F came limping down from the right and called off the names of four of them for picket. When Patrick Malone's name was called off as one of the big four, he exclaimed: "Go to blazes with your picket! I was on yesterday; give some of your pets a chance, why don't ye?"

The captain was near by and happened to hear it all.

"Patrick Malone for picket," repeated the orderly.

"Go to blazes with your picket," repeated Malone. "Do you think I'll do double duty for the likes of ye?"

The captain stepped quickly forward and said: "Orderly, detail another man, and put Malone under arrest for a court-martial."

"Oh! Oh!" from suppressed voices was the ironical sympathy expressed for Malone by the men lying along the road.

"Too bad, Pat; yes, it is too bad! If the government should only take ten months' pay from you, it would be too much."

When the regiment was ready to resume its march that morning, the captain, observing Malone in the ranks, ordered him to the rear, as he was under arrest.

"To the blazes with the rear," said Pat, "I'm not acquainted with it, I'll stay where I am!"

At that moment a whistling minie sang a prelude among the trees, and the men instinctively looked up for falling leaves to indicate the direction of the shot, and at the same time an aide came galloping up to our colonel with the order:

"General Williams wants this regiment as skirmishers in front of his division."

"Forward!" shouted the colonel and the regiment started off, forming and deploying as it advanced on the double quick, meeting an insignificant fire from Confederate cavalrymen who remounted their horses and disappeared.

A little farther on we came to a ridge in the open, where a beautiful farm could be seen on the Marietta road.

This was Kolb's Farm.

Soon Bill Brady reached the front door of Kolb's house, where he commenced rapping with the butt of his musket, and ordering dinner for the regiment.

"Come away from that house, you shystering skeezicks, before they plug you. Don't you see that gun in the upper window?" cried the orderly.

In front of Kolb's house there was a well, and around its wooden curb scores of skirmishers thronged with their canteens in hand, crowding and jostling each other for better positions; and, as the water was poured from buckets, most of it went on the ground instead of down the narrow throats of canteens, and a common and usual thing in army life was experienced as the ground became wet, and mud puddles were formed, until army shoes and socks were soaked and uniforms soiled in this battle of the canteens, in which the issue was the survival of the fittest.

In the midst of this battling throng was Patrick Malone, struggling like a hero with his hostile eye on the old oaken bucket when Dave Stewart, well in front, said to him: "Here, Pat, take my chance and if I am killed today you may have my three months' pay, for you will need some money after your court-martial, you know."

"To the blazes with your court-martial," said Pat, "I'll have the whole regiment court-martialed when I get home, see now!"

The colonel rode furiously into the struggling crowd around the well, shouting, "Forward, get out of here, forward!" and instantly there was a transformation of a confused mass into a well-formed skirmish line that moved rapidly forward and met the fire of the approaching Confederates in the woods beyond the house.

At first it was a scattering fire apparently from a thin line like our own, but it soon increased in volume, gathering strength at every volley, until the enemy made it so hot we were obliged to lie down behind the trees where, by firing rapidly, we made a pretence and show of power that enabled us for the present to hold our position, for we expected relief every moment from Williams's advancing division.

But relief for our suffering skirmish line came not, nor was any relief to come—for we learned afterwards that we were expected to fall back when we had enough of it and draw the Confederates into a trap.

Half a mile to our left the rattle of musketry indicated that that end of the skirmish line was bravely advancing, so we on the extreme right were ordered by our captain to charge into the woods.

As soon as we sprang to our feet and began to advance the hat of the captain was whipped off by a piece of shell and Stewart was killed by a shot through the head, and a fusillade of lead followed that tore the bark from the trees and slivered the breech of my gun.

After losing Conway, Howe, and Allen, and a score of wounded, the survivors sought the trees again until the captain ordered us back to the garden fence, which we reached very soon, followed by Patrick Malone dragging in the dead body of Stewart.

Our men tearing down the garden fence at once formed a barricade and commenced firing, making as good a show of resistance as possible, when an orderly from our rear came galloping up to the captain and gave him a piece of paper. The horse of the orderly became a conspicuous target and was killed immediately and he, after being wounded, went zigzagging back quite lively afoot.

I observed the change of countenance of the captain as he read the piece of paper. He cast a glance of pity and compassion on his men as he said: "The orders are for this part of our skirmish line to advance. There is a line of battle concealed in the woods there. Are you ready to charge? Forward, boys!"

The captain sprang over the barricade swinging his sword, with Malone at his side, the rest of us following. Sergeant Rowan fell six feet from the barricade, and Corporal Martain fell with him. McNasser and Kearsing reached the trees where they expired together, and La Point bravely died a few feet further on. Our little line was being thinned so rapidly that I got behind a tree as soon as I could, and surveyed the front. The captain and Malone were a little in advance behind trees, and the wounded were lying around, many of them hit in their faces. Their cheeks were red and they looked ghastly. Then there came a lull, and I figured that the Confederates were preparing to charge.

As my tree was a small one, I piled up the dead bodies of Kearsing and McNasser and got behind them. It was all I could do to roll one body on the other, for I was faint and weak. I had been sick for days, but had made no mention of it, and I could not now complain in the face of the enemy.

The hot breath of war at this time seemed to scorch my very soul. The day was sultry and my illness was augmented by an invisible vapor that seemed to rise from a gully below, and a few feet to my left a scout's horse that had been shot two or three days before lay in the hot sun covered with flies, its body expanded into the dimensions of a balloon.

I felt that I was a weak insignificant mortal, while the men about me, dead and alive, were heroes all, and that in them the brutal school of discipline was superseded by the fervor of their patriotism. The whining yelp of complaint so often heard in camp was now stilled by grand opportunity; even the many wounded with their bloody faces and shattered limbs complained not, and I could hear the voice of Patrick Malone in front: "Come on, you graybacks, and get yer rations!"

The Confederates did come on and came speedily, sweeping us back like helpless insects before a big blast of wind, and when I reached Kolb's house on my retreat I could go no farther, for I felt dilapidated and worn out, and expected I would not last more than two or three minutes longer.

When about ready to expire, I observed but a step or two away a big brick oven in Kolb's garden. I opened the oven door and crawled in until my head was out of sight, and I was able to draw both legs in until they were out of danger of captivity. I felt relieved and convinced that I was still alive.

I lay on my back in the oven, with my legs drawn up until my knees were in the air, and by raising my head a little I could look between my legs out of the oven door. It was a dark place where I was, and I thought no one would find me, but while I was looking out I saw a Confederate approaching; I saw him poke his head in at the oven door, as if I were a gopher and he a terrier. As my legs were drawn up and ready for action, I let fly one of them and hit him in the mouth with my right foot. Not knowing what hit him he disappeared, while I drew back my leg until my knee was up in the air again, ready to give the next fellow a slap in the face whenever he should come along.

I observed that Kolb's well was but a few feet from the oven door, and I saw Patrick Malone overtaken there by an agile Confederate skirmisher who began clubbing him with his empty musket.

Malone, exasperated beyond measure, dropped his own empty gun, and taking the Confederate up in his strong arms, as if he were a baby, carried him to the well curb and flung him head first down into the well, where after the fearful descent his loud and piercing yells were suffocated by the closing waters.

Malone was quickly surrounded and clubbed with empty muskets; but I saw no more, for skirmishing here ended and the battle was now on and raging with terrific violence.

Our twelve-pound brass battery on the ridge could not be restrained any longer, and when all of its guns opened with a mighty roar and its whistling shells went by me, I crawled out of the oven as soon as I could and lay low on the ground; in a few minutes my oven was demolished and its bricks scattered all over Kolb's garden. For fifteen minutes the brave Confederate battle-line tried to reach our battery, but its ranks were continually broken by an active and heavy shell-fire, supplemented by the destructive fire of musketry of Williams's division, until the ravine at the base of the ridge was covered with Confederate dead.

Twice their battle-line passed over me, but took no notice, for I was supposed to be dead. I dared not move or cuff the flies on my face, for if I had shown evidences of life I would have been hustled to their rear. So I made up a face that showed that I was dead. I let fall my lower jaw and rolled up the upper lip like the flap of a hospital tent. I applied a patch of garden dirt to my chin on which I had fallen, and turned up my nose to a pitch high enough to cover it over with wrinkles of agony.

By George, I began to believe I was dead! Evidences of it were all around me. About my head were the brickbats that did the fatal work when thrown from the catapultic oven. It was not a glorious way of dying, but it answered my purpose, and the Confederates seemed to be satisfied.

As the enemy passed over my dead body for the last time, I was very thankful they had no cavalry or artillery along with them. I opened my eyes and saw their thinned and shattered ranks on the retreat. It was a spectacle of heroism that filled my soul with admiration as they passed on amid the flying missiles of destruction, apparently unmindful of themselves while picking up their wounded comrades, and carrying them to places of safety.

If there had been at this time at my elbow a cannon loaded to its muzzle with all of the articles of death, I would not have pulled the lanyard to lessen the number of that heroic remnant of Stevenson's Division of Hood's Corps, that I saw staggering back with their heavy burdens into Kolb's woods.

(If that fellow I kicked in the mouth at Kolb's oven reads this article, I hope he will send me his address.)

After the enemy retired I was able to join the survivors of my company. Patrick Malone was among the missing, but we all knew, whether alive or dead, that our hero would never be court-martialed.

We remained at Kolb's house another day, then crossed the Chattahoochee and continued on and on through many other thrilling experiences until the war closed, but we never saw Malone again.

After the closing of hostilities I abandoned farming entirely, and am now a boss cutter in a shirt factory, and live with Mabel in a flat on the corner of Sherman Avenue and Lincoln Street.

I like the change very much.

INDIAN SUMMER IN IOWA

THE fire of autumn flames upon the hill
A coat of many colors; in the hush
The plaintive song of ring dove and of thrush
Breaks the deep sabbathtide of nature still.
The golden aster by the wayside rill
Swings like the censer of an evening star.
And in the bending orchards near and far
The hum of bees sets all the air athrill.

Where spreads the harvest plain beneath the sun,
The fields of corn like lions lie asleep
With manes of tawny splendor; by their calm,
Forever with majestic billows dun,
The waters of the broad Missouri sweep
Soothing the earth with sound like a great psalm!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

THE CANDIDATE, THE BEES AND THE OYSTERS

By CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

OCTOBER had almost passed in western Maryland, but Indian Summer still lingered; for jaunty Jack Frost had merely splashed the trees with color, though he had deluged the vines and bushes along the snake fences, and nipped open the tiny burrs of the chinquapins so that the nuts peeped forth like shy eyes of mice. The noisy threshing machine had visited the majority of the farms, leaving thousands of dollars' worth of fine wheat ready for market; the corn, but shortly before like a billowing green sea with bronze foam topping it, now formed brown tents with golden ears massed like tribute before the camp of a conquering army, while a faint green carpet spread between denoted that the winter wheat was already feeling its way to the world of light. In the farm houses, the shelves fairly sagged with pickles, preserves and jellies which the women had put up with pardonable pride. Outdoors, the children visited the late apple trees, and eagerly watched for the ripening of chestnuts. All the world seemed to sing with peace and plenty.

The only anxious persons seemed to be the candidates for election to various offices, from that for governor to delegate. Party rivalry was keen, so keen that many candidates were seen riding around the country, making a house to house canvass, patting children on the heads, praising the crops, complimenting the cookery at such homes where they stopped for a meal, and making themselves generally agreeable until they got into a sharp discussion with some old chimney-corner politician, who made them perspire in their efforts to score a point or two.

It is doubtful if any of these chimney-corner politicians could outdo Grandma Gales, either in recalling bygone campaigns or in digging up the political past of all the prominent men in the state; for she was not only up with the times from reading the county papers, but could go back, along the trails of hearsay, to the time when Maryland and Virginia made Kent Island their bone of contention. She had been the one girl in a family of twelve brothers, who, with their father, were always taking active part in the politics of the county and the state; though they never neglected their large tobacco plantations to do so. To the old home, campaign after campaign, came men who sat before the great hearth piled high with the first logs of the fall, and talked over men and affairs with her father, grandfather, and brothers, while she, as became a female of that time, listened in silence, as she pretended to busy herself with some household task. But she hoarded up the anecdotes, scandals, and stories, and, when she left the old roof-tree to make her home with Joseph Gales, she brought with her enough stories to keep him from growing dull in the long evenings. With home practice, she soon gained the reputation of being the best story-teller in the county; though some women said she was "nothing but a gadding old gossip!"

She lived in a snug farmhouse which sat high on the crossroads, commanding a glorious view of the Blue Ridge mountains on the west, and an eagle's-eye view of all the farms which nestled in the valleys, or perched upon the rolling foothills. She knew the roads and lanes as a general knows his campaign map; she knew the color of every horse in the settlement; its gait, its height and its owner, so that, at a glance from her front porch or her side windows, she could tell who came up the road and who went down; and, if a stranger turned down any farm lane, Grandma promptly dropped whatever she had been doing, "redded up" and took her way to the place where the stranger was seen to stop. There she made herself at home, and it was not long before she made the visitor feel that it was Grandma Gales he had come to see, and his real host or hostess to wonder why no one ever tried to entertain without Grandma Gales.

So it happened that, on this glorious October morning, when Grandma Gales saw Mr. Backus, the Democratic candidate for the House of Delegates, riding over the Frederick pike, in his dusty, though new, buggy, slapping the reins over a large roan, not known to Grandma, she put down the tray of white beans which she was shelling, and prepared to follow him wherever he went, provided he did not go out of her sight.

He turned in at Snow's, Gales' next neighbors about a quarter of a mile down the pike, and Grandma made haste to the back porch where she washed her face and hands in the tin basin; combed her reddish-brown hair before the distorting little mirror which hung over the wash bench; wrapped a flowing brown kerchief over her head until her large, round, red face looked out like a winter apple between brown boughs; fixed her brown cotton dress at the throat; smoothed down her clean brown-and-yellow gingham apron, and then stepping to her cooky jar extracted a dozen ginger cakes which she slipped into her generous apron pocket, for Grandma believed in bearing gifts wherever she went.

If General Washington had ever robed himself as Grandma did, he would have looked not unlike her; for she was tall, large-boned, and broad of shoulders. She had never been the "little sister among a lot of big brothers," but rather, like one of them—an independent, tom-boyish girl, ready for an adventure at any day or hour. This morning, as she stepped briskly down the dusty pike, her shoulders back, and her brown eyes twinkling with enthusiasm, she was in heart not one day older than when she was known as "that wild Meg Mildock."

Candidate Backus was indulging in the preliminary pleasantries to opening political discussion with Mr. Snow, when he saw Grandma bearing up the walk which led to the front veranda.

"Great General Jackson!" he exclaimed. "Where did you find that giant Brownie? Has the circus been 'round here lately?"

"That's Mrs. Gales, or Grandma Gales, as she's known all 'round here," said Mr. Snow. "She's a power to reckon with, so make out you know of her, if you value your vote. She don't vote, of course, but she can influence more votes than almost any man in this hyar deestric."

Before the candidate could ask how, Grandma Gales was on the porch shaking hands with the Snow family, big and little, as though she had not seen them in a month; then, after bestowing her brown offerings upon the little Snows, she gave her attention to Mr. Backus, who had been duly presented.

"Backus, you say? Looking for votes? Um! Lawd-e-e! Now ain't that singular? Man by your name, hunting votes, came to my father's house 'long 'bout forty years ago, when the country was laying off to get shut of Andy Johnson. I was a big young woman then, 'round twenty; old enough to know that most of the folks out my way hated Republicans like Ben Tillman hates Roosevelt, an's usual, the nigger in the woodpile was at the bottom of it! This man Backus come out our way looking for all the votes he could corner, working day and night to get ahead of the nigger vote, for he was running for the legislater. Did you happen to have such a man in your family—first cousin, or tenth cousin, or any kin?"

"I believe you refer to my father," replied the present candidate. "He ran for the legislature, but was defeated. His own party went back on him; whether justly, or unjustly, I never knew. He wouldn't talk about it. I'm a Democrat, as he was, and I'd like to explain why his own went down at the last moment, for it's embarrassing not to be able to do so when questioned by some of the knowing folks about the country, who seem to be up on the genealogy gig. If a man doesn't know anything about his ancestors, he need not consult the genealogical department of the *Baltimore Citizen*—he'd find out things quicker if he ran for an office."

Grandma's sides shook convulsively. She drew from her well-like pocket a large, unbleached cotton handkerchief, drew off her glasses, wiped them vigorously, and after she had installed them again on her Washington-like nose, she gave the large, splint rocker a vigorous hitch, as she drew nearer to young Mr. Backus, who was, on the whole, an attractive young man of about twenty-six, bearing smiling wrinkles around his keen gray eyes, and not a few thinking wrinkles across his broad white forehead.

"Now, look here, young man, I'm going to tell you why your father lost his party support, that is, provided you all won't hold it agin me if I laugh too much in telling it, for Lawd-e-e! I could laugh at my best friend's funeral, if I let my mind go back to the night, 'most forty years ago, when your father came to my father's house."

"Go on, Grandma," said Mr. Backus, cheerfully. "I'll laugh with you, if I can. I'd like to get at least a laugh out of my father's defeat."

"A laugh's as good as a vote any day," said Grandma. "That's if you laugh with a voter! Did I ever tell you, Hiram," she said, turning to Mr. Snow, who had resigned himself to being a background for Grandma, "'bout the time when Lem Hicks started out huntin' votes? Lem was citified, you know, come from Baltimer way and settled in Frederick County. He was not much on talkin', and some old stager advised him when he called 'round farms to always pat the dogs and kiss the children, so as to get on the right side of the father and the mother. Well, he did this so often that he did it like in a dream, and one time he stopped at a farm where no less than ten molasses-smeared children sat out on the porch with one lean old hound near them. Lem, he got so excited that, 'stead of goin' through the usual greetin', he stooped down and *patted the children* and *kissed the dog!* Yes, siree! Lawd-e-e! The woman was that mad, she said Lem was drunk, and she made her old man turn him down. Lem, he said afterwards, that he did it a purpose, 'twas a lot easier to kiss one clean hound than ten dirty children! Yes, siree!"

Mr. Backus and Mr. Snow laughed heartily with Grandma, while Mrs. Snow gave furtive glances at the faces of her offspring to see what effect Grandma's gingerbread had had on them. Thus encored, Grandma settled herself for her other story.

"Well, I was going to tell you how your pa come to lose the votes of his party, wasn't I? If I live to be a hundred years and one day, I'll never forget that late September night when your pap druv up to our house and asked to see pap and the boys. You must take after your ma's folks, for you don't look none like him. He was tall and lank and dark and he was dressed out like a Southern gentleman, black clothes and tie, and a nice pearl-color slouch. He wasn't like some of these politicians of today, who pretend to be like farm folks, until they get to the State House, when they don Prince Alberts, silk beavers, and *airs!* But he did try to make out he was like country folks, yes, sir-e-e! He came before supper, and being pressed 'lowed he'd stay until moon-up, for the boys had tole him that a lot of fellers would be in after supper to go on a honey hunt. (By the way, *I* found that honey myself, as I was goin' through the woods with an eye to the chestnut crop. I saw the bees goin' in and out a big hole in a big chestnut, and I said, '*you're mine!*' Of course, not being brought up to climb, like the cats with the cheese, I had to 'list some monkeys into my secret, and so told my brothers about it. They agreed to let me go 'long to see fair play. I had been out on coon hunts many times, and could run the woods in pitch dark or moonlight as good as any male man. Yes, sir-e-e!)

"Well, where was I? Oh, yes. Your father thought that it would be a good chance for him to meet the boys, go on a honey hunt just to show them that he wasn't any city fool, and at the same time impress them that he's the man to vote for. He wasn't rigged up for runnin' through woods, and all the boys helped him out was to lend him some ropes to tie 'round his pants, so if the bees got sassy they wouldn't crawl up his legs. I saw he looked s'prised when I, the only thing in skirts, started out with 'bout twelve trousered creatures, but I was going, his 'proval or not. I didn't trust 'em male critters with that honey. I tell you, *my* 'sperience's been that a gal brought up with a passel of boys learns to protect herself 'gainst men, not to lean on 'em, as some folks make out she does. Yes, sir-e-e! So I went!

"And I was glad I went. It was a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l night! The moon was just rising over the woods; the katydids was a-sassing each other—sure sign of a Fall; the apples smelled jus' like new-made cider as we passed the orchard; and 'long the branch smelled jus' like mint-juleps as we crushed the mint as we tromped 'long. On, Lawd-e-e! It jus' makes me young to think of it! Well, it was more'n a mile from our place to the woods where my bees were workin', an' your father tried more'n once to help me along, but 'twas so 'diculous, jus' like an ordinary man helping an Amazon, so he stopt. Long 'fore we come to the tree, we had heard wild yells and singin', jus' like crazy-drunk niggers had been let loose. The men 'lowed that some black Republicans had gotten a lot of niggers s'plied with enough gin and whiskey to keep 'em drunk until after election time, so they'd not listen to a Democrat, or be able to go to the polls to vote for one. For there were some ole-time niggers left who wouldn't no more vote for a Republican than they'd sleep with a rattle-snake; they were that scared of some of their old masters comin' back to ha'nt them; for several times, when a lot of niggers had been bought over to vote Republican, they were ha'nted every now and then by men dressed in white, who claimed to be their old dead masters come to reproach them! Yes, sir-e-e! So the only way the Republicans could get them, was to make them stone drunk so they couldn't vote Democrat.

"Well, we all believed that as we were unarmed, 'cept for lanterns, and a couple of old tin pans that Lot Andrews, who claimed he could charm bees with 'em, brought along, we'd lope to the tree quietly, get our honey, and lope outer the woods 'fore those crazy niggers could spy us. From their shoutin' and goings-on, we reckoned that they were havin' a razor party, an' we bet dollars to doughnuts that they'd come from that low-down settlement to the east called *Razor-blade.*

"When we come to the tree, your daddy suggists that we let him, for the sake of boyhood memories, or some sich foolishness, climb the tree for that honey. And, he being the guest, we let him—good pants, pearl hat, and all! So up he shinned, scratchin' his hands and face on the big chestnut burrs, which seemed to object to being jostled in their growin' sleep. Suddenly, he let out a yell that the bees were comin' out! Jim Carter, he yelled up to him to stop the hole with his hat, and so into it he rammed that nice pearl-color slouch, which must have cost at least six dollars over to Baltimer. (In them days, we didn't have any forty-eight and ninety-eight cent bargains—it was dollar for dollar.) And then, he almost fell down that tree. He knocked Jim Carter flatter than a pan-cake as he come down—*whack!*

"To add to the rumpus, as they say in novels, the moon came out bright as day, and as we all went slappety-jack through the woods and out into an opening, we found that the bees had been silently followin' us—for though we hoped to lose 'em, we didn't! And just as we were thinking our lot was hard, lo, there came a wild Man o' Borneo yell from the clearin', and then we knew that those drunken, razor-ridden niggers was on us, and we took up our feet in our hands and *went*—every man for himself, and the woman bringing up the rear. (Woman's bound to get the last place in a panic, jus' as she gets the last word in a quarrel! Yes, sir-e-e!) My brother Polk, he was in front of me, and being so near the end of the flying line must have had some sympathy for me, for he kept on yellin', without looking back, as he heard the niggers come on faster and faster, and the bees a-singing their battle hymn:

"'Run Meg! Come on, Meg! Come on! Take hold my coat-tail!'

"But I wasn't catchin' on to the last man's coat-tail, for I heard a nigger close behind me, and besides that, got a maddening sting from a pesky bee. So I concluded not to follow leaders any more, and made a side cut into the woods, where I knew I could cross the branch by a log, whereas the men'd have to jump the branch, or wade lower down on the road they were a-traveling like cavalry on a charge. So *I sneaked*, but not too soon to hear a wild yell from Polk, who, after more calls for me to *come on*, and feeling a hand on his coat-tail, turned to look on—*not me*—but a *big buck nigger!* Yes, sir-e-e! Oh, Lawd-e-e! I like to die laughing every time I think on it! Polk like to die of fright, for the big nigger was swinging an open razor in his hand, and I am afraid Polk would have got it, only for at that crit'cal moment that black nigger realized that he'd run into an army of bees, and he yelled, turned tail, and fled, the rest of the blacks following. But the white boys didn't know this, and kept a-runnin' for dear life, and never stopped nor stayed till they splashed across the branch and rested at the other side. Then they looked back, and seeing then the chase was off, they sat down to get their breath.

"And when I sneaked up on the same side of the stream, 'bout ten minutes later, havin' crossed the log and gathered some small stones in the bed of the stream, I found them still sittin', evidently discussing as to who'd go back and look for *me*. I like to died laughing, as I listened to their arguments! Finally your father rose, and stood up pale and swollen-faced in the moonlight, put his hand over his breast, bowed, as if to a lot of people, and said:

"'Gentlemen—the age of chivalry is not dead, though *it looks pretty damned much like it!* I've left my brand new hat back on the field of battle, and now I'll risk my head—for a lady!' (I liked to die of laughing, for it was as good as a play.) But before he could make the plunge into the stream, I threw three or four stones into the crowd, from my ambush in the laurel, and they, thinking the niggers had come on them again from the sideway, gave one yell that would outdo an Amen corner, and put out for home like a hound bitten by a snake. Oh, Lawd-e-e! I forgot all fear and laid there in the thicket, and laughed and laughed until I almost cracked my seventh rib. Yes, sir-e-e!

"When I got to the house, I peeped in the window and saw them all sittin' 'round the table drinking some of Pa's hard cider to ease their nerves. I heard that sneaky Polk tell pap that I stopped behind for *something!* And then I went to the front door and banged on it as hard as I could with a knob of hickory which I picked up in the yard. I just wanted to scare them another time, and I did; for this time they upset the cider pitcher, and almost upset the lamp! That made me calm down; so I walked in on them, and told pap the whole story. He liked to die a-laughin' at them, and they sat there like dogs what's just eaten young chicks yet keep a-hoping folks will blame the hawks. Then your pap reckoned that he'd be going, and asked pap if he had a hat to lend him. With that, pap went up attic and came down with an old coon-skin hat which he wore 'long the time the Tippecanoe Club of Baltimer, Whigs they were, hurrahed things up for the first Ben Harrison. He gave this hat to your father, who was so anxious to get out of my sight, that he didn't notice that across the old coon-skin still hung the cotton band with printing in red letters, '*Tippecanoe and Tyler Too!*' but he just slammed it on his black hair and went for his horse mighty swift, considering the fact that he was considerably done up with bee stings.

"We learned, next night, that when he went into the town and put up at the inn, a lot of Democrats who were to be there to receive him, saw him with that hat, which was really a grandfather to a Republican hat, the Whigs changing into the Republican party later on, you know, and seeing *that hat* and his bunged-up face they come to the conclusion he'd been drinking hard, and had turned Republican just like black folks; and so they cut him out, shut up the hall and wouldn't let him speak at any price on anything, not even a hoss-block! They wouldn't listen to his tellin' them that he lost his hat huntin' bees, and that the grandfather Republican hat was *borrowed.* No, sir-e-e! So he rode away, and so far as I ever heard, he ain't never run for anything since he run *from* those niggers on the bee-line!"

Grandma wiped her merry eyes with her sheet-like handkerchief, as she concluded, joining in the general laugh, heartiest of all that of the young candidate, who said:

"Grandma, that's a first-rate story. With your permission, I'll use it in my campaign, and ask amends for the misjudgment of my father, by having them elect me, who surely am a living proof that we are dyed-in-the-wool Democrats. I'll teach them that the hat doesn't always proclaim the politician."

"Make 'em laugh, and you'll get their votes," said Grandma as she arose to go. "And say, young man, when you go down to Annapolis to the legislature, I hope it won't be for the sake of having oysters to eat all through the season, as I heard one member from the mountains say that was one of the chief blessings of going down to the Capital! Though, I must say, *I* don't much blame him—I dearly *love* oysters, myself."

"And you shall have them during all the oyster seasons that I sit in the State House, Grandma," said the candidate. "For if I am elected, it will be mainly because telling your story will bring the votes my way."

The candidate kept his promise, and Grandma is the envy of her neighbors during oyster season, though she never fails to tender an oyster supper in order that she may propound this conundrum:

"When did the bees bring oysters, and how long did it take them to do it?"

ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

(NIGHT)

O THE gloom of the night with the wind and the rain
Howling in, beating in from the desolate main,
And anon with a cry o'er the tempest prevailing—
Some wreck of the deep the wild ruin bewailing!
From the Shoals to Nantucket the lights were half hid,
The rush and the roar of the breakers amid;
Ships turned from their moorings; the boats were adrift;
Not a merciful star looking down through a rift;
But blackness and fear with the wind and the rain
Howling in, beating in from the desolate main.

(MORNING)

Now the sun tips with fire every wave's tossing crest;
The gulls are blown seaward, the wind's in the West;
And the wide-rolling deep and the kelp-laden shore
See fog and cloud fleeing to gray Labrador.
The ships, all a-thrill with the joy of the breeze,
Sail portward as light as the foam on the seas;
Not a film in the sky—not a mote in the air—
The blue seems the bright wall of heaven laid bare—
And the gloom of the night and its weird terror scorning,
We are glad in the azure and splendor of morning.

THREE PRETTY MARINERS

By CELIA MYROVER ROBINSON

MARGARET walked slowly up the long flight of stairs, not wearily, but as one deeply preoccupied. On the second landing she met Miriam coming down—Miriam, lovely, fresh and smiling in the prettiest of her afternoon gowns, Miriam, gay and debonair, evidently on pleasure all intent.

Margaret held her off at arm's length and looked at her severely.

"Well?" Miriam said, with some asperity in her tone, for in Margaret's glance there was condemnation mingled with sorrow.

"Quo vadis?" queried Margaret, trying to speak gayly, but still with sorrow in her glance. "Not to the studio?"

"And why not?" asked Miriam, with defiance in her tone.

"Oh, Mirry—twice in one week? I thought you said—"

"My dear," said Miriam, with dignity, "you think too much for your own good!" And she swept down the stairs, turning at the foot to wave an amiable and forgiving good-bye.

Margaret trailed on, a somewhat disconsolate figure; there was a frown furrowing her brow and a stern set to her lips.

When she entered the sitting-room where Jean, looking very ugly and very comfortable in a loose morning-gown, was working assiduously at her desk, she threw herself down with a moan of despair and looked at the inky face of her "Fidus Achates" appealingly.

"What now?" asked the inky Jean, somewhat absently, with one eye on the last clause of the sentence she was writing.

"Jean," said Margaret, with tragedy in her tone, "it has come!"

"What?" asked Jean, imperturbably, "the granite-ware? I'm sure it's time. I shall never trade—"

"Granite!" Margaret's tone was scathing. "I am not talking now about kitchen utensils, you of the mundane soul—"

Jean interrupted her, reading:

> "And through the lanes they went together,
> And always it was summer time."

"What rot!" said Margaret coarsely.

"Maybe so," said the calm Jean, "but my poetic soul tells me that it will just about pay for the butcher bill—it is long since due."

Margaret rose and going over to the desk took the inky face between her hands and looked down into the clear eyes.

"Jean," she said, "you have lovely eyes, beautiful eyes."

"So I have been told," said Jean, tranquilly, with a slow, wicked smile.

"You have beautiful eyes and a beautiful soul and the nicest disposition in the world."

"Goodness!" Jean pushed her away a little and looked with keen glance into the still frowning face of her friend.

"And the ugliest mouth, and the horridest nose, and the stringiest hair also in the world, Margaret."

"Well, you have a nice, strong chin and nose, and your hair is very—very—"

"Straight," laughed Jean. "The only thing that is curly about me is my imagination."

"Well, that has nothing to do with paying the butcher's bill—and that is what I specially want to discuss. Jean, how much money have we in the treasury?"

"What has come over your erstwhile money-scorning soul? I did not know that you realized that butcher's bills even existed—much less that they must be paid!"

"Jean! How can you! But I do not wonder. Miriam and I have left all the worries to you for so long, believing so firmly in your ability to make both ends meet with a little ingenious stretching—"

"Margaret—" Jean had risen and stood over the prettier and younger girl, looking now gravely into the troubled face, "what is the matter with you? What has happened? When you went to the library this morning you had none of these haunting fears about butcher bills, and I am sure you were not worrying about the amount of cash in the family pocket-book. The family finances are in an even more satisfactory condition than usual, if you insist on having a statement from the treasurer. At the present time there is in the treasury the sum of one dollar and thirty-six cents. But *The Clarion* will probably send a check for forty by the fifteenth, and if they don't, why there is ten from *The Laurel Wreath* for the—"

"Yes, and are we to batten on your earnings for all time to come?"

Jean's merry laugh rang out. "'Batten'! That is good, Margaret! Well, I don't think you will batten very extensively on the present income of this establishment."

"Well, I am sure *you* will not, if you continue to support Miriam and me."

"Margaret, how ridiculous! You know it is only temporary. When I was in a hole last month, who helped me out?"

"Yes, but that was only a very temporary embarrassment—and to the tune of five dollars. You know Miriam and I are hardly earning our salt. If it wasn't for you and your poems and stories, I don't know what we should do. My salary is so small that it hardly keeps us in clothes, and Miriam is so extravagant. When we came to New York I thought things would be so different and now—"

Suddenly Margaret's head went down on her arms and she burst into tears.

"I do not think you need worry, Margaret," Jean said. She had her arm about the girl and was smoothing the beautiful hair. "Miriam is happy and well, and so are we all. And from the way things look now there will soon be only you and me to batten on the poems and stories—and I am sure there will be enough for us. And by the time your book is out you are sure to roll in wealth, and my little two by four pot-boilers will—"

"What do you mean?" Margaret sat up and pushed the hair from her tear-wet eyes. "Miriam? What do you mean, Jean?"

Jean laughed. "Now Margaret! Do you pretend to say that you do not know what all Mirry's new extravagances mean? That you have not noticed her moods and tenses enough to know whither the wind bloweth? Have you not noticed that most of the time during the past month the sitting-room has been occupied by two pre-occupied artists, who spent more time looking into each other's eyes than in attending strictly to painting pictures? And that when he isn't here she is taking luncheon or tea at the studio, or wandering through art galleries with him. If you haven't, I have. And if I am any judge in such matters, and being a poet, I should be, our ménage will soon be reduced to two."

"Yes, I have noticed it. I met her on the stairs going down, bound then for the studio. And I am heart-broken. When we came to New York, what did we all promise and vow? That we would stick together if we starved, and that no mere man should enter and break up our trio. Yet here we have been only a little more than six months and Mirry is practically or impractically engaged —while—"

"Well?" There was some quiet amusement in Jean's quiet voice.

"Well, I may as well say it. I believe you have encouraged her, Jean."

"Encouraged her? Certainly I have. Why not? Because we were a trio of fools when we came here is no reason why one of us shouldn't show herself a person of some common sense and choose the best that life has for her. It seemed to us in Fayette that Miriam had talent. Indeed, when we came to New York it seemed to our benighted egoisms that we all had perhaps even a little more than talent, genius maybe. And that New York was just waiting for us open-mouthed to acclaim and admire. Well, I think maybe she was waiting open-mouthed—but it was to gobble us up. Why, Mirry's little talent hasn't made a ripple on the surface. Oh, you needn't get mad. I love her too, but I am not blind. There are thousands of women in this city struggling to earn a living and failing, with lots more talent than Mirry has. As for me, all of my old ideas of setting the harbor on fire have gone up in smoke—a fireless smoke. Now, if I can get editors to pay me ten or fifteen dollars for a poem, I am thankful, while fifty makes me lose my head for a week. You are the only one who has really done anything worth while, and you have made but the most pitiful salary. But the work you have done on your book is fine. It is valuable work and has been more than worth while, even if you do not make a fortune. But I believe you will 'make good' with that, Margaret. You could not have succeeded with that if we had not had access to the libraries. So I am glad for your sake that we came. And I am glad for Mirry's, for if we hadn't she never would have met Max Switherton. And I am glad I came, for if I hadn't I might have gone on to the end of time considering myself a wonder, when I am merely a poor little grubworm. And then I am glad for something else. If I had not come to New York I might never have made a discovery, a great and wonderful discovery that has changed the world for me and made me realize that New York isn't so very different from Fayette, or Rixton Corners, or any other big or little place where people live and move and have their being—except that it is wickeder and busier and less full of opportunity."

"Less full of opportunity?" Margaret stared. "Jean! New York less full of opportunity than Fayette?"

Jean laughed. "I said it, Margaret. New York is less full of opportunity than Fayette, with its eight thousand inhabitants all told."

"Jean, what possesses you today?"

"Just a nice, new spirit of sanity, that is all. Why, child, there is more room in Fayette than in all this great, big city. More room to grow and to love and to learn, more room to run in and fly in. I wouldn't give an old garden in Fayette that I know for the whole city. And I am going back some day and tell them so—all those old-timers who love us so, and bade us good-bye with such sad hearts when we set out to conquer the world."

"Going back to acknowledge yourself beaten?"

"No. I am going back to own myself a conqueror. To acknowledge that I have found myself and come into my kingdom."

"What do you mean? Your kingdom? Jean, when you talk like that I want to shake you."

"I mean, not to put too fine a point upon it, that I am going back to Fayette to marry John Stevens and mend his clothes and keep his house."

"Jean!" The cry rang out in a wail. "Oh, Jeanie? Don't! You to marry John Stevens! Poor, plodding John."

"He isn't poor—not so very—and I love plodders. I just *love* them. I haven't seen anybody to touch him since I've been here. And if he is poor I can help him boil the pot a little. And I love him."

"You are all deserting me—Oh! Oh!" and Margaret burst into bitter tears.

"Margaret!" Jean went over to her and pressed her face down on the curly head. "Margaret, silly child," she said. "Don't you know that I know what is really hurting you? We are all in the same boat. Mirry and I are going to sail away on the sea of matrimony, back to the haven of home, with a good man each at the tiller. Don't you want to embark, Margaret?"

Margaret raised a shining face to Jean. "I have a notion to marry my publisher—just to pay you and Mirry back," she said.

"Why don't you?"

"Maybe I will," and slowly she opened her hand and disclosed a ring—a pretty solitaire diamond.

"Margaret!" It was Jean's turn to look surprised.

"We are going to be married just as soon as I can get a trousseau."

"You little hypocrite!"

"I am not. I was only making the last struggle—taking a last gasp, as it were. I had promised him only conditionally. But when I met Mirry on the stair I felt fate closing in on me. And then your sermon and your news finished me."

"We will have a triple wedding."

"What will the people in Fayette say?"

"They will say: 'What did I tell you? I knew those idiotic girls would never succeed in New York.'"

"But we have," said Margaret.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN

LAY up nearer, brother, nearer, for my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer when thy arms around me fold
I am dying, brother, dying, soon you'll miss me in your berth,
And my form will soon be lying 'neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken, I have something I would say,
Ere this vail my vision darken, and I go from hence away;
I am going, surely going, but my hopes in God are strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing that He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him, that in death I pray'd for him,
Pray'd that I might one day meet him, in a world that's free from sin.
Tell my mother, God assist her, now that she is growing old,
Tell, her son would glad have kiss'd her, when his lips grew pale and cold.

Hearken to me—catch each whisper, 'tis my wife I speak of now,
Tell, oh, tell her, how I miss'd her, when the fever burnt my brow:
Hearken to me, closely listen, don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten when the tears her memory stirr'd.

Tell her then to kiss my children, like the kiss I last impress'd,
Hold them fast as last I held them, fold'd closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker, putting all their trust in God,
And He will never forsake her—He has said so in His word.

O my children, Heaven bless them, they were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them, ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I cross'd the ocean—what my hopes were I'll not tell,
But they have gain'd an orphan's portion, yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender by the thoughts their memory stirr'd;
Tell them I never reach'd the haven where I sought the precious dust,
But I've gain'd a port call'd heaven, where the gold doth never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance, for they will find their brother there,
Faith in Jesus and repentance will secure for them a share;
Hark! I hear my Saviour calling—'tis I know His voice so well,
When I'm gone, oh, don't be weeping, brother, hear my last farewell!

MY LORD HAMLET

Historical, Literary and Psychical Considerations Touching the Principal Character in Shakespeare's Tragedy

(CONTINUED)

Dedicated, with sincere good wishes and admiration, to Robert Bruce Mantell, Tragedian—*The Authors*

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

XVII.

The relations of *Hamlet* with *Ophelia*, more than those of any other two people in history or fiction, have interested the many generations following Shakespeare. Goethe takes first place among the disciples, with *Faust* and *Gretchen*. Millions have thought upon Abelard and Héloise, and the poet Pope has made of Héloise a variant of *Ophelia*. Shakespeare himself touched the life-drama of *Juliet* and *Cleopatra*. But nowhere else has either Destiny or Human Invention ensnared Man and Woman between cross-purposes so ingenious as those to which the devoted Prince of Denmark and the obedient daughter of *Polonius* move. To grasp the main threads of the situation as *Hamlet* concludes his great soliloquy and *Ophelia* approaches with the remembrances, is to inform ourselves, at least, concerning a main cause of the curiosity and varying opinion of the world.

1. A Prince, the "expectancy and rose of the fair state," has been betrayed by his own mother, whose share in the crimes of a Brother Enemy has enabled the usurper to cheat a minor out of the crown that would have fallen to him by election. But for this crime nothing would have intervened to defeat the love and reign of *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, sovereigns and lovers. Fallen under the burdens of shame, injury, degradation; filled with psychological misgivings, he still preserved, and it seems will preserve, an undying affection for *Ophelia*. At that unhappy yet not wholly destructive posture in his affairs, there appears to him a *Ghost*, which he has reason to believe is his father's. He does not really credit the Devil with power sufficient to adjust the situation at Elsinore to the purposes of deception. He absolutely knows—as his deep outcry has shown—that he is devoted to Revenge. Here we must separate him from Humanity, for here he becomes a Myth—yet our most human Myth. He loves *Ophelia* and *Horatio*, and however eccentric his actions should be toward them, he cannot, *as* a human being, willingly accept a reflex deportment from them. In this manner of mind he finishes the soliloquy, having argued with himself as to why enterprises of great pith and moment lose the *name* of action. Subconsciously Shakespeare has differentiated "name" and "action"—as though the turmoil of his mind were as much "action"-to-the-point as the pulling of a rapier and assassination of the usurper. That is, he considers the illusory character of *all* things. The line of thought has been deep enough to render him, as a human being, oblivious to his earthly surroundings. He is now to be aroused, and with an event certainly the most disastrous of his earthly affairs. Even *Ophelia* is to reject him.

2. On the other side, there is a maiden—the most sweet and beautiful in Denmark—the chosen one of *Hamlet*—the feminine co-ordination of all his psychological niceties and masculine sensibilities. The supreme law of society commands her to implicitly obey her father, and the sentiments of her brother assure her that there may be justice or wisdom in the parent's decree. She is not a superhuman character, nor does she know aught of the situation in the drama. Not *Ghost*, treason, murder, nor incest has reached her simple understanding. It is a storm sufficient for the destruction of this lily of the valley if she be confronted with the seeming fact that, in obeying her father and repelling the advances of the *Prince*, she has driven him mad. Her father has told her *Hamlet* is mad, and she, *far more* than the audience, has beheld him when he

put an antic disposition on. We must adjust our thoughts to the true attitude of the sexes, when we see her now approaching *Hamlet*, thinking only of her own woes, and not at all of his misfortune and resulting infirmity. That approachment is human, and because Woman is the weaker vessel, it is feminine and proper.

Withal, the playwright has seized a most germinal cross-purpose.

Hamlet knows he has lost the *name* of action. Away back at the pyramids, Man was battling with the "name" and the "thing." The *shem*, the holy name, that which the Greeks afterward called *logos*, the *word*, might often take the place of that which simpler men might call reality.

Ophelia with her prayer-book impinges on his consciousness—at first dimly—for his area of thought is profound—at first dimly, as in the days when he courted her, and knew not the sorrow of his father's death, the robbery of his crown, or the disgrace of his mother's marriage; nor had he then fallen under the direct guidance of the gods. His greeting is one of subconscious pleasure: "The fair *Ophelia!* Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered." The audience has not seen them together previously, and the long drama is half-way through. *Hamlet* has not spoken of her, except by the sacrificial symbol of Jephthah's daughter, nor of the passion for her that moves him, but he has had all of a lover's melancholy. Her coming is a momentary balm, but now her address is both cold and disingenuous: "Good, my lord, how does your honor for this many a day!" The earthly lover is cautious, as he has reason to be. Whatever has been his action as a superhuman being gaining information by the antic disposition, has he not been previously repelled? His lady has now relented—yet he *may* catch sight of the ominous love-tokens she carries. Yes, caution is necessary to this unhappy lover: "I humbly thank you; well, well, well." Now comes the most cruel stroke a lover can receive: "My lord, I have remembrances of yours, that I have longed long to re-deliver. I pray you now receive them." "No, not I, I never gave you aught," cries *Hamlet*, deprived of memory by her final blow—in the aphasia of his love; in the horror of his situation. Her next speech clearly reveals her lack of good faith. "Ha, ha! are you honest?" the alert mind thereat cries. How can one so beautiful be so deceitful, remorseless, unthoughtful, of her lover and her slave? With his own eyes and ears he sees and hears her dissemble. He finds her, through the fortuity of the gods, so false, or so selfish and resentful, that his ideal of womanhood, of Patient Grisel, shocked in his mother, is now destroyed in this young girl. He falls into very human, lover-like anger, which to her appears as certain madness. Yes, he did love her once; but now, were he free—even were he no longer devoted to the purposes of Heaven—could ever *Hamlet* idealize *Ophelia* again? Well, she is but human—man in the female—so *Hamlet* enters on a line of self-accusation. In fact, we are arrant knaves all. Still, let us ask her where her father is. Yes, she *lies*, and looks as sweet, and is as innocent in seeming, as the white flower of the field. Pah! Wise men know well enough what monsters women make of them! Stop the race—get to a nunnery—the Church must be right!

Hamlet might now go mad in fact, as *Polonius* believes he *has* done—were he not outside the pale of human affairs—were he not the Hero of a tragedy which in the end must return to classic lines. He, a Prince of the ordinary destiny, would have loved *Ophelia* believing her a being chaste as ice, as pure as snow. He would have found that God gave her one face, and she had painted another; he would have found her to jig, to amble, to lisp, to nick-name God's creatures, and make her wantonness her ignorance. Yes, (in his anger) she has driven him mad. He runs out, as *Hieronimo* runs out.

Here we have *Iphigenia*, the votive offering, decked for the sacrifice, by making a case against her. It is true that she is obediently doing as she is told, against her own dearest wish, but *Hamlet* does not know this, and the more lovely the sacrifice the greater the propitiation with the angered gods. There is added the highly-interesting reflex on *Hamlet*. As a lover, he would not have detected woman's infirmities, or debated her fashions; it required his fate to give him knowledge—his post-human eyesight.

Here, because of the cross-purposes which create this drama, it is necessary to give especial heed to the political loss, the danger, grief and isolation of *Hamlet;* to his love for *Ophelia*, shown at a moment when his heart cries for sympathy; to his necessary misapprehension of her conduct at this crucial moment. It is not possible that either character should understand the other, and the consequences must be tragical. However fatal the burden to *Ophelia*, the world shudders at the cruelty of the blow to *Hamlet.*

As the Shakespearian structure of the drama rises before our minds, we are to drop the extreme youth of *Hamlet*, for all this has psychologically added to his years. *Ophelia* offers to us the precise personal description at this juncture:

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers . . . . .
That noble and most sovereign reason . . . .
That unmatched form and features of blown youth . . .
O woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

Here seems to be the proper place to debate the theory of *Hamlet's* age. We know that, in the First Quarto, Yorick was twelve years buried; in the Second Quarto, twenty-three years buried. The sexton says as much as that *Hamlet* is thirty years old. *Hamlet* was about seven years old when Yorick died. The impression one receives is that Shakespeare, in lengthening the duration of Yorick's sepulture, also lengthened the age of *Hamlet.*

Let us give a good reason why *Hamlet* is young in the First Act and mature in the Fifth Act. That reason is that the usurper could easier pop between *Hamlet's* hope and *Hamlet's* election, if the *Prince* were a minor. *Hamlet* needed to be young enough to be legally cheated in the First Act. In later parts of the drama, that need no longer existed, and the *Prince* must give expression to the wisdom of Socrates.

Metamorphosis, growing out of totemism, is as ancient as the *Ghost* in human legend. Such is the magic of Shakespeare's text, that time is measured with a wand rather than a calendar—rather by *Prospero* than by Cæsar or Gregory.

We have seen *Polonius*, before *Reynaldo*, making himself out worse than he could be. We have seen *Hamlet*, before *Ophelia*, making himself out worse than he could be. In "Macbeth" we may see *Malcom* pouring the same line of false accusations on himself. Now, as that passage of *Malcom* is copied by Shakespeare from Boethius, it seems to have taken such a hold on the poet as to color his other work. Was "Macbeth" written before "Hamlet"?—no, we cannot believe that—but Boethius (that is Holinshed's copy of Boethius) must have been read before these false self-accusations began to strike Shakespeare as natural acts in a human being.

The *King*, issuing from behind the arras, having witnessed the parley between *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, gives the audience a reminder of the forthcoming Tragedy—let them be patient and wait. "I do doubt," says the *King*, "the hatch and the disclose will be some danger."

In order to divert this danger—for the audience knows the *King* is the murderer—for he himself has confirmed to the audience what the *Ghost* charged—*Hamlet* shall be sent to England. What does *Polonius* think of that? Now *Polonius* becomes the Counsellor in the "Hystorie," and plans the meeting of *Hamlet* and his mother, precisely as it was outlined in Saxo's story.

In this region Saxo's "Hystorie" has been dramatized in the simplest manner—the arras-scene has been doubled up. Shakespeare may also be using much that was done by the author of the lost "Hamlet." The madness of the ancient Hamblet—that is, the success of his stratagem—is impressed heavily on the text. It does not precisely fit the Shakespearian situation, which is complicated with material of "The Spanish Tragedy."

XVIII.

Hamlet has been off-stage rewriting the mimic play called "The Murder of Gonzago." *Hieronimo's* mimic play was called "Soliman and Perseda." Shakespeare composed for himself a play-within-the-play—or, at least, in "Hamlet," it is of a piece with the text.

This play in "Hamlet" has undergone changes, of which the rudiments are present. The text names *Player King* and *Player Queen*, the *Player King* being *Gonzago*. In the First Quarto, however, the names given are *Albertus* and *Baptista*, and *Albertus* is *Duke* instead of *Player King*, and *Baptista* is *Duchess* instead of *Player Queen*. So, when *Hamlet* explains, later, that "*Gonzago* is the *Duke's* name, his wife *Baptista*,"—Shakespeare has failed to change *Duke* to *King*.

Beside adding speeches to the text of "Gonzago" that the *Players* brought to the castle, *Hamlet* has rehearsed the piece off-stage. "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I—as I—pronounced it to you." He has, we know, already spoken some of the rugged Pyrrhus in hearing of the audience, as an example of the proper delivery. *Hamlet* does not like the periwig-pated fellows; the current witticism that nobody save actors and portraits wore periwigs seems to have stung him. As for the groundlings—that is, those in the court-yard before and almost beneath the stage—they can understand nothing but dumb-shows that cannot be explained. He does not want the actors to follow the conventional delivery of *Herod*, *Termagant*, *Vice*, *Hate-Virtue* and other stock-characters in the Moralities and Miracle-plays of the street. The next adjuration to the *Players* is counted by humanity to be the fittest thing said of the stage, and in the most eloquent terms. We have seen good actors put a world of significance into the correction, "O reform it altogether!" *Hamlet*, next, is precise in the inhibition that the clown should not be allowed to do what *Polonius* did, a few hours before—that is, spoil some necessary question of the play by "hogging" for a laugh.

The instructions to the *Players* are justly famous, beside seeming personal to Shakespeare, and doubly dear to the reader; but they form another diversion, and are alien to the Tragedy. Now that the incident is ended, *Hamlet* for a moment resumes his part as Hero, and evinces his impatience of delay. Yet another postponement is at hand. While the *Players* make ready—they *are* ready, and in costume—*Hamlet* delivers his eulogy of friendship, as marked in *Horatio's* life.

For we must also place *Horatio* in an objective position, where dramatic lights play strongly on him. He, too, has been isolated. An envious and conspiring court, foreseeing the ruin of *Hamlet*, has apprehended the danger befalling any friend of *Hamlet*, and *Horatio* among all the lords has been true to the friend "with whom he was nourished." In response to a deportment so honorable, *Hamlet* has evinced a gratitude as noble and has entered into his only human compact.

The doomed Hero, therefore, speaks to one whom it is hard to leave—the only ideal that is not to be ruined in the Tragedy. *Horatio* has not crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee; he has taken fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks. Thinking prophetically of the recorder that he is *presently* to seize from the musician, *Hamlet* felicitates *Horatio* that he is not a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stop she please. He wears *Horatio* in his heart of hearts—and it is truly a beautiful thing that he will continue to do so while Doubt and the classic gods trifle with him in all other regards. *Horatio* here is beloved as *Hieronimo* loved *his Horatio*—in fact, as Shakespeare loved Hamnet. It delights the world, as well it should delight it. It brings us down, far out of the ancestral tree of life—it is a most stately, un-monkeylike, uncapricious quality. Perhaps it is the corner-stone of our inner fealty to the Melancholy Dane.

The "unscholastic" writer, like Shakespeare—despised by the collegiate, like Nash—chose to vary, to alternate, the present with the past. "Hamlet" is a drama laid in pagan days; its story was told by a Christian, Saxo. Shakespeare, at pleasure, places the movement at times in either pagan or Christian era; in either Danish or English scenes. "Get thee to a nunnery," he says to *Ophelia*. He places a stock troupe of traveling players in mythical Denmark. For this method he would be heartily despised at "the University." And, no doubt, as there is always war between the self-taught and the collegiates, Shakespeare resented the contempt in which he was held.

We believe Shakespeare's dislike of the colleges may be actually seen when he turns on *Polonius* and reminds him that he has boasted of playing in dramatic representations at the University. *Polonius* answers him civilly, yet stupidly. "I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me." "It was a brute part," says the punning and mad *Hamlet*, "to kill so capital a calf there." It was an age of veiled speech. Here we may (we believe) detect (1) dislike of the University and college graduates; (2) punning assumed to be a mark of madness; (3) the noble *Brutus* taken as a symbol of the early *Brutus*—that is, the symbol of Feigned Insanity.

In "Hamlet," generally, the iteration of "Wittenberg," and the references to "the University" may have multiple meanings. In whatever meaning assumed, the author was the severe critic. We have spoken of "Wittenberg" in connection with Marlowe's "Faustus," and Martin Luther.

Shakespeare, both in "Hamlet" and in "Julius Cæsar," persisted in the dramatic fiction that Cæsar was killed in the Capitol. In history Cæsar was killed in the senate-house called the Curia Pompeii, on the Campus Martius. One should not hope to gain historical knowledge by reading plays.

Whatever the nature of *Hamlet's* observations—whether they be clearly sane, or equivocal, or meaningless speech—the text shows that the *Queen*, *Polonius*, *Ophelia*, and nearly all who hear him, believe *Hamlet* is mad. The *King*, however, is *not* deceived, and *Horatio* has been told of *Hamlet's* purpose in advance. Within a few moments the little play, which will plainly reveal the *King's* guilt, will also reveal *Hamlet's* craft to the *King*, and that monarch will hasten what he would have surely undertaken, even though more leisurely—that is, means looking to *Hamlet's* death by foul play.

The great cross-purpose does not prevent another meeting of *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*. She believes him daft; he merely reckons her among his world of enemies.

XIX.

"They are coming to the play. Get you a place. I must be idle." This is *Hamlet's* unequivocal direction to *Horatio*, and an important notice to the audience. "Idle" meant *simple*, *daft*. The *Queen* anon will chide *Hamlet* for answering with an *idle* tongue.

Now, for the fourth time, the recorders sound their weird tune and the automaton *King* and *Queen* file to their chairs of state. Perhaps "Macbeth" is the best of dramas because, with equally-glorious text, the author has ridded himself of much of the time-devouring process of the classic tragedies.

To the *King's* gracious question, *Hamlet* gives a daft man's answer, and then baits *Polonius* as a collegiate. Next, he makes the groundlings laugh with bawdy remarks to the boy-player, *Ophelia*—remember there is not a woman on the stage. Understand that there was even a law compelling women who might go to see the play to mask themselves. Next *Hamlet* jibes at his mother, the "hobby-horse" being a well-understood reference to morris-dances.

Now for the dumb-show: *Hieronimo* has no dumb-show at the crisis in the "Spanish Tragedy," for it certainly warns the guilty ones regarding the true object of the forthcoming performance. The *Player King* and *Player Queen* enter, and converse lovingly. The *Player King* sleeps and is left alone. "Anon comes in a fellow" who pours poison in the sleeper's ear. The company of mimic actors enters, the *Player King's* dead body is taken in hand, the poisoner wooes the *Player Queen*, and she, after being something loath, in the end accepts his love. (No word spoken.)

Here the situation is the very same one to which words are *given* in "Richard III."

This dumb-show was entirely cut out in the productions of Mr. Edwin Booth and others. The text, "Anon comes in a fellow," proclaims a writer other than Shakespeare, and a period in English literature considerably earlier than 1600. It seems to be the dumb-show of the lost "Hamlet."

With the dumb-show *in*, however, there is good reason, later, for the shortening of the mimic play. After the poisoning of the *Player King*, in the mimic play, it is easy, through the previous dumb-show, to opine what would have followed.

The tragedy of "Hamlet" hypnotizes itself, and becomes as equivocal as its Hero. Thus the dumb-show is needed, and it is *not* needed.

Again, the partial use of the *Hieronimo* scheme necessitates a considerable change in its details. In *Hieronimo*, the mimic play ends the drama—which is good form. In "Hamlet," all of the tragedy is to come after the mimic play—which, structurally, is less perfect.

Hamlet bids for another laugh at the expense of the boy-player, *Ophelia*. The *Prologue* comes in with his stagey part, quickly stands aside, and the *spoken* text of the mimic play now proceeds. The *Player Queen* is sworn and sworn again to be loyal to the memory of her first husband. "None wed the second, but who killed the first."

The *Player King* again sleeps, as he did in the dumb-show. The doubts of *Claudius* and *Gertrude*, the guilty creatures sitting at the play, are now fully aroused. *Hamlet* renews his bawdy remarks to the boy-player, *Ophelia*, and *Lucianus*, the poisoner, begins the conventional dumb-show of villain-in-the-play. "Pox! leave thy damnable faces, and begin," directs stage-manager *Hamlet*. "Come: The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge."

In the dumb-show beginning the mimic play, we saw the skeleton of the most striking situation to be found in Shakespeare's "Richard III." Now, again, we hear *Hamlet* misquoting "The True Tragedie of Richard III," 1594, as if it were the cue of *Lucianus*. The lines in the "True Tragedie" run as follow:

The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge,
Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge.

Here the "Hamlet revenge" joke or slang of the day is probably hinted.

Regarding the damnable faces of *Lucianus*, *they* also had a history. The *Furies* and dramatic monsters of ancient days were masked. The masks, like those of the North American Indians and all other aborigines, were grotesquely terrible, and were expected to evoke expressions of horror from other actors. It is possible that, as time went on, when the stage-villain laid down his mask, it was because he could assume a countenance of his own fully as menacing as had been the image of the mask. Today our stage-villain still whips his boot-tops, lights his cigar, and puts on his gloves, and "the profession" still calls these conventional actions "the villain's dumb-show."

Lucianus, quitting his terrible faces, speaks a jargon similar to that of Reginald Scot's witches, and pours the poison in the ear of the sleeping *Player King*. Thereupon the situation is brought to a great and admirable climax by the abrupt flight of the murderers and their *entourage*. They do not stay to see the murderer woo the woman he has widowed, as the dumb-show has foretold.

The excitement of *Hamlet* at this point, with its attendant text, exhibits one of the best examples of English play-writing.

Perhaps Shakespeare was justified in halving *Hieronimo's* drama and sacrificing a whole structure for the sake of the successful scene he secures here.

As played by leading English actors, *Hamlet*, in his business accompanying this particular action, rises in excitement, and tears a paper in fragments. If this be traditional business, it comes down from *Hieronimo* scattering the fragments of his client's documents.

All are gone from the stage save *Hamlet* and *Horatio*. Shakespeare desires to gossip some more with the play-goers of Elizabeth's time concerning the inner workings of the London theatres. Evidently half a share in the ownership of a theatre was just then a novelty. *Hamlet* praises himself on the success of his dramatic experiment. Verily, he is a playwright-actor. Put a forest of feathers on him, and two of London botanist Gerard's roses from Provence on his slashed shoes, could he not get a fellowship in a cry of players? "Half a share," guarantees *Horatio*. Years afterward, in 1635, a document of the time showed how the "actors" and "housekeepers" of His Highness' Company divided their earnings and property: "The house of the Globe was formerly divided into sixteen parts, whereof Mr. Cuthbert Burbidge and his sisters had eight, Mrs. Condell four, and Mr. Heminge four. Mr. Tailor and Mr. Lowen were long since admitted to purchase four parts between them from the rest, viz., one part from Mr. Heminge, two parts from Mrs. Condell, and half a part apiece from Mr. Burbidge and his sister."

Twelve years before this, Heminge and Condell had published the Shakespeare First Folio, 1623. It seems that Condell did not long survive his great work.

What part Shakespeare sold when he with the Burbage family, Heminge and Condell owned it all may be left to the reader to guess; also, why the Burbages did not join Heminge and Condell in printing the First Folio—for they owned a half-interest.

"Hamlet," more than any other drama of Shakespeare, teems with stage-gossip. With time, the antiquarians may exhume much more that bears directly on the life of Shakespeare.

XX.

The three colloquies of *Hamlet* with *Ophelia* during the progress of the mimic play, are on his part so coarse and uncalled-for that they are cut from all our acting editions. With women in the *rôle* of *Ophelia*, they are without any sort of wit, and the kind of humor they possessed in Shakespeare's day, which is lost now, was nothing to boast of. Nor does the text sound as if it were Shakespeare's own writing. More likely Burbage put it all in. Dramatically, the laugh these speeches raised was badly out of place, distracting attention from *Claudius* and the mimic play.

Having "Macbeth" and "Othello" before us, we think we know enough of Shakespeare to say of him that he was the best of playwrights, and would not go out of his way to ruin a situation. In "Hamlet," from the time the *Players* come to the castle until the guilty *King Claudius* flees from their accusing presence, the fact that boys play the women's parts has obtruded itself on the great tragedy in a manner that only an actor, and never an author, would excuse. It must be the "gagged" text that has been printed in all the quartos and the folio.

Shakespeare, in the Second Act, has told us plainly: "There was, for a while, no money bid for argument [no offers of money on scenarios submitted] unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question [on the matter in hand]."

We note here that the Elizabethans used the word "poet" where managers now-a-days *demand* the word "playwright."

XXI.

Again *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* intrude upon *Hamlet.* It is the necessary iteration coming from delay in the course of the tragedy where the playwright has refused to hire more actors and make a larger cast. We may be weary of the repeated situation, yet some of the best things of the English literature are here to be said, after *Hamlet* shall have toyed awhile with the *motif* of feigned insanity. The spies tell him he is next to the throne—heir presumptive. "While the grass grows"—the steed starves—hints *Hamlet.*

He has seized the recorder. He is the tragic *Hamlet* now. "Look you, 'tis easy as lying (in which they have proved themselves expert). How unworthy a thing you make of me! You would pluck out the heart of my mystery. Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me."

This is one of the most beautifully technical plays on words to be found in Shakespeare, the master wordsmith. We have still upon our guitars the things we call frets. It seems the holes of the pipe were also called frets in those days.

The little passage with the compliant *Polonius* regarding the shape of a cloud has delighted mankind since it was written. In real life, men are hypnotized by self-interest or epidemic credulity. They can see in any affair a camel, a weasel, or a whale—in fact, very like a whale—as it may please the caprice of him who fixes the focus of their eyes.

XXII.

We have been twice taught, on the platform of Elsinore, in the moonlight, that the hours may fly by, with psychological rapidity.

Now, in the closet of the guilty *Queen*, we are to learn that the years are reckoned on the same ghostly calendar—the years shall fly by—and *Hamlet* shall be as old as Shakespeare was. He shall be old or young, Christian or pagan, Dane or "common player" in London, *Orestes* or Montaigne. He shall be Whatever and Whenever the magical intellect of Shakespeare (playing within and with the mass of material around him) shall dictate. Whatever may happen, out of it is to come the ideal Human Sacrificial One—so mutely or consciously accepted by many million minds.

The bell strikes twelve, heard only by *Hamlet.* The *Players* in the mimic play, the spies and smutty clowns in the drama, are swept aside in the last stroke from the bell-tower, and *Hamlet* stands before us the unchallenged Hero of the black Tragedy that must follow. We have excused all his delay —we envied him to the gods—his equivocation, his satire, his melancholy, his heaven-born poetry. "'Tis now the very witching time of night, when churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on." Truly, there is carnage ahead—the death of *Polonius*, the murder of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, and the quadruple corses and dead march of the last curtain. "Let not the soul of Nero [or *Orestes*] enter this firm bosom." He will speak daggers to his mother, but use none.

This short scene—this soliloquy—is welcome to the auditor. It recalls the moonlight on the platform. The *Furies* ride by —their flight has been more than splendidly set to music by Wagner for his good Valkyries in a later age. We catch a sense of the technical witchcraft of Reginald Scot, so valuable to Middleton and Shakespeare. We see our Hero ready for the bloody business. He has cast off this world with the twelfth stroke of the holy bell.

Now we shall see a speedy wreaking of the pagan vengeance—save that perhaps *the Christian religion* may interpose, to disconcert the simpler process of the gods.

"Nero" must have run subconsciously in Shakespeare's mind, here in the region of the mimic play. In the "Spanish Tragedy":

Balthazar. What, would you have us play a tragedy?
Hieronimo. Why Nero thought it no disparagement.

Now that *Hamlet's* mimic play is over, he will go to his mother:

Ham. Let not ever the soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.

Possibly Shakespeare had *Orestes* rather than *Nero* on his mind, and *Clytemnestra* rather than *Agrippina.* Yet *Nero* persisted, because of *Hieronimo.*

XXIII.

In another room of the castle the *King* is commissioning *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* to carry *Hamlet* to England. Those loyal servitors are paying extended tributes to the throne which republics and even constitutional monarchies now allow us to cut out; for the drama of "Hamlet," like the rugged Pyrrhus, is too long for modern ears. In fact, when the news comes that *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* have been sacrificed to the needs of the Tragedy, it angers the audience never so much as it has incensed the gods.

Polonius enters to the *King* and prepares for the dramatization of Saxo's "Hystorie." The *King*, in a tedious soliloquy, satisfies the conventional Elizabethan need of the Tragedy in a full confession, making himself a "tyrant" (usurper) unfit to live. While this speech might be profitably cut, some of Shakespeare's finest work lies at its close. Yes, the wicked prize itself buys out the law!

Where shall we find Shakespeare exceeding in beauty this picture of the bird ensnared in the sticky bird-lime of the hunter?

Try what repentance can, what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged!

Here we make two syllables of the word "limèd," as Shakespeare did, and may receive the occult shock and ecstasy of Poetry.

So the *King* kneels and prays, while the avenging Hero, sword in hand, comes on behind. Now the Christian religion rises sheer in the way of the avenging gods. It would be mere "hire and salary" to kill this supplicant at his oratory. Did we not hear the *Ghost* himself lament that he, on his part, was sent below into his tomb unhouseled, disappointed, unanelled—most horrible!—even in the blossoms of his sin? "He took my father grossly," says the Avenger, "with all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May." No, *Orestes*, fix a more horrid hent upon that tragic blade. Let the victim's heels the rather kick at heaven as his black soul goes on the way to hell. This physic but prolongs his sickly days.

The *King* therefore is not slain. The Avenger is gone to his mother. The prayer of the murderer, to the satisfaction of all the true believers on the Bankside, has done no good. The *King* admits it. The Christian religion will not more than momentarily interfere with the practice of the canons of pagan justice.

The postponement is not only like *Hamlet*, but it is dramatic as well, and increases our surprise at the death of *Polonius* and our keen interest in the interview between mother and son, as outlined in Saxo, and now made real in action.

XXIV.

It may be well, here, in view of the ancient custom of symbolism and innuendo, to call the reader's attention to actual British historical associations that might also be looked for by the audience. We must suppose that, when Shakespeare gave his attention to rewriting the old "Hamlet" drama, Queen Elizabeth was dead. The monarch who had succeeded to the throne had once been in a position strikingly similar to that of *Hamlet.* That monarch was *James I.* His mother, Mary Queen of Scots, had joined with an usurper to murder her consort. Whether or not Shakespeare intended to hint at the crimes of Mary Stuart, whether or not he would dare to do so, the reader must judge for himself, upon being reminded that almost every drama of the period teemed with partly-hidden meanings.

That *Hamlet* should tarry in a Revenge drama, where he is *Orestes*, to labor with his guilty mother, showing her the terrible nature of her crimes, comes directly from old Saxo, the religious teacher, who wished to show the superior character of the Christian doctrine. In the ancient "Hystorie," both

Kyd and Shakespeare could read of the long interview between mother and son, after the "accidental" killing of the counsellor, wherein the Queen entered on a contrite admission of her sins.

It would accord with the religious environment of Shakespeare, it would satisfy his hearers, it would meet his own sense of the fitness of things, to color the progress of a "pagan" story, or world-myth, with the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins through timely repentance.

XXV.

This frantic *Prince*, in the corridor, crying "Mother! mother! mother!" is the real *Orestes*, or the real Hamblet of Saxo, leaving the burning banqueters, seeking havoc. We feel that even his mother's life is in danger —she is *Clytemnestra*. But she is dull, and does not detect his rage. No time now to chide him, the Sacrificial One: "Thou hast thy father much offended." "You have my father much offended." "You answer with an idle [crazy] tongue." "You question with a wicked tongue." At last she is alarmed, as well she should be. She calls for help. *Polonius* cries out his own doom. The Avenger's sword is thrust through the curtain with all the fury of Hercules, Perseus, Theseus, Achilles. "Is it the King?"—for here, save that the Fates interfere, we should have a completion of the Revenge. But, believing he has avenged his father's foul and most unnatural murder, the son, with bloody sword accuses his mother of killing the *King Hamlet* and marrying with his brother. "As kill a King?" she asks in affected innocence. "Ay, lady, 't was my word." He lifts the curtain, and finds the dead body of the "wretched, rash, intruding fool." This action sets the clay—makes the drama a full Tragedy—assures the sacrificial death of the Hero. The Passion ended in Gethsemane; the march is now toward Calvary. The fury of *Orestes* leaves *Hamlet*, as the blood of the aged Priam ebbs away, and the *Queen* anon sees her son shedding bitter tears over "the good old man."

Now to the mother, in the Christian form of the devout Saxo (but Saxo, while breathing Christianity into his recital, retained the pagan phrases of the mythical time—"the majesty of the gods"—"if it please the gods," etc.): "Sit thee down," commands the *Prince*. She is to know from her own son, whose life she has wrecked, that she has made marriage-vows as false as dicers' oaths; she has made of sweet religion a rhapsody of words; she has made the universe thought-sick at the act.

Here were two brothers. Here, a picture of the murdered one—Hyperion, Jove, Mars, Mercury—every god, did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man— as *Hamlet* told *Horatio*. Here was the other —as ugly as Bothwell, who had murdered the handsome Darnley and married Queen Mary. How could *Hamlet's* mother do it, at her age? It is not moonlight now—it is dark as Erebus—yet we are again psychologically to hear the years ride by, and we are to miss them no more than we missed the hours on the platform at Elsinore. When one is as old as *Queen Gertrude* is here, the hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, and waits upon the judgment. What devil did it? Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight, ears without hands or eyes—(here the master, Shakespeare, even uses the language itself psychologically). O shame, where is thy blush? Rebellious hell, if thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, to flaming youth let virtue be as wax, and melt in her own fire . . . since frost itself as actively doth burn.

The galled jade winces; she pleads piteously to be spared the sharp pain of this indictment—and now we have the marvelous dramatic intrusion of the *Ghost*. The Christian episode of repentance has eclipsed the pagan idea of Revenge. There stands the spectral majesty of murdered Denmark. *Hamlet*, the "tardy son," sees the apparition and knows he is to be chided. Yes, the *Ghost* has come to whet an almost blunted purpose. Yet, with the besetting equivocation of all "Hamlet," even this pagan *Ghost* is to turn Christian, to again put on the "countenance more in sorrow than in anger," and after upholding the Revenge *motif* as to *Claudius*, is to counsel *Hamlet* to speak to the frightened *Queen*, and to "step between her and her fighting soul."

The dramatic situation is more cunning than in the similar passages of "Macbeth," for the *Queen Gertrude* may most forcefully cry out: "Alas! he's mad!" *Lady Macbeth* could not see the *Ghost* of *Banquo; Gertrude* cannot see the *Ghost of Hamlet's Father.* (It was visible to all on the platform; now only

Hamlet can see it. Saul could not see Samuel.) The reader should examine the texts of both *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* here, where the woman questions the *ghost-perceiving* man, and should note how it is the same author, in the same mood, and almost in the same language, who is writing. Something of "Macbeth's" overpowering Conscience can be seen, as Doubt speaks to the *Spirit:*

Ham. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true colors; tears perchance for blood.

That is, our *Ghost* is for the nonce a Christian *Ghost*, probably because he may here throw some needed aspect of the Human Sacrificial One on *My Lord Hamlet.*

The *Ghost* departs. *Hamlet* assures the guilty mother that he is sane. It is her trespass, not his madness speaks. He pushes her to repentance, as did devout Saxo. "Confess yourself to heaven; repent what's past; avoid what is to come." He speaks, as if to the gods:

Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of Vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Custom, that commanding devil of habits, will give her a frock easy to put on. "Good night: and when you are desirous to be blessed [from Heaven] I'll blessing beg of you [but not till then].

Ay, indeed, the Tragedy looks dark enough now. The bleeding corse of the sacrifice is at hand. "For this same lord, I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so to punish me with this and this with me, that I must be their scourge and minister [minister of the gods] . . . . I must be cruel to be kind [to be an avenging kindred]: thus bad begins and worse remains behind."

Hamlet has taken the mother into his confidence. We shall not find that it has any bearing on the play—as to *her*—for she continues *Queen*, sits on the throne, and *Hamlet* in public continues his satirical deportment toward her. He now tells her that he goes to England, although he has not known he was to go, and his murder of *Polonius* would not be the small episode he makes of it. The drama is all to pieces here. Either it never was adjusted by Shakespeare, or if it were, he used an actor's, not an author's hand, sacrificing sense and logic here for situation elsewhere. *Hamlet* is needed here, and not in England, to answer to earthly tribunals in Denmark for the death of the counsellor, and to the gods by assuring the death of the *King*. There is no need, now that *Polonius* and *Ophelia* are marked as sacrifices through Hero-fault, to kill *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, and that killing is a bald rudiment of Chapter 4 of the Saxo "Hystorie," where "Hamblet," when his companions slept, read the letters, and instead of them, counterfeited others, willing the King of England to put the two Messengers to death." *Hamlet*, the Hero, has enough on his head to justify the anger of the gods, notwithstanding all they have put on him.

The *Queen* has been witness to the sacrifice of *Polonius.* She shall be conspirator in the death of the two schoolfellows. "It is the sport to have the enginer hoist with his own petar . . . O, 't is most sweet."

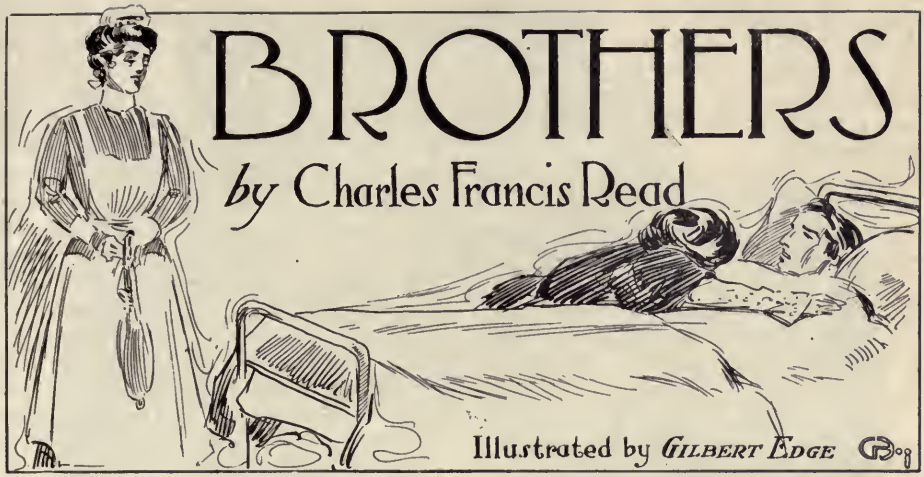
The mother has promised to breathe no word of all she knows from *Hamlet*, and she keeps her word. This form coincides with her attitude in the First Quarto, and shows how carefully Shakespeare sought to differentiate her from *Clytemnestra*, the Greek Queen. Yet *Gertrude* was the real cause of the *Hamlet* Tragedy.

There has been, all through the latter portion of the interview, an occult repetition of the valediction, "Good-night." Herein the reader may detect one of the striking differences between an "acting text" and a "literary text." *Hamlet* has already said "Good night" *four* times. Now, taking the corse of the counsellor in hand, he draws grimly on his load, looking at the *Queen*. "Good night, mother," he says, the fifth time, to that unhappy but also tragically devoted woman. It is a truly great third curtain, as it is written.

Out in the audience on the Bankside, not an Elizabethan but knows the *Queen* must die—and "grins horrible" as he witnesses this unnerving effect on her of *Hamlet's* bloody exit.

The *Queen* does not reveal to the *King* *Hamlet's* purpose to cause the murder of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*. What she herself thinks about *Hamlet* is left in clever uncertainty. Anon she will request this "mad *Hamlet*" to make an apology to *Laertes*. Actorland is a queer country.

(*To be continued*)



BROTHERS

by Charles Francis Read

Illustrated by GILBERT EDGE

"WAS it cancer—did they take it away?" Hainley asked feebly, as he opened his eyes and looked up at his nurse. His head was strangely light, and he felt sick. He closed his eyes again for a moment, and with a mighty effort of the will, crept back out of the ether-reeking void that threatened to engulf him. "Was it cancer—did they take it away?" he repeated with painstaking distinctness. The nurse smiled down at him and shook her head in gentle reproof as if he were a willful child. "Was it cancer—did they take it away?" he insisted monotonously, with half-closed eyes.

Then all at once he felt his wife's arms about him on the pillow, and her wet cheek pressed against his own in silence—and then he knew. "I'm sorry, Bessie," he whispered, "but they promised me a year yet, anyway," and he sank back into sleep again.

Two months later, as he sat at his desk in his silent study, he smiled down in bitterness at the half-completed manuscript of what he had fondly hoped was to his master-work. In three weeks he had done almost nothing upon it, and the time was so pitifully short. He had stripped himself so carefully for this grim race; had thrown down his gauntlet so proudly at the feet of death—and only to prove himself a poor weakling!

The old self he had been wont to count upon so surely had died within him, as he went under the anæsthetic; and another man had left the hospital a few weeks later, a man tossed rudely into the midst of life, to exist for a year without momentum from the past, or hope of the future, unreasonably hoarding the fruitless hours that tortured him, begrudging sleep and dreading the morning.

If there were indeed some rare, exalted moments when he found comfort, and even a certain fierce joy, in the thought that this might be, after all, a direct gift from God—this fearsome privilege of looking hourly into the hard visage of death for weary months, until it softens, at last, into the face of a dear friend—the vision was only attained with an effort, and quickly faded. Now and again he caught veiled, pitying references among his friends to the Christian fortitude that faces death unafraid—and then, when alone once more, he sometimes laughed aloud, until his very laughter frightened him into silence again. "Christian fortitude facing death unafraid"—*indeed!* How good it was, then, that they could not stand behind him late at night, and listen to him laugh, while his finger-nails cut into the varnish of his desk. What did *they* know, what could they know of the shadow of death they prated of so calmly—or the things that dwell in its darkness?

Spectres arose beside his desk, as he whipped himself to his work. The fear that gibbered at him unceasingly from behind his desk—he could still fight it; and fight stoutly, thank God! He had beaten it back a thousand times, and still felt strong to do as much again, but could he keep on winning to the bitter end, and if not, what then? Must he die with it fastened upon him between his shoulder-blades—a branded *coward!* He sank back in his chair with bowed head and limply hanging arms.

And that queer sensation of a presence in the room, that had swept over him with increasing frequency of late? What if there were to come a time when he would fail to recognize it, for the thing it was—the sick fancy of an over-wrought imagination? Did this spell insanity? He straightened resolutely in his chair, and bent to his work again.

In the strength of his body, and the keenness of his intellect, Hainley had always been so gloriously alive, that now to constitute himself the tomb of a living death deeply wounded his pride and sensibilities; and in the first shock of this knowledge he had withdrawn from all active association with his fellows, giving up at once his university duties, and severing all connection with the Civic League, of which he had been an influential member from the time of its inception.

It was not, however, entirely for the sake of what he had hoped was to be his great work upon *Certain Problems of Sociology*, that he immured himself in his library; nor was it on account of failing health, for as yet the actual encroachment upon his carefully hoarded strength was comparatively slight. It was in great part for the sake of those he loved best that he steadfastly secluded himself in his study, hoping that in this way he might in time somehow wean them away from the intimacy of the old relationship, and thus perhaps soften the blow for them in the end. And already in his tired brain he fancied he was succeeding in this; for his children no longer came to him with the hundred and one plans of their busy young lives, and even the sharp edge of his wife's grief was apparently becoming blunted by the constant friction of the added responsibilities thrown upon her.

He had told himself that he longed for this result, and yet tonight it weighed upon him. It had been obtained so readily—and yet at what a cost! The pen dragged slowly over the paper, and finally halted altogether. Suddenly he grasped the ends of the desk with widely outflung hands. Renunciation, self-immolation—were there no other words for him than these? No other way but this?

He sank back in his chair and softly pulled out a bottom drawer. Yes, it lay there still, safely buried in its snug nest of papers—that *other* way. For a moment he rested his hot fingers on the cool steel, and then pushing back the drawer hastily, sprang up to pace the threadbare path that measured the length of the room just behind the desk. Six paces and turn, six paces and turn again. Doggedly he counted them off, resolutely bending every energy of mind and body to the attainment of a perfectly even stride, for he had found that this child's play sometimes helped a trifle when nothing else ailed.

He had taken a half-dozen turns when there was a low rap at the door. For a moment he hesitated, and then, mingled with the deep boom of the university clock, as it slowly struck the hour, came a more insistent knocking. He stepped into the hall and threw the door abruptly open. A short, thick-set man with a broad, clean-shaven face beneath a motor cap, stood at the threshold. Out in the darkness by the curb, four cylinders purred softly, and two pencils of bright light streaked off into the night.

"Is this Professor Hainley?" the man asked, with some hesitation.

"Yes!"

"Could I speak with you a bit, then—that is, if you've got the time to spare?"

"My time is limited," Hainley returned, gnawing his lips as the ominous phrase escaped them. "But step in, please," he added reluctantly, indicating at the same time the open study door.

"Just a minute then, while I shut off my engine."

Hainley waited for him at the door, and then, as the stranger entered and seated himself, he followed slowly, eying him curiously. The man's face was strangely familiar, but he could not place it. It had evidently been at one time the face of a good eater, and possibly a good drinker, as well; and it might have been ruddy once, though it was a yellowish-white now, and the heavy cheeks showed a tendency to sag, as much from a lack of tone as of volume. About the corners of the blue eyes, and the angles of the close-shut mouth were numberless fine wrinkles,

"*Your Sixth Today*"

that spoke of possible good nature; but the eyes themselves were very grave, as the caller in his turn studied Hainley intently.

Suddenly he relaxed his gaze and fell to fumbling in his vest pocket. "Have a smoke?" he blurted out, as he tentatively extended a cigar-case to Hainley.

"Thought I smelled smoke when I come in," he sighed comfortably, as the offer was accepted. "I can't seem to talk right unless I got a cigar in my mouth. Used to have one there pretty much all the time, till the doctors cut me down to five a day—I wouldn't stand for any less. This's my *fifth* today, and I've been savin' it up three good hours for this special occasion."

The scowl that wrinkled his smooth, bald forehead, as he referred to his medical advice, cleared as he lighted his cigar. Hainley recognized in the brand offered him a pet luxury he could rarely afford himself, and settling back in his chair with some relief, lit his own in silence. A man that could appreciate tobacco such as that, could not very well be insane, and might have some good reason for a midnight call upon a stranger.

"I read all about you havin' cancer, some time ago," the man went on, with a frank emphasis upon the malady that drove Hainley's teeth half-way through his cigar. "You weren't exactly a particular friend of mine, though, and I didn't care, then, what happened to you." He smiled grimly. "But I had to go to the doctors, myself, a few days ago, and I'm feelin' different about it now." He hesitated a moment. "So you see I'm here," he added. "I figured it out that, perhaps, you'd turned into a sort of nighthawk like myself." He paused again, as if waiting for a word from the other man, who smoked on in silence. "Guess you don't recognize me?" he went on with a perceptible shade of disappointment in his voice.

Hainley pulled himself up in his chair with an embarrassed frown. He had always had an exasperating weakness for remembering faces. He had seen this man before—but where?

Suddenly the caller reddened. "My name is Scanlon," he jerked out defiantly.

"What—*Mike* Scanlon!" Hainley ejaculated, leaning far forward, with his hands upon his knees.

"The same, at your service," was the grimly smiling assent. "Funny *you* don't know me."

Hainley's only reply was a silent stare. He had been fighting the man for years, in the interests of good city government, and yet knew him only by the pictures and cartoons he had seen from time to time in the papers. Scanlon had never been one to fight in the open; it was by his works that men knew him. And now this boss politician, the head of a ring of contractors that had despoiled the city for years, and for millions, was seated here before him—a midnight guest. The ex-president of the Civic League tilted back comfortably in his chair, with both hands about a knee. Possibly there might be something in this to help a man forget.

"I am glad to know you personally, Mr. Scanlon," he said gravely.

"I'm not so sure of that,"the contractor replied, with a shrewd narrowing of the eyes and compression of the lips. "But you're probably wonderin' why I'm here," he went on more easily as he settled back and pulled hard at his cigar. "The fact is, I've been havin' trouble for some time swallowin' my food. But I was busy and didn't think much about it, except at meal times, till the other day my wife got at me, and made me see the doctor. He looked me over pretty careful, and then he took me down to see Laird."

He stopped abruptly, took the cigar out of his mouth and flicked the ash off deliberately, though his fingers trembled, Hainley noted, as he held the ash-tray for him. "Laird says it's cancer of the gullet," he continued steadily, "where they can't get at it to take it away. When I get so's I can't swallow milk real easy, he's goin' to run a little rubber tube into my stomach from somewheres in front, and then, if I'm lucky I'll last a while longer. They think I'll last about a year altogether."

It was a simple, purely explanatory statement, but the other man knew what lay behind it. He could see all too clearly, the chasm that had suddenly split asunder the smiling plains of another's life. He knew only too well the still horrors of the depths of that pit; knew, too, how at times it could seem to lie so far away, as barely to interrupt the sunny stretches with its narrow line of blackness—only to yawn the following moment at his very feet.

"God pity you!" sprang to his lips, but there convention held it unuttered. "I am very sorry to hear this, Mr. Scanlon," he said very quietly.

"*What! Mike Scanlon?*"

For a moment Scanlon looked at him in silence. He had expected something a little different, perhaps. Then he suddenly shifted his gaze to the ceiling, with an embarrassed cough, for the other man's eyes were glistening. "Do you happen to believe in hell, Professor?" he asked slowly.

"Why—that depends somewhat," and Hainley smiled whimsically, "as to whether you consider it a place—or a condition." The reply lacked assurance, and Scanlon frowned as he leaned forward.

"Well, I do!" he exclaimed, "and what's more, I ain't ashamed to say I'm afraid of it, too. I'm a Catholic, you see."

Hainley swung about in his chair and began tapping the desk nervously with his fingers. "Yes," he assented, a trifle impatiently, "but your priest? Can't he help you out on that point?" After all, the man was only worrying about his chances for heaven.

"Maybe he can, and maybe he can't," was the equivocal reply. "Anyway, that's between him and God, and I didn't come around here to bother you with it. The question just come to me, that's all. What's worryin' me a lot more just at present, is what to do with the time I've got left here on earth—and—and," he pulled vigorously at his forgotten cigar, "someway I've got to thinkin' a lot about you in this connection. You've been up against this thing so much longer than I have, and someway it seems more in your line than mine, anyway.

"Don't think for a minute, though," he added, as if in afterthought, "that I'm goin' to confess my sins to you. What's done's done, and there ain't no use in talkin' about it now. I don't figure to beat the devil out of all that's comin' to him, anyway. I guess I can take care of myself in the hereafter, the same as I've done here."

He hesitated a moment and lowered his voice. "But it's come to me these last few days—and I've spent 'em in hell, too—that I might perhaps leave a little better name to my family when I go, than you fellows have give me so far." He stopped abruptly and swallowed hard. "Seems as if I hadn't known what it meant before, to have a wife and family."

"Yes," Hainley commented softly, with a sudden lump in his own throat and a mist before his eyes.

"Now, I've got an idea," Scanlon proceeded slowly, his forehead wrinkled in a deep frown, "and I'd like to know what you think about it, that is—" and he glanced hurriedly at his watch, "if it ain't gettin' too late for you. I hate to go to bed myself, these days, though it ain't so much the goin' to bed I dread, as—"

"No, it's the waking up in the morning," Hainley interjected simply, and the other's face darkened in quick sympathy.

"Well, there's one extenuatin' circumstance, anyway," the contractor growled, as he fumbled in his pocket for a match. "We ain't goin' to be hung, at any rate." Then, when he had carefully relighted his cigar, he went on briskly, "It's every man to his own work, I say, in a matter like this. You're workin' hard these days, I take it, with the reform fellows. You've got the stuff in you that don't give up, I can see that all right. Some men 'ud be down on their knees most of the time—or be trying' to forget their troubles in booze. And there's some again, that 'ud figger that the quickest way out of it all was the best. But these here solutions of the difficulty don't fit in with my present ideas, any more than they do with your'n. Accordin' to my mind, what you and me have got to do, Professor, is to fight this thing out right along in every day life—ain't that so? Where we're most at home—ain't that right?" Scanlon drew his chair closer in his eagerness.

Hainley was facing him now, sitting stiffly erect and drumming hard upon the desk. Several times while the other man was speaking, he had cleared his throat, as if about to interrupt him. "You're right, Scanlon," he broke in now, unconsciously dropping into the other's vernacular, "dead right! And as far as you're concerned, there's just one thing to do, and you can't get after it too fast." He leaned far over, searching the contractor's face, as if he saw it now for the first time.

Scanlon returned the gaze for a moment, and then settled back in his chair with a gleam in his eye. "Let's have it then," he muttered, "I've been doin' most of the talkin' so far."

Hainley did not hesitate. "You can give us an honest city hall, Scanlon," he jerked out eagerly, "built on the square from top to bottom—a public building such as this city has never had yet. You can do it if you want to. Everybody knows you are at the head of the gang that's begun to build it, and they're only wondering how much you'll do us for this time. Surprise them! You're a Catholic, you say—be a good one then, and take God in with you on the job! Build it for the men that are going to run things here before long—and not for a pack of wolves and rats!"

The last words came out with the sting of a whip-lash, and Scanlon straightened in his chair with flushed face. Something in the other man's expression, however, disarmed him, and he smiled ruefully. "And so you think that kind of a buildin' 'ud make me a pretty fair tombstone?" he queried artlessly.

"Better than a ton of marble in Calvary."

"Well," he went on with a sigh, for habit holds a man of fifty hard fast, and Hainley caught a glimpse of what the struggle had been. "I guess for once, Professor, you and me have both got hold of the same idea. Just last night, before I went to sleep, I said to myself that if the Lord's willin', there'll be at least one honest job done in this town before Mike Scanlon's under ground. At least, it'll get a good start—for I 'spose I'll never see it finished. But O'Hagan, my partner, 'll see that it's put through the way I want it.

"It'll cost John a pretty penny, though, this fancy of mine," he added ruminatively, "but I've made him what he is, and he's not the boy to go back on me when I'm gone. The experience'll do him good anyway—it's time John begun to think of something else besides money." His voice trailed away into silence. Hainley was looking down at the floor, with half-averted face, and his cigar had gone out.

"Mr. Scanlon," he said at length, and without looking up, "I am ashamed of that speech of mine a moment ago. You have thought this entire matter out for yourself, to a logical conclusion—I wish I might say as much for myself. I am honored by your confidence, and you have my heartiest congratulations—as well as my deepest sympathy. Was there anything else that—"

"Yes, Professor, there was something else," Scanlon broke in with oddly softened voice. "Can't you see it does me good, just to see you settin' there, cool and collected, when I know what you've been through these last two months. And you've fought it all out by yourself, the same as I'm tryin' hard to do—only I ain't made very good work of it so far, sort of fallin' all over myself till last night. You've settled down to business without any fuss, takin' your medicine like a man. When I look at you, I know you didn't get crazy drunk the first day you knew what ailed you, like I did—or try to blow your brains out the way I'd a done the second day, if my wife hadn't come into the room just in time.

"No, it's just the fact that you're settin' right here before me, Professor, in your right and proper mind—it's *that* that's givin' me courage and makin' me feel good all over. I remember the papers sayin' you were bearin' up with 'Christian fortitude'—and I guess I know now what that means."

With the last words, Hainley suddenly whirled about, with his fingers working convulsively at the arms of his chair. There were patches of dull red in his cheeks, and his eyes were brimming. "Stop it, Scanlon," he cried out brokenly, as if in pain. "I can't stand any more of that. You don't—"

But Scanlon only raised an admonitory hand, and went on without heeding. "Then there's one more thing besides. The boys' hands are awful sticky by this time, and they're goin' to raise a big howl before they let go of what they're figgerin' to make on that job. I'm afraid I'm goin' to need a lot of bracin' up at times, and—" He eyed Hainley a trifle wistfully. "I'd like to come around now and then, if—"

Before he could finish, Hainley was out of his chair and across the space between them. Scanlon rose to meet him as their hands clasped. The contractor was short and Hainley's left hand settled comfortably upon his shoulder, as they stood for a moment looking into one another's eyes in silence.

"Scanlon, you can't come too often!" Hainley exclaimed huskily. "I'm proud to call you a friend. When you knocked at the door, I was—" He stopped short, then recovering himself, added, with a faint smile, "But I forget we are not confessing our sins tonight."

Scanlon felt the grip upon his hand and shoulder tighten, as the other paused, but he only looked down at the floor and muttered, "I'm mighty glad I come." For a few moments both were awkwardly silent, and then with a smile the contractor said, "You want to get in some good licks on your own tombstone, Professor."

"You don't mean the book I am writing?" Hainley answered doubtfully.

"I don't know anything about that," Scanlon rejoined brusquely, as he mechanically took out a cigar and lighted it. "I mean the Civic League. That looks different to me now than it used to—along with a lot of other things. You're a big part of the works there, and you want to fix it up so's it'll run all right when you're gone. It'll have a hard time, I'm thinkin', gettin' along without you for a sort of gunner." He paused and looked up at Hainley with a shrewd chuckle. "And me for a sort of target," he added dryly.

And then Hainley laughed outright—a hearty laugh without reservations. "I'm going to work at that harder than ever—today!" he exclaimed firmly, glancing up at the clock, "that is, if you will promise to drop in now and then to keep an eye on me." He opened the door for Scanlon, and as he did so, he suddenly frowned. "Isn't that your sixth today?" he asked, peremptorily.

With a grimace of remembrance the contractor thew away his cigar, gripped his host's hand once more, and stepped out into the night.

ELECTRA

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

O LOVELY Spark! whose chief lightbearers are
Our human eyes and noontide's sun afar,
Thou art love's fire of passion and of pain;
The lightning angel fallen in the rain!
Thou art the wind that blows our stolid flesh
Into the April bloom of children fresh.
Who knows but what our soul at death set free,
Snatches from God the living wings of thee!

SUGAR FACTORY AT LONGMONT, COLO.
One of the sixty-three American factories, costing on an average of $1,000,000 each

PHILIPPINE FREE SUGAR

WHY IT WOULD INJURE BOTH AMERICANS AND FILIPINOS

By FRANK P. FOGG

AS the subject of further removing the tariff from Philippine sugar and tobacco is likely to make its perennial appearance at the next session of Congress, a presentation of the plain facts in relation to the further removal of our protective tariff on sugar from the Philippines seems desirable.

Nearly all the countries of Europe have been successfully raising sugar-beets for many years, and it was due to this fact that a sugar-beet factory was erected at Alvarado, Cal., in 1879. There were two American factories in operation in 1888, and they produced that season one thousand tons of beet-sugar. By 1897 when the Dingley Tariff Bill was passed, six factories had been built and since then, and up to 1906, we have seen sixty-three beet-sugar factories erected which now pay to the farmers over $22,000,000 a year for their beets; and the industry distributes nearly as much more to factory employees, coal mines, railroads, lime kilns and other lines of industry.

And while the beet-sugar factories are found from New York to the Pacific coast, and beet-sugar making is rightly a national industry, it is especially well suited for our arid lands west of the Missouri River; in fact, upon it now depends very largely the increase and prosperity of irrigated farms.

Sugar beets solve the problem for successfully developing the wealth of irrigated sections. By the short hauls for beets from the fields to factories and there concentrating the substance into compact and valuable form, freight charges are made bearable. Besides, the beets do not exhaust the soil as do wheat, oats, barley, etc. The elements of sugar are carbon, hydrogen and oxygen ($C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$), the last two being the constituents of water.

Sugar-beets thrive in sunshine and subsist chiefly on air and water. In fact, sugar-beets have been found to benefit the soil when rotating them with other crops, and in this manner hitherto practically worthless land has been reclaimed.

In Germany it has been found that sugar-beets as a rotating crop increased the acreage production of wheat 24 per cent., of barley 25 per cent., of rye 15 per cent., peas 86 per cent. and potatoes 102 per cent.

The increase in real estate valuation that has taken place wherever a beet-sugar factory has been located is a very important factor to be considered in estimating the direct and indirect benefits.

Inquiries directed to local bankers, county assessors and postmasters throughout the United States, where sugar factories have been located, brought very commendatory reports regarding the benefits derived from the beet-sugar industry.

One question asked was, "What gross proceeds per acre are your farmers able to secure in beet culture?" The lowest report was $25 and the highest $180; the average of all was $69.40 per acre.

Another question asked; "As the farmers become familiar with beet raising, are they more or are they less anxious to raise beets?" All answered that they were more anxious; that the interest was increasing, and in all but one case that the acreage was extending.

To the question, "Have farm mortgages increased or decreased since the erection of the factory and to what extent?" all but two stated that they had decreased, some materially, some 25 per cent., some 30 per cent.; one, that very few farms were now mortgaged. Two stated that farm mortgages had increased owing to the fact that renters were becoming able to buy on partial payments.

Another question asked was, "The average price for agricultural lands prior to the location of the factory and at the present time?" Two gave no price before the factory was erected, the land being a desert and of little value; land in one of these sections now being worth $100 per acre, in the other $150 per acre; of the others the smallest increase was 20 per cent., the greatest 250 per cent. The average price of all was $34.28 per acre prior to the location of the factory, and $75.55 at the time of the report. The average increase in value was 124 per cent. But this was not the whole of it—merchants and real estate men were benefited; in fact, the whole community. The following statistics have been gathered from the reports:

Assessed valuation, increase..........	139%
Population, increase.................	89½%
Average value of residence lots, increase,	59%
Average value of business lots, increase.	188%

Another thing about the beet-sugar industry is the fact that it is impossible to make a Trust out of it without taking the farmers into the deal, and the factories must be scattered.

Besides consuming all our own cane and beet-sugars at an expense of $100,000,000 we are annually importing 1,500,000 tons of sugar from foreign countries. Why should we send abroad our wheat from 8,500,000 acres, which is one-fifth of our entire crop, to pay for the sugar we are importing, inasmuch as we can raise it ourselves on 1,500,000 acres of our own land planted to sugar-beets?

Advocates of admitting sugar free from the Philippines claim that we have robbed the Filipinos of their Spanish market and have refused to give them our own. The fact is that from 1862 to American occupation of the Philippines, Spain averaged to take but 2.2 per cent. of the sugar exports of the Philippine Islands; while in the four years 1903 to 1906 inclusive, the United States purchased from the Filipinos more sugar than the people of Spain had purchased from the same islands in the half century from 1849 to 1898, when Spanish rule ceased and the American occupation occurred. We purchased 134,100 tons of sugar from the Philippines the above four years, while but 119,088 tons were purchased by the whole of Continental Europe, including Spain, during the fifty years preceding American occupation of the Archipelago.

Spain never furnished a market for the sugar of the Philippines, and by the law of March 8, 1902, we are levying less tax on Philippine sugar than was the Spanish tax.

The Spanish Tariff Law of June 30, 1882, provided for a duty of twelve pesetas per one hundred kilograms ($1.05 per one hundred pounds) on sugar above number 14 Dutch standard when entering Spain from Cuba and Porto Rico, and one-fifth of this amount on Philippine sugar, provided in all cases the sugar was shipped in Spanish bottoms.

This law provided for an annual reduction of 10 per cent. in this levy until the entire duty should be extinguished, July 1, 1892. But before these duties could be thus extinguished under the expiration of the tariff law of 1882, the tariff law of December 31, 1891, was passed, which provided that sugar from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines should be admitted free of duty, but that all such sugar should be subjected to the so-called provisional tax of 8.8 pesetas, and a municipal tax of 8.8 pesetas per one hundred kilograms, which made a combined internal revenue tax of 17.6 pesetas per one hundred kilograms, or $1.54 per hundred pounds. This law continued in effect one year when it was superseded by the law of 1892 which, while admitting free of duty all sugar from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, subjected such sugar to an internal revenue tax of 33½ pesetas per hundred kilograms. The same law of 1892 subjected domestic sugar (*i. e.* beet-sugar) to an internal revenue tax of 20 pesetas per hundred kilograms; thus placing the sugar of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, even though received in Spanish bottoms, under a handicap as compared with domestic beet-sugar of 13½ pesetas per hundred kilograms, or $1.18 per one hundred pounds.

The full tax, as provided by the Dingley Law on ninety-six degree sugar is $1.68½ per hundred pounds. For each degree sugar tests below ninety-six, 3½ cents per one hundred pounds is to be deducted from the full rate. Muscovado sugars (the kind the Filipinos produce) test eighty-two degrees, or fourteen degrees below ninety-six. The full tariff on such sugar imported into this country would, therefore, be $1.20 per hundred pounds. From this tariff the Filipinos enjoy a deduction of 25 per cent., leaving the net tariff on Philippine sugar entering the United States, 90 cents per hundred pounds. And be it remembered that every dollar collected by the United States on Philippine imports of whatever nature, is returned to the Philippine treasury.

Spain, under the tariff law of 1891, taxed sugar imported from the Philippines $2.94 per hundred pounds and discriminated in favor of her domestic sugar to the extent of $1.18 per hundred pounds and kept the money; while the United States, under the present laws, taxes sugar coming from the Philippines into this country 90 cents per hundred pounds and returns the entire revenue to be expended as seems for the best interests of the Filipinos. And as for tobacco, during the twenty years prior to American occupation Spain took 73 per cent. of the Philippine export tobacco, and since then 74 per cent. of it has gone to Spain.

A PYRAMID OF COLORADO SUGAR—117,000 LBS.
It stands 22 feet high and covers a floor area 19 feet square

It should be understood that Spain, since being dispossessed of her colonial possessions in the East and West Indies, has fostered and built up her home beet-sugar industry until today instead of sending large sums of money out of the country for the purchase of sugar she produces at home all the sugar she consumes, as do also fourteen other European countries, viz: Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Russia, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Roumania, Bulgaria and Servia. These European countries besides consuming 3,076,000 tons at home are annually exporting 2,850,980 tons.

When it is considered that the lands of Continental Europe are not irrigated and are usually high-priced because of the density of population, it is apparent that the fertile lands of New York, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, and Washington, all of which have beet-sugar factories in active operation, and where irrigation is not required, have far greater resources for development than all the countries of Europe combined.

Sugar beets are not only valuable for increasing the productiveness of the soil in rotation with other crops, but there are by-products,—beet tops, pulp and waste molasses, that are excellent stock foods, and offer a great inducement for the dairying and stock-raising farmers of Michigan, Wisconsin and other states of the Middle West.

A RAILROAD LOADING STATION FOR SHIPPING SUGAR BEETS

From elevated wagon platform the beets are dumped upon the cars

Perhaps no factor has contributed more to the building up and improvement of the stock interests of these sections, where beet-sugar factories are located, than the cheap and highly nutritious stock-foods above mentioned.

The state of Michigan can be cited as an example. At one time twenty large beet-sugar factories were in operation, but the farmers were giving more thought at that time to lumbering and other industries than to dairying. The result was a big expense to the sugar factories for hauling away and dumping thousands of tons of beet pulp and hundreds of barrels of molasses in ravines and waste places. And yet today probably every ton of pulp is being used for immediate feeding or dried for storage. Michigan ranks first in the number of factories and second in the output of sugar, which now amounts to 200,000,000 pounds per year, being exceeded only by Colorado.

The total amount of sugar consumed in the United States in 1897 was 2,076,987 tons. The production from domestic cane, domestic beet and maple sugar that year was 310,537 tons, 39,684 tons, and 5,000 tons respectively, making a total domestic crop of 355,221 tons, none of which paid duty.

In addition to this Hawaii, under special treaty rights with the United States, shipped us, duty free, 232,213 tons. The full duty-paying sugar entering the United States during this, the first calendar year of the Dingley Law, was 1,483,544 tons.

In the calendar year of 1907 the whole consumption of sugar in the United States was 2,993,979 tons. Of this we produced in cane, beet, and maple sugars 656,627 tons. In addition to the above domestic sugars we used free of duty 417,102 tons from Hawaii and 212,853 from Porto Rico. The Philippine product, that was admitted at 75 per cent. of the regular duty, amounted to 10,700 tons, and from Cuba at 80 per cent. regular duty we got 1,340,400 tons, making a total on which a tariff concession was allowed of 1,982,055 tons. So the balance of 355,498 tons is all that paid full duty.

The average duty collected on dutiable sugar entering the United States is now only \$1.14½ as against \$1.68½ as provided by the Dingley Tariff. It thus appears that the general schedule has been cut practically one-third by the various specific modifications that have been made since 1897. The sugar tariff has been reduced four-fifths since the Morrill Law of 1861, and one-third since the Dingley Tariff of 1897. It would seem that with any further reduction of the sugar schedule, we would not only imperil an important national industry, but needlessly reduce our revenue receipts.

It seems to shrewd European political economists a good trade to sell to Americans beet-sugar which does not exhaust European soil of its elements, and to buy back from us our wheat and other food supplies which are rich in proteids.

There is already an average population of sixty-seven people to every square mile in the Philippines, whereas in the United States there are only twenty-six on an average; and in only twelve States of the Union is the population so dense as in the Philippines.

When it is considered that there are only 7,000,000 acres in Philippine farms, and that of their total population 7,000,000 people are reported as "enjoying a considerable degree of civilization" and hence live in cities and on "farms," it is apparent that the populated area of the Islands contains from 600 to 700 persons per square mile and hence is more densely settled than any civilized nation. The advocates of free sugar are not content with the present law allowing 2,500 acres as the limit for any sugar plantation or corporate holding; they want the limit raised to 25,000 acres for American exploiting companies, and claim that sugar cane cannot be profitably raised on small farms. Besides, they ask for the removal of restrictions on Chinese coolie immigrants to the Islands in order that the present rate of about seventeen cents per day for Filipino labor may be still further reduced. It does not need much perspicacity to foresee how the Filipinos would be robbed of their land-holding privilege, and by pauperizing wage-rates would themselves become serfs and almost slaves to the feudal barons of the big sugar plantations, just as in the case of Java, Hawaii and other tropical cane-sugar countries.

Nor is the raising of sugar cane in any way essential to the commercial prosperity of the Islands. There are many other industries common to the Islands that may be developed to best advantage in small holdings of a few acres, and the chief capital required is labor.

There are 40,000,000 acres of virgin forests in the Islands, and the chief of the Philippine forestry bureau reports the discovery already of between 600 and 700 species of timber, including twelve species of cabinet woods, several of them unknown to other portions of the globe; also dye woods, gum trees, gutta-percha, rubber; and pine forests, the sight of which the American governor of Abra says, "would make the lumbermen of Maine stand in open-mouthed wonderment."

The forestry bureau estimates that as the government owns thirty-nine-fortieths of the 40,000,000 acres of forests, the present government tax of six cents per cubic foot would bring to the treasury $100 per acre and still remove only trees twenty inches in diameter or over, on 20,000,000 acres. This would mean the stupendous sum of $2,000,000,000, and the forests would be bettered by the thinning out process. The chief of the forestry bureau further reports that after the mature and over-mature timber has been removed, the revenue from the sale of the annual increase in growth of public timber will, under careful supervision, bring the government a reasonable interest on a valuation of $200 per acre, which would amount to $240,000,000 annually on a basis of 3 per cent.

Last year we imported cabinet woods to the value of nearly $3,000,000, and the Philippines exported such to the value of only a few thousand dollars.

Our annual imports of gutta-percha and india rubber are valued at over $35,000,000, while the Philippines, having vast primeval forests of these trees, export it to the value of only a few thousand dollars, and that also comes in free of duty. While many millions of American money have gone for investment to the rubber plantations of Mexico, Central and South America, the great island of Mindanao, the largest of the Philippines, is the most celebrated of all for its forests of gum, gutta-percha and rubber trees.

As to the planting of rubber plantations the Philippine Commission states that "it is a project which can in no sense be considered in the light of an experiment" and the planters estimate an annual return of from $150 to $200 per acre after the trees reach maturity, the first good harvest being six years after planting.

Manila hemp forms 65 per cent. of the total value of exports from the Islands and amounts to $16,000,000 a year. We take over one-half of all the hemp they export, and that also enters our ports free of duty. Manila hemp is the finest. The world annually uses $100,000,000 worth of cheaper substitutes because it cannot get Manila hemp and hence there is almost limitless opportunity for developing this industry.

The Philippines grow as fine a coffee as the highest grade Mocha, the highest-priced coffee in the world. The superiority of Philippine coffee is shown by the fact that their exports of this crop sell on an average for double the price we pay for our coffee imports.

Philippine coffee enters our ports free of duty, but we are forced to expend over $70,000,000 a year in South America for coffee which we would gladly buy in the Philippines and thereby make them the richest people in the world.

We annually import $15,000,000 worth of cocoa, cocoanuts and copra—all of which attain the highest state of perfection in the Philippines, and which could furnish enough for the world's markets. They export these articles only to the extent of $3,000,000 a year, and again we are compelled to send our millions to other countries rather than to the Philippines.

Altogether, we annually expend $200,000,000 with foreign nations in the purchase of purely tropical products which we are unable to grow, and all of which are indigenous to the Philippine Islands. If the Philippine Islands were stimulated to produce these noncompetitive articles, no American industry would be injured and we would make them the richest archipelago in the world.

The advocates of Filipino promotion should devote their time and energy to the furtherance of our trade in those lines rather than cry for the removal of the Sugar Tariff, which would mean the ruin of $130,000,000 already invested in the American beet-sugar industry and the arrest of the great irrigation developments now being planned for millions of acres in our arid West.

Beet-sugar making is as yet but an infant industry. It is not old enough in this country to be developed without protection. But there are many indications that tend to show how we may some day compete with the world in the production of beet-sugar.

Europe has cheap manual labor and high-priced horses, and hence there is not the incentive to decrease the labor of the former and transfer it to the latter. With us the reverse is true and we are constantly doing more and more of our field work with horses.

In all parts of the beet belt experiments are being made, the success of which will further reduce the hand labor. Some are trying to eliminate the hand labor of thinning out the beets,—others are studying improved methods of weeding, and various experiments are being made whereby beets are lifted, topped and loaded into wagons entirely by machinery.

It may never become possible to produce beet-sugar in this country as cheaply, on account of well-paid labor, as cane-sugar from

ONE OF THE BEET FIELDS OF THE 434,200 ACRES GROWN IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1908
And for which the American farmers will receive from $23,000,000 to $25,000,000 before January, 1909

'THE MAN WITH THE HOE" ON THE PRAIRIE FARM OF THE OWOSSO SUGAR COMPANY, SAGINAW COUNTY, MICHIGAN the tropics under peon labor; but there are seed and culture developments now being conducted at Washington which will greatly reduce the present cost, and statesmen of this country will be convinced that, even should the price of sugar remain at its present cost, there are far-reaching social and economic principles involved in the beet-sugar industry that demand favorable legislation. It is not often that the farmers of our arid West come forward with a demand for tariff protection, but it is very plain that a further removal of the tariff on Philippine sugar would ruin an industry in which there is eighteen times more capital already invested than in all our cordage and twine plants, sixteen times as much as in all our distilleries, eight times as much as invested in our glass factories, nearly seven times as much as is represented by our ship-building plants, six times what is in our silk mills, four and a half times what is in our 8,000 furniture factories, three times the amount invested in our agricultural implement factories, and nearly three times what is invested in our 1,100 great slaughtering and meat-packing plants.

Philippine sugar already enjoys a 25 per cent. deferential in our customs ports, and every dollar we collect from Philippine imports goes back to the Philippine treasury, and thereby lessens by so much their burden of taxation; while on every dollar's worth of American goods entering the Philippine Islands there is collected the same duty as is collected on like articles coming from any other country in the world.

It would appear that the Philippines already have all the trade advantages while we have none, and if the smoking chimneys of the East are to be kept warm doing the manufacturing of all the utilities and luxuries of a prosperous agricultural people in the West, it certainly devolves upon Eastern congressmen to strike hands with representatives from the granger states in demanding that the American capital now invested in the beet-sugar industry to upwards of $130,000,000 be kept at its parity, and that the $43,000,000 which is annually distributed among farmers and other kinds of labor, be sustained until all of the $130,000,000 which we annually spend abroad for sugar shall remain at home to line the pockets of our own people.

Inasmuch as 90 per cent. of all the sugar produced in the Philippines is grown on two of the 3,141 islands of the archipelago, and inasmuch as less than 6 per cent. of the cultivated lands of the islands are devoted to this crop, and inasmuch as less than one-half of one per cent. of the population of the islands is engaged in this industry, there is a suspicion of an underlying motive for laying such stress on securing the free entry of this crop to our markets, instead of aiding them to produce all or a portion of the $200,000,000 worth of non-competitive agricultural products which we annually import.

Leave out the sugar proposition, and the natives can build up individual hearthstones and become a nation of independent, self-respecting, self-supporting people. Enslave them to the would-be sugar exploiters, and instead of making them an independent people, capable of self-government, we attach them to us as a body of serfs. Which outcome is best for both Filipinos and Americans?

Note — The facts and figures given in this article are largely based on Senate Reports of Fifty-ninth Congress, First Session, Document No. 277, and Sixtieth Congress, First Session, Document No. 530—F. P. F.

CORRIDOR OF THE ARMOUR OFFICES

IN THE ARMOUR OFFICES

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THE romance of these days does not deal with cavaliers, buskined and sword in hand, seeking adventures and broils as an appetizer before breakfast. "The gentleman of France," and his prototypes, with their frenzied duels, are now but the shadowy heroes of historic fiction. Those who achieve victory on the battlefield of commerce and manufacture, not those who have fought with sword and musket, amid fire and blood, are the towering figures of modern days.

The development of great industrial interests has a romance all its own. As time recedes a few great figures loom large on the horizon—men who have created markets and new sources of wealth from the products of the soil. To them belong all the glamor that once attached to the stories of wayfaring travelers, visitors at ancient inns, when thrilling events were related to the clinking of glasses and brandishing of swords.

* * * * * * *

Not many years ago, a bright-eyed, pink-cheeked lad left his farm home in York State; even as a boy "Phil" was known as a "getter" in the play hours at the old school-house. Devoted to his mother and a prime favorite with his brothers, all believed him when he looked into the tear-dimmed eyes of mother and said,

"I'll *do* something."

Strong of limb, well-knit, with the sturdy sinews of youth, he went first to the gold fields of California, but once there, he decided that the hazard and chance of mining were not for him. He wanted to "trade," to realize those visions of a large business which he had dreamed of in the shade of the old straw stack at home. He started a butcher shop, and worked there with his coat off. Then Fred V. Miles and Philip D. Armour formed articles of partnership, which are a classic in commercial literature, and were the foundation of the great Armour fortune of today. A reproduction of this agreement hangs in the office of Mr. J Ogden Armour, the son and successor to a great name. This document is indeed a priceless possession—a chart that shows how a vast enterprise was steered from a very small beginning, a tiny river, across a wide sea of commercial experience.

TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT

Step by step the young man climbed with patient persistence and tenacity, remembering that two and two make four, and due profits were awarded him by patrons appreciating the Armour spirit, which was in later years to mean so much in the marts of the world. Mr. Armour handled the produce with his own hands; every article going out with his name upon it was an obligation as sacred to him as a note of hand. He wanted his goods and his work to be just a little better than those of any one else, and the triumphant policy of Armour & Company is today based upon the simple but effective principles of the lad from York State to do things better and still better, and then better again.

Although absorbed in business from early dawn to late at night, Philip D. Armour always had time to look after the welfare of those about him, and in later life those who came in touch with his great purposes and ideals, exemplified in the founding of the Armour Institute and similar efforts, considered themselves as privileged indeed. Many a young man recalls the soft, yet keen, sparkle in the brown eyes of Philip Armour, as he tried to bargain with the great financier, and ended by listening eagerly to sound advice conveyed in the fewest possible words.

When Armour & Company, in 1883, removed from the Washington Street office, they, as usual, led the way in the matter of business development, being the first to secure offices in the new Home Insurance Building, a structure which was then not only considered a veritable "sky-scraper," but the architectural wonder of the city of Chicago, being the first large office-building of the then novel skeleton steel and fireproof construction built in the United States. For the last fifteen years of his life Philip D. Armour did business in that office; there were then forty employes, every one of whom felt that the sturdy man with side-whiskers, who found his way to his desk in the early morning of each day, was more than an employer—a real, true, loyal friend.

J. OGDEN ARMOUR'S PRIVATE OFFICE

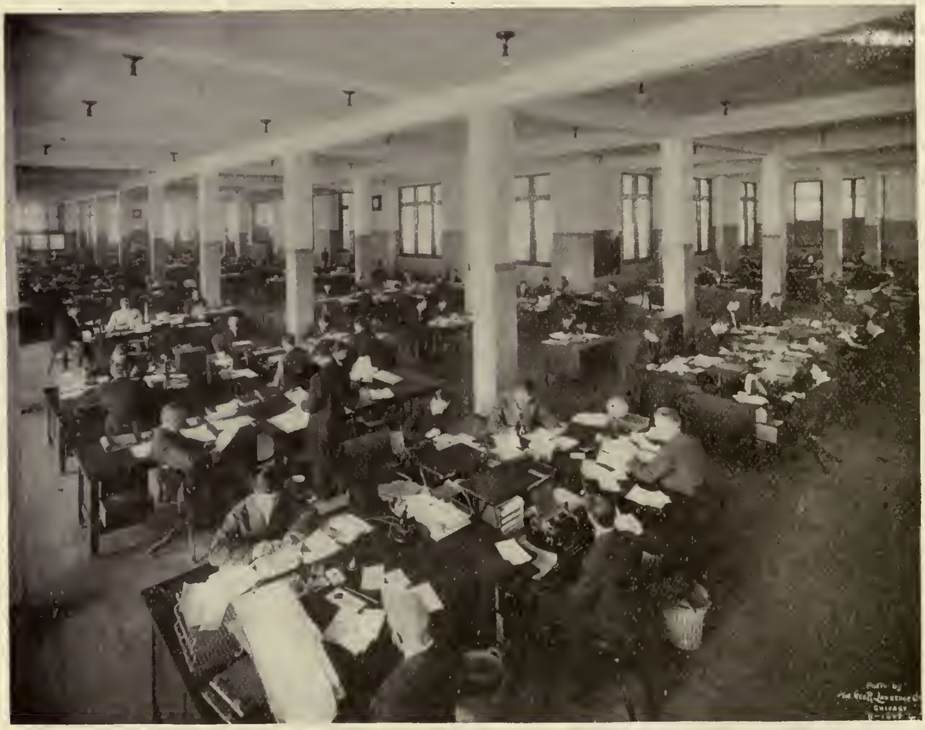
The marvelous growth of the business of Armour & Company is a marked example of modern business magic; all the by-products, the waste formerly sacrificed in buying and selling, were made to meet expenses. That keen-eyed farmer lad knew the utilitarian value of farm produce to the last ounce, and from this policy the present conduct of the company has been derived.

Many of the older employes are proud to recall how the office at first occupied only half a floor of the building, and how this space was added to room by room until eight entire floors were utilized. Here Philip D. Armour achieved the triumph of his life-work. Many times he had considered the advisability of uniting the office and the yard forces, and had even several times set out to carry to completion his pet project, but it remained for his son, Mr. J. Ogden Armour—who became head of the concern on the death of his father and brother—to carry out these plans and bring under one roof all the varied interests of the Armour Company.

The motto of the older Armour was "When you do a thing, do it right," and that principle has been paramount in the policy of the Armour Company; it is exemplified in the masterly business system maintained, and in the handsome new offices, located on what would be Forty-third Street, on Centre Avenue, on the branch of the South Side Elevated, which was opened on the same day that the new office-building was completed. The headquarters of this great company are within a few moments of the heart of the business districts. In old times it was necessary to walk from Halsted Street to the yards; later it was possible to ride on the 'buses; but now, in point of time, the executive offices of Armour & Company are within a stone's throw of both the manufacturing plants and the business centers and markets of Chicago.

The fine, new building is of vitrified brick, with terra-cotta trimmings, and occupies nearly an acre of space, being 200 feet by 150 feet, and including five stories and basement. Here are housed 1,200 employes, the largest office force of any one industrial firm in the world. The construction of the building represents the highest type of fireproof structure, being steel reinforced with concrete, with partitions of tile and fireproof mackalite.

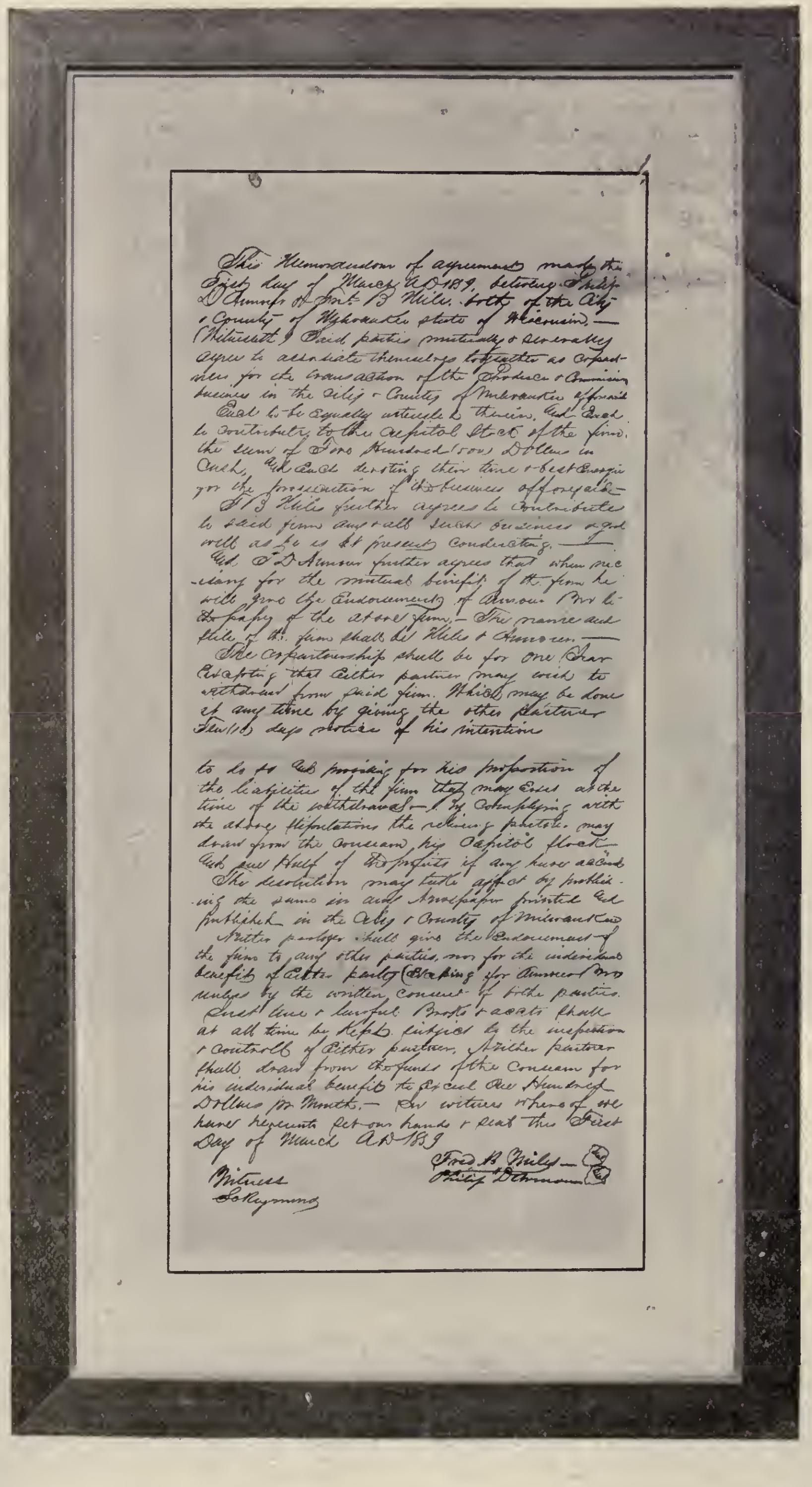
The visitor, entering from the Elevated Railroad, is at once struck with the generous space and airy vestibule, where over thirty thousand feet of the best Italian marble have been used. The floors are of concrete and steel, with hard wood flooring, allowing telephone connections at desks located five feet apart through conduits imbedded in the floor. The fire-escape arrangements are so perfect that a test proved that the building could be emptied in less than two minutes' time.



SELLING DEPARTMENT

The erection of these handsome offices cost $650,000. The work was commenced in October and completed in June of this year, within a few months, a fact that tells its own story of the splendid system under which the project was carried on. Mr. Armour is especially proud of his new headquarters for the reason that the building, from cellar to roof, was constructed and finished entirely by Armour talent, and is today a magnificent index to the system and genius characteristic of the company.

Every floor indicates an efficient organization and is occupied by its own specific department. First comes the ordering, ship-



This Memorandum of agreement made the First day of March A D 1859, between Philip D Armour & Fred B Miles both of the City & County of Milwaukee state of Wisconsin.— Witnesseth, Said parties mutually & severally agree to associate themselves together as copartners for the transaction of the Produce & Commission business in the City & County of Milwaukee aforesaid Each to be equally interested therein. And Each to contribute to the capital Stock of the firm the sum of Five Hundred (500) Dollars in Cash, and each devoting their time & best Energies for the prosecution of the business aforesaid—

F B Miles further agrees to contribute to said firm any & all such business & good will as he is at present conducting.—

And P D Armour further agrees that when necessary for the mutual benefit of the firm he will give the Endorsement of Armour Bro to the paper of the above firm.— The name and style of the firm shall be Miles & Armour.—

The copartnership shall be for One Year Excepting that Either partner may wish to withdraw from said firm. Which may be done at any time by giving the other Partner Ten (10) days notice of his intention

to do so and providing for his proportion of the liabilities of the firm that may Exist at the time of the withdrawal— & by complying with the above stipulations the retiring partner may draw from the concern his Capital Stock— and one Half of the profits if any have accrued

The dissolution may take affect by publishing the same in any Newspaper printed and published in the City & County of Milwaukee

Neither partner shall give the Endorsement of the firm to any other parties, nor for the individual benefit of Either party (Excepting for Armour Bro) unless by the written consent of both the parties.

Just true & lawful Books & accts shall at all time be kept subject to the inspection & controll of Either partner, Neither partner shall draw from the funds of the concern for his individual benefit to exceed One Hundred Dollars per Month.— In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands & seal this First Day of March A D 1859

Fred B. Miles —
Philip D Armour

Witness
Jo Raymond

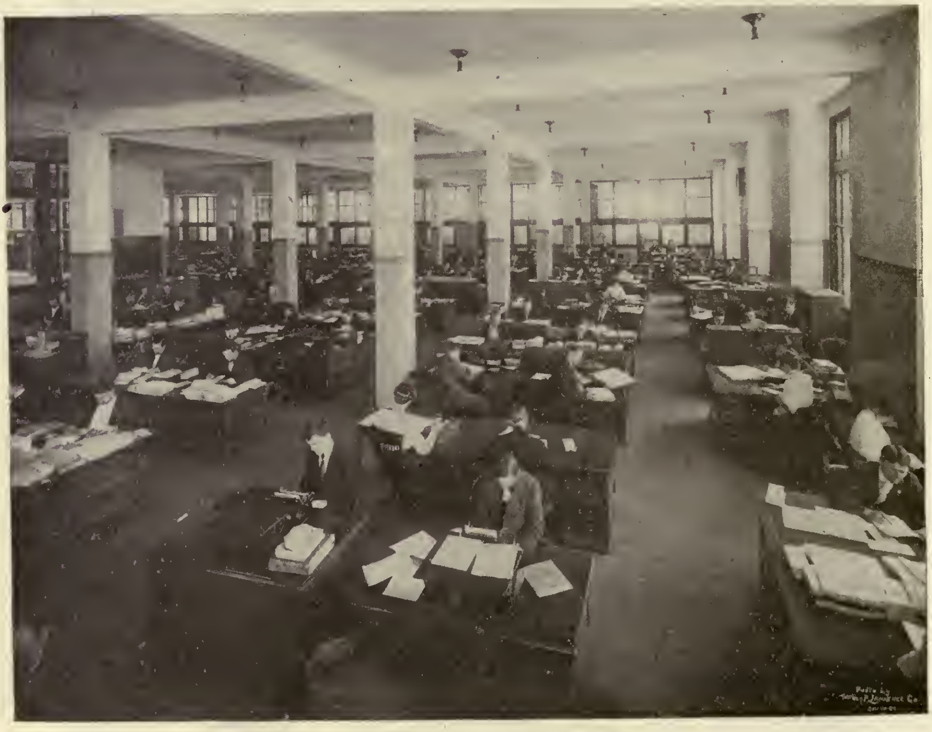
ping, receiving, telegraph and mail departments and the telephone room, coat room, lockers and barber shop. Over 350 office telephones, with twenty-five outgoing and thirty incoming trunk lines, furnish facilities for conversation required for this small city. Twenty-five operators are busy with side-motion clickers on the telegraph keys, which connect with Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Kansas City, Omaha, Fort Worth, Sioux City and St. Louis, in addition to fifteen wires to the Western Union, ten to the Postal and eight to the American Telephone & Telegraph Company offices throughout the world. This wire connection furnishes some idea of the magnitude of this great business nerve centre, which keeps in close touch with every pulsation of trade.

Visitors are fascinated by the electric billing machines, twenty of them, writing out the different orders; more than double the speed of the typewriter is attained, and they hammer out triplicate or even sextuple orders. Each operator is able to attend to two machines, which rattle off bills at incredible speed—ticking off the swift-moving progress of trade across the continent.

Over 1,200 feet of pneumatic tubing connect the various parts of the building; the celebrated Nernst system of overhead lighting is used and the even distribution of 1,500 ninety-candle-power lamps insures an illumination almost approaching the clearness of daylight. During the day the supply of sunlight is ample, the building being open on all four sides to "let the blessed sunlight in" through its 800 windows.

Every floor is finished in handsome Mexican mahogany, and, the doors being inlaid with ebony and white holly, each room has a very artistic appearance.

The second floor is occupied by the Traffic Department. Here 170 employes are required, in the executive and clerical force needed to handle the immense transportation system, which with little delay or friction delivers the products of Armour & Company to the markets of the globe. Every one is constantly busy, nowhere appears a slack movement or lost time, and the smoothly-



TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

even tension kept up during business hours gives a perfect idea of modern commerce as an art. Skilled employes keep the record of every car and every individual shipment, and each detail of the work is carried on with that scientific accuracy which makes it quite clear why the Armour service has been always pre-eminently effective.

On the same floor, the advertising and purchasing departments, worthy of a chapter to themselves, present the same picture of busy, even, enterprising business management.

The sales and executive department are on the third floor. The furniture and desks throughout the establishment match the rich Mexican mahogany and the daintily tinted walls form a delightful color scheme, restful to the eye. On this floor Mr. Armour's office is located; it is almost severe in its simplicity; on the desk are a few ornaments, emblematic of the great institution which has surpassed the aggregate achievements of all the men "in armor clad in years gone by."

On the fourth floor, the general accounting and credit departments may be found, and here any employe can draw personal checks against his salary account just as he would against a deposit in a savings bank. In this general credit and accounting department, one catches another glimpse of why the Armour system has been so successful.

The capsheaf of the building is the upper floor, where a large airy restaurant is conducted, in which over 450 employes can be accommodated at one sitting. No hotel is more absolutely perfect in its appointments, and yet all is so simple and homelike. The kitchen is fitted with immense ranges, with everything up-to-date in sanitary cooking appliances, and the menu is equal in quality to those of the finest hostelry or mansion in the country. The chef has just been secured from the Auditorium; his kitchen is finished with white enamel, floored with tiles, and has every contrivance to prevent the accumulation of dirt and dust. A cooler in the basement is connected with the kitchen by a special electric elevator, which is used for all meats and provisions. After a tour through

OFFICE RESTAURANT KITCHEN

the cooking department I thoroughly enjoyed my roast beef and never partook of a better meal than the one I ate at the Armour & Company's office restaurant right at the yards. A private dining-room finished in rich weathered oak, commodious recreation rooms for men and charming rest-rooms for the women and girls, are also situated on this floor. The whole arrangement suggested club life at its best, and is thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by the workers at the Armour offices.

A portion of this fifth floor is devoted to private offices and the consultation rooms of the legal department; here are also to be found the architects and draftsmen of the construction department, equipped with mercury vapor lights, blue printing machinery and everything needed for the conduct of that part of the vast business of Armour & Company. The building contains in all thirty private offices, liberally finished in dark mahogany, with all furniture to match. In fact, the entire arrangement, and every detail of the building, is such as to make it an exhibit of perfect construction, an object lesson to all builders and architects—a magnificent example of how a modern office can be made at once beautiful and convenient.

The temperature of the offices can be regulated to almost any degree of heat or coolness; a supply of fresh air is taken in at a considerable distance above the ground, is washed, filtered and distributed through tile ducts to numerous ventilators throughout the building and then discharged through openings in the roof. A tunnel connects with the main power-house and provides for the even distribution of heat in winter.

It is almost needless to say that the "Armour Spirit" of ever trying to do everything a little better than it has been done to date, has reacted upon all the surroundings and methods of the Stock Yard district. The faithful, ambitious and self-respecting agent and employe naturally seeks work where his service is best appreciated and rewarded; and cleanliness, convenience, and effective business methods necessitate competition in all these lines. All over the Stock Yards, new and freshly-painted buildings, improved transportation, a vastly increased influx of interested visitors and like matters, bear witness to the benefits that have accrued to the whole packing business and interests. Much has been done to make life pleasanter and more healthful for those who spend the majority of their waking hours in the Stock Yards.

The future growth of the company has also been considered and there is space for employes in addition to the 1,200 now at work. This office-building is indeed worthy of the house of Armour & Company, and, as the largest exclusive office structure owned and operated by any business concern in the world, it is certainly one of the sights of Chicago and will whet public interest in the Stock Yards as representing a splendid American industry, one of the largest on the face of the globe today.

THE HAPPY HABIT.

THE DEAR OLD DAYS

"AND perchance it will delight us to have remembered these things," said Aeneas to his comrade, as he gazed anxiously out over a tempestuous sea which had scattered his fleet and driven him to an alien coast, where hunger, cold, wet and unknown perils seemed to threaten destruction to the exiles from hapless Troy.

Truer words were never spoken; a wiser recognition of the greatest satisfaction that memory affords us has never been more concisely uttered for the comfort of a loyal but perturbed spirit. It is not pleasure past that dwells most persistently in recollection, but the doubtful enterprises undertaken; the hardships faced and endured; the losses bravely met and recouped; the perils that threatened destruction, yet led to honor and success.

So to me, as for a brief hour or two I sit looking out over orchards resplendent with fruitage, lawns gloriously tinted or graced by beds of vari-colored asters, and gardens offering the mature fruits of the harvest, come memories of early struggles; and I review, with thankfulness and satisfaction, the cares, worries, ambitions, hopes and enterprises of "the days that are no more."

Before me appears a dilapidated newspaper office in a little hamlet on the banks of the "Jim," in Dakota, wherein a youth of sixteen presided over an army press (for which an old white horse had been traded), a lot of worn type, a dwindling subscription list and the journalistic interests of a town which was ere long to become a frontier anti-type of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." The little building—an abandoned "real estate boomer's" headquarters with two apartments—was office, workroom, kitchen and dining-room, and the high hopes and universal enthusiasm of the "boom era" had departed. The young editor gathered news items and the material for political and local leaders, skirmished for subscriptions, and cut the sparse grain of the advertising field to the very grass roots; set the type, fed the paper to the clumsy press, folded the little more than half-legible sheets, and did the mailing, writing week by week those names of loyal subscribers over and over again until not even an initial of a name on the list could ever be forgotten.

It was a veritable struggle for existence—for town, subscribers, paper and editor—yet the loyalty and endurance that faced almost inevitable failure evoked such genial appreciation and kindliness that the sunlight of the clear Dakota autumn days seemed to enter into the heart as the editorial pen traversed the paper. If poverty reigned over larder and wardrobe, still the manly independence that was almost universal among the tillers of those broad prairies, with splendid health and the charm of genuine friendship, gave content and happiness, while hope gave promise of better things to come.

* * * * *

The scene shifts and I see the interior of a larger well-equipped daily newspaper office—the evolution of that little Dakota journal. Through this daily many movements have been directed toward the growth and prosperity of a city and haven of the Great Lakes. Many plans for making greater headway were tried, among them the construction of an enormous "Thanksgiving Mince Pie" twelve feet across from rim to rim, a very fortress of flaky crust —a treasury of meats, fruits and spices—deftly mixed and baked in an oven specially constructed for the Thanksgiving event. The whole city weighed the chances of underbaking, burning and breaking, and the baker grew weary of answering the queries showered upon him by unbelieving adults and wide-eyed girls and boys. It was a great success in its line, and the editor has enjoyed many a hearty laugh and quiet smile over the petty anxieties and consoling successes of the pie project and recollections of men and women of today who were the boys and girls of yesterday and helped to eat that gigantic pie.

Under the same management, and for the advancement of city and newspaper alike, sundry matinees, minstrel shows, and even a notable one-ring circus, gave the girls and boys glorious fun and also chances to prove their powers of entertainment. Both performer and projector gloried in their share of success. Entertainers and spectators are men and women now, but they often hark back to memories of those happy days that were a source of mutual pleasure. Today, the personal surroundings of that aggressive daily lack no comfort, but there is still hard work to be done to keep up to the standard which it set for itself in those dear old days.

* * * * *

Again the scene changes, and I see a large publishing house—the theater of action and the arena of activity—the home of the National Magazine; but the years which have to do with this project are yet too close to give the rich mellow perspective which those earlier days of happy struggle afforded. We can indeed testify to the wisdom of Aeneas' philosophy—it does truly "delight us to remember these things!"

* * * * *

These thoughts are brought to mind by the happy memories of a reunion of National Magazine readers at the Mechanics Fair Building, in Boston, on October 12, 1908. It was one of those delightful gatherings that mark the days when old friendships are mellowed and new ones begun. The friends, coming from all parts of New England, celebrated the day when Columbus discovered America, in 1492; and, next to discovering a continent, there's nothing surpasses discovering new friends.

Upon this occasion, for the first time, the Happy Habit exercises crystalized into a reality; heretofore it had been simply the pleasant reverie of readers and editor. The incentive that draws us together at these gatherings is the memory of the dear old days and the pleasure we have had at former reunions. October 12th was only an outgrowth of former occasions—the natural sequence of the happy reunions in the past.

The boys and girls were especially considered on this occasion, and many of them were with us to enjoy a good old-fashioned, jolly time. They were the guests of the National Magazine for Columbus day, at the New England Exposition. We made it a day that brought a thrill of buoyant happiness at the time, and will remain aglow with delightful recollections through all the years that are to come.

To honor the occasion and mark the advent of our new book, an ingenious subscriber has made an acrostic for the Happy Habiters from selections from the "Heart Throbs" book, and sends it with the suggestion that these poems be studied and one of the titles used each day as a "Happy Habit pass word," to recall the poem read that morning and bring a flood of sweet memories each time the words are uttered:—

Home, Sweet Home
America, 'tis of Thee
Pluck and Luck
Pictures of Memory
Your Mission

Hamlet's Soliloquy
Ask and Ye Shall Receive
Battle Hymn of the Republic
If I Were a Voice
Thank God Every Morning

Jo Mitchell Chapple

THE ABRIDGMENT OF DISTANCE IN OYSTER TRANSPORTATION

Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species.—*Macaulay.*

MODERN transportation methods have worked a wonderful revolution in the handling of the perishable products of this country.

The consolidation of railroads into great trunk lines, with fast transcontinental trains; the extension of express service, with shipments forwarded thousands of miles over the lines of one company, doing away with delays formerly incident to the rebilling of shipments at each junction point; the shortening of tracks, reducing of grades, with consequent decreases in running time, etc., bringing the interior cities closer and closer and closer together, have each played an important part in extending the markets of the country's perishable products.

With such products as meats, fruits, vegetables and dairy products, this has mainly been effected through the refrigerator car system, so that now it is a common thing for the population of either coast to have for its breakfast fruits grown on the opposite side of the continent.

The more perishable the product, the greater has been the effect of these changed conditions, and the extension of the markets of perishable farm products is even less than the extension of the markets of the more highly perishable sea foods.

The application of these new transportation facilities to the distribution of oysters — bulk oysters shucked from their heavy shells and so shipped as to retain all of their original salt sea tang—the real "oystery" taste with which the fresh bivalve is endowed by Father Neptune, has been a problem that has only very recently been satisfactorily solved.

It is a rather remarkable fact that the system now supplanting the old methods was invented thousands of miles from the seacoast—in El Paso, the border town between this country and Mexico. It was a queer place for such a thing to originate, but once again it was necessity which brought about the invention. At that great distance from the coast, and in that warm southern climate, it was practically impossible to get fresh, palatable oysters—oysters that tasted any more like oysters than a storage egg tastes like one just newly laid.

The difficulty was that the oyster business was on a low plane. Starting at the seacoast, the oysters were placed in a wooden tub, and the only means of refrigerating was the placing of a chunk of ice directly among the oysters. As the ice melted, the oysters soaked up a portion of the water, and floated around in what they did not absorb; and if any portion of the water from the melted ice was poured off, it carried just that much of the oyster flavor with it. Generally, however, it was not poured off, and the customer bought just as much ice-water as oysters.

The solution of the difficulty was such an excellent one, was so effective and met with such instant favor where first introduced, that, following its natural course, it was next taken up in other southwestern cities, and later spread until the organization which it built up and which built it up, now covers and has its registered agencies in thousands of cities and towns all over the United States and Canada.

The invention, which was a simple one, merely applied the refrigerator principle to the shipment of oysters. A "Sealshipt" oyster carrier was invented and patented, in which the oysters were packed in an inside steel can encased in an outer carrier, in which the ice was packed around the inside steel can, and not in contact with the oysters. The outer case is of peculiar woven construction, to give the maximum strength with very little weight; but the strong point of the method was the enormous difference between the firm, clean oysters packed under the "Sealshipt" method, in contrast with the bloated, bleached and tasteless oysters that have been packed in the ordinary, unsanitary, unsealed wooden tubs.

So long as the oyster business remained tied to a wooden tub, its scope was necessarily limited. People would not eat oysters—just because they were oysters. They wanted *good* oysters. And the problem of transporting oysters to far interior cities and increasing the amount consumed there, was the work the "Sealshipt" Carrier found cut out for it, and awaiting its coming to herald to a large portion of the population away from the coast that the delicious bivalve could be obtained in Amarilla, Kalamazoo or Winnipeg, with all the indescribable, distinctive savor of oysters freshly taken from the sea.

PAT. CARRIER SYSTEM
SEALSHIPT
OYSTERS
DIRECT FROM THE OYSTER BEDS FREE FROM WATER ICE OR PRESERVATIVES
A PURE FOOD NATURAL FLAVOR & FRESHNESS GUARANTEED
NATIONAL OYSTER CARRIER CO.
SO. NORWALK, CONN.

Like every other big step in packing and shipping methods, these changed conditions have only been brought about by organization, by specialization and by lots of hard work. The oyster growers had to be "shown" before they would see that improved packing conditions meant increased sales and extended markets. The retail dealers insisted on a demonstration of the claim, that their customers would see the desirability of purchasing oysters that tasted right and would buy more of them. The customers themselves needed no demonstration but a trial; and, as all such improvements are finally "up to" the consumer, it was only a question of time when the bulk oysters of the country would be handled under the "Sealshipt" method.

Of course, the supplying and introduction of a perfect shipping package was only one step in the organization and perfection of the "Sealshipt" method of oyster distribution. In order to carry the business to its logical conclusion, it was necessary to secure the co-operation of the oyster packers in packing their goods according to a certain definite standard, whereby the oysters are shucked directly from their shells after being washed to remove the sand and grit, and placed directly in the Sealshipt carriers, to be sealed and shipped immediately to the dealer.

Then there was the other end—where the consumer must also be protected against the same old adulteration; that is, it was necessary to guard against the addition of water after the oysters had reached the hands of the local dealers, the tendency on the part of some dealers being to increase the bulk and measure of the goods by that means. This has been accomplished through the establishment of registered agencies with local dealers, who guarantee to handle under the Sealshipt trade-mark only oysters received in the Sealshipt carriers and sold by them unwatered, without preservatives and in the same condition as when first shucked from the shell.

The introduction and extension of this method has worked a revolution in the oyster industry. Whereas bulk oysters could formerly not be obtained of palatable quality at any point more than a few hours distant from the shucking point, they are now being transported in Sealshipt carriers into every section of the United States and Canada, and the amount consumed in the interior cities being each season so largely increased that there is good reason to believe that the prophecy of one of the prominent members of the Fisheries Commissions may soon be realized, and that the artificial propagation of oysters and the bringing under cultivation of now barren oyster bottoms will increase the oyster production of the country to ten times the present output.

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Mrs. Wm. J. Wood, "The Cambridge", Pittsburg, Pa., writes:

> "The Suit you made for me has just been received. It fits me perfectly and I am highly pleased with it. I feel that I never want to get a suit any other way than from the 'NATIONAL', it saves so much trouble about fittings and other dress-making annoyances.
>
> "I thank you for your promptness."

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Twenty Years spent in doing just one thing makes one an expert. Don't you think so?

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For the little helps found suited for use in this department, we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

FEATHER PILLOWS

By Mrs. Effie J. Biggerstaff, Seattle, Wash.

When changing feathers from one tick to another simply press the feathers back from one corner for about six inches. Then baste firmly before ripping open the seam. Have the new tick sewed to within the same distance. Then overhand the seams of the two ticks together, pull out the bastings from the full one and shake feathers into the new tick. When all the feathers are in the new tick, baste firmly before ripping apart. In this way feathers are easily managed and without flying about the room.

TO COLOR LACE ECRU

By Mrs. A. S. Coffield, Everetts, N. C.

Old white lace or silk gloves may be given a beautiful ecru color by first washing and then dipping them in plain table tea; the stronger the tea the deeper the color.

TO KEEP MEAT FRESH

By R. J. Lean, Elkhorn, Wis.

After butchering, wrap the meat in paper, and bury in a grain bin. This will keep beef or pork fresh for months.

A GOOD HOUSEHOLD SOAP

By Mrs. G. M. Warren, Dillonvale, O.

When making soap, to every pound of potash used add one-half pound of borax and a few drops of carbolic acid, according to strength of the acid, stirring in the two last ingredients just at the finish, either in boiled or cold soap and the resultant soap will be superior to any soap for general purposes, as the housewife is certain of the condition and quality of fat used. If fresh mutton-tallow be used it makes a good healing soap for workingmen's use.

TO STOP HICCOUGHS

By Eva G. Lambertson, Lander, Wyo.

Ten drops of camphor in half a cupful of hot sweetened water will usually relieve a bad case. Repeat in ten minutes if necessary, but usually it isn't. For the baby one to three drops will be enough. Even dropping some on a handkerchief and laying it near the baby's face has been effective.

WATER FOR CAKES

By Mrs. A. F. Barker, Salem, Va.

Water instead of milk for making cakes is much better. Hot water should always be used in making sponge cake. A cake made with hot water will not be tough.

FLY-PAPER SEASON

In fly-time when it becomes necessary to use fly-paper try this method and see how much trouble will be saved. Tack the sheets of fly-paper to thin boards. In this way they are not carried across the room by a stray breeze and landed sticky side down on the floor or furniture.

TO CLEAN A CLOCK

By J. W. Murray, Milford, Utah

Saturate a piece of cotton as large as an egg with coal oil and put on the floor of the clock shut tight. In 4 or 6 days you will see the works clean as new and the cotton black with particles of dirt which have been loosened by the kerosene fumes.

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New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month. *Go and hear them.*

SOUR PICKLES

By Lena W. Rice, Underhill, R. F. D. 1, Vt.

A very easy way to make sour pickles for the winter is as follows: Fill quart fruit jars with small cucumbers, mixing in a little horseradish root or leaves. Place a heaping teaspoonful salt on top and fill the can with boiling vinegar. Seal immediately. These pickles keep indefinitely, and are as nice as those made with twice the work. They also have that "crumpy" quality so much desired.

MOVING MATTRESSES

In cleaning chambers, do you not find that lifting the cumbersome mattresses is the hardest task found? Not because of their great weight, although they *are* heavy, but on account of the difficulty in getting hold of the unwieldly things. Try roping them with a clothes line, and see how it simplifies matters. Put the rope around book-strap-fashion, and knot in such a way that you have a rope handle to clutch and see how easily the mattress can then be handled.

TURNING A HEM

If you have a ruffle to hem, the hem may be measured in a tenth part of the time usually required by employing the following process: After the breadths of ruffling are cut off, before sewing them together, lay flat on work-table and measure at each lower edge the width of required hem, allowing for the portion turned under. Then, by the use of a yard stick, mark across the goods with chalk or tracing-wheel, and your hem is all measured, ready to turn.

WINTER PIES

In cold weather one may save much time by making a quantity of apple or mince pies at a time. Put them in some cupboard outside, where they will freeze and remain frozen until wanted. The day you wish a pie for dinner, bring in one in the morning, thaw out, and bake. Pies kept in this way will be as good as if just put together.

RELIEF FOR SICK STOMACH

A very simple home remedy for nausea is cinnamon tea. Place a teaspoon of ground cinnamon in teacup, and pour over it a half cup of *boiling* water. As soon as the mixture settles, it is ready for use. This settles the stomach in a remarkably short time.

MAKING A WASH DRESS

In making a wash dress, if you would avoid the unsightly sag which will invariably come in the back of the skirt after a few day's wear, do not gore the back breadths. A five or seven-gored skirt model cuts to good advantage in this way. Gore the front and side breadths according to the pattern, and set in straight back breadths, and see how well your skirt will hang until worn out.

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

If you are a home dressmaker keep a quantity of the sharp black pins on hand to use in pinning patterns on, etc. Their large heads render them very easily picked up, while the points, being so very sharp, are easily pricked through the material, and do not draw the goods as common pins frequently do. A quantity of these can be purchased for five cents at any department store.

TURKISH DELIGHT

By F. B. W., New Castle, Ind.

One ounce Knox's gelatine dissolved in one-half cup of water, grated rind and juice of one lemon and one orange, one-half cup of cold water added to two cups of granulated sugar. When dissolved, mix all together and boil twenty minutes. Pour in a shallow vessel and let stand twenty-four hours; then cut in squares, rolling each in pulverized sugar.

SAVE SOAP SCRAPS

By Mrs. J. M. Sewell, Pullman, Wash.

Do not throw away bits of toilet soap. Keep a jar to put them in. Make bags of fine cheese cloth four by six inches, fill with bran, a few bits of soap, and a pinch or two of orris if you have it; Tie the bags at the top; do not fill them as full, as the bran swells in the water. Oatmeal may be used instead of bran. These bags make the nicest kinds of wash-rags. Another use for bits of soap is to put them into an empty jar and pour in alcohol or cologne, not quite enough to cover the soap. This will make a jelly which will be found useful in shampooing, or in the bath, as it dissolves quickly in the water. Add a few drops of lavender or rose to the alcohol and soap just before using.

ECONOMY IN MAKING BED LINEN

By Mrs. James MacGregor, Ansonia, Ct.

Sheets are better hemmed with the same width hem at each end. They can then be used either end for the head and will wear more evenly.

If, when making pillow-cases, you make them an inch or so longer than usual, it will allow of cutting off and hemming again when they wear out at the corners and the other parts are still good.

ANT EXTERMINATOR

By Mrs. C. A. Wilcox, Hartford, Ct.

I was troubled last summer with little red ants in my house. I took alum in proportion to two pounds of alum in three quarts of water. Having dissolved the alum in the water, I applied with a brush while hot to every crack and crevice where the ants were in the habit of staying.

To get rid of the larger species, lay about fresh picked tansy leaves.

ABOUT EGGS

By Mrs. Rena Nelson, Marshall, Ind.

When using an egg which has been frozen, break it into the mixing dish and place on the stove until slightly warm; beat briskly, and the yolk will be smooth instead of forming in small curdles.

If you use the whites of the eggs only for a dish, do not remove the yolks from the shells, and they will not form a crust on top.

AN ANSWER

By Mrs. A. S. Badger, Waukesha, Wis.

You may say to W. D. Robinson, Knoxville, Iowa, that to drive away red ants, if he will take liquid corrosive sublimate, pour it on little pieces of cotton batting and lay it where the ants travel, they will leave instantly. The odor of corrosive sublimate lasts but a short time.

SUGARING DOUGHNUTS

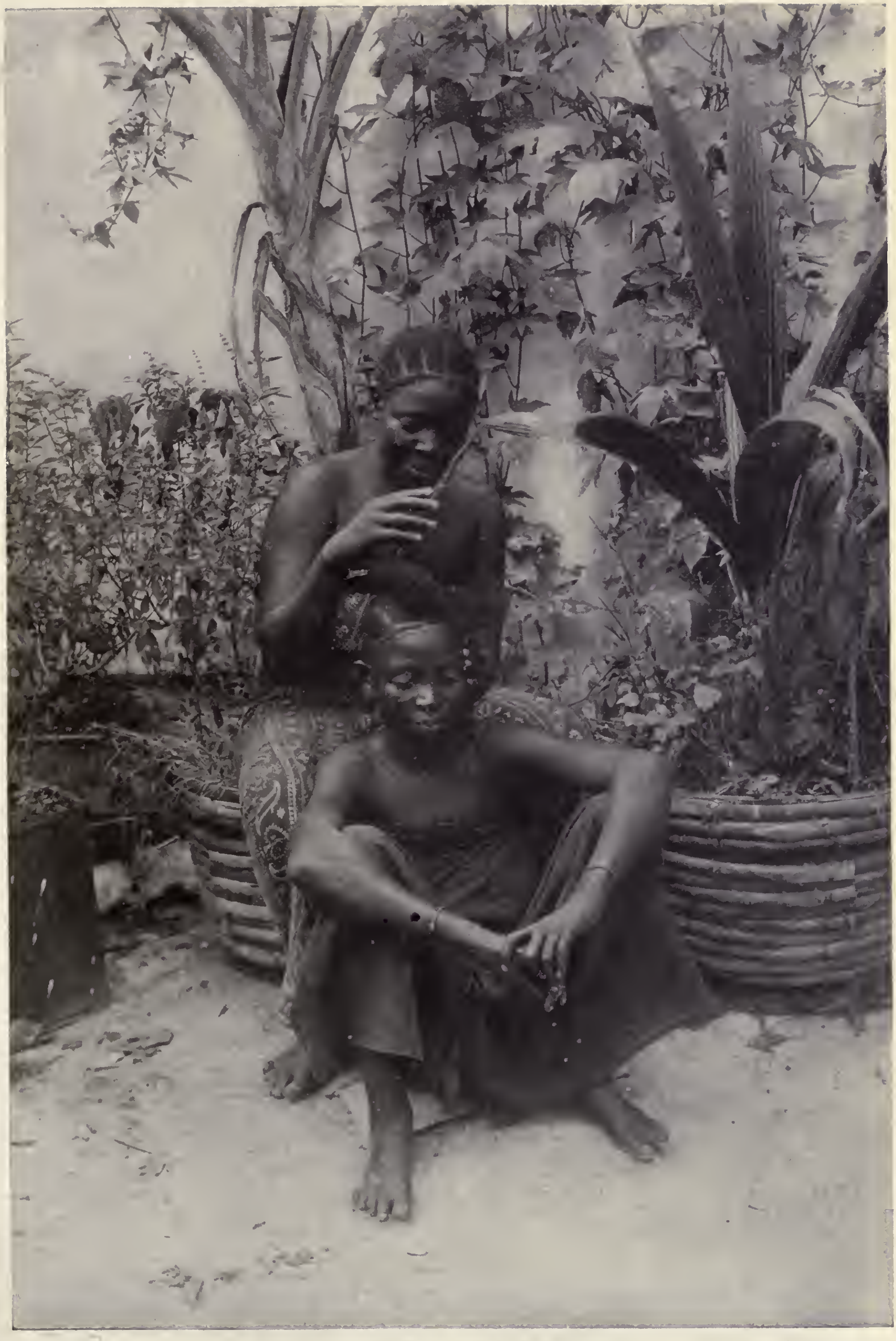
By Mrs. M. J. Love, Sandusky, O.

Put pulverized sugar in a paper bag, add doughnuts, give a little shake, and lo! the work is done, with nothing to clean up. Try my way.

SAUSAGE HELP

By Mrs. Fred Van Veghten, Columbia X Roads, Bradford County, Pa.

When making sausage add a small amount of ginger, this prevents the formation of gas in the stomach.



SWAHILI WOMEN COIFFURING THE HAIR

The coiffeur has her own hair beautifully plaited and is using the customary black ebony comb to set in order her sister's kinky woolly head. The Swahili is a coast tribe of East Africa, whose fathers are Arabs and mothers are negroes; they are porters on the big safaris like the one President Roosevelt will take, and he will very likely fit out his expedition in Zanzibar, where Stanley, Livingstone, Emin Pasha and other great travelers started. Mombasa on the mainland is also peopled with Swahili and Roosevelt may land there, and go direct from there to Voi and Kilimanjaro, then back to British East Africa.

(*See Peter MacQueen's article "Roosevelt's African Hunting Grounds"*)

MAJOR GENERAL BANCROFT

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX DECEMBER, 1908 NUMBER THREE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE smoke of the political battle has cleared away, and Washington atmosphere is surcharged with a geniality not felt for months past. Foes in the recent fray now find themselves the same good friends as of yore; the amenities of Yuletide have obliterated the marks of partisan conflict, in fact everything partakes of the good humor of the president-elect. More and more each year the personal influence of the occupant of the White House is felt by the people. From the stirring, strenuous days of the Rough Rider spirit a new development has come. The contrast will be marked, and one psychological expert says:

"You watch the people and see how everything will soon partake of the Taft spirit. You won't see business rushing through quite so quickly now. Things will be done, but not in the same way as of yore; there will be a little more deliberation—you mark my words."

Preparations are already being made for the inauguration, which promises to be a sort of family reunion of peoples from the Far East, Far West and South, for no president has ever been so closely identified with all sections over which the Flag floats as President-elect Taft.

His coming inauguration recalls the genial chats which the old friends had with him when he served as a cabinet minister. Carrying his portfolio full of papers, he always had time to stop for a few moments' conversation with the newspaper boys.

It is said now that his promise, which was to be fulfilled if he was elected, when no political motive could be assigned, will take effect, and he will be initiated into the mysteries of Masonry, as a part of the splendid tribute paid to that body which assisted his father in his early struggling days in Cincinnati. It is insisted by Mr. Taft's friends that no one civic organization can ever hope to claim his exclusive fealty, for he will always recognize the fact that he was elected president of all the people, all the time.

* * *

IT really seems like a visit to China to be received by her diplomatic representative at Washington, and no one appreciates a good story more than Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister. His recital of the details of his engagement and marriage is a very entertaining tid-bit.

"I had never spoken a word to my wife until after we were married; I was engaged when a child, and was prohibited by my parents to see the girl whom I was to marry. As I grew older, every young lady I chanced to meet set me to wondering if she were my prospective bride. I am not unhappy in my marriage, although I had no acquaintance whatever with my wife until the wedding day."

This curious Eastern custom eliminates much of the poetry of the marriage ceremony, according to Western ideas, and yet one wonders if custom makes such a great deal of difference. One's ideas of romance are formed by his surroundings to a great extent—would the youth know how to tenderly salute his lady if he had never been kissed by a fond mother, or at least had witnessed the custom elsewhere? Many ideas of life are taken from books or from the stage, and have gradually come to be considered correct customs. Mr. Wu feels that it has been proved that just as happy conjugal relations are established under Chinese customs as by our own methods of nurturing sentiment.

Photo copyright, Robert Lee Dunn.
From "William Howard Taft, American"

PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT AS A SCHOOLBOY AT CINCINNATI

* * *

ONE of the first matters on which Congress promises to take speedy action will be the currency. Comptroller of the Currency Lawrence O. Murray has brought forward information which shows that a more thorough observance of the national banking laws ought to be enforced. He has suggested that an effective penalty be left within the power of the comptroller. As things are now, there is no middle ground between closing a bank or permitting it to go from bad to worse, in the hope of a better condition of affairs until the crash comes. It is felt that under the administration of the present comptroller admonitions will be heeded as they have not been hitherto. The prominence of the banking question in the last campaign has made it imperative that all the rights of depositors should be safeguarded, without in any way lessening the elasticity in banking facilities which is a great accessory in industrial progress.

* * *

EVEN in those early days, Billy Taft loved to go a-visiting. One of the most delightful excursion trips I made during the summer was to Millbury, Massachusetts. Here, William Howard Taft, while his mother lived, spent many happy days "visiting folks back East." Near the public square and the bandstand is located the old home with its stately Corinthian pillars and neat grounds and shrubbery—a picturesque setting for a New England home in the typical architecture of Colonial and Revolutionary days. Here the mother to whom he was so devoted passed away while he was making his tour of the world. It was a sad farewell to the great diplomat—still her boy—as they parted that night in Millbury. As the old gate clicked, he looked back, tears streaming down his cheeks, for he knew that he would never look upon his mother's face again. But Duty called. He had pledged himself to open the Congress in the Philippines, and a people who had learned to trust him looked for his coming. Even in times of peace, scenes such as these are enacted, full of all the pathos and sentiment of the parting when soldiers leave their loved ones to go to the front in defence of the flag.

Just around the corner, at the old livery stable, "Bill" Powers, once a chum of "Billy" Taft, attends faithfully to his daily duties. You can rest assured that "Bill" Powers told me all about the "swimming-hole" days up in the Blackstone Valley, where the future

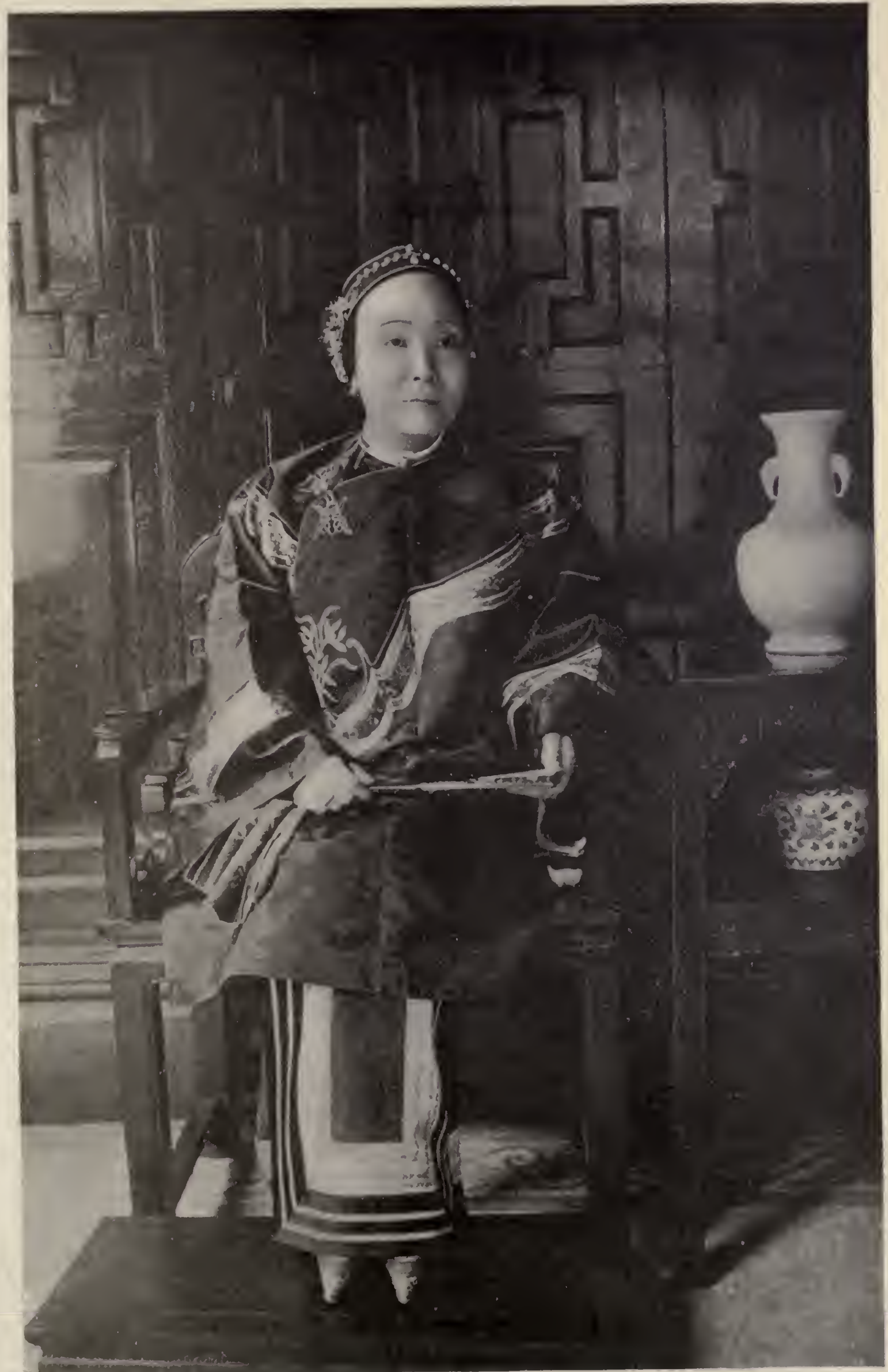


Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. WU TING FANG, WIFE OF THE CHINESE MINISTER candidate for the presidency of the United States basked naked in the sun, burned his back and found his shirt tied in a very hard knot. "Those were the happy days for 'Billy'," said the Millbury livery man, "and for me."

At this quaint old village one of the first paper mills in the country was located. A single track branch of the Boston & Albany enters the town from the main line, and when the railroad was first constructed it was shut out from Millbury for fear the locomotive would scare the horses, and the stubborn refusal of a few stalwart citizens simply left this once bustling, thriving manufacturing center far off the line of east and west traffic. Afterward, the cars of the Millbury branch were hauled to and fro from the main line to the village by horses, so that for years past no locomotive's screech has ever been sounded in the historical old Massachusetts town. Even in the boyhood of William Howard Taft the steam locomotive was a rare sight to the people of this charming and picturesque New England town.

Photo copyright, Robert Lee Dunn
From "William Howard Taft, American"
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT IN HIS EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

If one were to imagine an ideal place for a Western boy to visit, Millbury would furnish the charming location. Here "Billy" Taft, the wild and woolly cousin from the far West, with all his mischievous love of fun, came to see his Eastern cousin, teaching him all sorts of mischievous antics and how to give a war whoop that had the true Indian flavor; and where is the boy who does not love to play Indian?

Well do I recall a statement of Secretary Hay that every personality is interesting. If a picture of any life could be thrown on the screen, with its surroundings and "settings," it would be full of vivid interest. In all the scenes of the life of Secretary Taft, from boyhood days in Cincinnati to his official tour around the world, with its heavy responsibilities on his broad shoulders, no scene can excite a sweeter tenderness and interest than Millbury, the old home of a typical American boy, where grown-up "Billy" Taft used to visit his mother "back East." In this home since the death of her distinguished husband, ex-Secretary of War Honorable Alphonso Taft, Mrs. Taft spent her last serene days among the scenes of her girlhood. Little did she dream in fitting her boy out in his best for Sunday school, and carefully whisking him by the home of "Bill" Powers on Sundays, until safely within the premises of the Sunday school, that this boy would become a candidate for the presidency of the United States. The more the life of William Howard Taft is studied, the broader seems the range of Americanism which it typifies and the more humanly human seem to be the lives of the great men whom the people delight to honor.

THE appalling record of fires will be called to the attention of Congress during the coming year. In one month—January, 1908, —over twenty-four million dollars' worth of property was burned, and the total amount of building and repairs only amounted to sixteen millions. While we sympathize with our European neighbors on colossal expenditure for the support of standing armies, we fail to realize that the loss by fire in this country annually is over two hundred and fifty-two million dollars, which exceeds by twenty millions the cost of maintaining the German army.

Something must be done for more complete protection from fire. If a loss of a quarter million dollars in one year, taken from our substantial wealth and "sent up in smoke" never to be seen again, resulted from any other cause than fire, there would be a continuous panic; but people have apparently grown indifferent, and do not seem aware that such losses cannot be replaced, even by the immense sum at which they are estimated. The wooden house must go, and fireproof methods of construction and finish be substituted for inflammable "fire-traps."

* * *

ONE of the amusing incidents of the campaign has been the frequent "flying" trips made by Chairman Hitchcock between Chicago and New York. There has been much talk of flying machines recently, but Mr. Hitchcock has confined himself to special trains. It is certain that he has never allowed "the grass to grow" under his feet, and ought to be familiar with every bump and rough place on the tracks between those two cities. One colleague insists that Mr. Hitchcock was in the habit of consulting his schedule after entering the train in order to decide whether he was "coming or going." He has not only kept in close touch with popular opinion during the campaign, but given vigorous personal attention to every matter which seemed to drag slowly or to be getting into a "snarl," and his productions are usually verified in the results because based upon accurate information.

* * *

SUMMER tourists returning from Paris insist that one of the most interesting sights in the French capital is the monument given by the school children of America to France, in honor of Lafayette and in recognition of the aid rendered by that country to the United States during the Revolution.

Photo copyright, Robert Lee Dunn
From "William Howard Taft, American"
LOUISE TORREY TAFT, MOTHER OF WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

The monument is one of the world's masterpieces in sculpture and is a beautiful and sincere token of the respect and affection extended by one nation to another; it was formally dedicated on the Fourth of July, 1907. Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, commissioner-general from the United States to the

Paris Exposition in 1900, was the honorary president of the commission. The originator, projector and executor of this great plan for recognizing the noble comrade and friend of Washington and the generosity of the French nation to our own, was Robert J. Thompson, consul-general at Hanover, and a public-spirited business-man and leader in thought and research. His suggestion was enthusiastically endorsed by President McKinley.

The statue was executed by Paul Wayland Bartlett, and is the result of ten years of unflagging work. His masterpiece has won the approval of the greatest French art critics, and is regarded as a leading example of American sculpture. The pennies contributed directly by American school children and an appropriation of $10,000 from the legislature of New York amounted to a fund of $55,000. There was a surplus of $15,425.76 on the completion of the work.

Photo Copyright, Robert Lee Dunn
From "William Howard Taft, American"
MR. TAFT'S GRANDMOTHER, SOPHIA HOWARD, AFTER WHOM HE WAS NAMED

The complete success of this project has been a great pleasure to me, because I well recall certain crisp October moonlight nights when two boys lay on a straw-stack talking over their ambitions and hopes for the future. In their boyish enthusiasm, Lafayette's name was often mentioned with adoration, and it was here that a monument in his honor was first suggested by the very boy who in manhood's years carried his great plan to a successful achievement.

* * *

THE glory of a quartette of big yellow chrysanthemums was reflected in the brilliant polish of Secretary Loeb's desk at the Executive Office. An elderly gentleman entered a bit ahead of me, walking with the feeble gait of years. His face was remarkable for its kindly expression and clear eye. The Secretary, usually reserved and business-like, glanced up as we came in, and his eyes lighted with pleasure as he greeted the elderly visitor, taking him by both hands and seating him comfortably, while he questioned him eagerly about himself, his affairs and family, gradually drifting into reminiscence of the "old days."

Some of us waiting ones felt as though the "old chap" were overrunning his time limit; he made himself quite at home, sure of his welcome, and the pair talked and looked out over the tennis court with happy eyes as they remembered the days they had spent together. A little later we learned that the owner of the kindly face and gray moustache had once been a prominent politician in New York State, and that he had given Mr. Loeb his first position. It seems there had been many applications for the post of stenographer for the New York Assembly, but the moment young Loeb applied the busy man seemed aware that he had the right boy for the situation, and he was proud to see his judgment later confirmed by the President of the United States.

"You don't know how much I appreciated his kindness to me; I was a young stenographer then, and this was my first position of any responsibility," the Secretary said, when his friend, with light step and radiant face, had taken his departure, evidently proud of the success and prestige of his former protegé.

It was one of those little glimpses of the more amiable side of official life. The good old days and those who lend a helping hand to a young man when he needs it most are never forgotten—their memory is written on the heart.

SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH, NOW LORD NORTHCLIFFE, AND HIS FAVORITE PET

SITTING in the War Department late one afternoon I was attracted by an oil painting hanging on the opposite wall of the room. The features had a classic cast, and a poetic suggestion that was fascinating in the dim light. Having studied it with half closed eyes for some minutes I walked across the room and found that it was the portrait of Jefferson Davis, at one time secretary of war. Another visitor, also waiting, called attention to the Grecian beauty of the face of this president of the Southern Confederacy.

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. J. F. BURKE

Wife of Representative Burke of Pennsylvania

It has often occurred to me that as time passed the chasm created by the Civil War is being rapidly filled, and we are realizing more and more the common interests of our race. This thought came again to my mind when I learned that the man who stood before the portrait was a Union soldier.

"No wonder," said he, "that the South was devoted to its handsome leader, if in the flesh he resembled this splendid painting in the War Department."

* * *

A POLITICAL campaign in Wyoming means covering long distances in a short time. Senator Warren traveled eighty-seven miles by stage to make his first speech in opening the campaign, and seventy-eight miles by stage to make his second speech.

Senator Warren has developed into one of the strong men of the senate, and is as vigorous a campaigner as he is a legislator. He is chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate, and is one of the assiduous and steady workers who have a great deal of influence in national affairs. He was chairman of the Committee on Rules and Order of Business at the Republican National Convention; he never permits an opportunity to pass without an effort to do something for his home state. Although born in Massachusetts, Senator Warren long ago became fully identified as a thorough-going Westerner and Wyoming man, and has doubtless been much gratified at the wonderful development of the natural resources of Wyoming, since he has taken his seat in the Senate to represent that state, which has always been regarded as the center of real frontier and ranch life, with all its picturesqueness and varied attractions.

* * *

THE permanent Executive Offices will be located in the new Department of State and Justice Building, with an underground passage leading to the White House, the present offices being much too small. This building will be one of the handsomest of the group of government structures. The District of Columbia Building is completed, and also the Agricultural Department Building. A further appropriation is to be made next year, and within a decade the government buildings at Washington will vie in grandeur and architectural beauty with those of any capital, ancient or modern.

FRANCIS E. WARREN, UNITED STATES SENATOR

IT was a relief to hear Commissioner Moore say that many of the old patent models which had served their country well were not to be destroyed, despite the fact that he had begun his house-cleaning in order to secure more space for the new models pouring into the Patent Office. A campaign was organized to sell 157,000 models of ancient inventions—the patent rights having expired. The pecuniary benefits of the inventors would not have suffered in any way, but it might have been a regret to them to see the beloved brain children cast adrift at auction—disposed of like old garments at a rummage sale.

THE ARCADE FOUNTAIN
At the Seattle Exposition

It recalled the lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Aye, tear the tattered ensign down!" It appears that the government might at least provide storage for the original models which have been an important factor in developing the industrial and commercial resources of the country.

* * *

WHEN I saw Lord Northcliffe walking across the White House grounds, on his way to visit the President, I could not help thinking what a true type of the broad-minded Briton he was; as plain Alfred Harmsworth, pursuing his journalistic career with that enthusiasm and courage that are bound to win success, he was no less the true nobleman. As I watched him striding swiftly through the rustling autumn leaves, he appeared to be as much at home as though wending Whitefriars' devious ways to his office in Carmelite Street.

The young Alfred Harmsworth is now Lord Northcliffe, but his title has not lessened his interest in journalistic questions. Few English newspaper men have had so rapid a rise, and his honors have come because he knew how to reach the people through his papers, which have a circulation that girdles the world. The *London Daily Mail* is managed with all the energy of an American newspaper, and yet it has never for a moment lost the dignity essential to a British publication. His Lordship—how strange that sounds—makes a journey to America once a year, in order to keep himself in fighting trim for the responsibilities of his varied enterprises. He has just emerged from an onslaught of libel suits brought by the Sunlight Soap people, whom he charged with forming a trust; the verdict, to the amount of a quarter-million, was against him—but that did not disturb the young peer.

No man in business life in these days is more far-sighted than this virile publisher, and he clearly understands the difficulty of keeping up the paper supply; for this reason he has been making a careful study of all the pulp wood reserve, realizing that with the rapidly increasing demand for paper, some reliable source of supply must be found. He is watching this industry in the United States and Canada, and has visited the forests of Newfoundland for information on this product. Corn and cotton stalks, the greatest waste products of the country, are being utilized in the manufacture of paper suited for various purposes, though it is

SENATOR J. A. HEMENWAY OF INDIANA

doubtful if this new product can be made with the lasting qualities of paper manufactured from the older resources. Apropos of this, it has been suggested by the department in which files of the various publications are kept that all papers filed in Congress ought to be printed on linen or silk paper, because it has been observed that many of those printed on pulp wood paper have crumbled to dust as the years went by.

Lord Northcliffe has always been a lover of dogs, and one of his favorite photographs is that which is reproduced in this issue. It seems hardly possible that this man, now a peer of the realm, in control of the *Old Thunderer*, and a large part of the important periodic literature of the British Empire, was, twenty-five years ago, a hustling, busy reporter. To those who know what a reporter's duties are, and how many men so employed remain all their lives in the same old groove, the rapid rise of Lord Northcliffe seems little short of miraculous. It is certainly a unique experience for a man as young as Lord Northcliffe to become owner of so mighty an organ as the English *Times*.

IN the first mail after the advent of the two-cent foreign postage, a large number of additional letters came in from "the old country." It is believed that the reduced rate on letters now prevailing between the British Empire and the United States will nearly double the amount of mail matter. The *London Times* chronicles the fact that whenever the rate of letter postage has been reduced there was an increase in mail matter. This was the experience with the first "penny post" in England, when "croakers" thought the government would be beggared, but it turned out that where there had been a deficit there soon was a rapidly-accumulating surplus. More important than the mere price of postage is the fact that this international action will have a marked influence in stimulating trade between the two countries.

Photo by W. C. Ryder

THE HARVARD STADIUM

The administration of the Post Office Department will be an important factor in the business policies of Uncle Sam this year. Under the persistent and effective advocacy of the postmaster-general, it is almost certain that we shall have postal savings and parcel post. Every day facts and figures are accumulated to show that these two propositions will come about by a process of natural evolution, as sure as sunrise and sunset.

* * *

WHILE there was not much of the old-time blazing enthusiasm in the 1908 campaign, there was a spirit of quiet joviality not often found in politics. Now that the election is over, people are laughing at the funny things that happened, even if the laugh is sometimes against themselves. In a certain town a distinguished speaker had been engaged to appear at a Republican rally. In the same county was an aggressive organization of young Democrats who were making the fight of their lives to wrest the control of the county and district from the old-time Republican leaders.

The celebrated guest arrived by the late afternoon train, and was received by a local committee of young Democrats, who showed him unusual courtesy. He was given an excellent dinner at the best hotel in the place, and after a pleasant chat and smoke, some time before the hour appointed for the rally, he was escorted to a handsomely-appointed close carriage and driven several miles away, where he duly addressed a meeting. He was struck with the strange quiet of the gathering, and had not progressed far in his speech before he realized that he had been hoodwinked. When the distinguished statesman discovered that he had been kidnapped and was addressing a deaf and dumb audience, he began to understand why he had failed to secure any response to his perorations. His fury at the practical joke may be better imagined than described, and his comments, it is needless to say, were not translatable into the sign language.

Meanwhile, the serious-minded and elderly Republican committee carefully searched the railway station and train, assured themselves that the speaker was not there, and, in no very good humor, arranged for such local talent as could be secured to save the day; but the meeting fell flat and had to adjourn without hearing from the great man whose

Pnoto by McDonald

GOVERNOR HUGHES OF NEW YORK

name was emblazoned upon the billboards all over the town.

* * *

ONE of the most popular subjects ever taken up at the Executive Office has been the investigation into the country life of the nation. Over a million and a half of circulars have been sent out, containing the following questions:—

CONGRESSMAN FRANK O. LOWDEN
Member Executive Board Republican National Committee

1. Are the farm homes in your neighborhood as good as they should be under existing conditions?

2. Are the schools of your neighborhood training boys and girls satisfactorily for life on the farm?

3. Do the farmers in your neighborhood get the returns they reasonably should from the sale of their products?

4. Do the farmers in your neighborhood receive from the railroad, high roads, trolley lines, etc., the service they reasonably should have?

5. Do the farmers in your neighborhood receive from the United States postal service, rural telephone, etc., the service they reasonably should expect?

6. Are the farmers and their wives in your neighborhood satisfactorily organized to promote their mutual interest?

7. Are the renters of farms in your neighborhood making a satisfactory living?

8. Is the supply of farm labor in your neighborhood satisfactory?

9. Are the conditions surrounding hired labor on the farms in your neighborhood satisfactory to the hired men?

10. Have the farmers in your neighborhood satisfactory facilities for doing their business in banking, credit, insurance, etc.?

11. Are the sanitary conditions of the farms in your neighborhood satisfactory?

12. Do the farmers and their wives and families in your neighborhood get together for mutual improvement, entertainment and social intercourse as much as they should?

13. What, in your judgment, is the most important single thing to be done for the general betterment of country life?

MISS KATHERINE ELKINS
Daughter of Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, senator for West Virginia

The answers were tabulated for the use of the President. The thirteen questions are indeed pertinent, and ought to elicit a fund of valuable information coming direct from the farmers themselves, who certainly are familiar with the situation. The residents on farm lands are not quite so keen for agricultural instruction as might be supposed, or as some enthusiasts would have us be-

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE lieve. Some of them insist that a little too much academic farming is being attempted at this time, and send in most hearty recommendations that the old lyceums and social meetings be revived in the neighborhoods in which they reside. This suggestion shows that social life is as important as knowledge of the soil. The great work on the Panama Canal was made possible only when the right social, sanitary and home conditions were established, and not only ample remuneration, but health, comfort and recreation were assured to the workers by the forethought of the government.

HON. S. BRUNDIDGE, JR.
Representative from Arkansas

* * *

AMONG the popular members of Congress from Arkansas, Hon. Stephen Brundidge, Jr., or "Fell" Brundidge, as he is familiarly known in his district, has a remarkable record. So far as known, he is the only member of Congress who represents the same community in which he was born, reared, educated and lived. The town so honored is Searcy in White County, Arkansas, where Mr. Brundidge lived and practiced law until he entered public life.

After twelve years' service in the lower house, Mr. Brundidge expects to retire to private life at Searcy, where he owns a beautiful home.

When asked one day in regard to taking a partner in his law practice on his return to Arkansas, Mr. Brundidge referred the matter to his small son Edward, who promptly replied in the affirmative, adding that the sign would read, "Daddy and Son."

* * *

ONE of the most unique applications filed at the Patent Office during October was made by Mr. William G. Bell of Boston, for a device for hanging a flag. It is so simple that the wonder is that it has never been thought of before in all the years that the Stars and Stripes have been floating over the great and growing Republic.

This little invention is especially adapted to the horizontal hanging of a flag, and is nothing more than the interposition of a strip of netting, say about one-tenth of the bunting's length, between the halyard and the flag. It has been demonstrated that the wind circulating freely through this network will prevent the flag from being blown over the halyards or staff and winding around it. It seems that this strip of network effectually eases the strain on the flag and insures a uniform undulation. It not only prevents the flag from becoming fouled around the flag-staff, but it also seems to diminish the wear and tear upon it due to its snapping in the wind.

* * *

THE Alaskan-Yukon-Pacific Exposition has reached a decision which will be welcome news to those interested in the progress of temperance. For the first time in the history of great expositions no intoxicating liquors will be sold on the grounds. The exposition buildings stand upon the campus of the Washington State University, on which the sale of liquors is prohibited by state law, so that the temperance feature of this exposition was practically determined when the site was chosen. It will be an example of prohibition that will be eagerly watched by thousands of citizens and sociologists of this and other countries. Heretofore it has been considered necessary to grant licenses to sell liquors in order to meet the heavy expenses incurred by the exposition management, and also out of deference to the wishes of exhibitors from foreign countries who are accustomed to obtain liquors and light wines in the restaurants, cafes and open air resorts. The managers of other expositions have always received a percentage of the sales, which in some cases have amounted to as large sum as seven or ten thousand dollars, so that, by their unanimous action, the management of the Seattle Exposition will curtail their income, and it is certainly a bold decision as reversing all previous policies. Soft drinks will be served in many places, and the grounds will receive a direct supply from fine mineral springs, which will insure pure drinking water at all times.

EMERGENCY HOSPITAL
Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

MANUFACTURES BUILDING, ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

END OF AGRICULTURE BUILDING
Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

The amusement street of this exposition will be a mile in length, and will be known as the Pay Streak; in such a thoroughfare it will certainly be a novelty to see nothing served except beverages of a purely non-intoxicating character.

* * *

At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will be a demonstration of salmon canning, an exhibit that will belie some of the highly-colored stories that have been circulated concerning this industry.

Seattle is to be congratulated on the splendid outlook for the success of her exposition.

OWING to rapid changes in the weather, there was an early and flourishing crop of colds this season, and as coughs and sneezes were heard, and handkerchiefs came often into play, Champ Clark dropped into the story-telling mood. He is an old newspaper man, and always manifests a kindly interest in the newsboys, and anything that concerns them makes a lasting impression on his memory. He is very proud of their keen wit, and believes that the American newsboy has no equal in repartee or shrewdness.

Photo by Moffett Studio, Chicago

EVAN A. EVANS

Owner of the famous Moffett Studio at Chicago, where celebrities are wont to gather to meet the camera

On the particular morning of the story—in chilly, frosty January—he was waiting on a New York dock while his friend, just over from England, saw to the collection of his luggage. The Congressman thought it a good opportunity to dilate on his favorite theme. The Britisher rather resented his boasting, and said that to his mind the London newsboy was without an equal. "He is always ready with a retort, don't you know, that is as good as the latest in *Punch*. The London newsboys are keen students of human nature—not a detail in a man's appearance is unnoted by them," said the Englishman warmly.

Champ turned his quid to the other side. "You just try one of these New York kids," he said.

A lad approached to sell a paper, and the Londoner promptly opened fire, while the boy took an inventory of his customer.

"Now, my boy," said the Englishman, "can you tell me the time by your nose this morning?"

The boy glanced up at the Englishman's aristocratic features, and, smiling serenely, replied: "Ask your own nose, sir; mine ain't runnin'."

The Londoner, somewhat confused, took out his handkerchief, and nothing more on the subject of newsboys was mentioned. Champ retired with the gleam of victory in his eye.

* * *

ONE of the problems that may sooner or later engage the congressional attention is the servant maid question. While some of the Solons are busy formulating laws to furnish material for the 1912 campaign, William Alden Smith comes on the scene with a Michigan story of the domestic problem.

It seems that in the home of a certain influential family, they arose one morning to find that no breakfast had been prepared—even the kitchen fire had not been lighted. Upon investigation, the cook was discovered peacefully reclining in bed.

"Are you ill?" inquired the mistress.

"Not at all; I feel quite well," was the surprising response, but still no persuasion would induce her to arise.

After a time the doctor was sent for. He put to her his usual questions, but the girl insisted that she felt perfectly well.

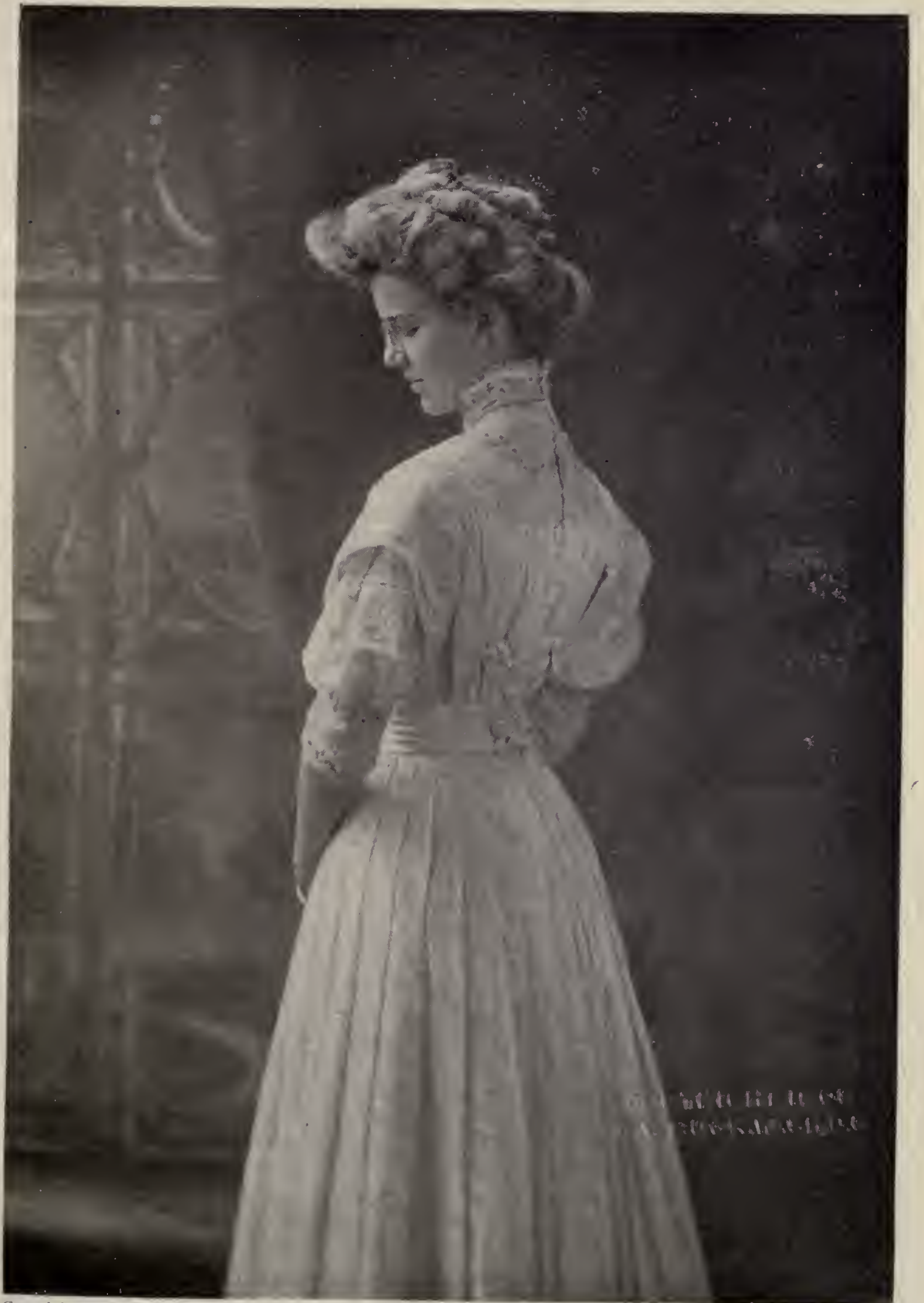
"If, as you say, you are not ill," said the man of pills and potions, "then tell me in confidence why you won't get up and go to work."

"Well," said the girl resolutely, "these people owe me twenty-five dollars, and I won't stir until they pay it."

"Do you think you'll get it quicker by staying in bed?" asked the doctor.

"I most certainly do," she replied, with a gleam of the eye that expressed determination "to fight it out on the same line if it takes all summer."

The doctor advancing said: "Roll over and stay there, that's the only way you'll get it. They owe me eighty dollars."



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MISS CHLOE SMOOT, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR SMOOT OF UTAH

A SINGLE year's record of the Public Service Commission of New York State has been a triumph for the project of Governor Hughes. Installed in spacious quarters in the Tribune Building, I found the commission in operation and doing work that is of national importance.

Here, for instance, for the first time, the consumer can come with his gas bill and make an appeal. An inspector is sent to seal the meter and make close examination. Over 300 complaints have been already acted upon with varying results, as when August Belmont complained of an exorbitant gas bill only to find, after inspection, that his meter was not recording all the gas that he consumed.

ARTHUR F. STATTER
Who rendered valuable assistance to Chairman Hitchcock of the Republican National Committee

The Commission's principal task is the supervision of the street railroads, looking after schedules and providing for more frequent trips. It is also making experiments on side-door entrances, with a view to expediting exit. It has been said that the establishment of a public service commission was suggested by the constant delays in traffic on Brooklyn Bridge owing to defective cars.

There are two commissions: the first one, in charge of Mr. Willcox, former postmaster of the city, gathering information to cover Greater New York, and the other commission having charge of the steam roads. There are over 1,000 employes in the New York Commission in all, with rooms on the seventeenth, nineteenth and twentieth floors and large hearing rooms on the third floor fitted out much in the manner of court rooms. This commission succeeded the old Board of Rapid Transit and Railroad Commission, and is unlimited in its power to regulate corporations. One great purpose of the commission is to provide transportation facilities adequate to the growth and needs of the Giant City, especially in the way of new subways.

By the mandate of this commission, streetcars are overhauled and repaired, and the general effect has been the gradual reduction of damage and accident suits; the managers of the roads are co-operating with the commission, realizing that the needs of the public and of the corporations are mutual.

* * *

ONE of the young men attached to Republican National Committee headquarters in Chicago, where he was accounted one of Mr. Hitchcock's right hand men, is Arthur F. Statter, formerly assistant secretary of the treasury. He rendered valuable service previous to the National Convention, doing missionary work in a number of Western states. Mr. Statter also participated in the convention held at Colorado Springs in July, where the Taft presidential campaign was thoroughly discussed by the leading politicians of the Pacific Slope.

Mr. Statter's former home was in Sioux City, Iowa, and from there he went to Walla Walla, Washington, to accept the management of a paper in which Honorable Levi Ankeny, then a candidate for United States senator, was interested. The campaign having reached a successful termination, Mr. Statter accompanied Senator Ankeny to Washington as his private secretary, afterward severing this connection to become private secretary to the secretary of the treasury, from which position he was promoted to an assistant secretaryship of the treasury. Mr. Statter's experience in newspaper work as well as his official connections and large acquaintance among public men especially qualify him for the work he has now in hand

SARAH PLATT DECKER

ROOSEVELT'S AFRICAN HUNTING GROUNDS

ZANZIBAR, THE GATE OF EAST AFRICA

By PETER MacQUEEN

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Special Correspondent of the *National Magazine* in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, in Manila and the Philippines in Aguinaldo's Insurrection, and in South Africa during the Boer War.

AT Zanzibar, the center of trade and diplomacy, and the most pleasant and convenient gate through which the explorer, merchant and traveler can enter the great plateaus and most interesting kingdoms of East Africa, it may be taken for granted that Mr. Roosevelt will conclude his preparations for penetrating into the wilds of the African continent. At all events, he is hardly likely to return from Africa without visiting the scene of the preparatory labors of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, Cameron, Emin and Stanley, and of other less-known yet not less devoted and courageous men who have "taken up the white man's burden" of seeking out the desolate parts of the earth and making straighter and easier the path by which their successors may replace with peaceful trade and Christian faith and education murderous wars, despotism founded on blood and lust, and merciless superstition. Here, too, some have come back, after perils and hardships innumerable, to receive the applause of a grateful world, or, less fortunate, have emerged from the great and terrible wilderness mere wrecks of the indomitable athletes who had set out with blare of trumpet, waving pennon and crashing volleys of musketry a few months before, or perhaps, like the martyred Livingstone, have been borne on the shoulders of a few faithful black men from the scenes of their last hopeless battle with relentless fate, to receive, in honor of the freed and dauntless spirit, the greatest funeral rites and observances which queenly Europe pays to manliness and virtue.

A DHOW ENTERING HARBOR OF ZANZIBAR

Before the English Protectorate these dhows carried from 10,000 to 15,000 slaves a year from Zanzibar and Pemba.

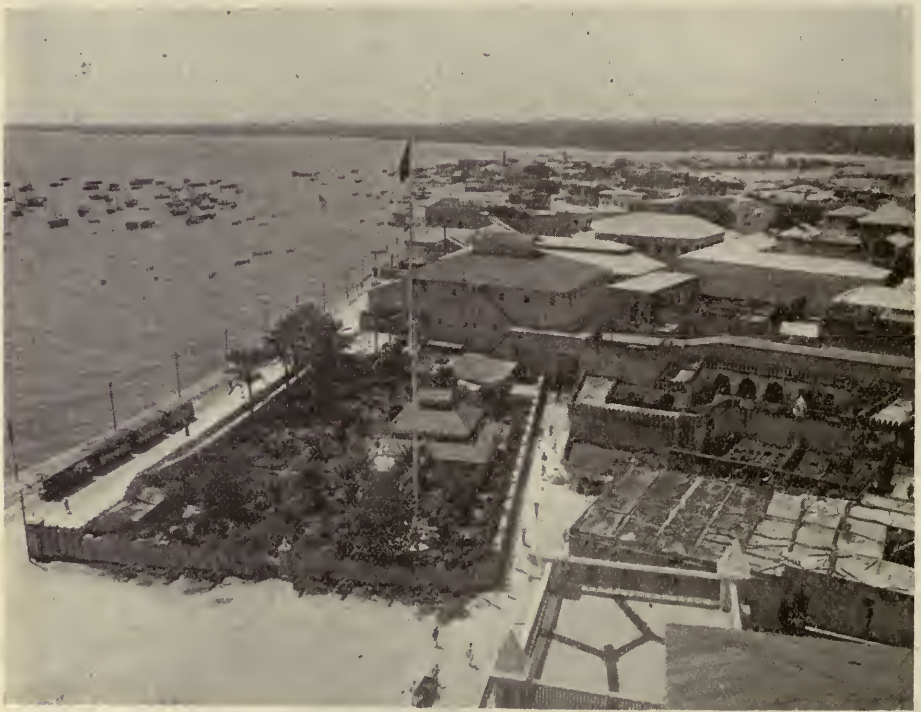
In my boyhood I read in my child's geography: "Mozambique and Zanzibar, west of Madagascar." These resonant names of far-away and then little-known lands brought before my glowing childish fancy visions of sultans, bearded and turbaned, on golden thrones; birds of paradise, veritable flying jewels, traversing fairy arcades through the umbrageous foliage of tropical forests; the gorgeous, sensuous, mysterious East showering on war-like kings and queens of unutterable beauty, musk, sandal and attar, and barbaric gold and pearl. But in my wildest imaginings I never hoped to visit such earthly paradises of beauty, such lands of eternal summer, such Islands of the Blest lapped in silvery seas.

* * *

Now, having visited all of these lands of high-sounding names and my early dreams, there still remains to me, veteran and way-worn traveler that I am, something of the

CLOVE TREES OF BUBUBU, CENTER OF THE CLOVE INDUSTRY OF THE WORLD

Twenty-six million pounds of cloves were raised last year in Zanzibar. The clove is plucked while red, and when dried becomes quite black. All the liquors in the world can be nullified, as far as smell goes, by one year's crop of Zanzibar cloves splendor and mystery, the glamor of my childish imaginings. They are colonies and dependencies now of England, France, Germany, Portugal, but at their names rise up an airy mirage of past and present associations. Tales of the great freebooters and petty pirates of the Indian seas, of Tippu Tib and other great slave-hunters who have raided Africa with armies for "ivory" white and "black," the perils and sufferings of the Arab and half-breed adventurers, their destruction of hundreds of villages and myriads of human beings, the utter misery and horror of the long journeys on the slave-trail to the coast, the dying captives cloven by scimitar and axe from the chain and the living pulled down by the dying, the raging pestilence and the spear-flight and arrow-storm of hostile and powerful hordes, the pangs of remediless thirst and destroying hunger, the nameless crimes of men left to their lusts and avarice; stories of the slave-mart and crowded slave-dhow, of the stifling, hungry, thirsty serfs in the squalid hold, the swift pursuit of infidel cruisers and the murderous drowning of the whole human freightage when escape seemed impossible, amid screams and cries for mercy and the rush of ravening sharks—all these mingled together in my brain as from the deck of the English steamship "Swaledale" I first saw, close at hand, the gray sands and white walls of the ancient Arab city of Zanzibar, for centuries the great slave-mart of the East, now a center of peaceful commerce; a city of freemen forever.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ZANZIBAR

Showing Sultan's Garden and the Harem Buildings (Ali bin Hamoud has two Arabian wives and one hundred Swahili concubines), also the cars of the seven-mile-long American Railroad to the great clove plantations at Bububu. The plantations are in the distance. In the harbor we see the old slave-dhows, now engaged in ordinary carrying trade. The flag on the flag-staff in the garden is the flag of the Sultan. Its color is red

Set in a sea of sapphire blue, her graceful contours outlined in tenderest green, her rounded hills crowned with dainty palms which lazily nod their feathery fronds in the lucent air, Zanzibar slumbers beneath the brilliant glory of a tropic sun. It is the ideal land of the Lotus-eater. I know no fairer spot on earth than the island of Zanzibar.

The city runs back abruptly from a beach of yellow sand in a succession of high white walls. It gleams and glistens and dazzles you. A row-boat, run by noisy Swahili boys, puts you ashore on a shelving beach, and you face an impenetrable and mysterious mass of snow-white walls. You get your baggage passed through the custom house, where you meet a courteous, white-turbaned officer; you breathe the aromatic odor of cloves and the sweet, sickening scent of copra; a Swahili boy drags you through a twisting canyon in the wall, past great doorways of carved teak-wood, between whitewashed walls, and suddenly you emerge into the light, color and glow of Zanzibar.

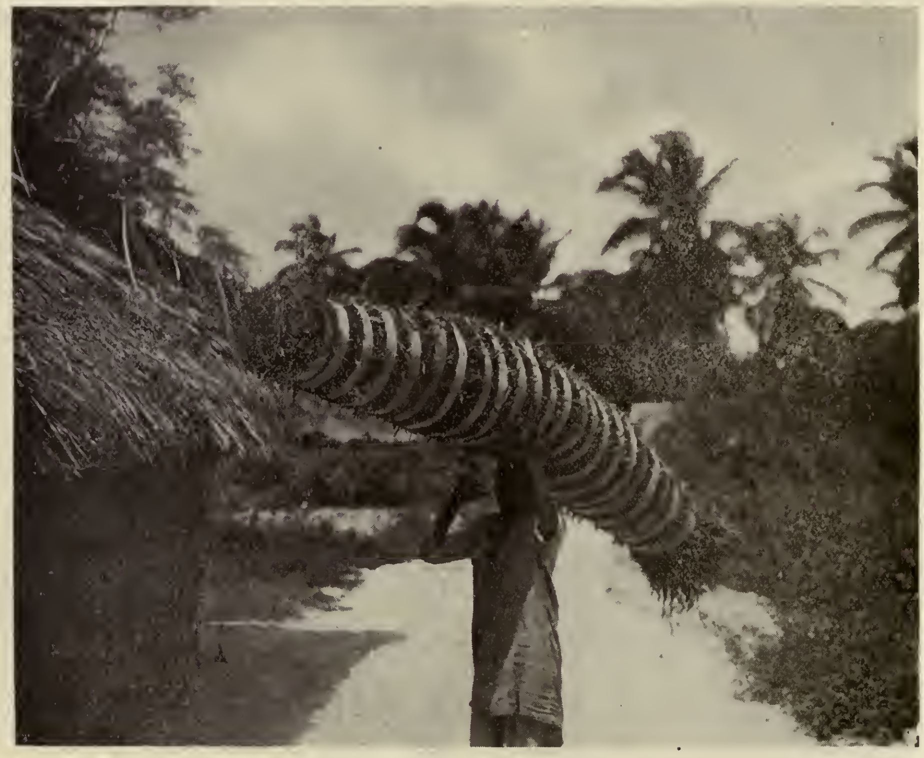
THE LANDING PLACE AT ZANZIBAR

The lanes and narrow streets are alive with all the hues of the rainbow; all the primal colors of the passionate, luxurious Orient—gorgeous, unshaded, violent. Cobalt-blue, greens, reds and yellows glow on frame-work and doorway like color-photography. Orange and black, red, blue, yellow, purple, white, scarlet, golden; such are the costumes of the men and women—fifty thousand of the most picturesque people ever brought together: Indians, Arabs, Swahilis, Somalis, Goanese, Parsees, Europeans. It is the brightest, richest in color, most energetically-commercial of all the East African ports. All is noise, activity, glitter. Here the Indian merchant beseeches you from his bazaar; there children swathed in silk and hung with costly jewels and bangles, stumble under your feet. Black women, draped below their bare shoulders in the colors of the butterfly, their necks and bosoms gay with chains and beads, their plump arms clasped by bracelets, with fingers and brows dyed purple, balance on their heads water-jars made out of American oil-tins. These dusky maidens, chattering around the pumps, filling their five-gallon tins with beautifully clear water from the Sultan's Spring, form a scene one could watch for hours. They are so clean, so eager and merry. The spring is two miles away, but the water comes by an iron main and is distributed by many pumps throughout the city. One of the former sultans, old "Bargash, the Builder," gave the water to the people, and made as a condition of the gift that no water-tax should be imposed forever. When the British government took over the island, they signed an agreement to keep the Sultan's will, and so there is no water-tax in Zanzibar. All drink from the fountains of Bargash. Water costs one cent for a five-gallon tin brought to your house by the water-women.

* * *

Zanzibar is an *Arabian Nights* city—a comic opera capital. There is no street nor house which does not suggest the scenic artist and the limelight. We expect the water-girls to appear as slaves in the next act, and that the Sultan's band down in the palace square will presently strike up the operatic tune, "In Zanzibar, Great Land of Glory."

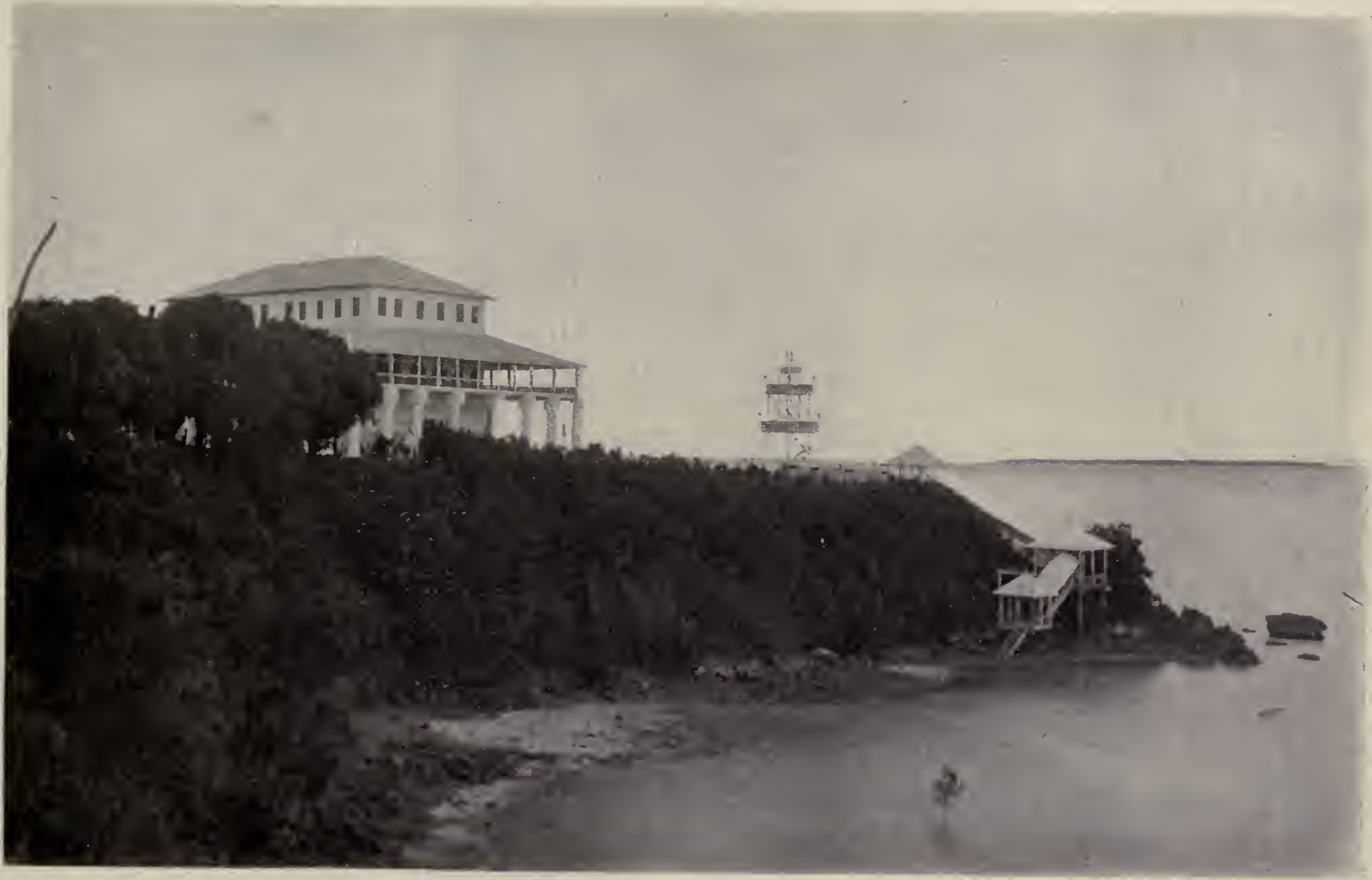
Outside the city there are wide and beautiful roads between rows of mango and palm trees of richest green. The gardens and deserted palaces of departed sultans give glimpses of kiosk and encircling wall through the greenery. We enter the one belonging to Sultan Seyyid Said, he who conquered the Mombasa Arabs and brought the capital from Muscat in Arabia to Zanzibar. The great roadway that enters to the palace is worthy of Fontainebleau or Windsor. The walks are tastefully laid out and carefully kept. A high tower overlooks the sea and the vista of gem-like islands. Here, under cool palms, amid tinkling waters and the songs of tropic birds, the brave old corsair sought rest after his many wars. We can see he loved his home and made it the cozy refuge of a lover of nature and beauty. He was a fierce fighter, and in war his sword knew neither brother nor friend among his foes. He could hate and he could love. Peace to his soul in Paradise.



BOY IN NGAMBO, A SUBURB OF ZANZIBAR, BRINGING IN GRASS TO MARKET

Showing the peculiar native method of binding up forage

In our drives about Zanzibar we also come upon Indian temples, the little white-washed cottages of the Swahilis, each with its



CHANGANI PALACE ON ISLAND OF ZANZIBAR, SULTAN'S COUNTRY HOME tiny garden of fruits and vegetables; curtained verandahs of "the white exiles"—the twenty-odd Englishmen who with the Sultan form the Zanzibar government, half a dozen Americans representing the ivory and clove trade, the electric lighting company and the seven-mile railway to Bububu, the Germans who do the largest share of the trade, and the European consuls. There are about two hundred in all, and the English have their club with the inevitable tennis, golf and cricket grounds. The Germans, who do not associate with the English at all, have their own club.

THE SULTAN'S NEW PALACE, ZANZIBAR

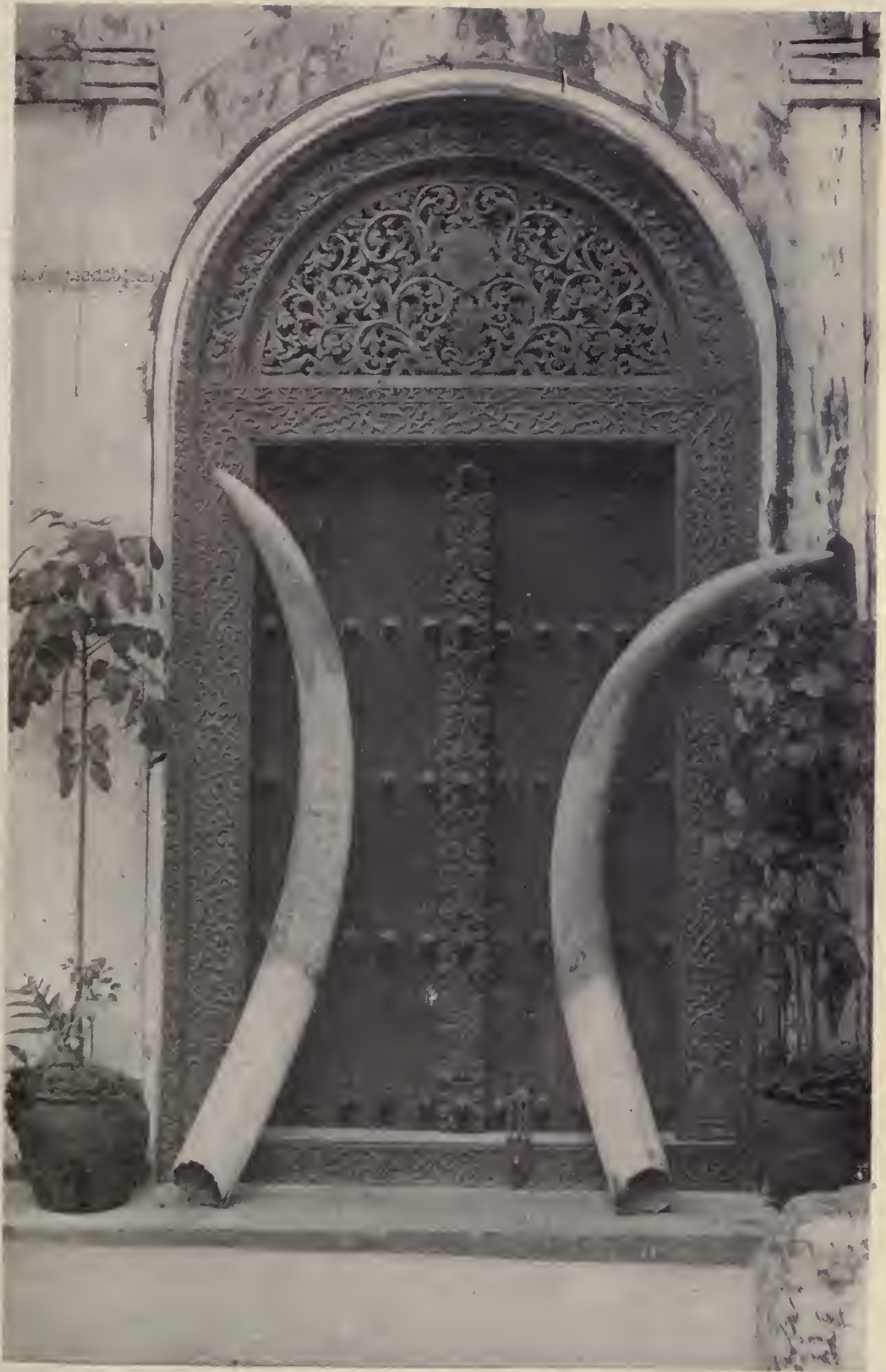
Where Mr. MacQueen was entertained by the Sultan at his yearly levée

* * *

It is ridiculous to talk of these people as "exiles," for it is a Mohamedan paradise to which they are exiled, and one young American who has been living there five years told me he had lost all wish to return home. He said he was afraid of being run over in New York. Such is the fascination of this half-barbaric capital. And I think the charm of Zanzibar lies in the fact that while the white men have made it clean and healthy, have given it safe highways, good laws and a firm government under a benign Sultan, they have done all this without destroying one flash of its local color or one throb of its showy, sumptuous, sensuous Oriental life.

The good things of civilization are here, but they are unobtrusive, and the evils of civilization have not yet begun to appear. The great ships from Madagascar and the Cape nearly all touch here, and the passengers come ashore for a holiday; but, while they are assailed by vociferous boys, their judgment and good taste are not set at naught. The native does not wear a bowler hat and a kimona, as he does in Japan, nor offer you souvenirs of Zanzibar made in Birmingham or Rhode Island, as they do in Cairo. The phrases of the native tongue which have been transplanted into English are chiefly adapted for the speech of a midshipman when searching the hold of a slave-dhow.

It may be interesting to Americans to know that Zanzibar and East Africa were first opened to the enterprise of the West by American traders. About 1830 the famous ivory house of Arnold & Cheney of New York City opened their stores in Zanzibar.



DOOR WITH IVORY TUSKS

Characteristic door with great brass knobs and immense ivory tushes, which sometimes weigh 220 pounds each

In 1833 a treaty was made by the United States with the Sultan Seyyid Said, protecting the lives and property of Americans sojourning in the Sultan's dominions and in 1836 the American government established the first consulate ever located in Zanzibar. Being first in the field, the Americans have dispersed their hardware and their cottons throughout East Africa, so that, even in remotest Congo, cotton is called by the natives "Mericani." In 1839 Great Britain established a consulate here. At that time 15,000 to 20,000 slaves were sold yearly in the markets of Zanzibar.

SULTAN ALI BIN HAMOUD
Ruler of Zanzibar

* * *

England first came to East Africa for the prevention of the slave trade. Her first treaty with the Sultan was made in 1822. And to England unaided we must accord the credit of practically abolishing the slave trade of the Zang coast.

The early sultans of Zanzibar grew rich and powerful through the exportation of slaves and ivory from the mainland. The one trade was developed by the other. The Arab slave-trader would pay the Sultan a certain tribute for the privilege of dealing in ivory. He would then take an expedition into the mainland and bargain with the local chiefs for so much ivory and so many men to carry it to the ships upon the coast. Without transport the bargain was impracticable. Accordingly, the chief would select a village that had not paid its taxes, and tell the trader to help himself. Then would follow a horrible midnight massacre of the women and children and the selection of all the able-bodied males. These poor fellows, chained together and each bearing a heavy load of ivory, would be driven down to the coast. It was not till the ivory had reached the seaboard that the idea presented itself of selling the carriers as well as the ivory. In later days the bearers became of greater

KHAMISI, A TYPE OF THE SWAHILI WOMEN OF THE SULTAN'S HAREM, ZANZIBAR
Dress is Arabic, influenced by Indian notions

value than the ivory, and the raiding of native villages and the taking of women as well as men to be sold into slavery became a great industry.

* * *

The "dhows" that carried slaves are still used a great deal in the coast trade, and they go as far as Persia and India. They are swift boats, and often in the slave days were able to sail faster than a man-of-war. Some have even made two hundred and forty miles in a day. A pear sharpened at the larger end and cut in two longitudinally will afford two models in all essential respects resembling a slave-dhow. The prow of a dhow sinks deeply in the water, while the stern floats lightly upon it, the sail is a right-angled triangle and the dhow does not "tack" but "wears" when beating to windward. While the dhow reverses all the conditions sought in an American or English craft, one can hardly say that it is not seaworthy and effective. All its fittings are of the rudest sort; nothing seems to be finished. They are very leaky, and when they carried slaves even the water tanks were so badly made that the fresh water leaked out and the slaves suffered from thirst—but often hardly more than the rais, or captain of the ship.

Up to 1908, a mild form of domestic slavery was recognized in the clove plantations or "shambas" in the islands of Pemba and Zanzibar. But even that is no longer permitted by the British government. The big Arab farmers threaten to let the plantations go to waste rather than pay wages to their former slaves, but the end is not yet.

The export value of cloves from Zanzibar for 1907 was over eighteen million dollars, a million dollars' worth of which came to America. Nine-tenths of all the cloves in the world are raised in Pemba and Zanzibar. Copra yields six million and ivory two million a year. From the mainland about $25,000,000 worth of ivory is exported per year, most of which is now exported from Mombasa and Dar-es-Salaam upon the mainland. From an export duty of thirty per cent. on cloves, and of fifteen per cent. on ivory and copra, the island derives its main revenue. American hardware and patent medicines are popular here; American kerosene lights the huts and homes; American electrical plants illuminate the Sultan's palace and main streets; Americans have built and run the seven-mile railway to Bububu and the clove "shambas." It was really Americans who brought this whole land of East Africa in contact with the brilliant civilization of the West.

* * *

Although there are only a handful of Americans here, yet the American consul takes precedence to all other consuls except the British. It was therefore with some pride that we accompanied our vice-consul, Mr. W. B. Arnold, to the palace for an interview with His Highness Ali bin Hamoud, the Sultan of Zanzibar, Pemba and the Lamu Archipelago.

The palace is massive and modern on the exterior, but within it is fairyland, with silk draperies, tapestries and hand-painted curtains. There is a great square in the center, and around this are the various suites belonging to the Sultan. The harem is in a building connected with the palace by a bridge. The reception hall is hung with portraits of former rulers and an especially fine picture of the Emperor of Austria and his beautiful Empress, Elizabeth. The floors are covered with splendid rugs from Persia and India, and there are priceless treasures, of ebony, ivory, lacquer-work, gold and silver, among them two chairs made of silver dragons with glittering scales and studded with jewels, a gift from Queen Victoria.

With his retinue, a few dignified Arabs, and Mr. Ellis, his English aide-de-camp, the Sultan received us. Ali bin Hamoud, a young man twenty-two years old this last June, was educated at Eton, and shows his splendid English education. Not a large man, but refined and dignified, he looks older than his years and has a kindly, offhand way that recalled the friends of my old college days. The Sultan's features are decidedly Arab, and he has the strong intelligence that marks his race, but his accent is that of an Englishman of the upper class. He talks of travel, books, scenery, the things a polished traveler and elegant gentleman is interested in.

* * *

His Highness was dressed in an English suit of white duck, with a red fez. He rose and shook hands with us, asked us to be seated and ordered coffee and cigarettes to be set before us. Almost his first words were: "I am greatly interested in your big country, and planned to visit the United States last year. I was not able to go at that time, but I am going to America as soon as I can make my arrangements."

I told him he would see wonderful things and receive a very hospitable welcome in the Republic. He turned the conversation upon China and Japan, and took a great interest in Mr. Dutkewich's travels in the Far East. It was raining, and as we could not photograph the palace on that day, the Sultan gave us a kindly invitation to return two days later. This we did, and made pictures of His Highness and of the principal rooms. We returned a third time and made moving pictures of the Sultan and his bodyguard of Uganda Rifles. On one occasion we brought him a set of Underwood's stereographs of New York City, and he was as delighted as a boy, and sent them to the Sultana. In fact we found the Sultan of Zanzibar one of the most refined and intelligent of rulers.

There have been sultans who were not so wise as Ali bin Hamoud. One of these, Said Khaled, defied the British empire as represented by several gunboats, and dared them to fire on his fleet. The gunboats were anchored about four hundred yards from his palace, and at a time declared in an ultimatum fired on the fleet of Khaled and destroyed his ships, including the old "Glasgow," a converted tramp steamer whose masts still protrude above the water in front of the new palace. Most of the old palace was destroyed in the forty-five-minute bombardment, and one of the rooms burned which contained invaluable curios, including the finest set of clocks in the world. To complete the vandalism, most of the Sultan's collection of rare articles of virtu were looted. The Sultan was compelled to take refuge in the German consulate. The "bombardment" is still spoken of with awe by the people of Zanzibar.

* * *

The largest exporter of ivory in the world is the American house of Arnold & Cheney of New York, in whose warerooms at Zanzibar can oftentimes be seen twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of tusks in one small corner. They have entertained nearly all the great explorers of Africa, and the tales that have been told at their tables of pirate dhows, native wars and terrible jungle marches would make valuable and romantic reading. The other great ivory house of Zanzibar is Childs & Co., also of New York City. I saw in Zanzibar, in 1900, a long line of Zanzibar boys each balancing on his shoulder a great tusk worth from five hundred to a thousand dollars each. This is not so common a sight today, for the great houses have their export warehouses at Mombasa and Dar-es-Salaam on the mainland. But Zanzibar will always have a big trade of its own. As the old Arab center of East Africa, it will send its dhows to Muscat and Bombay. The clove and copra trade will always flourish here. The ardent African sun, the glowing tropic night, her rich tropical foliage and contented and simple people will be seen by the traveler a hundred years from now as they were seen by Marco Polo five centuries ago—as I saw them in fancy when, in a gray-walled Scotch village, I conned my early lessons in geography in "Zanzibar west of Madagascar." In the next article we will pass on to the famous hunting grounds.

N. B.—This is the first of a series of remarkable illustrated articles on Africa, written by Mr. Peter MacQueen, staff correspondent of the NATIONAL, who has just returned from a remarkable trip, filled with thrilling experiences.—Editor.

A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

By GRACE KELLOGG

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CHAPTER XXVI.

I SLIPPED out and overtook Tokacon without his being aware of my digression.

We soon reached the plain where the ball-game had been played.

The Eries were in a packed semi-circumference on the side nearer our camp. My people were opposite them on the farther side.

I wondered at this arrangement somewhat as I stood on the outside of the circle, meditating on the best course of action. I suspected deep-laid treachery, and at best I feared a fatal outburst of temper. Yet, looking at Tokacon, I saw that he was standing nonchalantly peering between the heads of those in front, apparently concerned about nothing but the progress of the wrestling.

"Have any of our men had a fall yet?" I heard him ask the man in front of him, and the answer was a pre-occupied negative.

As for me I had little interest in the wrestling. My only desire was that it should be safely over with and the Eries gotten on the homeward way in peace.

Suddenly I noticed that one of my young men was sauntering idly by, moving from the back line of our people to a position behind the visitors. I thought little of this.

Shortly afterward I observed another one slowly stealing by from behind our men to behind the Eries.

I watched intently now.

It was a fact. Slowly but surely the back line of my men was moving by, surrounding the visitors.

More than this, at this instant, my neighbor accidently attracted my attention by a slight movement, and I saw that it was the nameless one I had seen; so cleverly painted in imitation of an Erie, and with his face so plastered with tiny bright-colored feathers, that I scarcely knew him, though I had seen him painting.

I watched his moves closely. There was a junction of the Eries with our people just here, and consequently the hedge was here less compact. I observed that my friend was taking advantage of this fact to work slowly forward. My eye drew as if fascinated to his tomahawk. It was an Erie one, and I thought I recognized it as the one Iron Bull had drawn from the old Prophet's skull.

My brain worked fast. I looked about for Tokacon. He was standing where I had left him, still peering not too eagerly at the wrestling.

I walked away. Still that sliding line moving imperceptibly from right to left. Waupeka was in it; Iron Bull was in it—all the young men.

The Eries were absorbed in the game and saw nothing. As also my own people.

If only I might have had Waupeka!

Who? Who?

Suddenly my eye fell upon the portly form of Monkaushka, The Trembling Earth. I stared and stared. Would ghosts left by the Man-Eaters be so well-fleshed?

I approached and touched him on the arm. He turned unwillingly at the third pinch; then became suddenly conscience-stricken when he beheld who it was.

"Ah, a fine game, my cousin, a fine game. Three falls and all Eries so far. Ten splendid young men, those Eries. It's a pride to see them thrown—"

I caught his shiftly little eye and the manner of his words changed abruptly.

"Monkaushka was far behind—far behind—he saw there were no buffalo—the Man-Eaters came in between him and his companions—in fear of his life he fled and returned home—"

"And said nothing of his desertion nor sent aid to his brothers in peril." I finished briefly. "Wherefore his Sachem was brought near to death. What will the tribe say when they hear of Monkaushka's crime?"

He shrunk and quaked, and would have flung himself at my feet but that I said sternly:

"Stand up and listen. If Monkaushka does the present command of the Sachem, the tribe shall not hear of it; neither through the Sachem nor through Pokoota, who I judge has not yet seen Monkaushka."

"Monkaushka will go to the ends of the earth for Sagehjowa," he broke in. "Has not Sagehjowa twice saved Monkaushka's life, once from the drowning that his illustrious wife would have done to him, and now from the fury of the tribe? Shall not Monkaushka lay down his life for his savior? Shall not—"

Faugh, he was sickening in his fawning. Yet for the sake of certain things I showed not my disgust but spoke on, touching an ugly scar on the side of his head.

"This was from the club of Tokacon, was it not? And the wife of Tokacon sat by and laughed as Monkaushka fled before Tokacon. And she told all the women of the camp how Monkaushka—" I had gone far enough. The Trembling Earth was flushed darkly with the vindictiveness of the weaker animals. The corner of his eye was bloodshot.

"Monkaushka does not love his cousin Tokacon?" I interrupted myself. "Then let Monkaushka do the bidding of Sagehjowa, and Sagehjowa will show Monkaushka a trick worth two scurvy club blows, and one that the wife of Monkaushka shall tell to the laughing squaws tomorrow.

"Come. Behold Tokacon. There. Shortly Tokacon will wish to get to the front rank. Seek not to know why. There is not time to explain. Let Monkaushka approach the side of Tokacon, and engage Tokacon in talk. Monkaushka is the greatest talk-man in the town," this as flattery.

"Let Monkaushka, when he sees that Tokacon wishes to move from his place persist in talking to him. If that hinders him not, let Monkaushka clasp him by the arm, fall in front of him, stumble, hinder him in every way, even hang about the neck of Tokacon. But let not Tokacon reach the front. Monkaushka understands? Tomorrow we shall have the big laugh at the brave war-chief, and Monkaushka will have done it."

"Then will Tokacon kill The Trembling Earth with his tomahawk," objected Monkaushka.

"No. Is not Sagehjowa mightier than his war-chief, and will not Sagehjowa protect him who does him this service?"

"It is in truth a service?" hesitated the great coward.

"It saves two lives, Sagehjowa's and Monkaushka's. For as sure as Monkaushka fails, the tribe learns of Monkaushka's desertion. And there be many husbands who would rejoice to see the burning splinters light the scars of Monkaushka." I made my face vastly fierce in saying this, so that the fellow started off in terror far greater than his present fear of Tokacon.

And in truth, I had little need to counterfeit threats, for precious time was passing too swiftly.

I hastened to my place back of the Eries. I was looking for Pokoota.

When I found him, I said in his ear:

"Has Pokoota forgotten that when a drop of Erie blood is drawn it calls the life-blood from Sagehjowa's heart?"

He started and stared aghast.

"Will Pokoota do a thing for Sagehjowa?"

"Pokoota will cut off his ear for Sagehjowa."

"Good. Do you wait a signal?"

"No. When our first man is thrown an Erie is ready to spring in and brain him as he lies. Thus may we know to close upon the treacherous dogs: when a shout of the Eries is swiftly followed by a yell of rage from our people, who do not know of the Eries' plot."

"Listen. Has Pokoota ever known the lips of Sagehjowa to speak a lie?"

"Pokoota knows that the lips of Sagehjowa speak always the truth."

"The lips of Sagehjowa speak this: there is no Erie plot, the fellow who will brain our man is a nameless Seneca painted like an Erie. Tokacon does this for an excuse to bring about war and force Sagehjowa to death. Go. Whisper in the ear of the young men these words 'Tokacon says *Wait for a signal from the centre.*' Then come swiftly back to me. I must get through the crowd and I may need you."

I saw the look in his eyes and knew that he understood. Then we parted. I pressed into the crowd and through, sick with dread lest the crisis should come before Pokoota's work was done.

But I had not yet reached the inside circle when he was behind me.

Suddenly a great roar burst from the Eries, followed by a deafening yell from the Senecas.

"Now! Now!" I cried, and we burst into the centre.

For a moment the people were paralyzed. As I leaped upon Pokoota's shoulders and straightened upright, I saw the silent figure of the murdered Seneca on the ground, the creeping pool of blood, the other wrestlers transfixed where they stood. Then the sea of faces dazed with horror, and I raised my arm with the cry "Home! Home!"

The first lesson of my people is instant obedience in a crisis. Like sheep they flocked homeward in consternation, and the young men followed, amazed and not understanding the turn affairs had taken. The Eries fled like frightened deer, and were swallowed up in the far forests.

Back to their lodges with grumble and mutter of defence came my people, but there was no controlling them farther. On every side the cry rose and swelled from a hundred fierce throats: "War! War!"

I leaped upon the roof of the guest-house that all might see me, and I shouted out to them reminding them of the peace-paint, of the peace-pipe, of the sacred wampum belt—in vain. I told them one of our own men had brained our wrestler, and I perceived from the apathy with which they received the information that it was too unwelcome to be greatly credited.

It was not for my own life I was fighting: it was for a belief and the chimera called honor.

I brought out my old argument—and in the midst of it was engulfed by a thunderous mounting roar, "*Palliton! Palliton!* War! War!"

Wosketomp stood beneath me and cursed me. Tokacon in the midst of assuming his black and yellow glanced up at me, and smiled coldly in his narrow eyes.

I had done my best, even all that a man who holds honor dear can do. Wherefore I leaped down, and made the best of failure, determined that if my tribe would fight in spite of me, they should not fight without me.

I saw a girl with a gourd of black standing idle at a little distance from me, and I made toward her. Half way across I met Pontilogah also carrying a gourd and brush.

I stopped her.

"Will Pontilogah put the black paint upon Sagehjowa?" I asked, looking straight into her eyes.

"Does Sagehjowa intend to fight?" she asked in cold surprise.

"Sagehjowa has stood out for peace to the last notch. The tribe decrees dishonor above his will. It is well. Sagehjowa's war-chief has not followed Sagehjowa in peace, yet will Sagehjowa follow his chief in war as a man should," I answered simply.

"The—the Sachems seldom do this," she faltered.

I looked at her strangely. Why did her tongue falter?

A few moments and we were ready—Hideous in black and yellow, our blankets slung across our sides.

Runners were despatched to the Next Fire, the Cayugas, and the Third Fire, the Onondagas, for if we were going into the country of the Eries we should perchance have need of reinforcement.

Tokacon rubbed the deer's leg with fat and cast it on the fire, praying the Sun to accept the offering, to light our paths, to lead us, and to dazzle the eyes of our enemies to their defeat.

The squaws raised a call of wild farewell.

We passed out of the fringe of trees into the corn-fields and through, singing the traveling song "*hoo caughtainte hegana*—" and all the women followed us.

An hour later they turned back and we passed out of the ripe fields into the forest.

Suddenly a hand—a woman's hand—warm and light, touched my arm; a quick breath, a swift word, and she fled. But the warmth of it dwelt in my heart for many a day.

"*I love you.*"

XXVII.

In time of war the Sachem, if he choose to go on the war-path, is a private warrior under command of his war-chief.

So it was with me.

Yet there was more than this. I was under command of a war-chief who hated me; who might be Sachem if I were dead.

My pulses thrilled with the sense that arrows from behind as well as from in front were to be reckoned on.

We marched leisurely, making scarcely more than forty miles a day, though we could readily have made fifty; but we reckoned that we had ample time, for it were not good to arrive too long before the Next Fire and the Third Fire could join us, in case the Erie nation should by any chance be warned and rise in mass to meet us.

At mid-day of the third day we approached within ten miles of the first Erie town.

We lay hidden all day for fear of discovery by some chance scout. When night came we approached swiftly.

Nestled in the bosom of a grim storm-ravished hollow the little village lay asleep. Its soft, even breath floated up to us, sweet and warm with summer. As we approached there was the nervous twitter of some little bird dreaming of the hunter's snare; the startled rustle of some little wild animal scuttering away in the grass; nothing more to disturb its slumbers. Its camp-fires glowed like drowsy half-awakened eyes, soon to close, one by one, under the heavy lids of the dark.

We lay in the long rank grass till the first gray of dawn streaked the black sky.

Then Tokacon rose.

Instantly a grim black and yellow hedge had shot up about the edge of the hollow. The war-chief gave the low-voiced word to his right-hand man, who passed it to the three behind him. Four-fold it raced about the circle, swift as a star shoots from pole to pole. There was a noiseless dash forward, down; each man seeking a man, but ready to take a woman or babe if such poor sport thrust itself in his way. There was a tearing aside of mildly flapping bear-skins; a quick heaving of tomahawks; a shrill awaking cry which was a death-shriek ringing in mortal agony above the deafening shouts of the conquerors.

We took the scalps and burnt the slain with the village, taking no thought for booty of wampum or kettles or fine weapons, for this, we held, was a massacre for vengeance and not for plunder.

As we melted away like the black smoke from the heavy ashes of the village, I found Wosketomp, Iron Bull, beside me.

"Huh," he sneered: "The great brave Sachem got no scalp. There were not enough to go round. Only the skilled scalping-knife—"

"Sagehjowa kills no man sleeping. Neither does he prize the scalp-locks of helpless women and children," I interrupted sternly.

Wosketomp's brute mouth stretched in an ugly leer.

"The squaws also seldom kill any man sleeping; neither do they take scalp-locks of women and papooses. But the squaws therefore stay at home. For what then did the very brave Sachem come on the war-path?"

"When there is fighting to be done Sagehjowa will fight," I replied briefly.

"If he loses not his own scalp too soon," said Iron Bull suggestively.

"It cannot be 'too soon' unless one of his friends hurries Fate," I replied squarely.

"Space out!" came the sudden command and was passed on. There was instant silence. We proceeded noiselessly forward in a long single line, the gap of two arms' length between every two men.

"What was it?" we wondered. "Was there danger ahead?"

Meanwhile we went steadily forward. The first lesson the boy-brave learns is that of instant, unquestioning, unreasoning obedience—to the death if need be; and he learns the lesson thoroughly.

We marched so for a long time. No new command came down the line; and not a whisper passed between any two

Hours passed.

A vague uneasiness was in the air.

Suddenly down the line like a hunted thing ran the command:

"About!"

Every man whirled on a pivot and drew instant bow, waiting the unseen mark to appear. We were a motionless rank, every arm raised and tense, every eye alert.

"To the trees," came the word. Instantly every man was a motionless sapling sprung from the root of the nearest tree.

The forest stretched out on all sides vast and still. The giant tree-trunks like massive pillars rose from the ground centuries deep with mould and bare as a clean-swept floor, supporting the vast canopy of murky woven green which shut out the very glimmer of day. What living death lurked in the deep-gloomed forest depths?

A tentative arrow sung through the air from somewhere in the dusk before us.

There was no response. The command had not been given.

There was a pause of perhaps a half hour —an endless eternity to a white man; but only an atom of time to a redskin.

Finally two or three arrows tested us again. This time came the word and instantly the air hummed with the twang of bow-strings, and the dim recesses between the pillars were whistling with arrows.

I had done battle in another land, encased in steel, good lance in hand, mounted on a mettled charger, under the full light of the southern sun, with smiling skies above and smiling vineyards spread about, where good steeds rolled underfoot and the blood of the trampled grape mingled with that of brave comrades and valiant foes; but this was my first battle among my own people and it seemed strange and terrible to me; the dim day-long dusk, the colossal pillared forest, the seeing no-one, neither friend nor foe, in all the mysterious life-filled vistas. One might have been alone, but that there was the singing—singing—singing of the arrows.

Soon my eye quickened, for it was, after all, an Indian's.

A yellow finger-tip incautiously displayed, the glint of an eye behind a pillar, and my arrow whistled straight to the mark. A black and yellow flash from one covert to the next—another Erie would draw bow no more in these hunting-grounds. Yet many arrows were sent, and few found a mark. And suddenly, by fortune's chance at the instant that I dodged aside, an arrow whizzed past my ear—*from behind.*

Now I mind death as little as most men, but I had small mind to do Iron Bull the satisfaction of dying by his hand.

Therefore I worked swiftly to the centre of the line, from tree to tree, getting my shoulder scratched by an arrow once, but sustaining no harm from it. I reached Tokacon thus, and communicated to him that one of our men was skulking back of the line with murderous intent. Pokoota heard me say it, and paused to listen for the reply. Waupeka heard, and ever a generous hater, paused to listen. I looked Tokacon full in the eyes and waited. At length he turned and gave a call. Sulkily enough Iron Bull came, tree by tree, out of the background.

"Fight on Tokacon's left, and you, Sageh-jowa, on Tokacon's right," said the war-chief. "We need every man we have."

It was a strange warfare. Sometimes there would come another of those tense half-hour pauses, with but a single arrow to break the stealthy silence.

Then again the mazes would be swarming with lithe dodging forms, and the song of the arrows would rise and shrill.

Pokoota on my right was drawing with deadly aim, but at reckless exposure of his body. When I remonstrated with him, he only remarked coolly as he sent another brave to the happy hunting-grounds:

"Is not Pokoota the Scalpless One? Death has passed him by."

And he flung back his head with a grim laugh that made me wonder—even as I dodged too close an arrow—if he would rather death had not passed him by.

Now and then I caught a glimpse of Waupeka fighting like a demon—here—there—shot at—shot at—shot at—but untouched and unharmed. Of a truth, death seemed to have passed him also by.

But the exhilaration of this strange silent combat would not get into my blood. Oh, for the shock of steeds, the clash and clang of swords, the shattering and splintering of lances, the mighty heaving of reddening battle-axes and the cleaving and hewing of head-piece and shield! Oh, for the mad joy of air like wine, and red blood flowing hot and free!

And suddenly I perceived that to my wish the cold calculating warfare was almost at an end, and there was something closer and, and deadlier on the cards. Almost imperceptibly they were driving us back tree by tree. It seemed to me that they were massing toward our centre. In a lightning flash their manoeuvre was vivid to me.

Although the Eries probably numbered three to our two, our line was too long to be surrounded in a great circle. They were therefore massing to our centre. In a few moments they would come crashing through, crowding our centres back and separating our line into two sections, each doubled back on itself. Then the mass that had broken through would swiftly part and surround each line from behind, and joined by those left in front would have us cut in halves and hemmed into two separate circles. After that they might shrink the circles at their good leisure till but one last Seneca remained to set his back against a tree and sell his scalp-lock dearly.

Tokacon saw it too, and I knew that in the crisis, according to Indian tradition he would call "Retreat!" My brothers believe, and truly, in that proverb of the white man, "He who fights and runs away—"

But I—I had not been taught to count retreat the part of brave men, nor discretion the better part of valor, and my lips set grimly.

Suddenly it came. With a wild yell they were upon us at centre, and Tokacon fell under a tomahawk, gasping to me "Retreat!" But I—I was war-chief now, and the word flew "Separate—spread—round on their flanks."

With a louder yell we were upon them from behind. This was new warfare to them! They had expected an attempt at retreat. They found themselves circled from behind. The leaders who had broken through our swiftly parting centre wheeled back, dumfounded and panic-stricken. Our centres closed together again. We had them in our deadly embrace.

Slowly I shrank our circle, tightening, compressing, till they were a vast unwieldly mass huddled in our centre.

Then with a cry that rang through the echoing vaults, *Chakoh Chakoanaugh!* I sprang forward and we closed upon them. For myself I had no mind to turn butcher. I grappled with my man and we went down together.

I knew no more till a great shout roused me. There was a weight oppressing my chest. With difficulty I shoved it off and sat up. Upon the flat ground was marked out a round dais of corpses four bodies deep, and the Next Fire was pouring in from the pillared aisles, to find the victory already ours.

I started to rise, and the heaviness of my limbs recalled to me the heaviness that had lain on my chest. I looked down. Beside me just as he had fallen when I cast him off lay Pokoota slumbering as peacefully as a little child. I shook him by the arm and he awoke swiftly.

"Victory, man!" I cried.

"Pokoota knew before he slept," he replied, rising as he spoke. "Pokoota does not sleep while victory is yet coquetting."

"But why," said I curiously, "Why did you make me your couch?"

"There are those who would have insured Sagehjowa's being a corpse," he returned gravely. "The Sachem of the Senecas will be a greater man than has ever been, when it is all told, tomorrow," he cried.

"*Atam!* Let us go!" I replied.

Already they were falling upon the corpses with the scalping-knife that there had been scant leisure to wield before.

Pokoota looked at me in surprise.

"Will Sagehjowa get no scalps?" he exclaimed, astounded.

"Sagehjowa has small taste for the mutilating of dead bodies," I replied briefly. "Give me a hand."

I pulled myself up and walked away, with very commendable steadiness considering all circumstances.

At some distance there was a man's form stretched on the ground, his head resting in a woman's lap. She was bending over him and stanching his wounds with moss. I recognized the smallish well-knit figure. It was Tokacon.

And the woman was Oneeta.

An exclamation escaped me before I could repress my amazement.

She looked up at me with a sorry little smile.

"Oneeta followed. Oneeta would there had been peace," she said, and straightway fell to wiping the blood again from his brow.

I turned away. Once only I looked back. She was leaning forward, her head sunk on her bosom, her arms hanging forward across his body.

XXVIII.

We were returning, leaving burning villages and heaps of slain, the hot blood smoking to Hawenneeyu.

The exhilaration of doing battle, of smiting and seeing die, was running high. My warriors seemed intoxicated with blood and set the mighty war-chant swinging, but, for me, my heart turned sick within me as I thought of the anguish we were leaving behind us, slowly gasping out its death agony in the formless piles of bleeding flesh and hacked bone.

We were drawing near home. We could hear the joyful cries of the women making ready to come out to meet us. The wood was growing darker, darker.

A burst of uncanny radiance. We were out upon the plains, and the moon had burst full from the heaving bosom of a black cloud. The wan brilliance turned ghastly white the shadows trooping to meet us, and the frost-bitten corn-stalks stood like a spectre army, tossing their bony arms fitfully in the night-breeze, and creaking in all their joints; while the great round pumpkins lay pale and huge as giant skulls upon the mounded earth.

The next moment her warm hands were in mine and I forgot all else. Her warm breath intoxicated me and ran in my veins like wine as I bent to take the kiss. The kiss which I took not. It was the scream of an owl, the watcher of the Carreyogaroona, which struck our hands cold, and drove our lips apart.

"Oh!" she shivered, and crouched away from me. "Oh!"

I strove to draw her back to me but it was if I strove in a dream with a phantom. The cold moonshine mocked my empty arms.

I took my part in the feast of thanksgiving, and listened in impersonal admiration to the lauding of Sagehjowa, Sachem of the Senecas, great in eloquence, a warrior above all that ever had been, savior of his tribe, first in the great love of his people. What part has self-gratulation in the emotion of a dying man?

I knew not when the dance ended or the fire died. The day was born, yet I knew it not.

At length I bestirred myself, drew in a deep breath of the chill air and went to the town-house to break my fast. After that I went out among my people saying a good word to this one and that, much to their amazement, for they recked little of an oath made with dead men. One of the women had cut her hand upon a shell, and I poulticed and bandaged it for her, feeling some amusement that so many precious minutes should be spent thus. A widow from the Chippeways was sitting stolidly upon her mat, holding the bundle of her husband's clothes which she carried faithfully about with her from morning till night, and called, after the manner of the Chippeway widows, her "husband."

"O-he! Chattering Squirrel," I cried gaily. "Is it not approaching the moon when some gallant shall snatch thy rag-'husband' from thee, and tossing it into the river make himself thy husband?"

The hard-visaged widow snickered and tossed her head, as one who should say, "He'd better try it!" and after a bit more chaff I passed on, smiling to myself.

I was seeking the lodge of my war-chief. He lay upon his couch of bark and furs, his face drawn and haggard, but a light in his eyes that meant life. Oneeta, worn almost to a shadow, with little trace in her of the merry coquette we had known, was sitting beside him, bathing his wounds in soft herb-water, and murmuring little wordless syllables of love.

"The Great Spirit guard and keep you!" I said, laying my hand on the thin brave shoulder, more moved than I cared to confess. "Tokacon, thou hast now a wife worth more than all the fat landed squaws in camp."

The war-chief's eye lighted.

"Sagehjowa speaks true." he said. "The heart of Tokacon has found a home at last." He breathed heavily, exhausted by the effort of speech.

The Pigeon raised his emaciated hand in all loving gentleness to her lips, and crooned a little bird-like lullaby over it, before I spoke again, in a voice that, to save my life, I could not steady.

"Tokacon, there has been much hatred and treachery between us. Yet I would not have it so now. We have been too close to the Greatness of Things to waste emotion on lesser things than love."

I stretched out my hand, white-fashion, and he clasped it weakly, a strange smile lighting his grim features with ineffable peace.

XXIX.

At the hour when the sun turns red like blood, I turned my steps toward the forest beyond the corn-fields.

I passed through the border of trees under the bare boughs where a brown leaf or two still clung, rustling uneasily in the faint breeze.

Once in the corn-fields I turned and looked back. "*Hawunshech*," I murmured. It is the *Adieu* of my people.

The corn-stalks crackled as I brushed them, and the frost-killed pumpkin vines crackled underfoot on the harsh ground. Winter was very near.

I reached the edge of the farthest cornfield. Before me lay the rank flat-land, blotched with tufted weeds and patches of dead prairie-grass, and scarred with blackened limbs; and after that, the forest.

A troop of mock-devils, celebrating the victory, swarmed up around me, making strange noises and brandishing fantastic weapons.

Laughing, I flung out among them all the remaining baubles from my pole-cat skin pouch, and they scampered away in high glee. "*Hawunshech*," I called after them, almost gaily.

A flight of pigeons going South darkened the sky for a while. Of a truth, winter was near I bid them "*Hawunshech*," whimsically. I too was going to seek strange lands.

When light returned, I was at the edge of the forest. I turned and looked back once more.

Then I wheeled again, to find myself face to face with Pontilogah and Eshtumleah, coming out of the forest, carrying a basket of nuts between them.

"The braves will be glad to see that," I said, "They are holding high carnival in the town, mock-devils and all."

"*Wishi!*" cried Eshtumleah delightedly, her lazy eyes lighting with something akin to animation.

Pontilogah, however, was looking at me strangely, and I felt that my eyes were answering her against my will.

"Will Eshtumleah take the basket in alone?" she asked gravely, "Pontilogah goes into the forest with her Sachem."

"No," I said. "Not tonight."

"What the forest holds for the Sachem, it holds also for Pontilogah," she replied quietly. "Shall Eshtumleah mind?"

Sleepy Eyes had been looking keenly, with cat-like stealth, from one to the other of us. For answer she gave a queer little laugh, and shouldering the basket set off home without a word.

* * * * * * *

Eshtumleah, all hot with haste, beckoned to Waupeka. Iron Bull she could find nowhere, and the moment was at hand when things must be done.

Waupeka followed her into her empty lodge and dropped the bear-skin behind him.

"What will my cousin of Waupeka?" he asked courteously.

Eshtumleah crouched opposite him and smiled: a strange pitying smile; but she answered never a word.

"My cousin wished something of Waupeka, did she not? Then let her ask, and it shall be done."

Still the luminous taunting smile.

Waupeka began to lose his temper, as she wished, and spoke, consequently, with increased gentleness.

"Will not my cousin speak? There are many things for Waupeka's hands to do before darkness falls."

Eshtumleah mused a while.

"If one did not love the fair-faced maiden Pontilogah more than one hated the Half-King—but *matta:* no."

Waupeka did not move. "Why do you couple those two names?" he said.

"And yet perchance it will be against Pontilogah's will," she mused.

Waupeka's hands clenched and unclenched, but he moved not.

"Still, she will love him—afterward. It is the way with women," she philosophized.

Waupeka still did not move, but his voice shook as he said, "Eshtumleah taunts Waupeka with lies. If it is truth, let Eshtumleah speak openly. If she does this not, Waupeka will place his hands upon her devil-speaking throat and stifle further lies—forever."

She paid less heed than if he had spoken of kisses instead of death.

"One might do the Half-King's bidding," she continued slowly, as if her thought had flowed on uninterrupted. "One might keep Waupeka here till the dawn comes up, if one deemed that Pontilogah wished it—or if one loved the Half-King.

"Yet if one hated the Half-King—if he had flouted and scorned one—" her eyebrows drew together and a vengeful light played in her passionate eyes, "then might one say to Waupeka, 'Go! Run like the red deer lest thou come too late! Lest when thou comest, thou find him playing with the white feathers in her hair, and see her caress his shoulders with her face.'"

Waupeka sprang away with a hollow cry of rage and agony.

She caught him by the ankles in a terrified grip.

"*Matta! Matta!* Mayhap Eshtumleah is wrong—mayhap they go into the forest beyond the corn-fields but to put the peace-paint upon him—mayhap—"

"Let me go!" he said fiercely.

"No! no!" she cried in feigned terror. "You will kill him! You will kill him!"

He thrust her aside, and sprang away like a madman, leaving her crouched moaning upon the mat.

Yet no sooner had the forest swallowed him up, than she came out of her lodge in haste, and, with a smile that was not good to see, went about searching for Wosketomp, Iron Bull. The sunset glow was long merged into twilight when she found him.

"Come," she said.

He followed lazily, and once in the lodge dropped the bear-skin behind him as Waupeka had done, something over an hour before.

"Quick," she said. "Within four days thou shalt be Sachem and own Estumleah."

"Tokacon is dying."—which was not so.

"Pontilogah and the Half-King have gone together into the forest.

"I have sent Waupeka after them, hot for the Sachem's blood.

"Either he will kill the Sachem or the Sachem will kill him.

"In either case, Iron Bull, happening upon them, will, in his zealous love of the dead, avenge the slain upon the slayer.

"Then will Iron Bull be Sachem.

"Go! Eshtumleah waits. It is a twofold prize."

* * * * * * *

After Eshtumleah left us, hastening, as I was to learn, upon vindictive revenge, I looked again at Pontilogah.

"There is no use to send Pontilogah away," she said, with a wistful little smile, "For this once she is determined to disobey the Sachem."

"You do not know—child," I said, with an effort at sternness.

Her brow clouded.

"Perchance Pontilogah is a child to Sagehjowa; yet she knows. She has the right to choose her path; and she chooses the path that Sagehjowa follows."

We walked on into the darkening forest, hand in hand, yet each of us feeling oddly alone.

We came at length to an arbor of vine flung over a great tree, and twisted impenetrably except where I had cut it away in one side for a doorway. In this vine-chamber I had slept often during those nights that I had spent upon the prairie. I had a mind to make my long sleep here. We entered the grotto in silence. It was cold within it, and dim with half-light. Pontilogah shivered.

"I would you would go back," I said gently.

She shook her head. "I go on, with you," she said.

I took the little birch-bark packet of powdered poison-herbs from my pouch, and looked at them. So! A moment, and that which men called Sagehjowa would be no more. Strange—strange—what mysterious power lurked in the whitish dust which a single breath of my lips could blow into infinity? What was the secret of death?

A long sobbing cry, and Pontilogah had flung herself on the ground at my feet. "I cannot stand it! Even in death you are apart from me. I thought to taste the bitterness of it with you, but it is no use; you go in alone."

I knelt and lifted her gently so that her arm lay about my shoulders.

"By and by Sagehjowa must go onward alone, but for now we will be together," I said. "Wilt thou tell me something I desire earnestly to know?"

But her arm burned on my shoulders, and neither of us could speak.

The twilight faded into dusk, and at last she said in a half-voice tremulously sweet, "Now will Pontilogah come and dwell in the lodge of Sagehjowa."

I put her suddenly aside and rose, my lips smiling oddly. We had forgotten. She looked up at me, and then she paled and paled till her skin was as a brown veil over marble.

"Sagehjowa," she faltered, and then paused, knowing well the hopelessness of words.

"Love of my heart," I said, looking down upon her and seeking to draw her very image into my soul that I might take it with me in death, "Love of my heart, Sagehjowa's lodge is empty; thou mayst not dwell there."

Then did Pontilogah throw herself upon my bosom, and cling to me, weeping and pouring forth wild words.

"Thou shalt not die! Thou canst not! I love thee—I love thee. I have always loved thee. Yea, from the first day on the prairie even till now. I have loved thee so that I was mad with fear and hatred of thee. And when I thought thou hadst gone in unto Eshtumleah, I could not bear it and I fled. Yet I could not make my hands cover my trail, for I knew thou wouldst follow after. And often and often my heart called to thee. If thou die, I too shall die, for I cannot live without thee. I swear to thee—oh I love thee, I love thee—thy blood upon the knife shall mingle with the blood nearest my heart. And it is so. Thou wilt die. Wherefore I shall not live."

I took her solemnly and held her a little from me, looking down upon her, much as I had held her that first day.

"Thy voice would call me back from the gates of death. Yet is my life forfeit to the God of the Eries. I cannot draw thee under his curse. I have sworn that the blood of the Eries shall be atoned for, blood for blood."

"And it shall be the blood of Waupeka which shall atone."

In the vines he stood, tall and motionless.

"Waupeka's life for thine, Sagehjowa. Waupeka would not see her die. God of the Eries, receive thou Waupeka's life in atonement, blood for blood!"

I sprang forward and seized his arm—too late. He staggered and fell backward across the door of the arbor. Pontilogah dropped to her knees and covered her face.

I knelt over him. "Courage! Thou art yet alive. Praise Hawenneeyu, the knife went wide." He smiled up at me, peacefully.

A man's hard tears struggled in my chest. The vicarious atonement was accomplished. I had been too slow—too slow.

There was a crashing of underbrush in the forest. A huge bulk shot out of the shadows, crying, "Vengeance! Vengeance!" Iron Bull leaped through the door and would have hurled himself upon me as I knelt. There was a girl's scream. I sprang backward, and snatched my knife.

But Waupeka, the last spark of life kindled with fierce rage, caught Iron Bull and threw him and fell upon him, burying his knife in him, and so lay dead across him, clutching the scalp in one hand and the twice-reddened knife in the other.

Pontilogah was weeping softly. Now she came forward and knelt with me beside them. She kissed Waupeka upon the brow, and then leaned her head on my shoulder and sobbed.

But when the wild burst of grief was over, I kissed her, and so betrothed her, while her lashes were yet heavy with tears, but her heart already smiled.

XXX.

"Behold," saith my wife, "Eshtumleah hath added yet a little more scarlet to the languor of her eye-lids."

We clasp hands in silent understanding and gaze with grave pity, born perhaps of our own great happiness, upon the woman as she lies in lazy cat-like grace upon her mat. One young brave sits by her side his hands clasped about his knees; another sprawls near, smoking; a third stands above her, staring down with unsteady eyes. They do not know, as my beloved and I know, that what was best in Eshtumleah died in the fifth moon ago when the soul of a certain villainous warrior was sped to the far hunting-grounds.

Majesty, my story is at an end. When the last square of birch-bark is added to the packet, and my long white-talk is done, I shall bid your messenger God-speed, and send forth two hundred of my young men with him. Then I shall come back and sit in my lodge-door and watch the smoke of my pipe wreathe itself into dream-pictures. Pontilogah will come to me and lean against my arm, and watch the women planting seed-corn in the fields at the end of the far shimmering vistas. The spring smell of moist warm earth will fill our lungs, we shall listen to the mating-birds pouring forth a trilling ecstasy of love, and our hearts will sing as mating-birds, with the pure joy of the Moon of Love.

Ever and anon my love's eyes will weary of flickering aisles and shifting forms, and she will turn her head and rest her gaze in mine.

By and by the night-sounds will creep forth from the twilight stillness. The moon—a slim little crescent—will hang a single white cloud above the trees, silvering the shadows that steal forth from the dark lodges, and lending an eerie charm to the abandoned beauty of the dance. Now and again a straying quiver of moonshine caught prisoner in the raven dusk of my beloved's hair will rest fluttering in the gentle snare, till, at a touch, it has fled, like a dream of days that are done.

Majesty, the long white-talk is done. May Hawenneeyu watch over the land of Sunny Valleys, and over the White King. It is my hope that the White King understands now my heart. It is my hope that the White King understands wherefore the lodges of the White Man tempt me no longer: I have built me a lodge among mine own people, and taken to me a wife.

THE END

FOR THE GOOD OF THE CAUSE

By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

Illustrations by Franz

THE electric plant at Bueler was the favorite meeting place of a certain coterie of the younger citizens. These young fellows worked part of the time and read a great deal; each had a fair working education and a penchant for checkers. As a rule, they discussed subjects taken from the Sunday supplements — science, psychology, occultism — anything which they could not possibly decide proved irresistibly attractive to them. And then August Rieblich arrived.

August came to take charge of the plant. He was a medium-sized man with copious chest space for heart and lungs, a brilliant eye and *the* mouth. When a man has this mouth he is going to make speeches; and if he have large things to say he will be an orator. He did not thrust himself into the debates of the "Socrates Club"; but they soon discovered that he was a fund of information, and, furthermore, that no matter what question was referred to him he invariably showed its relation to society at large before handing it back to them. He was patient, and unfolded for their edification many new and delightful sidelights to evolution, elocution and revolution, and finally, when his foundation suited him, he calmly placed upon it the corner-stone of socialism.

"A medium-sized man with copious chest space"

At first the young philosophers joshed him; but, finding that he obstinately persisted in maintaining his seriousness, Harold Fleming proceeded to expose the fallacy of the theory. Harold had recently been admitted to the bar, and he felt that this would be a golden opportunity to demonstrate his ability to prove a point. For some days he had been a little put out at having his friends appeal to August to decide a question, instead of to himself, and now he proposed to set this mechanic back to his proper place.

"Do you mean to say that we shall all get the same wages?" he began.

"If we do just the same value of work. Our motto is, 'To every man according to his deeds.' Now then, supposing—"

The dynamo whirred on in a swiftly-harmonious monody; but it seemed slow and silent compared with the rushing sweep of August Rieblich's eloquence. "Economic determinism," "surplus values," "the iron law of wages," and other majestic phrases appeared at his call and swept the feeble cohorts of his opponent into utter rout. It was eight-thirty when the debate began, and just at midnight Harold admitted that the "materialistic conception of history" was the only logical one, and his fellow philosophers gave a hearty cheer.

They were just the type which pays the heaviest dividends to an agitator: they had ample leisure, an appetite for the occult and the mysterious and the Utopian; they had sufficient brain power to catch the points; but most of all they had little to lose. August improved his time, and it was not long before he had organized a "local," and checkers and abstract discussions were relegated to the past.

The propaganda was in full swing when spring arrived, and the first warm night found August perched upon a soap-box, giving an impassioned oration to the citizens who had for years made the bank corner a subsidized rest-cure. He possessed the magnetic touch, and in spite of themselves his listeners were borne along and occasionally gave voice to an almost spontaneous cheer.

"And posed in front of his mirror"

As the agitation progressed, the old line politicians became disturbed; but as all August's arguments were imported, they were wary of accepting his challenge to a joint debate, and were forced to choose the oft-trod path of ridicule and contempt. But when a fiery agitator is first finding out everything that his listeners want, and then guaranteeing that his party stands ready to deliver them as soon as it sweeps "ignorance and fear aside and comes grandly into power upon the flood tide of a triumphant proletariat," it is high time to take drastic measures, and it was not long before things at the plant began to snarl mysteriously during the time that August would be engaged in addressing his fellow citizens.

The owners of the plant were fully aware of the fact that August was an electrician of scientific training, and they were extremely anxious to maintain friendly relations; but by using the proper diplomacy they were able to convince him that his duty coincided with their interests, and he reluctantly abandoned the street meetings.

It was impossible for his mind to remain idle, so as soon as he gave up the street work himself he began to groom Harold as his successor. Harold was not ambitious to make the attempt, as he still had a fondness for the outward and visible signs of dignity, and he knew that his townsmen would not be governed by tenderness in their criticism of him. August was an invader, while he was a renegade. But when August's eyes grew dark with earnestness, when his voice grew deep and tremulous, when he looked into his eyes and said, "You must do it—for the good of the cause," Harold capitulated; and August wrote a speech and carefully drilled him in its delivery.

The evening which was finally selected for Harold's opening address was a pleasant one during the last of June. He felt as brave as a lion as he arrayed himself in a silver-gray suit and posed in front of his mirror. His tailor was an artist, and as he gazed at his broad shoulders and slim waist he did not notice that his chin was not of the mold most popular for swaying multitudes or quelling mobs. He strutted down to the plant and found the balance of his compatriots awaiting him. Two of them picked up the soap-box which had been baptized in the flame of August's eloquence, two more carried "literature," and then came Harold, his head thrown proudly back, his right hand thrust into his tightly-buttoned coat, while through his head floated entrancing visions of the coming triumph.

There was no diffidence in his manner as he mounted the box, frowned upon the group which had hastily gathered, and said: "Fellow citizens, I propose to address you upon the evils of capitalism and the one and only cure." Harold paused. He had taken a full breath so that the pompous utterance would come forth imposingly. Instead, his voice was a high, thin pipe which seemed to melt away a few feet from his lips. He also noticed that the active brain which had flooded him with the beautiful visions now refused to stir a peg. He stood looking beseechingly into the upturned faces, while his intellect continued to dissolve and ooze away into space. His only remaining faculty was a capacity for anguish. It sought to fill his aching void.

"Silence is golden," remarked a voice of good carrying power. "Tell us now, Harold," urged another voice. "Don't stand pigeon-toed, Harold," cautioned another friend, "it will bag your trousers." The steel band about his chest seemed to stifle him; he looked up and saw Edith Wilbur standing near her father, who was laughing immoderately. Edith's eyes were flashing like the lamps on a runaway motor car. The candid scorn in her eyes acted like a spur, and with a real ring in his voice Harold shouted: "The time has come when the red cap of Liberty, acting as the helmet of Navarre—"

He had waited too long; the crowd was jeering openly and with enthusiasm: "What's the matter with your Panama hat, Harold? Wouldn't that do for Liberty?" "Patent leather shoes don't look good on a Socialist!" "Never mind talking, Harold; you are so pretty it does us good just to look at you!" and dozens of other samples of a crowd's wit were bestowed upon his devoted head: but he was aroused, and would have delivered his speech in good style if a potato had not knocked off his Panama hat at the same time that a cabbage hit him in the side.

His fellow revolutionists attempted to shield him, but they were greatly outnumbered, and in the end the entire local beat a hasty and inglorious retreat to the plant.

"Look at my clothes!" screamed Harold in a voice rugged enough for a storm.

"What has happened?" asked August with interest.

"I have been mobbed—I have been stoned—I have been trampled upon! Look at my hat—it cost six dollars!"

"Fine, great, immense!" shouted August, his eyes shining.

"Fine? You're a great comrade!"

"You must not worry about clothes—I sympathize with you; but then, our cause—always it flourishes best where it is most persecuted. Think not of yourself—think of the cause!"

"Oh, hang the cause! My girl was in the crowd, and her father laughed at me. She'll turn me down, he'll write me up in the *Republican*, and I won't be able to live in this confounded town!" spluttered Harold.

"Some of us they kill and some they throw into jail and some they stone; but it is a grand thing to be a martyr to the cause," said August proudly. "But, tell me, for what was the sentiment they stoned you?"

Edith

"I—it wasn't for a sentiment. It was because I got nervous and forgot my opening."

"And you stood before them speechless?" Harold nodded his head without enthusiasm. "You stood before them as though you were ashamed; as though they were your superiors; as though you were in fear of them?" A half nod this time. "Oh, that is a disgrace, an outrage! Sooner would I have had you stoned for losing your temper and calling them thieves and parasites and—"

"I don't care what you wanted me stoned for, you blame fanatic!" cried Harold. "If I had thought I should have been stoned at all, I'd have seen you and your fool cause in Jericho before I'd have gotten onto that blasted soap-box." Harold was not yet familiar with the feminine insistence of a "cause."

"It is not only you who have been disgraced; it is our local, our entire party—our cause! Why did you cringe before them? You know that all society rests upon the holy foundation of labor. If the laborers should refuse to work, civilization itself would sink back to the black morass from which it sprang. You—"

"Oh, rats!" interrupted Harold. "If labor is so hang-fired important, why did you stop speaking yourself? Why didn't you stop working and let civilization sink back into the mud? You know why—it was because you were afraid of losing your job, that's why. You are willing to jabber about—"

A fierce light came into August's eyes. "Do you think I'm afraid to go?"

Harold could not return the gaze, but he managed to bluster, "Yes, I think you're afraid to go."

For a moment August looked at his comrade and then he turned to the other members and said in a cold, steely voice, "I am going to speak upon the corner: will you join me?" His manner thrilled them. "You bet we will," they answered.

August walked over to his locker and put a small parcel into his right coat pocket. "Then come—come and see."

Harold stood for a moment in indecision, and then he muttered a few explosives, ground his teeth together, and followed them. August pushed on with dauntless haste, only stopping once, and then to borrow a soap-box. The crowd was still joking about Harold's fiasco when August arrived upon the scene, planted his box with a crash and himself upon it.

"Let us not throw things at each other," he said in a satirical voice as he put his hand into the pocket which bulged suggestively. He paused, and his eye swept the crowd in open challenge. Harold's pause had been painful. August's was ominous. For the comfort of the user, the ominous pause is much to be commended. The crowd became absolutely silent; the silence became painful and then threatening. They leaned forward, expecting him to launch forth in a tirade. August also leaned forward, his brows drawn close together, and when at last he spoke, his voice was low, calm and earnest. It seemed to take each individual into his confidence, to force upon them a consideration of his words, and to invest them with the responsibilities of judgment. He said: "You have called us anarchists; but this night you have shown who are the real anarchists in Bueler. You laugh and make fun of us for speaking upon the streets; but why do you not ask where all the great movements started? Did the abolition movement start in fine halls and churches? No, upon the street corners. How did our first war for independence start? Upon the street corners. How did Christianity itself start? Upon the street corners, upon the mountain sides and along the shores. That is why we come to you now. We do not ask selfish favors of you, as do the old parties; we do not flatter you nor insult you; we merely point out the only way in which you can save yourselves from the sea of greed which is rising to drown you!"

Never had Bueler listened to such a speech as August hurled at them that night. He had caught them on the rebound, and he swept them along with him. When he finally stopped, they cheered him without restraint, and some of them shook hands with him. As the local followed their leader back to the plant, they were jubilant to an extreme, with the single exception of Harold.

When they reached the plant, August stopped their congratulations and said: "Now is the time to strike, for the iron is hot."

"You wait till the *Republican* comes out this week," grumbled Harold.

"Is not the editor the father of your girl?"

"Aw, she won't be my girl after tonight."

"She must be; you must win her now by all means," insisted August. "Make her keep the roast out of the *Republican* through love."

"Aw, stuff; I doubt if she speaks to me again."

August looked at his comrade in pity, and then placed a hand upon his shoulder as though to confer some of his own magnetism. "Listen—you can win her this very night. Woman is the exception to every rule. Go to her as a martyr and say—what is she like, this girl?"

"She has black eyes and black hair, and she admires successful men. She—"

"Do not go as a martyr; go as a hero. Tell her that you went to arm yourself, and came back for revenge, and that I alone was able to prevent you."

"What did you have in your pocket, August?" asked one of the group.

"A crowd is like a child," answered August pedantically, "go to it as a stray cur and it will stone you—go as a roaring lion and it will cringe." He took from his pocket a paper sack. "I always eat peanuts as a midnight lunch; but I never throw bombs. Go to her at once, Harold."

"She's probably asleep."

"She won't think of sleep for hours yet. She will be telling herself stories of what she would have done in your case. Call her to the window, be impatient, be rash, be desperate, sweep her before you, make—"

"Aw, she ain't that kind. You can't bluff her. She might throw hot water on me now, and I've had enough for one night. I'll go tomorrow."

"Tomorrow you may be out of the notion; tomorrow your wrongs will belong to yesterday. Go tonight, and if you can, elope with her. Go now—for the good of the cause!"

"Well, I'll go by there," said Harold with a sheepish grin.

Harold returned to the plant an hour later. He looked exceedingly dejected, hopeless, debased.

"Has she consented?" asked August.

"You're a fool," replied Harold, shortly.

"Have you any other news?" asked August calmly. Harold seized a chair, twisted it around, slammed it upon the cement floor, and seated himself.

"I went up there and she was sitting on the porch—" "She knew you would come," commented August. "I asked her why she did not wait upon the corner until I returned to have my revenge—" "You will make a lawyer yet," interrupted August gleefully. "She said that she preferred to meet old age at some more fitting place than a street corner—" "Clever! what answer did you make to that?" "I said, 'that's always the way with you; you pretend to care for me, and then at the first chance, you take sides against me.'"

"Did you say that?" asked August, a pained look in his steel-gray eyes.

"Yes; and then I sat and tried to make it up with her for an hour; but it's all off now. Her father told her that if I had not become a Socialist, they were going to run me for prosecutor."

"I wish I had known it," mused August. "We often get pinched, and it would be fine to have prosecutors like you."

"I wish I had never joined," whined Harold.

"Oh, fiddle; you can win her yet if you only spunk up a little—and you must win her. Listen. She is of a high spirit; she loves a fight. If you want to win her and do a grand work for the cause at the same time, make of her a Socialist!"

Harold sat up with a jerk. "And her old man the editor of the *Republican?*"

"All the more glory for you both. It may be that you are too gentle with her," said August, thoughtfully. "I'll tell you what to do. Bring her down to the plant tomorrow at four. I'll show her the new machinery and start a discussion. You watch and take sides with either of us you wish; but don't stop the discussion—it is for the good of the cause."

Next afternoon, promptly at four, Harold and Edith arrived at the plant. Harold thought there were limitations to the demands of comradeship, so he refrained from presenting August, and contented himself with asking him in rather a condescending way to show them the new machinery. August was in a fine humor, and explained the peculiarities of electricity in an interesting manner.

"What is the little dynamo for?" asked Edith.

"That is called the agitator. That must start first and get the current started before the large dynamo will act," answered August innocently. Edith laughed lightly. "It has a better effect than some agitators I know," she replied demurely.

"That is because the large dynamo is more responsive," answered August.

"I must admit that a dynamo is a wonderful thing. It seems almost human," said Edith.

"It is *almost* human; it is like a modern woman. She is sensitive, delicate, capricious, a good worker—and not allowed to make her own laws. All she is allowed to do is to make or save money for the man who owns her."

Edith turned upon August, her eyes flashing—with merriment. "Is that all? It is easy to see that your experience with the modern woman is quite limited. It occurs to me that I have heard it charged that the American woman's expensive habits keep the nose of the American man constantly to the grindstone."

"That is true of a certain class. Our women are either pets, slaves or vampires; they—"

"No wonder you Socialists are driven off the streets! Take our middle class women, for instance—"

"Of the present generation, yes; but the girls are growing up with different ideals and ethics, and also—"

"That is only natural; we have new conditions and new questions, why not the new woman also?"

By this time Edith had forgotten where she was or to whom she was talking. Unconsciously she had yielded to the masterful manner, the imperious light in his eyes, the fascination of his deep, melodious voice. Since her return from college, she had helped her father on the *Republican* for pure love of the work, and had a quick wit and a goodly store of general knowledge; but she met a new type in August. He allowed her to introduce the new line of argument, and then used the same arguments with a new interpretation, to prove her conclusions wrong.

Harold stood first on one foot and then on the other; he was a thing apart. "How much longer is this debate to last?" he asked, petulantly. "I feel utterly forsaken."

"You are worse than forsaken; you are forgotten," answered August.

"I must admit that I never knew there was as much sense in your revolution—or as much fun," said Edith, as she reluctantly started to leave.

After supper Harold returned with a morose frown on his face. "She won't talk a word except politics—how am I going to win her now?"

"Through politics," answered August.

And it soon began to look as if August was right. The peculiar attraction of a revolutionary movement offering every inducement to both study and action, was entirely too fascinating for Edith's restless spirit to resist, and she cultivated August's society, read August's literature, and made Harold's life miserable because he did not have sufficient fire.

The Bueler *Republican* took on a new tone under Edith's excitation. She had generally been able to get the advantage in an argument; but with August she found herself at a decided disadvantage. He seemed able to intuitively detect a hand-made fact from the genuine article, and even when her facts were genuine he very calmly mussed up her logic until she found it difficult to refrain from feminine artifices. After she had left him she generally thought out an answer which was uncontrovertible, and then it was a great comfort to have the pages of the *Republican* at her disposal.

"That confounded *Republican* will ruin us," growled Harold.

"Bah!" replied August loftily, "there is no way to ruin us. When they fight us they advertise us; when they are silent we sow our seed where we will. Socialism is like a moon-flower—you can plough it out, cut it down, or dig it up; but in a few days, for every one which grew before, ten new vines will spring up. Why? Because the roots of freedom go into the depths of the heart."

"Aw, that sounds all right on a soap-box," answered Harold, "but I get tired of being guyed about those articles in the *Republican.*"

"Nobody but himself can guy a man," answered August.

"Has Edith been down here lately?" asked Harold after a pause.

"Yesterday afternoon. She will come again today, to crow over this last article in the *Republican.*"

"I don't believe she will ever marry me."

"You are not of enough confidence. You ask for things; it is better to grab them and then contest the right of ownership. Why do you not elope with her? When a man elopes, he remains master in his own house; but when he submits to a church marriage he gets so cowed at the contrast between his own terror and the ease of the girl that he never recovers. Why don't you elope?"

"She wouldn't consent."

"Would you?"

"Sure I will." Harold's voice trembled at his daring.

"I shall arrange it." August's voice was calm and assured.

That afternoon, a little after four, Edith arrived at the little park August had arranged outside the plant. The last article pleased her, and her face was wreathed in smiles as she seated herself upon a bench.

"How did you like it?" she asked, as he came and took a seat beside her.

"Quite well done—from your standpoint; but very easily answered. In fact, you have probably answered it yourself by this time."

A shadow of vexation crossed her face. "That is the most provoking part of it—I have listened to you so much that I know exactly what you will say, and every time I write anything I can see your irritating smile and hear your odious, condescending voice. Anyway, you can't answer it to all the people who have read it."

"A petty triumph is worse than none. Why don't you use your gifts?"

"I think I am using them." Edith smiled, but not with perfect satisfaction.

"No, your mind is the mind of an athlete; you enjoy a good wrestling match; but what amusement can it furnish you to taunt a manacled adversary?"

"Oh, the adversary is not completely manacled; he still has his soap-box."

"Then you think it clean sport to duel with a repeating rifle against a dagger?"

"Now when it comes to protecting my sugar from the ants, I refuse to be governed by parliamentary rules," retorted Edith.

"Ants? It is more like rich aristocrats hunting wild beasts from trees."

"I'll concede that you are more like wild beasts than ants," answered Edith demurely.

"Well, if I am a wild beast, you are the gadfly which pesters me. You are too small to be considered a foe; you can torment, but you cannot conquer. Why do you not become a Socialist yourself, and then you can wage war in sincerity?"

"I shouldn't mind being a Socialist, if it were not for being comrade to so much riff-raff. I am willing to love the poor and the unfortunate; but I don't care to associate with vice, ignorance and stupidity—and the worst of these is stupidity."

"And only the glass of experience will cure the eyes of prejudice," said August gently. "I have had a very fine education, yet I find less stupidity among—"

"If you have had a fine education, why do you occupy such a position?"

"So that I could finish my invention. It is now complete, and I shall devote myself to writing and lecturing as soon as I get my patent placed."

Edith looked as her companion with new interest. "I have often wondered if you were not superior to your surroundings," she said candidly.

"It would be disgraceful if a man were not superior to his surroundings. Man is an immortal spirit; his surroundings are material."

"Where does your family live?"

"In Germany. I am the youngest of four sons, and the estate is small."

"Estate?"

"Why not? Some of us must have noble blood, and some of us who have it are able to overcome the handicap."

"And are you of noble blood?"

"Oh, yes, of very noble blood. My ancestors were oppressing the common people centuries before Columbus dared to put his insane notions to the test."

"And you are a workingman and a Socialist?"

"And also a pioneer, helping to blaze the path to the promised land."

"It must be stimulating to have a real cause at heart." Edith's voice was a little wistful.

"As for me," said August, while the smile left his face and the deep light gathered in his eyes, "I cannot imagine a heart which did not have its real cause."

For a long moment they looked into each other's eyes, the fire in the eyes of the man kindling an answering flame in the eyes of the girl. Finally she shrugged her shoulders with masculine impatience. "But the name—oh, I couldn't be a Socialist!"

"See here, I have always talked to you as though you were still a mere child; but you are one of the free; you are one who can rise above names and conventions; you are one who can ignore the petty rules in order to establish the greater. Why do you not take your place in the world; why do you not choose a cause?"

Edith felt her lips stiffen; she felt the deep, full breaths inflate her lungs; she felt a warm current darting from her own eyes to the eyes of the man before her. "I could, yes, I could," she said in a low tone, "but it would be an awful step to take alone."

"Then do not take it alone. You have studied Socialism; you have argued against it, and, like all the rest of us, you have reached the point where it answers its own arguments—where it stands up before us a living thing and demands our allegiance. You know that the wild and visionary part of the philosophy will slough off before it actually arrives, and that those who go into power on its rising flood will go in as leaders. There is no movement possible to humanity which will give the great mass the power of initiative or the ability to execute. It will be a revolution which will lift intellect into power, which will wipe out cunning and brute force, which will do away with poverty and crime; but it will not do away with rule. Join the movement now and become one of the rulers."

"I—but no, I haven't the courage!"

"Would you be willing to dare it with the man you love?" August asked his question in a very low voice.

"Yes," answered Edith, her head thrown back.

"Would you burn your boats behind you by eloping?"

Edith blushed painfully. "Yes," she answered, looking away.

"Will you be ready tonight at midnight?"

"Yes," replied Edith, turning brave eyes on him once more.

"The signal will be two short whistles and a long one. Be ready promptly, and it will give ample time to drive to Bennet for the one o'clock train."

"I'll be ready—and now I must go and make my preparations." She rose to her feet, twice she started to speak, and then, with a brave little smile, she turned and walked away.

"She is too fine to waste on that chump," muttered August, with a sigh, "but she will make a great fighter—it is for the good of the cause."

Harold could scarcely believe his good fortune; but there was no mistaking August's earnestness, so he made ready to fill his part of the contract, and midnight found him in the shade of a convenient maple, giving two short whistles followed by a long one. The third time he gave the signal his heart stopped beating as he noticed a figure moving in the shade of the side porch. He held his breath until he recognized Edith, and then he hastened to meet her while his heart made up for lost time by beating so loudly he fancied it might arouse the household.

"Thank you, Harold," she said, as he took her suitcase.

"This was very brave of you—darling," said Harold.

Edith straightened with a jerk. "Where is Mr. Rieblich?" she asked.

"He is down at the plant," answered Harold, nervously. "Come, let us hurry; the carriage is just at the end of the block."

"Why did he not come himself, instead of sending you?"

Harold stood in a daze for a moment. "Why, why should he come?"

"Do you mean to say—haven't I told you a dozen times that I would never marry you under any circumstances. This was just a joke. I—I—give me that suitcase!"

Without a word, Harold surrendered the suitcase, and without a word Edith turned on her heel and re-entered the house.

"Hangnation!" ejaculated Harold as he stamped his foot, and then he hurried to the waiting carriage, which he promptly dismissed.

It was an hour later when he reached the plant, and it was plainly evident that in the interim he had been violating some of the liquor laws of the sovereign state of Indiana.

"You underhanded, low-down, cowardly sneak, you!" he roared when he saw August.

"Why are you here?" asked the imperturbable August.

"You know why I am here, hang you! It was you she expected, not me." Harold's fingers opened and closed nervously, and from time to time he thrust his hand into his pocket. A great flame of joy spread over August's face, and he snapped his fingers rapidly as though to stimulate his brain.

"Yes, you are right, you are right! I can see it now. Listen. I shall hurry up there and tell her that I confided in you, and you betrayed me and went yourself, after forging a note from her saying that she had changed her mind. Yes, that will be best."

"What do you take me for? You sneak in and cut me out, and then you want me to help you. I'll see you hanged first!"

"Oh, this is all nonsense! I played fair; I gave you every chance. Now you must not think of yourself; you must think of the cause. I shall win her, she will win her father, he will turn the *Republican* over to us, you will win the nomination for prosecutor, and—"

"Aw, I'm through with your pipe-dreams; you can't work me again. Go on up if you want to—you'll get shot, and it will save me the trouble."

"You are right; it would not do to go tonight. Tomorrow you must tell her yourself that you misstated things to me, and I shall smooth it over."

Harold ground his teeth together and then drew a revolver from his pocket. "I am going to kill you!" he screamed.

"That would be foolish; they would hang you," said August impatiently.

"I don't care; I am tired of living, and I intend to have my revenge."

"Then why don't you kill yourself?"

Harold looked at his rival, while frothy bubbles of wrath came to his lips. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed hysterically. "It is easier to be shot than to be hanged. I shall kill myself here, and they will think it was you, and you will be the one to be hanged. That's what I'll do, you cowardly sneak."

August stood a moment in thought, and then he said in a low voice, "Do you really intend to kill yourself?"

"I do. I am going to blow my brains all over this floor, and you will have to clean them up."

"Well, that won't take long," said August. He was becoming disgusted.

"Is *that* so? Is that so? I wear as big a hat as you do, I guess."

"One can carry a sparrow's egg in a bushel basket; but what's the use? Now, listen to reason—"

"I won't listen to anything. I am going to kill myself." Harold shut his teeth together and placed the muzzle against his forehead.

"If you hold the muzzle tight against your forehead, the gun will explode and you will only get your face torn up. This is a scientific fact. If you really intend to shoot yourself, put the muzzle in your mouth and point upward, so the ball will hit the base of the brain."

"I won't do it; it wouldn't look as if you had done it," said Harold cunningly.

"See here, Harold, I have always been square with you; will you answer me one question? Don't you still think the cause is right?"

"Yes, but I don't intend—"

"Wouldn't you like to be a hero and a martyr by dying for this cause which has for its holy purpose the freeing of the wage slaves?"

"Yes," answered Harold weakly, "but there isn't any chance, and I—"

"There is a chance—there is a way that you can die for the cause." August's hypnotic voice had the rallying note in it now.

"How?" asked Harold, curiously.

"Sit down at this table, take this pen and ink, and write a letter. Address it to the laboring men of the world; say that you tried to help them, but because they would not listen to you, because your friends turned upon you and reviled you, and because the struggle for existence was grinding out your soul, you have decided to take your life. This will make you a martyr, and after you have killed yourself, I shall have it printed in every paper in the land. Come, be a hero—for the good of the cause!"

Harold leaped to his feet; he seized the bottle of ink and dashed it to the cement floor, never heeding the drops which spattered his light trousers. As soon as he was able to speak, he sputtered vehemently: "You inhuman brute, you! You have made me lose the prosecutorship for the good of the cause! You have made me lose my girl for the good of the cause! And now you want me to kill myself to advertise your infernal cause. I won't kill myself at all! You are a fiend, a demon, a ghoul! and I am going straight back to my old party and get you run out of this town—you and your devilish cause!"

Harold staggered out the door and slammed it after him. A strange smile crossed the face of August. "How can our cause be defeated?" he asked in a buoyant voice. "It is like an oak tree—to ignore it is to make the sun shine; to persecute it is to make the rain fall. Whatever happens now, it will grow and spread its leaves and make a cool shade for all the earth."

He stood looking upward a moment as if waiting an answer, and then he lighted his pipe. "Yes, I shall marry Edith. She will make the fighting comrade," he said jubilantly. "I shall sell my patent for a good royalty, we shall choose a good location, and I shall yet become a congressman or a senator, or—well, who knows what will happen, now that the dawn has broken?"

MY LORD HAMLET

Historical, Literary and Psychical Considerations Touching the Principal Character in Shakespeare's Tragedy

(CONTINUED)

Dedicated, with sincere good wishes and admiration, to Robert Bruce Mantell, Tragedian—*The Authors*

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

XXVI.—FOURTH ACT

ONLY a few minutes intervene between the end of the Third Act and the beginning of the Fourth Act. The *Queen* reports *Hamlet* "mad as the sea and wind when both contend." In her recital of the death of *Polonius*, she says (as does the Hystorie) he cried "A rat, a rat!" *Hamlet* had said: "How now! A rat?"

In the *King's* speech we are to pause at an important line: "It had been so with us had we been there." This is to show, in text as well as action, that *Hamlet* is a real Avenger—that we are to look on his delays only as decorations of the drama. The *King* ends the scene with a couplet—"O come away! My soul is full of discord and dismay."

There would appear to be little of Shakespeare's own work here. The first scene is a stop-gap, but adds to the structure the terror of a murderer.

The second scene, made as short as possible, represents *Hamlet* as feigning madness. He is put under arrest. "My lord . . . . you must go with us to the *King*." "Bring me to him," says *Hamlet.*

In the third scene, *Rosencrantz* reports to the *King* that they have *Hamlet*, guarded outside.

In this Fourth Act the conventional and archaic *King* is still given long speeches, though the playwright urges the royal movements at as fast a pace as possible. Where *Claudius* makes a notable remark, it is likely to be an adage— as "Diseases desperate grown, by desperate appliances are relieved, or not at all." John Lily, in "Euphues," says: "A desperate disease is to be committed to a desperate doctor."

Hamlet, continuing with feigned insanity, amuses the groundlings with plays on words and thinly-veiled insults to the Danish throne. He puns regarding the Diet of Worms, a joke which would, at the time, call for a rousing laugh. He is told he is to be sent to England for his own safety. "Good!" he says.

Shakespeare is compelled to piece together the Græco-Roman and the Norse Revenge material. The result, even in his incomparable hands, must be flatly disappointing. The Saxo Hystorie, here, reads: "How Fengon the third time devised to send Hamblet to the King of England, with secret letters to have him put to death."

The *King*, evidently left alone, apostrophizes the English monarch, revealing the plot, as outlined in Saxo. Barring the quips of *Hamlet*, on which some labor is apparent, Shakespeare would seem to have passed the entire matter as a bad job.

Nor does the stagecraft improve in the fourth scene. The *King* has told *Hamlet* that "the bark is ready, and the wind at help, the associates tend." Elsinore, or Helsingor in Danish, is itself a seaport. (The legend goes that our Saxo Grammaticus himself was born there.) Yet now, instead of seeing *Hamlet* a prisoner on board ship, we behold him on "a plain in Denmark," still under guard. It seems young Fortinbras of Norway desires permission to march through Denmark and attack the Poles. He has already *taken* such a privilege, but he sends a *Captain* to ask for it, and this *Captain* meets *Hamlet*, who seems to be told, for the first time, of the important political move, and of the apparent high ambition of young *Fortinbras*. This gives the captive *Prince Hamlet* opportunity to dismiss his guards and the

Captain, and to double a soliloquy similar to that which *Hieronimo* uttered after the grief-stricken *Old Man* had gone. Our hero admits once more that he is a negligent Hero, a slow Avenger. All occasions do inform against him. "Now, whether it be bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event—a thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom and ever three parts coward—I do not know why yet I live to say: 'This thing's to do.'"

Thus *Hamlet*, because the Revenge-Tragedy stops to accommodate the progress of the Norse Fratricide, is obviously, with some creaking of stage-machinery, allowed to repeat his expressions of self-contempt. The result is that it makes of him the only avenging Hero that the world ever itself fully "confessed." We see his personal aversion to the classic *role*. He dislikes murder, assassination, vengeance. He feels the need of love. He is proud, and revolts at the idea of his mother's crimes, which seem to descend on him as an estate of shame.

The world takes pity on him,—on even him the Avenger—and he reveals himself the Human Sacrificial One.

XXVII.

Shakespeare was fully interested in the elaboration of the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter. The *motif* at the bases of the stories of Jephthah's daughter, Virginia, *Lavinia*, and *Bellimperia* is willingly seized by the master as sound authority for a long and well-varied scene, in which the innocent and beautiful *Ophelia* may deeply touch the hearts of the spectators. She believes her lover has gone mad and knows he has murdered her father.

We opine, here again, in the scene we have reached, that Shakespeare himself never intended to permit the intrusion of jokes at the expense of the boy-player who must take the *role* of Ophelia. The reader, however, is at liberty, if he choose, to attribute the looseness of the text to the fashions of the time, and it may be that the vagaries of the mad *Ophelia* delighted the average play-goer of Elizabeth's day; but, even if they did, it was because of the male actor who was *Ophelia*, and such "fun" as resulted stepped absolutely in the way of the pathos of the scene. The entry of women into "the profession" has made such a text intolerable in modern times, as it was previously inartistic. We believe the actors themselves added the "broad" matter to the cards.

An audience would naturally laugh at the boy's expense; the boy would naturally "play to the laugh." This would tempt Lowin, Burbage, or whoever had the great *role* of *Hamlet*, to give the lad other opportunities to "succeed with the audience." The actor hardly ever views the play as a whole; he has but one measure that he can apply to any part of it—"Did it *go?*" Answer that question affirmatively, and the text suits him, whatever it be. Shakespeare was both author and actor, both adapter and proprietor. While *Hamlet* might beg the actors to speak no more than was set down for them, still, a broad sally ("sallet") that pleased the visitors and brought others across the wide Thames to an out-of-town theatre, might escape his censorship, whatever should be his poetic regret.

Time evens all things, and in this case of *Ophelia* the *role* has been sufficiently purified in text by modern hands. The scene has been the theme of ten thousand poems, and the sacrifice is the most conspicuous one in the history of feminine martyrdom.

As this famous Fifth Scene opens, Shakespeare seems to take us into his confidence regarding his private intent in *Hamlet's* "insane" speeches. Although he has other characters at hand in the coulisses of his mind, like *Francisco*, *Marcellus*, *Bernardo*, *Reynaldo*, he yet invents *A Gentleman*, one of the courtiers, who, while describing the real madness of *Ophelia*, yet delivers a most significant recital: "She speaks much of her father; says she hears there's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart; spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt that carry but half sense: her speech is nothing, yet the unshaped use of it doth move the hearers to collection; they aim at it, and botch the words up fit to their own thoughts; which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them, indeed would make one think there might be thought, though nothing sure, yet much unhappily."

Here is explained what we are to think of *Hamlet's* "mad" expressions, but no prevision is given to us regarding the wide latitude and unequivocal impropriety of *Ophelia's* text as it stands in the First Folio.

Horatio, the only confidant of *Hamlet*, brings *Ophelia* on the scene. This is prophetic of the absent Hero's grief when he shall learn that *Ophelia* is dead—that she has preceded him into the other (the other pagan) world; for *Horatio*, like the audience itself, stands for *Hamlet*. *Hamlet* will commune with the audience or with *Horatio*, it matters not.

The disinclination of the *Queen* to speak with *Ophelia* is tragic punishment, and she thereafter confesses her guilt, evidently to the audience.

Horatio himself could not describe *Ophelia's* madness, because he knows too much about *Hamlet*, and it is to be seen that the *Queen*, just before *Ophelia's* entrance with *Horatio*, speaks as if the *Gentleman*, after fulfilling his office, had vanished into thin air. The *King* is seemingly kept "off" until *Gertrude* has confessed, and enters without pomp, we believe, for the first time in the tragedy (although we cannot know just how Shakespeare "managed" it, as the stage-directions as we see them, often go for almost nothing).

Ophelia finishes her first apportionment and *Horatio*, vicar of *Hamlet*, follows her out, to "give her close watch." Then this symbol is carelessly abandoned. *Horatio* cannot, does not, watch over her, she re-enters, exits, and drowns herself unattended. All matters surrounding are ill-done, or not done at all by any author, while the chief, pathetic picture itself is at the centre of the stage.

The *King* has the celebrated speech, "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions." He also gives us this significant equivocal remark: "O my dear Gertrude, this, like to a murdering-piece, in many places gives me superfluous death."

We are to credit Shakespeare with meaning "cannon" or "mimic tragedy" in this term "murdering-piece." This abiding equivocation still clings to the French language, greatly encouraging its writers of the "décadent" school, or "illuminati."

In the material which Shakespeare had at hand, the *Lorenzo*, villain of the "Spanish Tragedy," was made into *Laertes*, and *Laertes* was kept at Paris until needed for the climax. Now he is to reappear, preceded by *Another Gentleman*, whose speech to the *King* is so unqualifiedly strong that it is usually rewarded with "a hand." Again we are tempted to the thought that, in some other scheme of "Hamlet," this announcement, spoken as it is to the exciting accompaniment of "Noises off," was once in the mouth of one of the leading characters of the cast.

When Shakespeare long delays the entrance of a character in a drama—as *Richmond* into "Richard III" or *Macduff* into "Macbeth," that character seems to surge in upon the play like a great wave on a wide beach. This management forever keeps the "star" up to the mark, in order to prevent the newcomer from "taking away the house." Doubtless the tempestuous entrance of *Laertes* is traditional, and belongs to the "loud-sounding tyrant" of the elder drama. Psychologically, *Laertes* is not villain at all, and is only so revealed in the text with evident reluctance by Shakespeare. As a mere stage-device, to give action, *Laertes* is converted into "tyrant," or would-be usurper, the *King* hedges himself with his divine right, and the stirring episode is over, *Laertes* having rested content with a duplication (an echo) of *Hamlet's* slow vengeance.

The mad sister enters first, to "feed" a pathetic speech from the brother. Then she strews her flowers about, bedewed with the tears of the tender-hearted. The comic actors, this time, have let the Shakespearian cards alone. Like a *Ghost*, she acts on the stricken son *Laertes*, who, under the laws of Tragedy must in turn avenge his father's foul and unnatural murder. "His means of death, his obscure funeral—no trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones, no noble rite nor formal ostentation—cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth, that I must call 't in question."

The Sixth Scene, another interlude, is used to inform *Horatio*, by letter, that *Hamlet* has been cast back on the shores of Denmark. Beside desiring to recount the fate that awaits *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, *Hamlet* will disclose the future of the Tragedy to his friend, and that relation is to make *Horatio* dumb. The friend, as bidden, sees that the *King* is informed, and flies to *My Lord Hamlet*.

Here, as elsewhere in the Fourth Act, the Hystorie by Saxo is in the way, and is only casually used—any other makeshift would have answered even better. Edwin Booth, the tragedian, omitted the scene altogether, in order that the *King* and *Laertes* might proceed without interruption to the vengeance of *Laertes*, where the *King* plays the *Iago*-part from "*Hieronimo*," just as *Lorenzo* set *Pedringano* on to assassinate *Serberine* (thus getting both tools out of the way).

As a stage-device to explain *Hamlet's* many delays, *Laertes* asks the *King* why he did not move on the *Prince* who sought the royal life. The *King* says he had two reasons: First, he was uxorious—the *Queen* loved *Hamlet* and the husband loved the *Queen* too well to cross her. Second, *Hamlet* was popular—and here is a Shakespearian touch of the sharp sticks that Hamblet whittled in Saxo: "My arrows, too slightly timbered for so loud a wind, would have reverted to my bow again, and not where I had aimed them." *Hamlet*, at the fencing bout, will use this arching metaphor again.

A *Messenger* enters, with *Hamlet's* letters to *King* and *Queen*. It seems *Horatio* took the *First Sailor* to *Claudio*, and *Claudio* gave the letters to the *Messenger*. This *Claudio*, spoken of by a *Messenger* who himself should not have been a *Messenger*, carrying to the *Queen* a letter that never figures afterward, continues to expose the unfinished state of the latest "Hamlet." This rudimentary *Claudio* may have been taken out everywhere else when his name was needed for Saxo's *Fengon*. Enough Italian or Italian-Latinized names linger in the cast of "Hamlet" to more than hint of a lost Italian dramatization or adaptation of Hamblet.

Hamlet sends the *King* word of his sudden and unforeseen return. The *King* offers a plan whereby *Hamlet* shall be killed, *Laertes* revenged, and the *Queen* left in ignorance of the *King's* part in the conspiracy.

In outlining the proposed bout with foils, the *King* unnecessarily describes Lamond, a celebrated horseman and fencer, and the actors nowadays cut this out with benefit to the play. The reason for its presence is lost. It seems unlikely that the exchange of foils in a fencing bout was a known feat of this Lamond, for if so, the *King* would have made it plain, and the reader has at hand, in the fifth chapter of Saxo's Hystorie a sufficient apparatus for the exchange of weapons.

Laertes, who would "cut *Hamlet's* throat in the church," listens to the *King's* plan to play with a foil that has no button, and proposes to poison the point of his weapon. Fearing that all may fail, the *King* supplements the plan with a poisoned chalice for the nonce, to offer *Hamlet*. This will be the rouse Shakespeare has so carefully prepared for in the First Act. *Laertes* agrees to all, and gets ready a tragic place for himself in the solemn drama. In *Hieronimo* this *Laertes-Lorenzo* was the principal villain whose death is undertaken in *Hieronimo's* mimic play. His sister, *Bellimperia*, the heroine, kills herself, and her father also is a victim of the tragedy.

These ill-arranged interludes are at last out of the way, and the Fourth Act ends artistically with the *Queen's* announcement of the completion of the *Ophelia*-sacrifice. "There is a willow grows aslant a brook." The speech is in Shakespeare's noblest form, and we hope other languages in translation catch at least a modicum of its magical beauty.

Jephthah's daughter goes to Moloch—here a strange and the most beautiful variant of the hoary world-myth. In the world's eye, and before the angry gods, the Hero is to blame for *Ophelia's* piteous death. The water-nymphs, the wood-nymphs, all are in vengeful tears, and heavenly justice is certain for her slayer.

Artistically, the maiden-sacrifice has carried the entire act, which has been enlivened at a critical moment in its somewhat feeble existence by the stirring announcement and the entry of *Laertes*.

Yet, beside the world-famous *Ophelia*-ornamentation which carries the act, much useful and necessary dramatic information has been given. Both *King* and *Queen* have confessed their crimes; *Hamlet* has continued to scourge himself; the enormity of his fault as to *Ophelia* justifies his dramatic death; that death is triply prepared for; and, lastly, the *Queen* is kept in such situation that her end, at the great rouse, is a perfect invention, although it cannot "act" so admirably as it "reads."

Considering the material and the history of conventional Tragedy, the handling of *Gertrude*, *Hamlet's* mother—the woman who bore the Human Sacrificial One—this operation is one of the most wonderful and most successful of Shakespeare's many solutions of difficult dramatic problems.

XXVII.—FIFTH ACT

Act V opens with the famous church-yard scene. We are here impressed with the care that Shakespeare is taking to give a Christian atmosphere to his pagan play. There is no hint of *Ghost*, and many references to Christian ceremonials sprinkle the arguments of the grave-diggers. The late Mr. McVicker, a celebrated manager, father-in-law of Edwin Booth, was a successful *First Clown*, and the scene during the colloquy when both those actors were "on" was one not easily to be forgotten.

The dogma of the *First Clown* (the *Grave-digger*) that an act hath three branches—to act, to do, to perform—was a satirical allusion to the legal decision in the case of Sir James Hales, who had drowned himself. A suicide's estate would go to the Crown, but the widow claimed that, by dying, he could not forfeit her share in their joint estate. So the lawyers for the Crown divided the act of suicide into three branches—to act, to do, to perform—and successfully claimed that Sir James had been guilty of suicide as soon as he jumped in the water, and had time to forfeit all estates before death came. Through this ruling the widow lost her share of the estate, and the Crown secured everything.

It seems probable that Shakespeare chose drowning for *Ophelia* because of the suicide of Sir James Hales. Out of that chance arose the exquisite speech of the *Queen* describing *Ophelia's* pitiful end.

Churchyards were far more upon men's minds and before their eyes then than now. The Globe Theatre was within stone's throw of a large churchyard. Dozens of Shakespeare's printed plays were for sale in St. Paul's churchyard. There was a spire on every eminence, symbolizing a heavenly abode for those who slept below.

The *Grave-digger* is of the earth earthy. He sends his admiring helper to an adjoining Bankside dram-shop for a stoup of liquor, and sings at his gruesome labor, while *Hamlet*, the prince of introspection, clad in the inky habit of classic Revenge, accompanied by the only one, *Horatio*, who understands him, comes slowly on the scene.

For the purposes of the drama, *Hamlet*, although he has been with *Horatio*, does not know that *Ophelia* is dead, and *Horatio* is still to be informed by *Hamlet* concerning the forthcoming Revenge, as well as the murder (by a ruse) of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*.

Nowhere else in Shakespeare, perhaps, shall we find a contrast so striking, as that which the eye of the auditor observes, between *My Lord Hamlet*, sexton of the human intellect, and this *First Clown*, sexton of the churchyard and its mold.

"How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us." Then follows some local touch which we cannot now understand, wherein the aristocrat deplores the arrogations of the lower classes —showing that the world has changed little in three centuries.

"By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken a note of it, the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe." These "three years" are in London; they may have something to do with the "inhibition." Some parvenu may be flourishing at court, in a place where he is able to injure the "common players." Out of the scene, also, one may easily detect the fact that this devoted philosopher resents some action by lawyers when they have been busy at their trade. "The fine of his fines" is a stock pun in the French language, with no end of variations.

The very faults of the drama of "Hamlet" conspire to give an artistic turn to the solemn entry of *Hamlet* in this scene. The audience welcomes him with the sadness appropriate to the funeral of the fair *Ophelia*. If the play has gone slowly, so much the more fitting is this meeting at the borderland of another world. It all seems long ago. It is real Tragedy.

The age of *Hamlet* appears to have been set forward eleven years, and with Shakespeare himself at only thirty-six when he wrote this scene, we must feel that he was a prematurely-old man.

The moonlight of the pagan platform glossed the psychological flight of the hours in the first act; now, as in the *Queen's* closet, the gloom of this little Christian churchyard veils the psychological passage of many years.

Since *Hamlet's* interview with his mother —since last he saw his father's *Spirit*—he has been an eirie character. We need not account for his actions, more than of any other creature of the under-worlds, where he belongs. We do not listen to his tale of the fate of his school-mates and guards, and we hardly know they are victims of the Tragedy. The Fifth Act sets him well apart.

Hamlet's ruminations concerning the dead Alexander are copied from Middleton's "Changeling."

XXVIII.

As the dark figure, with its faithful friend, retires into the shadows, the ancient funeral enters and the unwilling priests perform their scantiest office. The stage-device here is perfect; it both overlooks the pagan suicide or immolation, and shortens to a practicable stage-action the service over the dead.

The part of *Laertes* is beautiful. Poetically, there is strong likeness to the scene at *Desdemona's* death-bed, in "Othello." It is Shakespeare at his best.

The *Queen's* speech at the grave—"I thought thou shouldst have been my *Hamlet's* wife"—sets the early part of the drama awry, as did the *King's* speech in Act IV, Scene 5—"Next your son gone" (as a reason for *Ophelia's* misfortune). The author is not trying to make all parts join.

If *Hamlet* were really mad, the text everywhere here in this burial scene would adjust itself. But he is sane. He dressed grotesquely to deceive *Ophelia*, but that was off-stage. We have never seen him disheveled. He is sane to *Horatio;* he is always sane in soliloquy (to the audience), and he was sane to his mother, though she naturally, acting like *Lady Macbeth*, might draw a conclusion of insanity. Now he assumes insanity—that is apparent—and yet it is impossible to approve his doings as a Hero. He leaps into the grave and is stoutly grappled by the heart-broken *Laertes;* he asks for some quarter, threatening to let go his temper unless *Laertes* loose a fatal clutch on his throat. *Laertes* listens to his plea, and as they both come forth from the grave, *Hamlet* outrants the "tyrant" of any drama. *He* loved *Ophelia:* forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up his sum. Surely, the *Queen* has a right to say this is mere madness.

There is lacking here in the Hero an explanation to the audience that the gods have devoted him to this vast sacrifice of manhood and honorable conduct toward a maiden whom he deeply loved. The world has overlooked it all, and the momentum of Kyd's *Lorenzo* (villain) *role* for *Laertes* carries the loving and much-wronged brother of *Ophelia* to immortal infamy in the memory of mankind.

Hamlet, leaping into the grave: "This is I, *Hamlet*, the Dane." Here we have a puzzling epithet, as though the grave were in England, and *Hamlet* were declaring his foreign nationality. *Hamlet* has called the *Ghost* "royal Dane," and a poet would find the word "Dane" an effective piece of speech. Still—all said and done—in some older draft, when *Hamlet* leaped into a grave, he may have been out of his own country. It is a custom of the literary world today to speak of the *Dane* as if he were a psychological immigrant.

To the reason of many men and women, *Hamlet* is insane, whether he know it or not. Where the nerves of him who thinks upon it are well insulated—where the subject sleeps well o' nights and is a lucky man in this world, with no great plus-quantity of sympathy, the Melancholy Dane (to such minds) is diseased in some way, and lunacy is as good a theory as any other. Yet such is the art of Shakespeare that even the passive and the bovine cannot escape the charm of the *Prince*, and they quote his troubled sayings all their peaceful lives.

So, *Ophelia* is dead and in her grave. Let violets spring! In the same weird churchyard sleep Jephthah's daughter, Virginia, and *Bellimperia*—a thousand Maidens of the Myth.

Note how creakingly the legend of Feigned Insanity is further to work, for *Laertes* must now engage in a fencing bout with a putative madman who, like *Ophelia*, ought to be watched, but will not be.

Yet Shakespeare is to use that *motif* as a mask for his mystery (the fact known only to *Hamlet* that he is a Sacrificial One). The result is fortunate, dramatically.

XXIX.

The actors omit the scene wherein *Hamlet* describes to *Horatio* the arts he practised to secure the death of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*. It is a dramatization by Shakespeare himself of an unneeded part of the Saxo Hystorie, but it contains several renowned lines—lines without which the world would hardly have accepted *My Lord Hamlet* as the Human Sacrificial One. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." "'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes between the pass and fell incensèd points of mighty opposites."

In this region of the text *Hamlet's* case is stated by himself. Many students look upon it as the keynote of the drama.

The Avenger, once more, exactly like the dallying *Revenge* (a Fury) of Kyd's tragedy, gives himself a reason for what he is to do—this time a Christian reason. "Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon—he that hath killed my King and whored my mother, popped in between the election and my hopes, thrown out his angle for my proper life, and with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience, to quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damned to let this canker of our nature come in further evil?"

Here is an attempt to shake off the pagan vesture of the Revenge-drama, and to make it a matter of Christian conscience to punish the usurper.

The Hero admits to *Horatio.* that he has wronged *Laertes*, and is sorry for it. The Hero was in a towering passion. That is, he was not even feigning madness—if he were, he is now deceiving his only friend. He'll court the favors of *Laertes.*

But, argue it as we may, our Hero is now properly ready for the Sacrifice. He is sorry, and will ask *Laertes'* pardon, (even without the *Queen's* intervention) outwardly keeping up the fiction that he is distraught. He has wept over the dead *Polonius*. He has not the slightest thought of harming *Laertes*, for the foils, of course, are to carry buttons. In fact, we are ahead of his knowledge, for here enters the dainty *Osric*, looking at the big jewel on his admired finger.

XXX.

While the arm of the Avenger is raised for the stroke long ordered by the gods, and now adjusted to Christian consciences, there comes to *Hamlet* his last delay. *Osric*, an *escrimeur* of words, challenges *Hamlet* to a bout with *Laertes*, and the bout of circumlocutory phrases that follows is both Shakespearian and completely successful. It is a perfect form of comedy, original to the author, wherein, as with the grave-digger, *My Lord Hamlet* proves champion in all adventures.

The word-play on "carriages," of course, made many laughs. In Acts of the Apostles 21:15, read: "And after those days we took our carriages and went up to Jerusalem."* But the apostles walked, notwithstanding. "Carriages" meant things that were carried. To have the carriage carry, as it finally did, struck the sense of humor in our forefathers.

The polite messenger is gone, somewhat mystified, and carrying Atlas' own burden of compliments and courtesies, paid to him in return.

> "I shall win at the odds, but thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart."
>
> *Horatio.* I'll say you are not fit.
>
> *Hamlet.* Not a whit. We defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Thus, though we are to pass only to a harmless fencing-bout, this device is so handled that we know—(we are *told*)—the Tragedy is at hand. The Hero goes toward it—not readily, but philosophically—a Christian *Orestes.*

That the *Queen* should send to the "mad *Hamlet*," by *A Lord*, asking her son to make apology to *Laertes* before they shall fall to play, is not understandable, inasmuch as *Hamlet* has already told *Horatio* of a desire to court the favors of *Laertes*. This act of the *Queen* would accord with an older drama of "Hamlet," where she would be more innocent and also know her son was sane. The characters *A Gentleman*, *Another Gentleman*, and *A Lord* betray hasty work and reorganization of the latter part of the drama.

Once more we must show that probably the present text of "Hamlet" would not pass its author's reading: First, *Hamlet* and *Horatio* together:

> *Hor.* You will lose this wager, my lord.
>
> *Ham.* I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds.

Next, *Hamlet* faces *Laertes*, in the bout with foils:

> *Ham.* I'll be your foil, *Laertes;* in mine ignorance your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, strike fiery off indeed.
>
> *Laer.* You mock me, sir.
>
> *Ham.* No, by this hand.

These speeches place *Hamlet* in a disingenuous attitude at a moment when he as

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*See also Judges 18:21; Isaiah 10;28; 46:1.

Hero is nearing the Tragedy itself. We do not believe Shakespeare would have done that much wittingly.

To hold the bout itself, on the day of *Ophelia's* funeral, is out-and-out playwright's license. Plays are made out of difficulties; not all are soluble.

XXXI.

The last scene is before us. For the final time, the bearded and heavy-vestured *King* with his *Queen* stalks into the picture. The fencers are ready.

That generations live and have lived loving *Hamlet*, we know; that generations to come will love him, we may reasonably believe. In the hearts of his loyal admirers, he now perfects his case before humanity, as he speaks with delphic utterance to *Laertes*.

Keep prominently in mind that *Hamlet* does not—must not—disclose the facts concerning the *Ghost*, and that *Horatio* does not betray him. The other three characters—*Francisco*, *Marcellus*, *Bernardo*—who saw the *Ghost*, have never spoken to the rest of the company. *Laertes* knows nothing of the *Ghost*, and is assured *Hamlet* is mad. Mad or sane, *Laertes* intends to assassinate the *Prince* and avenge the death of *Polonius*. But *Hamlet's* feelings toward *Laertes* are magnanimous.

Now *Hamlet*, through a noble equivocation, assumes his feigned madness as a symbol of his Destiny. He and *Horatio* know he is devoted. That sacrificial condition he now masks as madness, as if this explanation might make his apology effective. It is clearly possible, if we put ourselves in *Hamlet's* place, to conceive that he is striving to keep *Laertes* free of the forthcoming Tragedy, and deeply laments the wrongs and sorrows that the Tragedy has precipitated on the son of *Polonius* and brother of *Ophelia*, With the heart of his mystery carefully hidden—necessarily hidden—*Hamlet* makes a most honorable statement:

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman . . .
And you must needs have heard how I am punished
With sore distraction . . .
Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet . .
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy . . . .
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.
Laer. I am satisfied in nature . . . I do receive your offered love like love.
Ham. I embrace it freely; and will this brother's wager frankly play.

It must interest the reader to see the Brother-Enemies myth persisting here. Psychologically, *Hamlet* is wedded to *Ophelia*, and *Laertes* is his brother. In this remarkable variant, each Brother is to kill Brother.

But *Hamlet* has made a Hero's apology, assuming the mask of distraction to conceal his Destiny, known only to himself, and to be suspected only by *Horatio*.

A few touches of iniquity, applied hastily to *Laertes*, have made him base—chiefly because *Hamlet must* be noble. *Laertes* stands, the assassin; presently he will show some conscience; anon he will reveal the plot.

The *King* announces the great Danish rouse, which was so carefully "built up" in the First Act, and whose *leit-motiv* will sound so dismally in cannon-roar at the end. They play. They rest.

The *King* drinks. The trumpets blare, and cannons answer to the skies. The *King* poisons the chalice and offers it to his dear cousin *Hamlet*, but *Hamlet* delays drinking, as he has postponed all other actions.

The *Queen* drinks.

The unhappy *Laertes*, declaring it is almost against his conscience, wounds *Hamlet* with the poisoned point, the foils are exchanged (as the swords were changed in Saxo) and *Laertes* also receives his quietus.

As the *Queen* sinks in self-imposed death, and as *Hamlet*, in excitement, notes the villainy, the dying *Laertes* confesses all, and tells *Hamlet* that he (*Hamlet*) holds in hand the envenomed instrument of Revenge. The end is come: "Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damnéd Dane, drink off *this* potion." The *King* dies in all his sins, unhouseled, disappointed, unanelled. The *Ghost* of *Hamlet's* father needs no longer to haunt the tomb at Elsinore.

Laertes is forgiven. The "wretched *Queen*," it seems, after all, is to fare no better than did *Clytemnestra*, and psychologically *Hamlet* is by chance *Orestes*. Were not this fell sergeant Death so strict in his arrest, *Hamlet* would tell them—what?

Hamlet would tell them—this that only *Horatio* can know—what *Francisco*, *Marcellus* and *Bernardo* may have been kept offstage during four acts of the drama for suspecting—that the *Ghost* of his slain father set him to this Revenge, and that other and seemingly needless sacrifices followed, which *Hamlet* expiates in death, and *Horatio* must live to explain. In fact, the dying *Hamlet* takes the poisoned cup out of *Horatio's* hands. "Absent thee from felicity awhile . . . to tell my story." Thus *Hamlet* dies pagan at last, admitting the advantage of self-slaughter. The young Fortinbras approaches. "The rest is silence."

"Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince; and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." Here Goethe obtains *Faust's* triumph.

Psychologically, Shakespeare stood here as *Horatio*, and spoke like a father to his son Hamnet: "Good night, sweet prince."

This we believe, because it harmonizes perfectly with the atmosphere of *Hieronimo*, out of whose stern and admirable grief *My Lord Hamlet* was conceived.

As to the letter of the text, the world dotes on *Horatio*, and speaks often to him, as was the fashion of the *Prince*. The ideal of Friendship remains triumphant, whether the process be pagan or Christian, or both.

We hear *Horatio* (in the vein of *Othello*, or, as if it were *Mark Antony* in the Forum) speaking to the Danes—to us: "So shall you hear of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts, of actual judgments, casual slaughters, of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause, and, in this upshot, purposes mistook fall'n on the inventors' heads."

Read those lines carefully, for they contain the irreducible minimum of "Hamlet" —a synopsis by William Shakespeare.

["A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off."]

The tragic scene in *Hieronimo* (and the play) ends as follows: "[The trumpets sound a dead march; the King of Spain, mourning after his brother's body, and the King of Portingal bearing the body of his son.]" The bodies of *Hieronimo*, *Lorenzo*, *Bellimperia* and *Horatio* are also to be carried out.

XXXII.

In "Hamlet" the machinery of the other world is at the end abandoned. There is no hint of the *Ghost*.

In *Hieronimo*, the *Ghost of Andrea* and *Revenge* (a Fury) remain to speak the epilogue.

In "Hamlet" the peal of ordnance at the final curtain symbolizes the rouse of lethal liquor that really closed the play. It is *leit-motif*. The apparatus of the Danish rouse, throughout the drama, has been more highly elaborated than any other dramatic act of Shakespeare.

At the end of each act in the *Hieronimo* drama, we had the *Ghost* and *Revenge* discoursing on what had happened during the act.

In "Hamlet," at certain stages in the motion, we have had *Hamlet* himself serving the same purpose in soliloquies, as follows:

1. At the close of the first royal audience. ("O that this too too solid flesh.")
2. At the close of Act II—*Hamlet's* Gethsemane. ("O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I.")
3. In the third act. ("To be, or not to be.")
4. After the mimic play. ("'Tis now the very witching time of night.")
5. While the *King* is at prayer. *Hamlet*, sword in hand.
6. *Hamlet* on the plain in Denmark. *Hamlet* "goes apart"—another Passion or Agony.
7. At the end of the drama, *Hamlet* appears to all, through *Horatio*, as the classic Avenger.

Thus, in an effective sense, *Hamlet*, taking the place of creatures from the other worlds, partakes of their mystic nature, and cannot be seen by the other actors as the audience sees him. "The heart of *Hamlet's* mystery" evolves out of the Revenge drama, where spirits and Furies were supposably unseen witnesses and hidden prompters of the scene.

XXXIII.

Why did the drama of *Hieronimo* take so strong a hold on Shakespeare? Why is *Hieronimo*, here at the close, immanent, indwelling? "Never shalt thou force me to reveal," cries *Hieronimo;* "The rest is silence," breathes the dying *Hamlet*.

"Know I am *Hieronimo*, the hapless father of a hapless son." Shakespeare was at this time in the situation of *Hieronimo*. He had gained a coat-of-arms for his father and for his house. He had won riches for his son. And now Hamnet was dead. All was lost. Would he not look to *Hieronimo?* Is he not himself *Hieronimo?* And though he did not intrude his private grief upon our physical vision, is it not clearly visible to our own immanent eye?

XXXIV.—AFTER THE PLAY

We have sat at the drama of "Hamlet," and its motion has been slow. What constructive thing was the cause of our impatience? Why have the actors of our day dared to "cut" the text?

Probably the main reason lies in the fact that we ourselves did not see the *King* and *Queen* commit the murder of the elder *Hamlet*. We are not sufficiently incensed against *Claudius* as villain of the play. Nor is it entirely feasible to regard *Laertes* with horror.

This is because the drama opened with the murder done. But did not Shakespeare attempt to remedy this trouble? Ay, that he did—in the dumb-show, where the murder is enacted in pantomime, and again in the mimic situation. However, the *optique* of the stage is so deceptive to the writer of a play that at the test-moment in question we are looking at *Hamlet*, the *King*, etc., and the little scene is so far in perspective that it passes almost for nothing. It should be as appalling as the murder of *Duncan* in "Macbeth," but it does not "act out." "Macbeth" is a good drama *per se* for the very reason that "Hamlet" is a faulty one. Psychologically, one is justified in feeling that Shakespeare passed directly *from* "Hamlet" to "Macbeth," rejoicing in the opportunity to place a guilty *King* and *Queen* in the centre of the stage, where, artistically, they belong.

The *King* and *Queen* in "Hamlet" have not *done* anything—their past does not horrify us. Their marchings in and out are slow and supererogatory. We want to see *Hamlet*. He, at least, can talk about himself—Ourselves.

Again, *Hamlet* chagrins us by his procrastination. This does not appear to be so deeply calculated by Shakespeare as the commentators say. It can descend *directly* from *Hieronimo*. Turn to our synopsis of *Hieronimo*. At the end of Act I of Kyd's tragedy, the *Ghost* upbraids *Revenge* for inaction; at the end of Act II this rebuke is repeated; at the end of Act III the *Ghost* actually has to awaken *Revenge* from sleep; and, when the *Ghost* is satisfied, at the end of Act IV, the tragedy is finished. Therefore, conspicuous delay in the Vengeance came down from "the Spanish Tragedy," and that delay was the subject of continuous criticism on the part of the *Ghost*. Psychologically, in Shakespeare's work, *Hamlet* serves as *Ghost*, *Fury*, etc., and, commanding so much of the time of the first poet of the world, the character of *Hamlet*, by itself considered, becomes the most poetical, philosophical and diverse of personages. Froude, in the cabin of his ship, on the way to South Africa and beyond, in "Oceana," wondered which one were the most real to him—*Hamlet* or Julius Cæsar.

This fullness of *Hamlet* — this extreme length of the part—is a fortunate variant of the structure of the ordinary Revenge drama—probably the world's chief literary possession.

XXXV.

"Hamlet" does not offer the passages of splendid technical poetry that are numerous in "Macbeth" and "Lear." The masses of the people love the "Hamlet" text the better on that account. But we make bold to give the young reader this hint: In scanning iambic blank verse as good as Shakespeare's, pronounce every syllable. Do not attempt to shorten the word *the* or *whether*, or any other word that is spelled out. Pronounce all past participles—*ed*—that are spelled out. It is good exercise to read the "Thanatopsis" by Bryant, aloud, pronouncing all the syllables. The real beauty of the English language can be seen only in this so-called "iambic" form, which depends for its success on innumerable variations *from* the iambic.

While John Milton is the better technical artist, he learned all from Shakespeare, he lived to a greater age, he wrote poetry and not plays, and in the very perfection of his technique there is the more conspicuous advertisement of his lesser inventive capacity. Shakespeare, beside being the master and teacher, was the greater (probably) in that he did not become the servant of his own technique or machine. His latest work revealed his greatest liberation.

XXXVI.

Reader, student or lover of *Hamlet*, or both, first we thank you. We have seen that a mind astonishingly alert—Shakespeare's mind—played with the fantastic shadows of many myths—myths seemingly eternal in their influence.

If men, as writers, act subconsciously, then we possess, through the medium of William

Shakespeare, a *Hamlet* which he himself could not have explained—which we cannot explain. Yet advancing intellect and psychology may—probably will—some day make it explicable.

We ourselves feel, as we felt at the beginning, that the drama of "Hamlet" mirrors a state of the emotions in William Shakespeare caused by the early death of Hamnet Shakespeare, whereby there issued at William Shakespeare's hands, from a confused and refractory mass of material, the character of *My Lord Hamlet,—par excellence* the Human Sacrificial One. *Hamlet* may wear the black trappings of the classic Avenger, and he may commit the conventional cruelties or "errors" of the primitive Hero, yet we exult in the thought that the complacent world, in viewing him selfishly, has judged him right.

When we pause to consider that "Hamlet" is but a small relative part of Shakespeare's known work—a medial stage in his progression—where shall we expect the Shakespeare cult to cease? Goldwin Smith was one of the first writers to elaborate the idea that Man cannot make a god who is not in his own image. If that be true—and we also so believe—Man makes a progressive thearchical move in deifying Shakespeare.

THE END

NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER, ere she goes,
O'er hill and valley throws,
And down the meadow ways,
A violet-tinted haze,
A pink and purple show;
It seemeth flowers might blow
Down in the shrunken grass,
Where leisurely we pass.

It is November's way:
She sends a cheer one day
Of sunshine and blue skies,
Bidding the butterflies
To tarry yet awhile,
With her sweet winning guile;
Luring the birds to stay
And sing another day;

And then she turns and flings,
With blast of icy wings,
A cyclone furious,
As if incurious
Of every living thing
Her fond beguilements bring.
It is November's way—
Wistful and coy and gay!

O joyous days and sad,
Remember and be glad!
The birds will sing again,
The meadow and the lane
Be starred with merry flowers;
Will come the summer hours;
November passeth by,
Re-echoes her Good-bye!

THE SILENT TROMBONE

By WILL GAGE CAREY

THE rehearsal over, we were sitting comfortably around the big stove in the corner of the band-room, listening to the tales of adventure in foreign lands, as related by Rudolph Metzer, our trombone player.

"Did you ever hear of a soundless trombone solo with a full band accompaniment?" queried Rudolph, looking around at the attentive circle we had formed about him. "No? Well, take it from me, the thing is possible,—and I was the gent that played it!

"Through the help of a friend of mine, who stood well up in diplomatic circles, I obtained a place as trombone player in the crack military band of the Imperial Black Hussars,—an organization in which the ruling monarch,—I must withhold his name, and that of the empire; but will say that the first section of his cognomen is William,—and he wears his fierce military moustachios turned straight up at the ends,—I say, this monarch took especial pride in the band of the Black Hussars; as well he might, for I can state, with all modesty and moderation, it was composed of the finest musicians in the whole country.

"Our uniforms were of the most gorgeous description. Our instruments, of the finest make, were heavily gold-plated and each was splendidly engraved with the emblem,—well, I had best not say what the emblem was! We were treated with the greatest consideration, although we were under strict discipline; especially were we required to keep our uniforms, instruments and accoutrements in a state of absolute perfection, both as regards appearance and serviceable condition. The slightest infringement of this rule would result in the immediate dismissal of the offender; as our band was considered a most enviable one to which to belong—you may take it from me—the boys kept things pretty well scoured up all the time, for we never knew when we would be turned out for inspection.

"One morning, after a particularly fatiguing series of maneuvers on the drill field, we were granted an hour's respite, and immediately sought the seclusion of a near-by tavern for the refreshment our rapid marching had made well-nigh imperative. We left our instruments carefully spread upon the grass in the shade of a large tree at one side of the field; our drum-major remained with them to see that they were not molested.

"Suddenly word was brought to us that the Inspector-in-charge had arrived from the palace, and requested our immediate presence on the field for inspection. We hurried over, and found the Inspector, mounted on a superb black horse, awaiting us. Hastily taking up our instruments, we assumed our proper places and stood in marching order.

"He made a hasty examination of our uniforms and instruments, then made a request considerably out of the ordinary. He said to our leader that he desired to note particularly our appearance while playing on the march, and directed that we march down the main street toward the palace, and to begin to play when he gave the signal. Our leader picked out a stirring march, one in which the trombones especially had a strong and prominent part, and we started off down the street, keeping time to the drums.

"Presently the Inspector signalled our leader; the drums sounded off and we began to play.

"At that instant I became aware of two very astounding and disconcerting circumstances: first, that the Inspector had ridden the black charger close up to my side; secondly, that try as I might I *was unable to get a sound from my instrument!*

"The four trombones occupied the leading file; I was marching at the outside; in other words, in the forward right-hand corner of our formation. In this position the Inspector could keep his horse right at my side as we marched along; and this he did.

"I felt the keen eyes of the Inspector riveted upon me. The cold sweat broke out on my forehead as I thought what the consequences would be as soon as he learned the condition my instrument was in. I would be considered a disgrace to the band,—to the Black Hussars.

"Fortunately, the slide to my instrument worked perfectly; the trouble seemed to be within, I could force no air through it.

"In my desperation I resolved upon a daring course.

"I knew every note of the march without so much as a glance at the music; this enabled me to devote my whole attention to manipulating the slide of the instrument precisely as I would have done if actually playing. It was my only chance. The trombone players, marching abreast of me, had identically the same parts as my own; so, as we marched along in the front rank, our slides glided in and out in perfect unison, like four dazzling streaks of golden sun-light! Not a hair's breadth did they vary in their lightning-like movements, though the strain on me was becoming intense. The Inspector still rode at my side; not a second did he take his eyes off of me! Still I felt that I might yet conceal from him the dire calamity which seemed to have befallen my usually reliable and trustworthy instrument.

"On—on we marched! I was beginning to feel a little more confident now of myself, and the ultimate success of my strategy. I even began to put on a few extra frills I was too frightened to think of at first. Though I was not forcing a particle of air through the instrument, I went through the most elaborate contortions of doing so, until I was red in the face with my exertions. But I felt that I was struggling in a worthy cause; not only my own position, but the honor of the Black Hussars was at stake.

"Now the trombones burst forth into a loud, crashing solo, but I was right along with them; apparently no member of the band was helping more to swell that mighty wave of sound than myself. I looked out of the corner of my eye, to ascertain from the Inspector's expression whether he was aware of my subterfuge; his face was perfectly passive; I could determine nothing from it. Yet when I looked away again it seemed to me I could feel his sharp, black eyes burning at the back of my neck.

"Finally, just as we neared the palace, the Inspector ordered a halt. He turned and addressed a few words to our leader, complimenting him on our appearance. I began to breath easier. Just then he tossed the bridle-rein to a groom and came directly toward me. Taking my instrument he handed it to one of the other members, dismissed the band with a wave of his hand and directed me to follow him.

"My heart sank within me. After all then, he had detected me; I would be dismissed in disgrace.

"We proceeded in silence until we had reached a remote and secluded chamber of the palace; here he stopped short and suddenly faced me. If I had been surprised by all that had already happened I was dumbfounded now. The Inspector had thrown aside his air of haughty dignity and was literally doubled-up with laughter; I was really afraid that he was going into convulsions.

"'That—ha! ha!—*that solo*—of yours!' he gasped at length, between spasms of laughter; 'why man,—I fixed that trombone myself so that you couldn't get a sound out of it!'

"I could scarcely believe my senses.

"'Why, Inspector, I don't understand—'

"'Of course you don't! Of course you don't,' he broke in, 'but you will!'

"In a moment he had recovered himself entirely, but his manner was most friendly as he related the meaning of the strange happenings.

"'Let us get at the facts of the case at once,' he said decisively. 'His Majesty has directed me to find a man to take complete control of a band at one of our remote military posts, where there has been continual strife, both internal and with the adjoining provinces. The position requires a man who can think quickly, who can execute; in short a diplomat who can grapple with an emergency; who will make absolutely the best of any exigency which may arise. We expected to have no little difficulty in finding just the man for the place. I put you to the test today; you fill the requirements. It will be my pleasure to inform his Majesty I have found the man. What do you say, can you do it? Will you accept the commission?'

"He paused and stood gazing at me questioningly and searchingly.

"'Inspector,' I said eagerly, after saluting, 'you have only to command me!'"

THE DRILL WITH THE GATLING GUNS

AT A MILITARY TOURNAMENT

BY MITCHELL MANNERING

THERE is a fascination in associating a town, city or village with someone who lives there. Whenever I visit a city in which I have an acquaintance, I begin to feel at home whether I chance to see him or not.

Seated in the new Terminal Station at Washington, on the hottest night of the year, awaiting a belated train, I fell into conversation, between yawns, with a gentleman of distinguished bearing who resembled a prominent senator. As the acquaintance developed little by little, we found that we had visited the same places and had many common acquaintances. Imagine my delight when I discovered that he had a copy of "Heart Throbs"—no more yawns—which he liked very much, and was also a reader of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Now I was awake! No reserve for us now. I was talking with Mr. John Donovan of St. Joseph, Missouri, president of the St. Joseph Stock Yards Co., and an all around, pushing citizen of the United States of America. Mr. Donovan had been in Washington arranging for a military tournament at St. Joseph. During the hot spell in the city he had managed to get through the most trying hours of the day by the aid of an electric fan, while he watched the flight of the airships, and made arrangements to have the army dirigible balloon as a veritable capsheaf of the tournament. The will-power and ability of the man to accomplish whatever he undertook delighted me. I felt that I liked John Donovan all through.

"You are coming down to attend that military tournament?" he asked.

What could I say to such a man but that I should surely attend.

* * *

On the last day of the festivities I arrived in St. Joseph, and for the first time looked upon that splendid city in gala dress; the national colors sparkling and fluttering on the wires stretched across the streets and the buildings all in holiday dress.

Everyone in the city knows John Donovan —one of the strong men. St. Jo has reason to be proud of him, and he has reason to be proud of St. Jo.

By the way, the residents of this splendid city object very much to having its name abbreviated, and greatly prefer the good old title, St. Joseph, given by the French voyageur in honor of his patron saint.

Mr. Donovan was born in Maryland, where his ancestors had lived for many generations; but his father went West forty years ago and settled in St. Joseph. It is natural that his son's heart and soul should be wrapped up in the city where all his interests are centered, and that he should dearly love his beautiful home, located in the central residential section, where he and his have resided for years. The old house where John Donovan and his wife started housekeeping still stands on an adjoining lot.

THE MOUNTED BATTERY GOING INTO LINE

A ride from the station behind Mr. Donovan's splendid horse, a beautifully-proportioned and handsome animal of high spirit and perfect action, was exhilarating. The swift, tireless, well-trained creature was as dear to John Donovan as the storied "Arab steed" was to his master. We drove first to the new Auditorium, just dedicated with a notable military ball. It is one of the handsomest and most substantial auditoriums in the United States. The new custom house, post office, public library, Elks' Club and Scottish Rite Cathedral are all monuments of the St. Joseph spirit. The new hotel is named for Robideaux, the founder of St. Joseph. He was a French voyageur, or rather Indian trader, for in those early days St. Jo was the gateway to the great Southwest, was built up largely during the Mexican War, and became still more prosperous when the Forty-Niners started to cross the plains to California. The town is noted for its very extensive dry goods, grocery and other jobbing houses, which unmistakably show that the genius for trading developed in those early days when St. Joseph was a frontier post has lost nothing with the lapse of years. The development of the Gulf ports and the railroad systems collect the vast products of the agricultural and grazing country around it, and have given St. Joseph its 100,000 inhabitants and vast trade, and enabled it to hold its own, despite the rigorous competition in the swift-developing Southwest.

* * *

The great embankment of the levee, which is valuable reclaimed factory sites, has compelled the fickle Missouri to "stay her proud waves" and refrain from her early proclivities to change her course and channel about every other year. It has also resulted in making "Lake Contrary," nothing more nor less than a forgotten part of the stately Missouri River, detached at one time from her main channel and left behind when she pursued her way to fresh fields and river-bed new. It is a fine body of water, and is belted by many charming summer cottages. Over 5,000 regular troops were in camp and participated in the military tournament, which was held at the same time as the fat stock show.

General Morton, who commands the Department of the Missouri, was at headquarters packing, ready for breaking camp on the morrow. It was a field day, and the spacious arena was filled with at least 10,000 people waiting to witness the army maneuvers. There were many incidents of the day's exercises that were impressive, and some that were almost dramatic; I could well believe that such tournaments do more than anything else to popularize the army. The personnel and character of the recruits during the past year have greatly improved, and the old Seventh Cavalry—which was Custer's regiment—maintains its reputation as a "crack regiment" in all respects. One can sympathize with officers who strive so hard to make their men efficient, when it is remembered that the term of service is so short that it is necessary to drill new levies every year or two, making it impossible to give the older men much needed instruction. It is surprising that regiments are not always in a more or less embryonic condition under this arrangement.

It was a pleasure to greet Colonel Tommy Tompkins (no, not Tommy Atkins), he of the long mustache, who personally resembles General Custer, who died at the head of his bold riders at the battle of the Big Horn, one of the most picturesque characters and boldest cavalry leaders of the Civil War. I enjoyed meeting several officers during my visit to the camp—that field of great brown beehives spread abroad throughout the beautiful park through which wandered strong-limbed young fellows, attired in their picturesque khaki suits, gaiters and slouch hats, suggestive of many scenes of danger and romance, for many of "the boys" here had seen service in the Philippines and in Cuba during the Spanish War.

* * *

The entrance of the mounted band on white horses and the dash of the cavalry was an inspiring sight, even better than the Rough Rider maneuvers in a Wild West show, for here it was the real business. The spirited music played during the saber drill seemed to inspire the flashing steel itself. One could but think that if the mimic war of the arena proved so thrilling, what must real maneuvers be, when the swift rush of the battery and lightning whirl of the heavy guns tear over rock and crashing underwood, or the pieces wheel into line.

Among the spectators were a group of soldiers "off duty," who cheered their comrades in arms in the arena. In the wall-scaling practice there was a hundred yards to run in all, with a fourteen-foot fence half way to be scaled—then to drop on the firing line. The men hopped on each other's shoulders and pulled one another over the fence, then ran the remainder of the distance, dropped flat on their faces and fired four shots each—all in from forty to fifty seconds. This had the thrill and daring that recalled the siege of Pekin.

DASHING FEATS IN THE ARENA

Building and demolishing by the engineer corps was a thrilling feat. They built the bridge, passed the wagon train over it, and then blew it up—all done strictly on the American plan.

The most spectacular feature was the horsemanship displayed by the bare-back squads. They went over hurdles, standing on their horses in twos and threes, managing two or three horses at times with all the imperious majesty of a Ben Hur in a chariot race.

General Morton, the department commander, and Colonel Ward of the Seventh were in the reviewing stand that day, with officers of the various regiments, looking after the record of their boys as they went through the drills assigned them. In the clear light of the autumn afternoon, under the open sky, every movement was of keen interest to the spectators in revealing some of the work of the regular army. The program concluded with a tug of war, which vindicated the prowess of the infantry as "tug-of-wars-men"; the cavalry made good at the relay foot races, and the artillery were adepts at scaling walls. Each branch of the service had its special maneuver and its own particular type of men.

THE FAMOUS SABER DRILL WHERE COMMANDS ARE GIVEN IN MUSIC

* * *

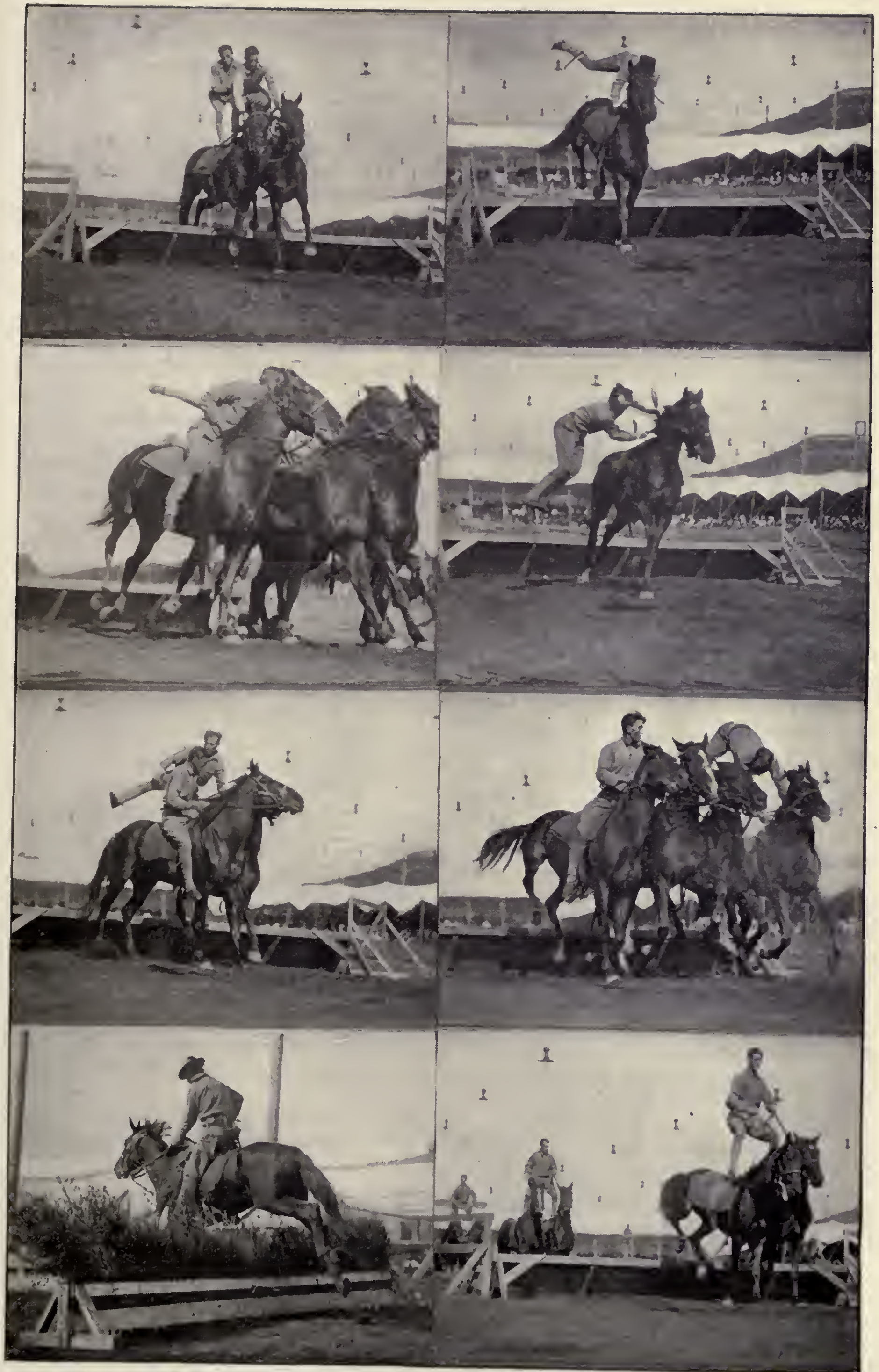
During the week of the tournament the visitors became more or less partisan, some admiring one regiment and some another, with all the fervor of baseball "fans." Many favored the old Seventh; others pinned their faith on the Thirteenth Infantry; others on the Second Cavalry, and still others thought the maneuvers of the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Infantry could not be improved upon, while the Fifth Field Artillery had many admirers.

THE HOSPITAL CORPS DRILL ON HEALTHY SUBJECTS

One of the features of the tournament was the flights of the army airship, under the direction of the lieutenant who was to have been assisted by Lieutenant Selfridge, who was killed at Fort Meyer. The great balloon house where the dirigible airship was stored was the center of attraction to many people. Several successful flights were made. The maneuvers of the airship were viewed with the same eager interest bestowed on automobile exhibits at a country fair a few years ago.

Soldiers were there from Fort Leavenworth, Fort Riley and Des Moines posts. Part of the Seventh left Lake Contrary camp and marched to Fort Reilley, where they are stationed. The squadron of the Thirteenth Cavalry marched about two hundred miles, returning to Fort Leavenworth, taking this opportunity to fulfill the requirement of cavalry organization—a march of two hundred and fifty miles annually.

In the same week the Interstate Live Stock and Horse Show was held at the South St. Joseph Stock Yards. This has become an annual institution of great interest to stock



THE DASHING FEATS OF THE BAREBACK SQUADS AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI raisers and breeders in the famous corn belts of Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska.

The exhibits of thoroughbred horses, cattle, hogs and sheep were the finest shown in any of the live stock circuits. By holding the stock show at this time, the stock raisers were enabled to see one of the best educational exhibits of the year in that part of the country, and at the same time increase their respect and love for Uncle Sam's soldier boys; the two affairs, however, were absolutely independent and separate.

In the golden afternoon sunlight, the people passing in and out of the fat stock show looked prosperous and happy, the sprinkling of soldiers giving variety to the scene. Much can be learned in a few hours at a show of this kind, studying the highly interesting Shorthorns, Herefords and other prize cattle and live stock. Here were sundry varieties of hogs, including the Berkshires and the Hampshires, with their peculiar streak of white over the shoulders, and the old reliable Poland Chinas. The feat most admired at this show was clearly the growing of a hog as big as a barrel inside of a year.

The live stock exhibit of Swift & Company was of especial interest. St. Joseph has always been an important production center for this company. Their united action has immensely developed the live stock industry of the Southwest, probably one of the most profitable in the country.

Another interesting feature of this fat stock show was the Swift & Company milk-fed chickens, gorging themselves at the milk troughs, continually building up that fine white meat which is considered an especial dainty, and can only be obtained by this method of dieting. The stock yards of St. Jo are among the finest in the world.

St. Joseph seems to be headquarters for the Missouri mule, such animals as one may not hope to breed outside of that state. It is not surprising that these hardy beasts are in great request in Africa and all over the world, for the Missouri mule has no peer in the commissary's service, whether on the veldts of Africa or the plains of Manchuria.

Every moment of my visit to St. Joseph was enjoyable, but none more so than when I discovered old friends among the newspaper men. This city has long enjoyed a reputation for having some of the best newspapers in the country. They are the real aggressive, progressive kind, and have a high character as well as circulation.

Of course I could not leave the city without a glimpse of Lover's Lane, sung of by Eugene Field in one of his homesick moments:

"Saint Jo, Buchanan County,
  Is leagues and leagues away;
And I sit in the gloom of this rented room,
  And pine to be there today.
Yes, with the London fog around me
  And the bustling to and fro,
I am fretting to be across the sea,
  In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

"I would have a brown-eyed maiden
  Go driving once again;
And I'd sing the song as we snailed along,
  That I sung to that maiden then:
I purposely say, 'as we snailed along,'
  For a proper horse goes slow
In those leafy aisles where Cupid smiles,
  In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo."

The prairie winds whistled shrilly and the rain fell in torrents when I said goodbye to dear old St. Jo and my friend Donovan—a man who intensely loves his home, where with his flute he shows how an active business man can woo the muse; a man who is devoted to his city, his state and his country. As we sped swiftly over the pavements behind that new horse, on our way to the railway station, I felt loth to leave his genial hospitality and the charming city of the new Southwest.

* * *

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

By SADA BALLARD

"I AIN'T got ennything agin the widder," declared Hiram Sparks, "only she's so dinged clus-fisted! I'm tole thar ain't es menny pertaters in the hull township es she's got in her suller, a holdin' 'em thar fer higher prices; an' thar ain't enny apples 'tall, much, 'ceptin' what she's got."

"The Lord takes keer o' the widders," said old Adam Reims piously.

"He ain't got much call ter keer fer Mis' Pogg, she kin purty near look aeout fer herself," replied Hiram. He stood with his back to the stove, facing the "dry-goods side" of Beazie's store at Scrampton Corners, and did not see the woman who entered and asked Tod Pinkney for ten pounds of white sugar, and one pound of black tea.

"Talkin' o' widders," he went on, "look et ole Mis' Simpkins down on the Crick Road. She tole me t'other day thet she hedn't half-enuff pertaters ter fodder 'em this winter, an' she hoed out'n the hot sun day arter day. Why don't the Lord take keer o' her an' thum tow-headed gran'-childern? Then thar's Lem Single's orphums, tryin' ter git a livin' out'n thur leetle three-corner patch. Car'line, she's the biggest Single, tole me herself, thet they didn't hev enuff pertaters to shake a stick et an' didn't scursly know what en apple looked like this year. An' thet leetle widder Bill Hines left—look et her—with thum pindlin' youngsters an' no pertaters ter feed 'em on. This'll be a hard winter on the pore, neow, I kin tell yer!"

Adam Reims nodded his grizzled head and peered from beneath bushy eyebrows at the gaunt female, leaving the store with her packages, and a haunting memory of the words she had overheard. She deposited her bundles in a natty carriage, wrapped herself in a warm wolf-skin, taken from the back of the sleek horse, rattled the whip in the socket and said:

"Git-up, Jenks, cl'ck, cl'ck."

The nearest way to her home was by the Creek Road, but Mrs. Pogg drove past the turning and went around to the other side of the hill. Old Mrs. Simpkins had been gathering brush-wood when she passed on her way to the store, her thin skirts blowing wildly about in the sharp November wind. Mrs. Pogg could not banish the sight from her mind's eye or help thinking of the tiers of wood corded up in her own spacious woodhouse.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed. "How do I know but Granny Simpkins hes got more wood en she kin burn. I ain't got no call ter go snoopin' 'round thar."

She had not thought that in taking this way home she must pass the little shanty where the Singles lived, until Jenks almost ran over a lanky boy, who was skurrying across the road in pursuit of a rooster as starved looking as himself. As he dodged from under the horse's hoofs, he glanced up, making a saucy grimace, when he recognized Mrs. Pogg. The widow set her lips grimly, and brought the lines down on Jenks so sharply, that his sudden start nearly unseated her.

"Them Singles!" she muttered contemptuously. "Little harm ef they did git starved out. Sassy, shiftless set!' Yet, plainer than the grimacing face, she recalled the thin body in its tattered clothes.

"I've got a lot o' Reuben's things packed away," she murmured, "thet could be cut over for thet boy; but I wouldn't give a rag to them Singles, no, sir-ree, not a rag! They've allus bin a pesterin' me. They took full half o' my hick'ry nuts, en they was bringin' a good price. Git-up, Jenks, cl'ck, cl'ck."

The well-fed horse trotted briskly along till he reached the road that went up the Hill, on top of which, gleaming whitely, set the Pogg domicile newly painted. Everything about the Pogg place was in perfect condition, comfortable and homelike. After her husband died, Mrs. Pogg had tried various ways of getting along, and was best pleased to let out her land on shares to Stephen Gurley, who occupied the old house across the road, where Mrs. Pogg had come, a bride, over thirty years ago.

Down the road, a little way beyond the house, a small "burying-ground" was cut squarely from the side of a large meadow. There the dead of the Pogg family rested from their labors. Over part of the plot weeds and trailing berry-bushes rambled, with masses of tansy and live-for-ever; but in one corner it was different. A path had been cut around a lot that was graded higher than the ground about it. There was a space large enough for a grave; next to this a stately spire of gray granite proclaimed in gilt letters that "Here lieth Reuben Pogg." Beyond were three small, white headstones in a row, with the names "Jedidiah," "Araminta" and "Lucile" chiseled upon the tops. That small patch of earth was the casket that held the blighted hopes of Mrs. Pogg's heart.

As Jenks turned in at the barnyard gate, Mrs. Gurley appeared at her door and called to know if her husband should unharness the horse. Mrs. Pogg shook her head and attended to it herself. Then she went to the house and prepared her mid-day repast as carefully as if she had company. The square stand was drawn up near the fire and covered with a snowy cloth. Sausages were fried a crisp brown, and potatoes creamed; a fresh pot of tea was brewed, and white bread, golden butter, clover-honey, rich pound-cake and sugar-crusted cookies graced the board. She had just sat down to enjoy it when a knock sounded on the door.

"Goodness!" she ejaculated. "Who on earth kin thet be?"

When she opened the door, a girl of twelve years stood upon the step. Timidly she brought forth a pail from under the corners of her shawl.

"Ma wants to know if you can spare her some milk, Mis' Pogg, 'cause we only got beans an' mush to eat, an' Jimmie's sick an' wants milk—or—or—buttermilk," she faltered, gazing into the stern face above her.

"Yer one o' them Hines youngens, ain't yuh?" Mrs. Pogg inquired.

"Yes'm, my name's Kitty."

"So's my cat's," growled Mrs. Pogg. "What a name fer a human! Yuh'd better ask Mis' Gurley, 'cause she handles the milk mostly." But just then a wagon came out of the Gurley driveway, and rattled swiftly townwards with the entire Gurley family. "Wa'al, yuh may es well come in," she said ungraciously. The child did so, and seated herself in the chair offered. Mrs. Pogg took the pail from her hand.

"I'll give yuh some this time," she snapped, "but don't come botherin' 'round here enny more." When she went to the cellar, she stopped at the churn Mrs. Gurley had been using that morning and filled the pail, hesitated, then turned back and emptied it. After looking for a moment at the shining pans on the rack, she went and filled it with rich milk. "I'll hev ter tell Mis' Gurley somethin'," she mused. "I can't send buttermilk to a sick youngen."

When Mrs. Pogg left the kitchen, the child's gaze wandered around the room, finally resting on the small table. "I guess that's cake," she whispered, "an' I know them's cookies, 'cause Ma us' to make 'em. My, how nice ev'rything looks! That cake looks good an' I bet it smells good!" She listened a moment with her eyes on the cellar door, then crept stealthily to the table. As she raised the plate, the door opened for Mrs. Pogg. The frightened child swayed, as if about to fall, and set the plate down heavily.

"Oh, Mis' Pogg!" she cried, "I didn't touch the cake; I only took up the plate, an' I wasn't goin' to eat it, honest an' true!"

The woman advanced with a grim smile. "No, I hardly s'pose yuh was," she derided. "But I guess yuh'd et the cake ef yuh'd got a chance. I've a notion to give yuh some, seein' yer so tempted. Here," handing her a slice.

"No'm, oh, no'm, Mis' Pogg," sniveled the child, feeling that it would choke her to eat it. "Could I trade it back to you, Mis' Pogg, fer a hunk o' bread fer Jimmie. He's offul tired o' mush." Mrs. Pogg took the cake from the extended hand and wrapped it in a paper, with some cookies and slices of bread.

"Thar," she admonished, "yuh go straight home an' don't yuh ever touch folkses things agin! T'ain't right!"

"Don't be scairt ef yuh miss some milk, Mis' Gurley," she called down the cellarway that night, with the private ejaculation, "Thar, thet's over with, an' I don't see enny need to tell her whar it went."

The next morning Farmer Gurley came in to talk over the poultry killing. "Shall I save yuh aeout a nice fat chicken, or a small tarkey, Mis' Pogg?" he asked.

"I'll let yuh know termorrow, Steve, yuh ain't goin' ter kill 'em terday, be yuh?"

"Nope, not till Monday. I calkerlated ter take a load ter Kinzeyville Tuesday; can't git red o' menny 'round Scrampton."

"Wa'al, an' so Thanksgivin's next week," she muttered, after Mr. Gurley was gone. "Thet 'minds me o' Mis' Munsen's apples, she wanted 'em fer mincemeat. Mebbe I'd better run down with 'em." She took a basket to the fruit cellar, where the red, green and golden hoard were stored, and filled it. Carefully locking the door, she went upstairs to don her warm, grey shawl and brown hood, then departed on her errand. She was a brisk walker and soon reached the four cottages built in a row down by the schoolhouse.

"I swun to goodness ef I know which es Munsen's," she puzzled, "but I guess I'm right," turning in at the second gate and knocking on the door. A moment later it was opened, and before she realized who stood there, she was saying, "I brung down some apples. I clean fergot till—"

"Ma, ma, here's Mis' Pogg bringin' us some be-u-ti-ful apples!" called the child, and Mrs. Pogg recognized Kitty Hines. A sad-faced woman had reached the door, and was thanking her in such a heartfelt manner that Mrs. Pogg could make no denial.

"Do come in, Mrs. Pogg," she urged. "You must be tired. We've never had such a kind neighbor, have we, Kitty?" But Kitty was coaxing Jimmie from behind the bedroom door.

"It's the good, nice lady, Jimmie," Mrs. Pogg heard her saying, and a moment later she led the bashful little fellow in. Mrs. Pogg's head swam and her heart beat very fast.

"Jedidiah," she whispered, then choked back her emotion. "Come here, little boy," she said aloud. "My, but he is peaked!" Her heart-hungry eyes glowed as she laid her bony hand on Jimmie's soft curls.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hines, "he's a delicate laddie. He can't bear hardships like Kitty. We raised so little on our place this year and I worked harder than ever; I carried water some nights till nine o'clock, during the drought; but I couldn't get anything, only white beans, to grow worth a cent. I haven't much variety for the table, and Jimmie is always craving something I haven't got. He gets thinner every day, but no wonder, for he don't eat more than a sparrow."

Mrs. Pogg sat with a far-away look in her eyes, her hand still resting on Jimmie's yellow hair. "I've got such a lot o' pertaters," she murmured dreamily. "An' apples an' winter pears, an' all sorts o' preserves. The wheat done well an' I got a heap ground, an' the nicest buck-wheat flour yuh ever seen. I got turkeys an' ducks an' chickens an' eggs an' milk. An' such a sight o' vegetables—my land! Ain't thet variety enuff fer ennyone?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Hines, with flushing face; "but my dear Mrs. Pogg, really I wasn't asking for anything more. You've already been so kind."

"Why shouldn't Jedidiah hev ennything he wants?" went on Mrs. Pogg, as if she had not heard the protest.

"Name be Jimmie," piped the child, leaning against the friendly knee.

"Yes, James, after my father," corrected Mrs. Hines.

"To be sure," and Mrs. Pogg aroused from her waking dream. "A good honest name. My father's also, James Orcutt. But, es I was sayin', Mrs. Hines, thar's a plenty o' ev'rything at the farm. I'm comin' down termorrow with Munsens' apples, an' I'll bring Jimmie somethin' nice. Munsens live next door, don't they?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hines. "But I I can't allow you to trouble yourself for us." She looked bewildered and felt more so. "Why, oh, why," she wondered, "had people told such harsh and untrue stories about this kind woman."

"Goodness! Dunno es its enny mor'n neighborly." Mrs. Pogg fairly glowed with friendliness. "I couldn't use up what I've got in a dog's age." Then she bustled away in an unnatural manner.

When the next morning came she half regretted her promised generosity, and rather grudgingly filled a basket with various kinds of food that would provide a tempting variety. She had Farmer Gurley load it into the platform wagon, with a bag of potatoes and Mrs. Munsen's apples. The day was cold and blustery and Mr. Gurley looked after her in good-natured contempt, as she went down the hill.

"She's got wind o' somebody es wants ter buy somethin'. She's so all-fired graspin' thet she'd freeze herself fer forty cents." And he went whistling to his work.

Mrs. Pogg delivered the apples, and then drove to the back door of the Hines cottage and unloaded her gifts. Even Jimmie's charms could not lure her inside. She was not to be led into further folly.

That night Mrs. Pogg had a wonderful dream. She awakened to the sunshine of Sunday morning with a thrilled consciousness. In her bewilderment at the strange impulses surging through her heart, she fully believed that she had beheld a vision.

It seemed as if she had been aroused from slumber during the night, to find her room illumined by a soft roseate glow, with a clear, bright spot directly above her. While watching in awed wonder, a radiant angel appeared there, a golden halo surrounding her. The long lace-like drapery that enshrouded her form was wafted about as if touched by a gentle breeze. A delicate fragrance filled the air, and there was the distant rise and swell of entrancing music. The glorious face smiled in tender lovingness, and the angel hands were held out over her as if in benediction; while an exceedingly sweet and thrilling voice proclaimed:

"Behold! I am the Spirit of Thanksgiving! A Gracious Father hath sent me forth to awaken founts of gratitude in slumbering hearts, that shall pour forth countless blessings upon hapless humanity. In my wanderings I cometh to thee; for, up above, there sitteth at the Father's table, the children of thy love and tears. Woulds't thou have the intervening clouds disrupted, that they might look down upon thee in thy selfish loneliness? Arise! Sad and clouded heart, throw off thy stupor! And may the will of Our Father be done!"

As the angel spoke, misty clouds seemed gathering around her, opening for an instant, to reveal in a far-off golden haze, the beloved faces of Jedidiah, Araminta and Lucile. Then the angel waved a sparkling wand, sending thrills of love and kindness into the heart of Mrs. Pogg. Finally, the glare of the scintillating wand became so dazzling that Mrs. Pogg awoke with a start, to find that she had slept later than usual, and the sunshine was creeping in.

The Gurleys were sitting at breakfast, when a carriage rattled past. "Wa'al, I'll be dinged ef thar ain't Hanner Pogg, a flyin' off t'ward Scrampton this hour o'day!" exclaimed Stephen.

Grandma Simpkins, clad in a short nightgown and a quilted skirt, was trying to induce a fire made of damp brush-wood to burn, when the clattering of a wagon alarmed her.

"Goodness me! an' I in my petticoat!" she cried. Then in a whisper, "Hush!" to one of the grandchildren, who was scrambling out of bed. A knock sounded on the door, and the old lady crept noiselessly to a window and peeked out, then hastened to answer it.

"Landy sakes! ef t'ain't yuh, Mis' Pogg, an' I most scairt out o' my gizzard!" she quavered, trembling with excitement. Mrs. Pogg laughed in a mirthless tone.

"I guess I'm ruther early, Mis' Simpkins, but I thought I'd start out in time ter miss the meetin' folks. I came ter see ef yuh was goin' ennywhar Thanksgivin'?"

"Me? My suz! No, I ain't got nowhar ter go!"

"I want all o' yuh ter spend yer Thanksgivin' with me."

Grandma stood in wondering surprise. "Most sartainly we will, Mis' Pogg, an' mighty glad o' the invite. We wuz 'spectin' a purty slim Thanksgivin' this year."

"Yer fire don't burn good," remarked Mrs. Pogg, dodging from one unpleasant duty to another. "Damp wood, I'm thinkin'. Yuh kin hev a couple cords o' my beech; it's well seasoned an' Gurley kin haul an' cut it, fer he ain't over'n above busy jest now."

Grandma was almost speechless from amazement, but mumbled out a few words of gratitude, as Mrs. Pogg arose and stood with her hand on the latch.

"I'll come down an' git yuh Thanksgivin'," she concluded, going out and closing the door.

"Wa'al, did I ever?" gasped Grandma, sinking weakly into the nearest chair.

Mrs. Pogg drove briskly down the Creek Road and turned into Scrampton Turnpike, then on around the hill till the Single cottage came into view. After that Jenks jogged along to suit himself.

"I hate it like pizen," she muttered. "Ef 'twas ennyone but them Singles!" Nevertheless, she drew up at the rickety gate, and a moment later the Singles were startled at hearing a knock on their unused front door. Neither Caroline nor Mrs. Pogg knew what to say when they faced each other in the doorway. Caroline believed a complaint was about to be made against Joey, and was on the defensive. She was surprised to hear Mrs. Pogg ask:

"How's the lame girl? Yer sister what got hurt. I most fergot her, I ain't seen her in so long."

"Oh, Lucile? She can't walk, you know, she hasn't walked in most a year."

"I didn't know," said Mrs. Pogg, "I ain't heard nuthin' 'bout her, so I thought I'd call an' see."

"Won't you step through to the kitchen," invited Caroline, her alarm abating. Mrs. Pogg accepted, feeling that she had gone too far to retreat.

The front room was devoid of furnishings and the dreary kitchen made her shiver. Panes of glass were broken from the windows and old garments stuffed in the apertures. The stove was tipsily poised on three legs, with a pile of stones where the fourth had once been. An old pie-pan was substituted for a missing back lid. The furniture was scant and dilapitated. Wrapped in a ragged quilt and huddled into an old rocker, was a girl of fourteen years, who would have been sweetly pretty, had her face not been so thin and wan.

"This is Lucile," introduced Caroline. "Lucile, Mrs. Pogg has come to see you."

The blue eyes gazed shyly and wonderingly at the visitor, who tried to smile and failed dismally. Mrs. Pogg was shocked. She had not thought that the Singles were so poor. Shiftless she had always considered them; but poverty was plainly written over all. The revelation touched her strongly, and, to hide her real feelings, she set her lips even more sternly than usual and said in a frigid tone:

"Wa'al, girl, I'm sorry yuh can't walk. I was goin' ter ask yuh up fer Thanksgivin'."

The sisters exchanged surprised glances, and Joey, crouched in a corner behind the stove, forgot himself and let out a shrill whistle.

"Mercy!" scowled Mrs. Pogg. "Come out o' thar, boy, what yuh hidin' fer? I was goin' ter ask whar yuh was. Thought I'd hev the hull shootin'-match up fer dinner."

Lucile, weakened by long illness and scanty fare, sat trembling, half-laughing and half-crying. Joey clapped his hands joyously, and Caroline, overcome by this wave of good fortune, threw both arms around the reluctant Mrs. Pogg and gave her a hearty smack, causing that lady to beat a hasty retreat, calling back that she would come after them on Thanksgiving morning.

"Wa'al, the worst es over!" she exclaimed, as Jenks walked decorously toward the Hines dwelling. "I did think some o' leavin' them Singles out altogether, but I'm powerful glad I didn't. Lucile—oh!" with a long-drawn sigh. "I most us' to hate her, 'cause she lived an' my Lucile didn't. But, poor thing! she might es well be dead es propped up thar helpless es a broken-legged robin! Git-up, Jenks, cl'ck, cl'ck."

As Mrs. Pogg's hands did not tighten the reins, Jenks continued to jog along in what he considered an orderly Sabbath gait. His mistress gazed dreamily ahead, a sad smile chasing among the lines of care about her mouth. At the Hines cottage she gave her invitation so coldly, that her manner would have chilled the good-nature of little Mrs. Hines, had she not been sure that one of the kindest hearts in the world beat under that frosty exterior. She accepted the invitation and murmured, "God bless the kind soul!"

"Clorindy, sure's yer born, Hanner Pogg es looney! She's gin orders ter save 'er aeout tew fine tarkeys an' tew chickens, an' ter bring 'er oysters from Kinzeyville beside!" exclaimed Stephen Gurley the next morning.

"Wa'al, I never!" ridiculed his wife, leaning against the kitchen wall, and casting her eyes upward. "Stephen, 'tisn't posserbul she's goin' ter git married?"

"Naw—shucks!" jeered Stephen. Nevertheless, he went out ruminatingly.

"Three days ter git ready in," bustled Mrs. Pogg. "Mincemeat ter make an' punkin ter stew; 'sides the pies an' fruit cake an' plum-puddin', thar's stuffin' fer the turkey, an' guess I'll bile the chickens an' make a rich gravy on 'em, ter pour over hot biscuit."

In the silence of the following night, as she lay with aching limbs, after the unwonted labor of a very busy day, a happy thought struck her.

"Now, ef I only hed Joey ter bring in the wood an' tote water, 'sides runnin' up an' down the sullar stairs, what a lift it 'ud be. An' Lucile could seed raisins an' peel apples, a settin' by the sunny winder, whar yuh kin look way down inter the holler. But—

Car'line 'ud hev ter come," she sighed. Then brightening, "she might be a rale good han' ter perk up them front rooms. They might es well do some wurk es ter hev all the fun." And Mrs. Pogg passed into a peaceful sleep.

The next day Jenks puffed up the steep hill with more femininity than he had ever thought to pull, while Joey trudged along behind, whistling merrily. Caroline was driving and laughing with Mrs. Pogg over her awkward handling of the reins, and that good lady was nearly hidden under the carefully wrapped form of the big girl that she was holding tenderly on her lap.

The Single children thought there could be no better times than they had at the farmhouse, where, busy as bees, they flew around at Mrs. Pogg's bidding. But the first days were as nothing to the one that came—the Great Day—when Mrs. Pogg royally entertained the widowed and the fatherless. She boldly introduced to the other guests her adopted daughters, Caroline and Lucile, and her boy Joey, while whispering softly to herself:

"Thet beautiful Angel ain't the only one; fer plain Hanner Pogg es truly a Spirit o' Thanksgivin' ev'ry time them young, lovin' lips kiss her old wrinkled face."

THE GIFT

BEAUTY, and youth, and love—
These are thy own, O friend!
What can the fates give more,
Since these to thee they send?

This is their added gift—
Long days, warm, summer-sweet,
Blended with youth's high hopes,
Alike how fair—how fleet!

So, through thy future years,
The lilac or the rose
Shall be thy key to wealth untold,
Which only memory knows.

Ninette M. Lowater.

CLEARING CUT-OVER TIMBER LANDS IN WISCONSIN, WITH THE AID OF A HERD OF GOATS

MAKING THE FARM HOME PAY

SAYINGS by HON. JAMES WILSON

Secretary of Agriculture

EVERY farmer must necessarily be interested in everything pertaining to the breeding, care and sale of domestic animals. The future conservation of our farming resources, the maintenance of soil fertility and proper methods of farm management, are all contingent in a measure on a just appreciation of the animal. The Government's work respecting the support and preservation of our animal industry covers a number of fields.

The important meat inspection act, passed a few years ago, largely augmented this work. Last year upward of 2,500 government employes were engaged in the important work of meat inspection, which covered approximately 51,000,000 animals, practically all of which were inspected both before and after slaughter. Approximately 150,000 carcasses and over 500,000 parts were condemned for disease or other cause. With the rapid systematization of the handling of meats, the importance and need for this inspection becomes more and more apparent. As a means of protecting our own people and of giving strength and support to our foreign markets, the work is of the highest importance to the farmer. The Government not only inspects animals used for food both before and after slaughter, but extends this work to live-stock. Over 500,000 head were inspected for export last year. This class of work gives confidence to our trade and prevents losses of animals in transit, which a few years ago were very heavy.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the proper upbuilding of Southern agriculture has been a lack of domestic animals. The Texas fever has greatly delayed the introduction of high-grade live-stock into this region.

WHERE NEW FARM HOMES ARE ESTABLISHED

The department has for a number of years been taking measures for the eradication of the tick. Active work was begun in 1906, the investigation covering areas in Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and California, covering 60,000 square miles. The work of quarantine has been conducted in co-operation with the state authorities, and various improved methods for the eradication of ticks have been used, including pasture rotation and dipping, spraying, and hand-dressing with oil and oil emulsion. This work will insure more live-stock for the South, better sales, freer transportation of the same from the North to the South, and *vice versa.*

THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK AND A MEASURE OF PROFIT

One of the greatest scourges of the farmer of the Middle West is hog cholera. Millions of dollars are lost every year through this disease, and many of the best scientists of the country have tried to prevent and check its ravages. The Government has recently determined and demonstrated that the contagion of hog cholera consists of a virus which exists in the blood and other fluids of diseased animals, but this virus is invisible. It is not like some of the germ diseases—tuberculosis, for example, the germ of which can be seen with a microscope. The department has brought forward a method of immunizing hogs against cholera, and the results show clearly that this method is a comparatively certain one for protecting hogs against the disease. Hogs that have recovered from the disease, or that have been exposed without contracting it, receive sub-cutaneous injections of virulent blood from diseased hogs, and thus their immunity is heightened. The blood serum of these immunes is then used in vaccinating the hogs which it is desired to protect. The method giving the best results is to inject blood from diseased hogs simultaneously with the immune serum. The Department of Agriculture is making a special effort to have this method extensively tested; and during the past summer some of our department corps have been actively engaged in pointing out and directing the use of the method among the several Western experiment stations where demonstrations can be practically carried on.

Other lines of work in animal husbandry

conducted by the Government deal with the distribution of vaccine for the prevention of blackleg, tuberculin and mallein for diagnosing tuberculosis and glanders in cattle and horses. Nearly a million and a quarter doses of blackleg vaccine were sent out last year.

Horse breeding, sheep breeding, studies in animal nutrition, studies in dairy investigation and experiments in butter production, cheese investigations, the improvement of milk supplies, studies of creamery work—all these lines of investigation are being conducted by the department at Washington.

LIVE STOCK SOON COINS THE SOIL INTO CASH

THE GOVERNMENT'S WORK FOR FORESTRY

Up to the advent of the present administration twelve years ago, forestry was receiving comparatively little attention at the hands of the Government. A small office in the department, with an expenditure of a few thousand dollars yearly, represented the Department of Agriculture's part of this work. It is true that forest reserves had been established, but these reserves had not been put upon a systematic basis. The phenomenal growth of the interest in forestry is due primarily to the strong support which the national administration has given the subject and the active and indefatigable work of the present forester. The Department of Agriculture has given its strongest support to this important work.

HORSES ARE PROFITABLE DESPITE AUTOMOBILES

At the beginning of 1907 the area of the national forests was less than 107,000,000 acres; at its close more than 150,000,000 acres. Nearly all the timber land of the unappropriated public domain is now under actual administration by the forest service. This means that it is being protected against fire, theft, and wasteful exploitation; that its power to grow wood and store water is being safeguarded for all time, and that, nevertheless, its present supply of useful material is open to immediate use wherever it is wanted. The timber in the national forests, which is the legacy of the growth of centuries, is now in the truest sense public property, administered for the benefit of the people—primarily for the benefit of the people of the West, since they are nearest at hand; but on the whole for the benefit of every part of the country, since the welfare of every section is interwoven with that of all others. The communities and settlers adjacent to these forests are safe from any fear of monopoly of one of the chief necessities of civilized man. Though the value of the forests as public property is not measured by what they turn into the treasury of the Government, but by what they contribute to the welfare of the people in the states in which they lie, it is none the less a matter of striking importance that the receipts from them during the year totaled over $1,500,000. The cost of their administration to the Government, including that part of the expenditures for the Forest Service in Washington, was less than $1,500,000. In other words, the forests are already self-supporting, though they have been under the control of expert foresters less than three years.

WHERE WOODS AND FOREST FRINGE THE FIELDS

Great questions having to do with the proper utilization of the forests, important matters concerning water rights, grazing, the handling of forest products, etc., are being handled by the Government.

THE GOVERNMENT'S INTEREST IN PURE·FOOD

The Secretary of Agriculture has recently been charged with the important duty of enforcing the Food and Drugs Act, which became effective June 30, 1906. This is one of the most far-reaching laws that has been placed upon the statute books in recent years. The object of the law is to protect all the people against fraud and adulterations as practiced in the manufacture, sale, and handling of foods and drugs. The Secretary of Agriculture had important questions to determine in the matter of proper regulations that would carry out the provisions of the law, and at the same time place no unnecessary annoyance or burden upon legitimate trade. Although there have been no actual cases instituted in the courts under the new Food and Drugs Act, the moral effect of the Act has become apparent in every branch of trade connected with the food industry. It has been gratifying to note that the trade itself has been almost unanimous in support of the principles of the law.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT REACHES THE FARMER

The National Government is expending annually nearly $12,000,000 and now has over 10,000 employes engaged in the work for the benefit of the farmer. The work of the Department of Agriculture covers many fields—studies of climate, soil, crops, animals, statistics, and all other matters pertaining to agriculture and agricultural production. Its investigations are conducted in the laboratory and the field. Its advice, assistance and recommendations are based on sound, thoroughly tested, scientific principles. The great problem of the department, however, is to carry the information it gains through all of its work to the people. This is done in a number of ways—by the publication of special bulletins on topics which have been made the subject of investigations, experiments and demonstrations; the publication of brief practical circulars, calling attention to special things that the farmer should or should not do in helping him to a larger income from the soil; and last and most important is the issue of large numbers of Farmers' Bulletins, which are sent broadcast to farmers in all sections of the United States. During the past year the department issued 1,415 publications, 596 being new and 819 reprints. These publications comprised 52,000 printed pages, and the total number of copies aggregated over

16,000,000. As already indicated, the Farmers' Bulletins are the most popular publications of the department. Forty-two new bulletins were issued during the year, the number of copies printed being 1,100,000; while 443 reprints of bulletins were made in editions aggregating over 5,000,000.

The department is finding that there are other ways of reaching the farmer, and is putting into practice methods which are yielding most satisfactory results. A few years ago there was introduced into the South a small insect from Mexico, which attacked the cotton and immediately began to cause serious damage to the crop. This insect, known as the cotton boll weevil, has spread rapidly through Texas and parts of adjacent states and has destroyed millions of dollars' worth of cotton. All efforts in the matter of eradicating the insect were unsuccessful. It was found by the Government, however, that by improved systems of farm practice, diversification of crops, the application of knowledge gained in laboratory studies and in field work, cotton could be grown despite the presence of the weevil. It was found, furthermore, that the distribution of publications was not sufficient to arouse and awaken an interest on the part of the farmer. To meet this urgent condition, the department inaugurated a movement, which has spread rapidly through the South and which has had far-reaching and decidedly beneficial effects. This work has for its object the direct co-operation of the department with the individual farmers throughout the several states involved in the work. The department, in other words, has organized what it calls "farmer's co-operative demonstrations." The method, through its very simplicity, is most effective. Trained practical men in the different sections visit the farmers themselves, and induce them to adopt modifications in their method of cropping, handling the soil, planting the seed, securing good seed, etc., different from the old practices. Sometimes it is difficult to induce the farmer to put all of his farm on this basis. He will start out with ten or fifteen acres, and, finding that he is so successful on these ten or fifteen acres, the next year the work is extended. The department has at the present time over 30,000 of these co-operative workers as able lieutenants in spreading the gospel of diversification and better farming methods. By and through the means of these methods and the practical farmers co-operating with the department—a work which costs the department comparatively little—over 300,000 farmers are reached.

THE SONG OF THE REAPER IS MUSIC TO A FARMER

As another most important phase of the work of bringing directly home to the farmer methods and practices which he can follow in all parts of the country, may be mentioned the work in farm management systems. This work is also planned to appeal to the individual farmer through example rather than through general statements made in publications. The country is divided into districts, and experienced practical men are placed in these districts with the object of studying the most successful farmers to be found there. Their systems of farming are given careful attention and the reasons for their success are determined. The successful farmer is one who produces satisfactory financial returns and at the same time maintains the fertility of the land. The important factor also is not lost sight of that successful farming must carry with it proper home life and proper environment for the farmer.

CLUB WOMEN AND CLUBS

By A MERE MAN

THE biennial meetings of the Federation of Women's Clubs have long ago become national in their scope and interest. The last session was held at Boston in 1908, and offered an excellent opportunity to the "mere man" to study this form of sociological development.

The delegates came early, with business-like promptness and a great multiplicity of trunks, and the hotels on Commonwealth Avenue, which are generally very quiet in mid-summer, were filled with buzzing swarms of ladies, like a continuous church social, without even intermission for meals. The presence of so many charming ladies at the hostelries accelerated everything—elevators ran faster—clerks worked more rapidly; for the American woman, with her intense energy and nervous impulse, cannot brook delay.

Western delegates eagerly sought out the historical sites and sights of Boston. Nearly every fair visitor seemed to think first of Bunker Hill, and many a party sallied forth to view that historic spot with an energy that was a rebuke to laggard mankind. Walking guides, electric "rubber-neck" cars and all aids to sight-seeing were taxed to their utmost capacity. Over and over again the visitors spoke of their early impressions, gathered from the old history lesson of school days and eagerly spoke of the vivid pictures of those old events impressed upon the mind by actually seeing the places that hitherto had been only a name.

Badges abounded, and were worn with taste—never too many and always in correct position: matters rarely considered among the sterner sex. The costumes also appeared to have been chosen to harmonize with the particular badge worn. A lady with a navy-blue badge wore a dress of pale blue; an orange badge glowed like a lily against a gown of some delicate tint; a dark green badge was daintily set off by a dress of wonderful shades of brown, and light blue and yellow badges nestled coquettishly amid foamy laces and snow-white waists—every lady hit upon precisely the attire best suited to the badge she wore.

All will remember that first night at Symphony Hall, with its memories of music and art! The corridors were alive with a susurrant murmur suggestive of Schumann's "Bee Song." In one corner a local information bureau did a card office business. Nothing necessary to comfort was forgotten, even to the booth for the sale of smelling salts and perfumes. There was no mistaking that the eternal feminine was well to the front that week.

It was quite evident that the head and front of the movement was Sarah Platt Decker of Denver. As a presiding officer, I think it is safe to say that no woman in the world is her equal—genial, broad-minded, she stands without a peer. It was clear from the outset that the delegates who thronged that hall were in love with their leader, whom they appeared to consider somewhat as a feminine edition of Bill Taft, because of her fine presence and geniality; but with all her fund of wit and gaiety, Mrs. Decker is a stern disciplinarian. The pages were instructed to keep the doors closed while addresses were being delivered or any number of the program was being gone through. These pages wearing ribbon shoulder-knots also served as sergeants-at-arms, and took life very seriously for the moment.

As the speakers arose and carefully expressed their views, it seemed that there must be some momentous question on hand that meant life or death to the nation. Down in front I observed one little lady with white curls, over eighty years of age, and you could fancy that a large majority of those present were mothers with grown-up families, who had taken up club work when their other duties were all well done. Many noble faces were there; faces which showed that though they had fought hard in the battle of life they had tasted the sweets of victory. There is no gainsaying that the American woman, at her full maturity, was most splendidly represented at this gathering. They certainly looked like very busy women, though, like Mrs. Decker, they may be listed by some official as having no occupation. It is said that the leader of the Club Federation movement once omitted her occupation when signing her name on a petition. An official called on her, but in vain did she assure him she was father and mother to her child, collected all her own rents and paid her bills, in addition to presiding over the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The obdurate man calmly said, "I put you down as not doing anything."

* * *

At this great meeting the rapid progress that women are making in assuming the responsibilities of the opposite sex could be clearly discerned. Electioneering began early in the convention; there were of course two candidates, and the Australian or secret ballot was used. The boxes were in a long hall, each state and territory having its own. The ladies marched gravely to the boxes to make their mark. It was novel as well as suggestive to see delegates grouped in a corner talking things over, just like men at an election, but I did not see one good election fight; the conclusion was forced upon the male mind that a public assembly of women is much more serious and well-behaved than a similar gathering of men. There was none of the buzz or hurly-burly of political conventions.

The ladies visited about with each other a great deal, but the jolly free-masonry so remarkable in a gathering of men was lacking. Instead of the sudden slap on the shoulder, the lady spoke gently to her friend. Never have I seen the difference in the sexes so marked. Who ever saw a man watching another man's every action and running him over from head to foot to take in each detail of his costume? No little furbelows escaped notice; each in turn absorbed the attention of the women. It occurred to the male onlooker that if women ever want to do serious work they will have to adopt a uniform and get right into the spirit of it, and forget attire. Take the distraction of the hair alone —I observed an infinite variety of style in the coiffure of the ladies. Another disturbing feature was the fans, which were kept swishing as steadily as if moved by electric power. The men present had a sudden vision of what a United States Congress might be like with women representatives in it. How refreshing to see whole rows of beautifully-dressed and stately ladies amid that sombre gathering of men! How they would attend to business, for they have a keener sense of responsibility and are more conscientious than the average man.

At last I was able to pass the stern-faced doorkeeper, who wore many badges and fairly blazed with jewels—in her ears, around her throat and on her fingers. Women are just like men in one respect—when endowed with brief authority, they thoroughly enjoy making the most of it.

Happily I was in time to hear Kate Upson Clark on "Publishing as Woman's Vocation," and her speech was a happy effort. Every word was full of practical, hard-headed common sense, and one of the first appeals to reason took the form of a hope that a kind Providence would decree that women should array themselves in different attire. Evidently the dress question presses hard on busy women. A striking feature of the convention was the applause—the muffled clapping of little gloved hands—no sustained ovations of twenty-five minutes, and assuredly no throat-rasping hurrahs. Remember that these sessions were held in Symphony Hall, closed up as tight as a pepper-box, and on some of the most sultry days ever known in Boston. Yet in that great audience there was never an hour in which the attention was not closely riveted upon the proceedings.

The most active bureau in the convention, it seemed to me, was the "lost and found" department. Here appeared some seventy or more varieties of lace handkerchiefs, to say nothing of pocket-books, fans, umbrellas and combs of all sorts. One distracted lady appealed to everyone to assist in finding her husband, who had gone to the theater and had promised to wait for her "just there," but was not in evidence just then. In her search, she had lost the last suburban train, but her sisters were good fellows, and took her home to their hotel with them.

The masterly way in which Mrs. Decker handled that great convention quite won the hearts of the few men sprinkled throughout the building. After the program was completed they sang some favorite old songs, and the leader insisted on resinging some of the choruses that recalled youthful days. Once more the power of music on the human heart was demonstrated—it is the refuge when speech fails.

Then the new officers were introduced and they responded with eloquence and grace; yet I quickly realized as I listened that they had their prototypes in the young school-girls of long ago, whose "pieces" were so carefully prepared. There was the lady almost breathless and suffering from a species of stage fright; another who, intending to be especially impressive, through nervousness, drifted off into a kind of sing-song; the outspoken and definite declarations of the determined lady; the vivacious speech of the gay brunette, and the timid falsetto of the shrinking blonde who disliked publicity and only spoke from a sense of duty—all added their peculiar characteristic to the speeches. One thing never fails to impress a man when observing women in public, and that is that they always know how to manage their hands gracefully. A nervous man is all feet and hands, but while a woman's timidity may be apparent it does not make her awkward—all the convention ladies knew just where to place their pretty hands—gloves, rings and all. It also seemed singular to the masculine mind that no lady appeared to consider herself well or becomingly dressed without gloves. Why they should elect to wear gloves in broiling-hot weather is another of the mysteries of the eternal feminine.

Every type of woman was represented in the audience, and racial traits were readily recognized—tall, fair-haired daughters of Norway and Germany; the typical slender, nervous New Englander, with her haughty little ways; the gentle Quaker; the languid, graceful Southerner; the strong, reliant Westerner, and the graceful, muscular women of the Southwest—all met here and mingled amicably.

No longer will Boston men be counted among those who sneer at woman's intellect. Whether we admit it or not, woman must be recognized as the great, ruling force which makes men strive after and endorse higher ideals and nobler purposes; for while he might do this by his own impulses, I should dislike to chance it. In every political convention there are hidden ideals which may surpass the limits of mortal man, but they are the ideals that have come with him from his home women; the potential force that initiates and impels clean living.

The finest compliment that can be paid to the women of the federated clubs by a mere man is to assure them that the highest and noblest club of all, which supersedes all else in the hearts of men, is the home, where companionship at its best is to be obtained; where there is a subtle sympathy, a reflex affinity of feeling that can hardly be explained and never be over-appreciated.

ONE OF THE TEMPORARY TRIBUNE HOSPITAL TENTS

NEWSPAPER PUBLIC SERVICE

By FLYNN WAYNE

THE *Chicago Tribune's* permanent charities have come to take an established place among the organized bureaus for aiding the poor of Chicago. "Tribune Ice" and the "Tribune Hospital" are terms almost as readily recognized in the tenement districts as "Hull House" or "The County." These two philanthropies, in particular, were needed badly in Chicago and they have been administered in a way that brings every dollar contributed by the thousands of subscriptionists close to the actual sufferer. A nickel made by some child in Hyde Park selling lemonade under the trees on a hot day, and contributed in a burst of generosity to the fund, as surely as the river finds its outlet, will rest in ice against some fevered baby's cheek or find expression in a glass of pure milk for some unknown.

It was five years ago—the summer of 1903—that the *Tribune* first took up the task of answering the cry of the poor for ice. Thousands did not know what ice was in the days when it meant life or death. The tremendous need for ice in the Ghetto, the Italian quarter, and the northwest side foreign colonies, became known first through the attempts of settlement-house workers to establish stations for modified milk for sick babies. It was found that this could not be done without ice.

The *Tribune* was appealed to for some way out of the difficulty. The Chicago Bureau of Charities and the Knickerbocker Ice Company were taken into the plan, and on July 23, 1903, arrangements were completed whereby ice could be procured by the poor at a moderate price where they could afford to pay something, and for nothing when the circumstances justified free ice. The ice was distributed by the wagons of the Knickerbocker Ice Company. The tickets were placed in the hands of all settlement houses and at the various stations of the Chicago Bureau of Charities. Miss R. B. Holmes, assistant superintendent of the bureau, was placed in charge of this work and she has continued in it ever since.

To pay for the hundreds of tons of ice that were distributed in this way, the *Tribune* started a subscription list and ran it day after day all summer. The first year the answer was generous, more than $3,000 coming into the office. This has been kept up year after year. This summer 346 tons of ice have been disposed of in this manner. The charitable workers are left to see that it goes where it is needed. Just what good is accomplished—how many lives are saved—never will be known. The pink tickets, given out at the settlement houses upon application, entitle the bearer to fifty pounds of ice. In the days when the squalid corners of the city lie in misery the ice comes as a cooling breath from heaven. One or two of the records, taken at random from the bureau of charities, will give an idea of the work accomplished.

Mrs. L., a widow, thirty-two years old, lives with her three children on West Seventeenth Street. When the family was discovered, the youngest child, a three-year-old girl, had pneumonia, which developed later into typhoid fever. The mother had been caring for the family by taking in washing, but had to give this up to care for the girl, and when found the four were in a pitiful state of destitution. The bureau of charities then furnished them with milk and food, and ice supplied by the *Tribune's* readers kept their milk cool and unspoiled, preserved the food, and filled an ice bag for baby's fever. The child is now well on the way to recovery.

Mrs. M., seventy-five years old, lives in a tenement on Dickson Street, in the middle of a thickly populated Polish settlement, and is caring for her two grandchildren. The boy of six has been ill for years, and, while his condition is improving, he is badly emaciated. With the aid of the free ice the old woman is managing to keep house for the children and to earn a little money by taking in a few washings.

HOSPITAL TENTS AT ALGONQUIN

After the first summer the work was broadened, as the *Tribune* became more familiar with the needs of the city's unfortunates. It was decided to undertake the larger task of opening and maintaining a summer hospital for convalescent women and children. For years the county hospital had been forced to send to their homes women and children who were not ill enough to demand hospital attention and yet who were too ill to go back to their regular life of impure food and unsanitary surroundings. The needs of the hospital demanded that a cot must be emptied for some newcomer as

JOSEPH MEDILL McCORMICK
The energetic publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, who has vigorously exploited newspaper public service

soon as the patient was in the first stages of getting well. The result was many relapses and deaths where a few more weeks of good treatment and rest and food would have meant life and health.

The plan was announced. The subscription was opened as an adjunct to the ice subscription. The first year the hospital was established in Glen Ellyn, a suburb twenty miles out on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. The Glen Ellyn Springs Resort hotel, which had been standing vacant for some time, was fitted up. It was a large building, having more than 100 rooms. They were well furnished, and the first summer little more was done than to use this equipment in the care of the scores who were sent there to recuperate by the same agencies that gave out the ice tickets. In an attempt to meet the added expense, entertainment days at amusement parks and at summer theatres were worked up.

It was found that this hospital filled a place as great as the free ice. It was decided to find a permanent site and build a hospital. The second summer a move was made to an old-fashioned mansion in West Chicago, but this did not answer the purpose, so last year the hospital was established at Algonquin, Ill., fifty miles from Chicago on the Galena division of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. The Chicago Bureau of Charities had twenty acres of land here—land as beautiful as any in the state, with a quarter of a mile frontage on the Fox River and trees where the shade lay deep and dark.

TWO LITTLE ONES WHO WERE NURSED BACK TO HEALTH DURING THE HOT DAYS

Two large buildings were erected. They are on a hill overlooking the river, surrounded by trees. One building is fashioned as a dormitory, with rooms for nurses, an office, and bath-rooms. There is a porch running along the river side of the building, sixty feet long and fourteen feet wide. Here the patients from the city sit and rest their eyes against the cool green and the shinning waters.

The second building contains the dining-room, the assembly room, the kitchen, store-room and ice chests.

The weekly residence ranges from 130 to 150. They are children mostly—weak and wizened little creatures who have lain on beds of pain for weeks and perhaps months, in the great children's ward at the county hospital or in their own homes. The virile, playful, childhood light is stamped out of some of them. In others it is dying. In a few days or weeks they are new children, unless there is some constitutional ailment. They go back to nature and the mother soil with astonishing rapidity.

Miss Holmes, who built up the ice fund charity, also assumed charge of this work. Her services were given by the bureau of charities. Her staff consists of four nurses and the necessary servants for the kitchens and dormitories. The attending physician is Dr. S. J. Maha, a resident of Algonquin, who donates his services, visiting the hospital every day and on call day and night.

Once a week these doctors assemble in a clinic over serious cases and advise on the treatment. It is the most expert service in the United States. No child of a millionaire could receive more careful treatment than do these children of the poor.

Admission to the hospital is had by a card certifying that the bearer has been an inmate of a certain hospital for a certain length of time and has had a certain disease. Examination must show first that the disease is not of such a nature that it will infect others.

Patients suffering from the following diseases are not admitted:

No desquamating diseases, no tuberculosis, no skin diseases, no post-diphtheretic cases.

SAVE THE BABIES
TRIBUNE
FREE ICE FUND
ASK THE MAN ON THE WAGON WHERE TO GET TICKETS

THE TRIBUNE MAN DISTRIBUTING ICE TO THE POOR

It is estimated that the cost this year in the free ice and hospital charities will approximate $14,000, including $8,000 for construction of buildings. The ice company gives the ice at cost. There are no expenses connected with the actual administration of the charities except the hire of the nurses and servants.

It is the plan next year to build two new buildings. One will be for children only, consisting of a nursery, diet kitchen, and adjacent rooms for mothers. Another dormitory is planned for the older children and rooms for special nurses and women. Miss

Holmes plans to turn the big porch into sleeping quarters, by marking off spaces for hammocks and putting up mosquito nettings. When this is done, the hospital will be one of the most beautiful and complete of its kind in the world.

The third important work that the *Tribune* has carried on during the last few years was the Tribune Emergency Lodging House that was started last winter.

At the time of this venture the city was overflowing with unemployed men. The financial panic of the winter showed its result in West Madison Street, where thousands of men wandered day and night without a place to eat or sleep.

BOARD OF TRADE COTTAGE AT TRIBUNE HOSPITAL

The ordinary contingent of hoboes was on hand, too, but the majority of these men were laborers who could not get labor. Their case was serious. As a test of the situation, a real philanthropist started a bread wagon on West Madison Street one cold night in January. The response was immediate. A line of men two blocks long stood waiting for hours for coffee and rolls. The Municipal lodging house was obliged to turn men away, even after violating the rules and allowing 200 men to sleep on the floors. The police stations were filled every night by hundreds of men who had applied there as a last resort.

In this urgent time the *Tribune* came to the relief of the regular societies for aid. Through the kindness of Marvin Hughitt, president of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, a vacant building, four stories high, was secured at 59 Canal Street. This had a capacity for 1,000 men. It was fitted up with bunks and wire springs laid on the floor. The first night it was opened 300 men applied for admission. The second floor was fitted up with cots and it was filled the second night. Then the third and fourth floors were prepared, and after that until the warm weather the lodging house was filled to the brim.

Soup and bread was given to all the lodgers and on certain days meat and coffee and potatoes. In order that these men should not be pauperized every effort was made to find work for them. The city, the street railway company and the steam railroads were appealed to. The storms of the winter came up, and the men were put to work shoveling in the streets. They kept the streets clean and they kept the cars moving. In one emergency 200 of them were shipped out in the night to clear the tracks of the Chicago & Northwestern, which were covered with snow.

Department stores were appealed to and boxes of shoes and caps and clothing of all kinds began to pour into the lodging house. The men were fitted out with the things they needed most. A competent man was placed in charge of the house and for one day's work on the streets a man was given a ticket entitling him to three days' admission to the lodging house. Thus they were given two days in which to look for work without the trouble of looking for a place to sleep or something to eat. The subscription list was responded to generously, more than $5,000 coming into this fund. The house was kept open until the situation was relieved and the attendance fell off.

The latest of the *Tribune* enterprises in the public service is the erection of a series of fountains throughout the city to supply water for horses and people. The fountains, although not expensive, are artistic in design and sanitary in their arrangements. There is a big trough for the horses facing the street, and facing the sidewalk there are fountains for children and adults.

A beginning will be made with the erection of half a dozen in the congested downtown district. Ultimately, a score or more will be placed in various parts of the city where traffic demands their erection.

THE HAPPY HABIT

NO occasion could have more power to move an irascible editor to indite a cheery Christmas greeting than my experience at the New England Exposition, where I met thousands of NATIONAL MAGAZINE readers. Each night I journeyed homeward as the clocks were striking the midnight hour, tired out, yet happy, and at the end of each day I recorded in my "Pleasure Book" some delightful experience, for I met many people who seemed to be actuated by a perpetual Christmas spirit.

On my way home from the Fair one night, on the street car, I became much interested in two little brothers who were laden with baskets of advertising cards and circulars of everything at the Fair—from washing machines to portable houses. The smaller of the boys was taken care of by his "big brother" of nine or ten years. The delight which they took in those gaily-colored circulars and cards was a study. They carefully compared notes on their collection and questioned each other as to what "mother" would think of them. I could not help thinking that if the advertisers could see the the appreciation their efforts in this line had called forth, they would have indeed been gratified. A lady passenger in the car gave one of the little fellows a tiny looking-glass which she happened to have in her hand-bag. He received it gleefully and promptly held it before his face, thrusting out his tongue and making faces at his own image. His satisfaction at this spectacle caused the other passengers much merriment, while the little nine-year-old brother smiled in fatherly toleration of such childish antics. The little chap was so much absorbed in his own amusement that he was quite unconscious of the attention he attracted.

The next day, on my way down town from the Fair, I turned in to the Gardens for a few minutes' rest beside the Pond. While I sat there imbibing the peace and quietness of the spot, I noticed two little boys playing on the edge of the water. They had a big bottle and were filling it with the water, which they began to drink. At this point my conscience compelled me to interfere, after which they amused themselves by filling and emptying the bottle, until the biggest boy set it down too hard on the concrete edge of the pond and the bottom fell out. At this they fairly shrieked with delight. When their merriment had subsided, they looked about for some other form of amusement. A man nearby was engrossed in his newspaper and had laid his pipe on the seat beside him. With mischievous chuckles the biggest boy took the pipe and imitated the man's manner of smoking, while he read on, unconscious of their fun at his expense. When this diversion palled, they politely returned the pipe and strolled off. I followed and suggested a ride on the swan-boats. The last I saw of the jolly pair they were hanging over the edge of the boat-seat, trailing a string in the water, equally as delighted with this new amusement as they had been with the bottle and the pipe.

THESE incidents of every-day life have for me a vividness and inspiration that books cannot supply. The little children find their happiness in the trifles which they possess for the moment. They have the unconscious, sweet philosophy of making the most and best of things, which is a difficult creed to live up to in later years.

Christmas-time is the children's own season—if we might "become like one of these," our enjoyment of earth's pleasures would be more enduring and our hopes of Heaven more secure. At Yuletide one sentiment should come first—the children! God bless their merry little hearts! See to it that you make it a day that will be cherished by them when memories become the inspiration of life. The Wise Men rejoiced when they found the Chirst Child in the humble manger; the stars proclaimed their great message of "Peace on Earth"—we can at least make some child happy on Christmas Day, no matter how poor our circumstances.

* * * * *

ONE of the most touching episodes of the New England Exposition was when the blind girls came to visit our exhibit. They were several minutes in the reception booth with their teacher before I was aware of their inability to see. When the statuary was described, they asked to be allowed to "feel" it, and the sign "Please do not touch" was instantly removed. They followed the graceful outlines of the classic Diana and Apollo with their supple, sensitive fingers, seeming to derive a great deal of enjoyment from touching them. Sad indeed it was to realize that these young girls, as gracefully formed and as pretty of feature, as daintily dressed and groomed as their more fortunate sisters, were unable to see all the beautiful scenes of nature and creations of art; yet never have I seen a happier group of girls. They laughed and chatted about everything in our exhibit. They listened attentively to the sound of the Monotype keyboard and caster, and with the tiny bits of type in their fingers, by means of their keen sense of touch which is eyes to the blind, and the explanations of their teacher, they were able to get a very clear idea of the work of this wonderful machine. After this branch of the printing trade had been fully explained, they went on to the presses, listening to the sound made by the revolving cylinders, and feeling the position of the paper as it was removed from the press. Every detail seemed to hold an intense interest for them.

When spoken to, these young girls turned to the speaker and smiled, as though they actually saw the face of the person they were addressing. When a copy of the magazine was given them, they said eagerly: "We must have this read this very night." Their optimism is refreshing in these pessimistic times. Perhaps it is because they never see anything ugly or sad—the angry look, the lines of care, or the disagreeable frown on the faces around them—that they are so happy. They are not oppressed by the curious mannerism that bespeaks the impatient or harsh temper; the frown, the lifted eyebrow, the contemptuous smile that are more bitter and cutting than any words—to them everything is beautiful and good. Alas, we who consider ourselves so much more fortunate than these little sisters in darkness do not realize how much the cheerful smile and the encouraging words we could dispense might contribute to some fellow-toiler's happiness.

Jo Mitchell Chapple

TO CLEAN THE LIDS OF FRUIT JARS

By Mrs. C. Duncan, Wellston, Okla.

Cover with sweet milk and let them stand twenty-four hours, and they will look like new if they are not too rough.

TO MEND BROKEN DISHES

Tie dish together with stout cord and boil for two hours in sweet skimmed milk. Set off and let it cool in the milk; remove string, wash the dish, and it will be as stout as it was before it was broken.

APPLE DUMPLINGS

When making boiled apple dumplings put them on in cold water instead of hot, and let boil about thirty minutes. They will not cook to pieces if cooking so.

AN EASTER DISH

Break the small end out of as many eggs as you would like to fill, empty out contents, make a good cornstarch pudding of milk, eggs and cornstarch and divide in several portions, coloring differently with colored sugar. Fill empty egg-shells and stand them in meal or flour to cool. When cool take off the shell and you will have some lovely Easter eggs that will surprise everyone.

A LUSTROUS BLACK STOVE POLISH

By Marie Shepard, Woonsocket, R. I.

To two ounces of any good stove polish add one ounce of copperas and mix thoroughly. Polish your range or parlor stove with this and it will not only give a brighter lustre than ordinary stove polishes, but will positively not burn off. A range or stove polished with the above will retain a jet-black lustre from six to nine months without further application. Excellent for stoves not in use during summer or when in storage.

TO CLEAN A GRATER

By Mrs. G. P. Billups, Rockford, S. D.

Soon as through grating lemon peal — or the like — take a dry vegetable brush and thoroughly brush off all the peal left on grater, and when through with the pie, or job in hand, the dry juice may be washed off.

RELIEF FOR A TICKLING COUGH

By Anna Williams, North Yakima, Wash.

The particularly distressing cough caused by a tickle in the throat may often be quickly cured by gargling with hot water in which a little soda has been dissolved. Use this gargle every half-hour.

TO STOP BLEEDING

By Dora Riddle, Etty, Kentucky

When you receive a cut and the wound is bleeding profusely, dust powdered charcoal on the wound and the bleeding will soon stop. This also prevents soreness.

WASH FOR A SORE MOUTH

Golden seal or yellow root, powdered and placed in water, cannot be excelled as a mouth wash. A little alum in the same is beneficial.

MAKING GRAVY

By Mrs. L. Knebo, Salt Lake City, Utah

In making gravy always use cold water instead of hot, and it will be smooth and free from lumps.

FOR MAGAZINE LOVERS

By Jennie Harris Oliver, Shiloh, Okla.

After selecting the magazines that you wish to bind complete, remove the tins from the "miscellanies" and compile the best stories and illustrated descriptive articles into volumes easily handled—sewing them together through and through the holes left by the tins, with small twine.

Paste in carefully-clipped engravings to hide the "left over" places, and bind in flexible covers. A cheap bookkeeping set in brown, soft gray and dull green or blue binding furnishes covers easily sewed on with silkaline to match, each front cover mounted with a "study" to correspond with a plainly-written catalogue of the best stories to be found within. The writer has a dozen such volumes in her Library, one of which is bound in mottled brown enriched with a lovely sepia "Angelus." These covers will give better satisfaction than heavier ones.

QUINCE HONEY

By Mrs. A. E. Smith, East Alstead, N. H.

To two quinces, peeled, cored and grated, add one and one-half pint of water; boil five minutes, strain and add three pounds of granulated sugar, boiling three minutes, Bottle or can for use.

LOTION FOR THE HANDS

Two tablespoons of quince seed, one ounce of glycerine, one pint of water, six tablespoons of alcohol. Put the seed in water over night on back of stove or where it will keep warm; strain, add glycerine, alcohol and perfume if desired.

SIMPLE WAY TO MAKE CANDY

By Mary E. Hilbrant, Granville, Ohio

In a large bowl put the white of one egg, one tablespoonful of soft butter and six tablespoonfuls of maple syrup. Beat all together one minute, then stir in confectioner's sugar until it is like dough and can be rolled on the breadboard. Cut in small squares and dry on plates. It is very nice.

FOR THE CLOTHES WRINGER

By Mrs. J. McWhinney, Mansfield, S. D.

When the lower rubber of the clothes-wringer wears out as it invariably does, before the upper one, cut the rubber off. Take heavy duck, cut the same width as the rubber, wet it, then turn the wringer and let it run on smoothly until it is the same thickness as the rubber. It will do just as good work and last for years.

TO PREVENT SYRUP FROM SUGARING

By Mrs. L. C. Fish, Nortons, Oregon.

In making sugar syrup place the sugar in a basin and pour boiling water over it. Then set where it will keep very hot for a few minutes but do not let it boil again. If made in this way the syrup will never turn back to sugar.

FOR ACHING EYES

By Cora A. Matson-Dolson, Floridaville, New York

To relieve the eyes when aching from the effects of smoke, or from lime or ashes getting in them, bathe with warm water to which has been added one-half teaspoon of pure cider vinegar to one teacup of water.

IF TROUBLED WITH SLEEPLESSNESS

Try drinking a cup of hot cocoa without sugar just before retiring.

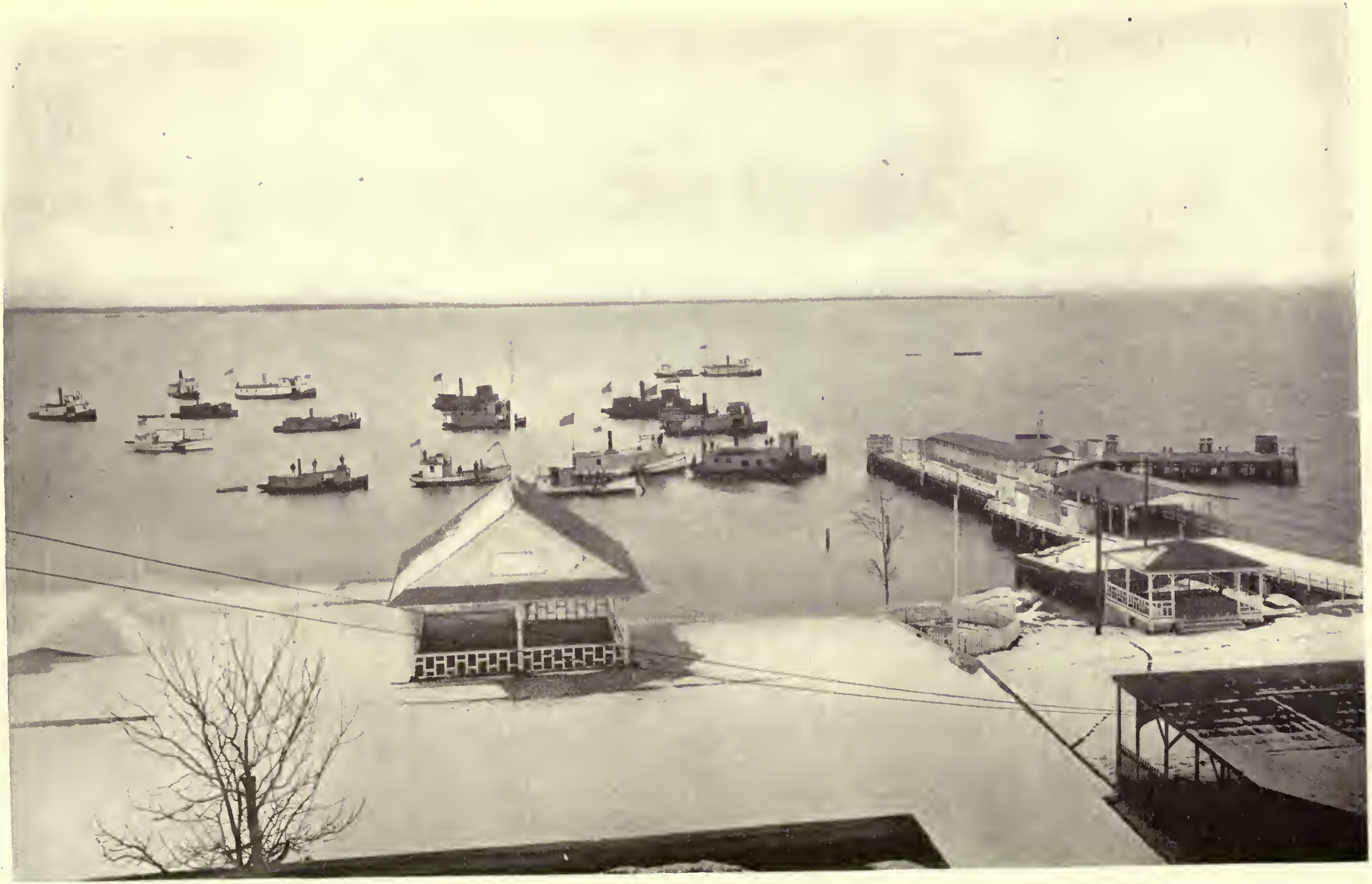


Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, Rhode Island

A FLEET OF OYSTER BOATS ASSEMBLING AT ROCKY POINT, RHODE ISLAND

THE ROMANCE OF THE OYSTER

By GARNAULT AGASSIZ

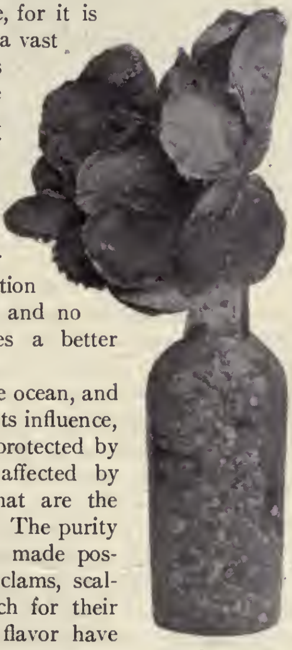
PART III. THE RHODE ISLAND OYSTER INDUSTRY

DAWN is just breaking, the soft light of a beautiful October morning is slowly brightening into day, and as the first faint golden gleams of the rising sun paint the landscape with a delicate tint, giving it that charm peculiar to early morn, a hundred and twenty steam and gasoline boats silently slip their cables and as silently steal away from a hundred and twenty wharves in the waters of the beautiful Narragansett Bay and its tributaries. Their mission, however, is not one of war, but of peace, for it is to carry to its daily toils a vast army of deep-sea farmers who at this season of the year are busily engaged in the harvesting of Rhode Island's famous product, the oyster.

No body of water in the world is better adapted to oyster cultivation than Narragansett Bay, and no body of water produces a better oyster.

Virtually an arm of the ocean, and responding regularly to its influence, Narragansett Bay is so protected by nature as to be little affected by those mighty storms that are the Atlantic's chief heritage. The purity of its waters, which has made possible the production of clams, scallops and quahaugs which for their peculiar excellence of flavor have won international fame, is fast bringing recognition to its oyster, and where only yesterday it was unknown, today it is welcomed with avidity. Among the dealers of the Great West it is fast replacing the Chesapeake Bay oyster, and in all sections of the land its popularity is on the ascendency.

Only recently a searching and thorough examination of these waters was made under the direction of Dr. A. D. Mead, Chief of the Biological Department of Brown University, by Dr. C. A. Fuller, now a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin and one of the country's foremost bacteriologists, with the result that of all the analyses made of the waters of the bay proper no one of them gave evidence of the existence of any organisms that would indicate even the suggestion of contamination—an unbiased, scientific bill of health for the oyster of Narragansett Bay and vicinity.



An Oddity in Oyster Culture

Speaking of the Narragansett Bay oyster and the oyster industry in general to the writer, Dr. Mead, who, it will be remembered, was awarded two of its chief prizes for original research at the hands of the recent International Fisheries Congress at Washington, said:

"In my opinion, while an oyster may be *made* to carry foreign germs in experimental tests, or by being soaked in contaminated waters, modern conditions of oyster culture militate against any such possibility in their natural state. The danger of infection from the oyster is infinitesimal—no greater than the danger to be faced in the eating of meat or any other food product. As compared with milk, butter, raw fruit and raw vegetables, the oyster is a remarkably safe food, being practically free from any contaminating bacteria."

The great question of the future to our country is, Where are we to get the food so necessary to life? One of the foremost political economists of the day has predicted that in the ordinary course of events, the United States will have to utilize all her wheat for home consumption within fifty years. The sea will be relied upon more and more as time goes on for the people's food, and where could a better source be found, for, as the famous Huxley once said, the sea contains more food values than all the continents of the world combined. When

Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, R. I.

A SHIPMENT OF OYSTERS LEAVING PROVIDENCE FOR THE WEST

the public realizes that the possibilities of contamination in sea food are being just as religiously guarded against as in other foods, they will turn more and more to this inexhaustible spring of natural energy for their daily bread.

No better proof of the purity of the waters of Narragansett Bay and their peculiar adaptability to oyster culture can be adduced than the fact that at least a million bushels of oysters are transplanted therein annually from the waters of other states, for the flavor and growth of an oyster, be it known, are conditioned entirely upon the character of the water in which it matures, the environments of birth ceasing to exercise even a contributory influence once it has been transplanted. That is to say, an oyster grown upon ground that does not possess the requisites to oyster growth in its highest form, and therefore displaying by its indifferent quality the disadvantages under which it has grown, will, when transplanted to better ground, change not only its consistency but its flavor and shape as well. As maturing grounds for the oyster, the waters of Narragansett Bay are unexcelled, for scientific research has demonstrated conclusively that no other waters contain a higher percentage of diatoms—the minute organisms upon which the oysters feed; and no other waters are fed by purer underground natural springs.

More than to anything else, perhaps, after the peculiarly favorable natural conditions have been considered, credit for the purity of these waters must be accorded the free fishermen of the state, who, jealous of their native rights, and secure in their two hundred years' possession of these rights, have opposed strenuously any attempt to pollute the waters on which they were dependent for their daily bread. It was their opposition to the proposed emptying into Narragansett Bay of the city's sewage that forced the city of Providence to build, at a cost of many million dollars, a great filtering plant at Field's Point; it has been their determined and unanimous opposition that has nipped in the bud any project that threatened the purity of the state's great fishing grounds,

Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, Rhode Island

PLANT OF THE ROCKY POINT OYSTER COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

and it will be their opposition that will conserve their purity for all time.

Oyster cultivation in Rhode Island is a big industry prosecuted in a big way, and it is an industry that gives excellent promise of becoming more important to the state than any other, for in it hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested; invested not from a speculative motive but from a wise appreciation of the tremendous advantages of Rhode Island as an oyster producing state.

To all intents and purposes Narragansett Bay is one huge oyster farm, over 15,000 acres of its waters being under cultivation. It seems impossible for the layman, traveling over the bay's expansive waters on summer excursion or business trip, to realize that from twenty to fifty feet under the surface of the waves which hurl themselves against the steamer's prow there are laid out in mechanical regularity farms as large or larger than any of those on shore.

A Rhode Island oyster farm ranges in size from the one of two or three acres to that of many hundreds. These farms of the sea, however, are widely different from those on shore, for while the latter are circumscribed as a rule by their own boundaries, the fields of the former are widely scattered, some of them being more than twenty miles apart. This is due to the fact that the oysterman cannot, as does the farmer on shore, purchase his land outright, but must lease it from the state for a period of ten years only, and when he desires to add to his holdings must make application to the state for the particular new "field" he desires, his application being granted only after it has been duly advertised, to give anyone who wishes the opportunity of opposing it. The Rhode Island Shell Fish Commission, which has been in existence for nearly fifty years, is now composed of five members, one from each county in the state. The oyster farmer pays the state an annual rental of from five to ten dollars an acre for his ground, over a hundred thousand dollars. This is more than any other state derives from its oyster industry. And Rhode Island the baby state of the Union!

Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, Rhode Island.

TONGING OYSTERS THROUGH THE ICE AT STARGOAT ISLAND, RHODE ISLAND

From the day of its settlement by Roger Williams, oystering has been one of the accepted industries of Rhode Island; indeed it is fair to assume that many, many years before this champion of liberty and tolerance led his followers from the ultra-Puritanic domain of Massachusetts the oyster was a principal pursuit among the Indian population, which depended upon the mighty ocean for a great part of its food supply. Perhaps it was this sea-food diet that gave to the aborigines of Rhode Island—the Narragansett and Pequot Indians—that peculiar virility and endurance which made them such fine examples of Indian manhood.

Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century oysters were so plentiful in the waters of Narragansett Bay that many builders depended almost entirely upon them for their best lime, the oysters as a rule being burned just as taken from the beds; a notable example of a building so constructed being the old Providence jail, now demolished. How different today, when the oyster, not nearly so plentiful in its natural state as yesterday, no longer to be had for the mere gathering, has become one of the recognized and essential foods of man, and is more extensively used in this same city of Providence than in any other community of its size in the world.

This is due in great part, no doubt, to the fact that the medical profession, convinced of the purity of the Rhode Island oyster, continually prescribe it. Speaking of this, Dr. George W. Hersey, editor of the *Providence Medical Journal*, a former president of the Rhode Island Medical Society, and a leading member of the profession, said:

"While it is for its condimental value that the oyster chiefly recommends itself to man, it must be borne in mind that this luscious product of the sea has an important nutritive value as well. As one of the most easily digested foods within our reach, it is an invaluable factor in the feeding of convalescents whose digestive organs are at all weak. This is especially so in the case of typhoid fever, and physicians will frequently order it where they would hesitate to recommend any other solid. In its raw state, also, the oyster, being readily swallowed, is an unusually convenient food in obstinate cases of tonsilitis and kindred affections."

In its early days the Rhode Island oyster industry was prosecuted on a small scale only. During the early part of the season the oystermen went out in their small boats and, with a pair of tongs, caught them sufficient oysters for the day's demand. As soon, however, as winter gave any tangible evidence of its approach, they expedited matters, harvesting all the oysters that time and the limited facilities at their command would allow, and utilizing their own and their neighbors' cellars for their safe storing.

The present great planting industry of the state had for its nucleus the transplanting some seventy-five years ago of a number of ship-loads of Virginian oysters in the Providence River. At this time the oyster industry of the state was confined in great part to the city of Providence, practically all the oyster beds being located within what are now the city limits. One of the tongers' favorite spots was the site of the present railroad station, only a few hundred feet from Rhode Island's splendid capital building, and where now stand office building, warehouse and store, then was deep water.

As the years went by the industry gradually developed, having each year a little more

Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, Rhode Island

THE PLANT OF THE WICKFORD OYSTER COMPANY, WICKFORD RHODE ISLAND

Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, R. I.

THE OYSTER HOUSES OF D. R. DODGE, B. J. ROOKS AT LONG MEADOW, RHODE ISLAND

value to the state and a little more profit to those engaged in it. But even twenty years ago the methods employed were very different from those of today. Where now a hundred and twenty steam and gasoline boats are continually engaged, then less than a dozen vessels of any size graced the waters of the bay, and practically all the oysters grown in the state were brought in from other localities, chiefly from Connecticut and Virginia. The Virginian oysters, even, would not acclimate, consequently they could be left in the water for only a few months at most, it being necessary to take them up again before winter had thoroughly set in.

In 1890, however, a new day dawned for the Rhode Island oyster industry. There had been a successful set on ground that was a natural bed, in the Warren River, proving conclusively that the waters of Narragansett Bay, contrary to general belief, were well adapted to the "artificial" propagation of the oyster.

A great revival of the industry followed, and naturally. But then a new danger threatened. The starfish, ever an interminable cause of worry to the Northern oysterman, appeared to take on a new lease of life, and

Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, R. I.

VIEW OF OYSTER HOUSES OF D. R. DODGE AND B. J. ROOKS FROM THE WATER FRONT

Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, R. I.

OYSTER HOUSE OF THE NARRAGANSETT BAY OYSTER CO.

Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, R. I.

AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE OYSTER HOUSE OF NARRAGANSETT BAY OYSTER CO.

Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, Rhode Island

TRANSFERRING OYSTERS FROM THE PLANT TO THE DEPOT

with such terrible effect that many oystermen who had outlived competition and high-priced seed became discouraged. There appeared to be no way whatever of dealing with it. True, the oysterman could dredge his grounds again and again, but often with more damage to his oysters than to the stars.

And the irony of it was that the oysterman knew not the hour of its coming, for the starfish is the potato bug of the oyster farm—one day an oysterman may dredge his beds and find no stars, the next his oysters may be fattening an army of them. A few years ago a certain oysterman had been testing one of his beds for signs of starfish. He worked all day and caught but three bushels of them, and had concluded that any further dredging would be unnecessary. Intuition, however, told him to try the bed just once more, so the following morning he again set his dredges in motion. To his surprise and alarm, he caught over a dozen bushels that day, and the two following days fifty and one hundred bushels respectively. He saw that if the bed were to be saved strenuous measures would be necessary, so he put his three steamers at work upon it. But it was an uneven and a losing fight, for by the time the starfish showed any appreciable diminution every oyster had been swallowed, a tasty morsel for the insatiable stomach of its avaricious five-fingered enemy.

In 1883, however, a certain Rhode Island oysterman invented a contrivance which could remove the stars without the oysters, doing away with the old method of sorting the stars and oysters by hand and returning the latter to the bed. This device worked fairly well, but was superseded about four years later by the "star mop," now in general use wherever this pest has to be fought. The star mop was the accidental discovery of an old sea captain, who, accustomed to use the nautical mop of frilled-out rope in the cleaning of his vessel's deck, let his mop drop overboard one day and on recovering it found it

Photo by William Mills & Son, Providence, Rhode Island

THE NEW PLANT OF THE AMERICAN OYSTER COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

to be literally alive with starfish, and a few months later nearly all the oystermen were employing this unique method of ridding their beds of the stars.

The Rhode Island oyster industry in its present high state of development dates back only ten years, when a number of large Connecticut growers, realizing the unique opportunities afforded by Narragansett Bay for oyster cultivation, and the added fact that its deeper waters had been little exploited by the home growers, established branches at various points in the state. Their coming was regarded with a certain degree of suspicion by some of the smaller native oystermen, who, knowing that Connecticut was many years ahead of their own state in the matter of oyster culture, regarded the new interests much as a small manufacturer regards the advent of a large one. Time, however, has proved the falsity of his calculations, for in the march of progress he too has shared, having built himself a modern plant, leased much additional land, and increased his business four-fold.

At first the new interests, knowing the uncertainties of experiment, were content to limit their efforts; but no sooner had their success been assured than they commenced to broaden out on even a larger scale than they themselves had planned. New plants, which were so far removed in their size and appointments from the old ones as to be revolutionary, were constructed; new and larger steamers were put into commission; thousands of acres of land hitherto deemed barren were taken up; a new and a greater tone given to the whole industry, making Rhode Island as advanced as any state in the Union in oyster cultivation.

When the Connecticut dealers invaded Rhode Island the business of the state was a provincial one, nearly all the oysters produced being consumed in the East. But ten years have wrought marvelous changes, and today Narragansett Bay is fast becoming to the oyster world what the Chesapeake Bay was thirty years ago, with the city of Providence its Baltimore. But it is a very different Chesapeake Bay than that which washes the shores of Maryland and Virginia. The Chesapeake Bay industry is still the industry it was forty years ago in its old-time methods of gathering and shipping, but owing to the lamentable depletion of its then-supposed inexhaustible natural beds, far less important. On the other hand, the Rhode Island industry, developed by capital and brains, nurtured by liberal state laws and founded on the sound basis of private ownership, is steadily, irresistibly forging ahead.

The oyster industry of the state of Rhode Island is more than a hundred times as large as ten years ago and is constantly growing.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE most enthusiastic appreciation of the book "Heart Throbs" has come from school teachers and boys and girls all over the country. It meets the demand for "pieces to speak" and platform recitals in a way that no book especially designed for that purpose has ever done. A teacher in a large city school recently asked the scholars in a composition class to write about some popular books that especially appealed to them, and they were free to range over the entire catalog. You may imagine my gratification when I heard that four out of the twelve wrote about "Heart Throbs," it being the only work that had more than one admirer in the class. When the other eight pupils heard their classmates' comment upon the book, they unanimously voted "Heart Throbs" the favorite book of the class.

* * *

A BIG SHIPMENT OF COLOGNE

THE *Cologne Gazette* (*Kolnische Zeitung*) of October 8, 1908, publishes the following interesting article: "Probably the largest shipment of Eau de Cologne that was ever sent from the City of Cologne to one single customer in England at any one time, was made last Saturday by the Eau de Cologne & Parfumerie Fabrik, No. 4711 Clockengasse, von Ferd. Muhlens. The shipment consisted of three full truck-loads and weighed 23,000 pounds."

The above is interesting to a great number of Americans who use the 4711 Soaps and Perfumes, and shows how the demand has increased since their fathers and grandfathers began using them over 116 years ago, when Francis Maria Farina started the manufacture of this now famous brand "4711."

* * *

VICTOR RECORDS FOR DECEMBER

THE other day I had the pleasure of listening to the "cream" of the new list of December Victor records, at the factory where they are made, in Camden, New Jersey; Mr. Brown, the genial advertising manager, kindly officiated. While listening, I wondered if the "Victor" public know of the special efforts made to supply them with the very best and most varied entertainment.

One of the new "finds" for December is the "Boulanger March" (Bell solo) by Alber Muller of Berlin. This and another new and entertaining record, a xylophone solo, were made in Berlin. Those who love the stirring harmony of band music will find—in the estimation of the Victor people—the new Poet and Peasant Overture, by Pryor's Band, just a little better than the best yet made. In the new singing records there are many "treats." Evan Williams sings, touchingly and melodiously, the old familiar Schubert's Serenade. Alice Neilson, the new American prima donna, makes her introductory bow with the sweet favorite, "Last Rose of Summer," with which Jenny Lind captured the hearts of the American public many years ago.

Nat M. Wills, known to theater goers in every city as "The Happy Tramp," furnishes a first-class, humorous "reading" record, reciting in musical tones "No News, or What Killed the Dog," telling how a gentleman, after an extended absence, eagerly asks his negro servant, "What news?"

OLD PORTUGUESE FORTIFICATIONS AT THE ENTRANCE TO MOMBASA HARBOR

A bit of East African Coast very historical. Vasco da Gama landed near this old fort on Mombasa, the entrance now to the Uganda Railway, the great game centers of East Africa and the great Tanganyika Plateau

Photo by Robert Lee Dunn

Mr. Alexander H. Revell
Colonel Robert Means Thompson
Rear Admiral Albert Ross
Rear Admiral W. L. Capps
Rear Admiral Willard H. Brownson
Rear Admiral Francis J. Higginson
Hon. Joseph Cannon
Rear Admiral French E. Chadwick
Rear Admiral Jas. H. Dayton

VISITORS TO U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE MIDDLE WEST AT CHICAGO, LUNCHEON GUESTS OF MR. A. H. REVELL

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

AS a promising prelude for tariff revision scores, the meeting of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives took place in November. Altogether, it was one of the most important gatherings in Washington for years. Special days for the hearings were assigned the various industries; there was a hide and leather day, a jewelry day, an iron day, a paper day, and at the scheduled time each industry was well represented before the committee.

In a large corner room of the handsome new office building of the House of Representatives, under the chandeliers decorated with the Stars and Stripes draped in a fan-like manner, the members of the committee—Sereno E. Payne, John Dalzell, Samuel W. McCall, Ebenezer J. Hill, Henry S. Boutell, James E. Watson, James C. Needham, William A. Calderhead, Joseph W. Fordney, Joseph H. Gaines, Robert W. Bonynge, Nicholas Longworth, Champ Clark, W. Bourke Cockran, Oscar W. Underwood, Daniel L. D. Granger, James M. Griggs, Edward W. Pou and Choice B. Randell—sat on a circular bench, suggesting the arrayed judges of the Supreme Court when in session. Behind the chairman, Sereno E. Payne, a large red damask curtain, the pattern of which recalled old pictures of the walls of Troy, proved an effective background; the stately legislators entered between its folds and dropping them gracefully passed to their seats on the bench.

The deep bass voice of the chairman filled the room, and although he occasionally raised his hand to his ear to catch an indistinct word, he doubtless heard everything worth hearing. Congressman Dalzell with florid necktie, the dignified Sam McCall chewing an unlit cigar and keeping his impassive, judicial gaze fixed on questioner and witness, Mr. Underwood wearing his usual pleasant smile, and Nicholas Longworth serenely studying his surroundings, were all in evidence. Many ladies and interested business men were present, and during the long sessions the room was always well filled. The members of the committee appeared in relays, in order to hear every word. If Champ Clark retired behind the curtain, then Representative Underwood of Alabama instantly appeared on the scene; when Mr. Calderhead felt the strain of the long session, he was relieved by Congressman Longworth, who leaned back reflectively and took in the free-for-all volunteer testimony. Those who appeared were not sworn, but were quite as rigidly cross-examined as if in a court of justice, though there was a freedom from restraint not incident to judicial proceedings. The way those members did probe business secrets was a caution. It was finally decided that the form of a legal brief would best present the tariff requirements on each article named thus escaping the wearisome process of examining numerous witnesses. The revision prelude promises to furnish good material for some lively debates during the coming session.

Ex-Congressman Littauer appeared very popular with his old colleagues, bowing graciously to right and left as he "put on the gloves," so to speak, to tell the committee of the glove factories at Gloversville. The contest between the importers and the ex-congressman on the glove industry was highly entertaining, showing, along with other phases of the trade, how the fancy of womankind for long hand coverings has affected this manufacture, the tariff on short and long gloves being exactly the same. The development of this industry has given employment to over 20,000 people.

Photo Copyright by G. V. Buck

REV. U. G. B. PIERCE
Rector All Souls Church and Spiritual Adviser of President-Elect Taft

No sooner was the subject of gloves disposed of, under the call for time, than a gentleman arose and entered upon a dissertation concerning the tariff on "catgut and wheel grease"; and the romantic way in which he presented these rather prosaic subjects showed the picturesque side even in practical business affairs.

When a witness indulged in a protective tariff speech it aroused the ire of Champ Clark, and things went merrily. The extemporaneous testimony and addresses of the volunteer witnesses proved exciting, and the interrogation that followed was strongly characteristic of the several members of the committee. Congressman Dalzell's queries were the incisive, sharp questions of a business man driving straight for the real point, while the deliberative dignity of Chairman Payne's interrogations might have served as a model for judicial deportment, and Bourke Cockran's grave queries savored of a religious ceremony; yet everyone appeared too busy to give much thought to these minor features.

The witnesses appeared to regard each member of the committee seated around that crescent table as a regular "Turk"; indeed, how much profit a man made on his last year's business was quite a common question, and some of the witnesses declined to make the facts public, promising to give the information in confidence at the proper time. The work done has confirmed the statement made years ago by General Hancock during his campaign for the presidency, that "the tariff is a local issue." In many sections the livelihood of the people is materially affected by the tariff on a given product or manufacture, and it behooves the committee to move cautiously and conservatively. There must be a tariff for revenue, though radical modification of the Dingley tariff schedule will be stubbornly contested.

It has been computed that at least from sixty to seventy thousand words of testimony were taken at each day's session of this hearing. What millions of words of testimony will be chronicled before the committee has reached the final comparison and discussion!

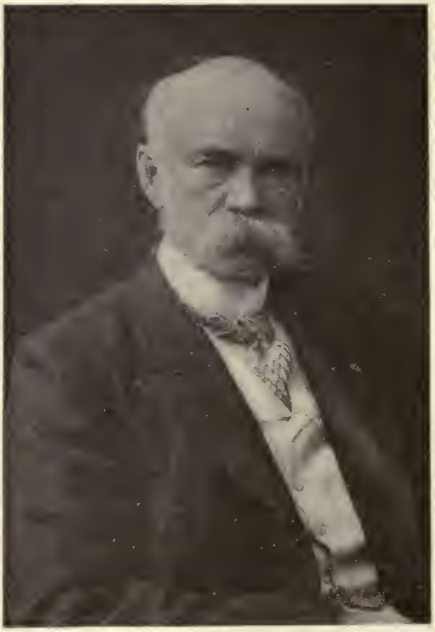
With the prospect of tariff revision, there will be busy days for the Ways and Means Committee, and midnight electric bells will tinkle merrily. This committee has to deal with the actual raising of the revenue. Each congressman and senator will have the local interests of his constituency to watch, and take heed that they are not injured in the shiffle-shuffle of the "Revisory Retort." Tariff revision is in the air; everybody talks about

SENATOR W. P. FRYE OF MAINE

it; everybody wants it, and revision it will be—revision with the cost-marks well displayed. No old-time secret cost-marks in Uncle Sam's shop now; it must be in "plain figures" and "one price to all," as my old friend Ike Schwager always advertised.

* * *

AT the opening session of Congress there is always a goodly attendance of wives, sisters, cousins and aunts of the congressmen and senators, and the diplomatic gallery is usually well filled; but, despite the flash and brilliancy of the startling millinery in the galleries, the December session was inducted with a somewhat sombre atmosphere. As the roll was called and the vacant seats noted, a feeling of sadness fell upon the members. In the Senate the Grand Old Man of Iowa, the late Senator William B. Allison, who completed over a third of a century's service in that body, was deeply and sincerely missed by his brother legislators.


ROBERT MEANS THOMPSON
A naval man by education and active in Navy League work

The first order of business in the Senate was the swearing-in of Senator Carroll S. Page of Vermont. In the House old comrades made merry with democratic friends and carried on a lively conversation with the new leader of their party, the inimitable Champ Clark of Missouri. It was clear that in the House of Representatives the first order of business would be a sort of debating society movement on the tariff revision. By unanimous consent, the Ways and Means Committee were enjoined to continue tariff hearings, summon witnesses and call for such books and papers as they might require, without limit. This furnished the act giving formal sanction to the work of the tariff hearings.

* * *

IT is generally agreed in official circles that Herbert Livingston Satterlee is especially competent to take charge of the portfolio of assistant secretary of the navy; he has long been affiliated with naval affairs, has a thorough comprehension of past and present conditions and has already made his mark in other lines of usefulness, as a brilliant lawyer and a good business man of constructive as well as executive force. He is in the prime of life. A New Yorker by birth, he is the son of George B. Satterlee, a prominent merchant and banker of the Giant City. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1883, and has since obtained the degrees of B.S., A.M., Ph.D. and LL.B.

Mr. Satterlee was private secretary to Hon. William M. Everts, and was also aide-de-camp to Governors Morton and Black, New York State. During the Spanish-American war he was chief of staff to Captain J. R. Bartlett. He is a member of many patriotic societies, scientific institutions and of the principal New York clubs. Mrs. Satterlee was Miss Louisa Pierpont Morgan, the daughter of the great financier.

* * *

THE periodic agitation in reference to the House rules has subsided; difficulties are usually due to some misunderstanding of the rules. It seems that the criticism on Speaker Cannon is a direct protest against the decision of the majority of the membership of the House. Speaker Reed, who completely revolutionized the rules of the House, established a precedent for the guidance of every subsequent speaker, despite discontented mutterings in the cloak-room. Open discussion has proved that these rules are necessary for the despatch of business in a

HERBERT LIVINGSTON SATTERLEE, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY body of the size and constitutional limitations of the House of Representatives. With nearly 400 members before him, without knowing whether the anticipated speech would be in line with the matter under consideration, it would be a physical impossibility for the speaker to recognize indiscriminately every legislator who desired to be heard.

Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.

HON. E. A. HAYES OF CALIFORNIA

Speaker Randall insisted on designating who was to speak and who to keep silence, that power having been given him by the House, and, owing to the vast amount of work that has to be done during each session, it is more than ever necessary to recognize the rights of the senior member of the committee having charge of the special matter under discussion, for it is only reasonable to suppose that he has collected in his committee room a careful digest of the information required.

Therefore, it has been decided that the mere act of getting on his feet—"physical activity"—is no longer a valid reason for recognition by the speaker of the House of Representatives, when the member who desires to be heard has not been designated to speak.

CREDIT for modernizing governmental business methods, it is generally admitted, is largely due to the Honorable George B. Cortelyou, secretary of the treasury. That quiet, unostentatious office in a corner of the Treasury Building, with windows overlooking the busy scene presented by the changing of the Parthenon columns, has witnessed a great business transaction carried through with as little fuss as though nothing more than a trifling outlay for the purchase of a few postage stamps were involved.

The offering of the $30,000,000 issue of the Panama bonds brought a total of 831 bids, of which 159 were accepted, coming from all classes of citizens and all sections of the country. Only three irregular bids were received. The highest bid was $105, but the average was slightly under $102.50—a very good price, considering that the bonds bear only two per cent. interest. Never before in the history of the Treasury Department has the public been so fully acquainted with all the details of any governmental transaction; the information was given in the clear manner characteristic of every utterance of Secretary Cortelyou, whose

WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF SENATOR GORE OF OKLAHOMA work in the Treasury Department has been marked by the same systematic thoroughness with which he performed his duties as secretary at the White House, when he insisted that every letter received there should be answered within twenty-four hours. His paramount idea has always been to give careful attention to even minute details and have everything done systematically. No one has ever seen Secretary Cortelyou sitting at a desk cluttered with useless papers; his clear instructions keep all business passing through his hands moving in regular measure.

Few men in public life have so thorough a knowledge of the actual working of the various departments and of the presidential duties; he has served as secretary to three presidents and has also filled important positions in different departments, having held successively three Cabinet posts—a unique record in the official chronicles entered in the Blue Book.

MISS CAROL NEWBERRY
Daughter of Truman H. Newberry,
Secretary of the Navy

* * *

IMPRESSIVE indeed were the ceremonies in November at the unveiling of the statue of General Philip Henry Sheridan. It is one and three quarter times larger than life and represents the General with his famous horse, Rienzi, meeting his men in flight from Cedar Creek, when he shouted: "Turn, boys, we are going back," and led them on to a glorious victory.

REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES E. FULLER
OF BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS

The statue was unveiled by Mrs. Sheridan, accompanied by her son, Lieutenant Phil Sheridan, who stood beside her as she drew the cord that held the drapery. The memorial to the brave General is located in Sheridan Square, one of the most popular drives for sight-seers in Washington, surrounded on all sides by handsome mansions. The military parade was headed by J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff of the army, and the assembly at the unveiling included a number of distinguished men—the President, veterans of the Civil War, prominent politicians, court officials and many well-known civilians.

The address of General Horace Porter, former ambassador to France, was a masterly oration delivered by one who had known the dashing cavalry officer whose glorious career will always furnish pages of history of which every American may be proud.

General Porter ably sketched the life of the illustrious soldier, from the time when, as a youth of fourteen, and because he disliked to be a burden to his parents, he obtained in a country store a position at twenty-five dollars a year and board. Later he became a bookkeeper. The Mexican War awakened his military ambition and by the recommendation of the congressman for his district he was enabled in 1848 to enter the military academy at West Point.

When the Indian troubles began in Oregon in 1856, Sheridan was chosen to lead an expedition, in which he rescued the whites from a blockhouse and held his ground until re-enforcements arrived. For this he was highly commended by General Scott and General Wool.

When the Civil War broke out Sheridan was transferred to the East, and became General Halleck's auditor, quickly correcting his tangled accounts. He was afterward made quartermaster and commissary, performing valuable service and being highly commended. The young man longed for active service, however, and in 1862 his wish was granted when he was made a member of General Halleck's staff, then at Pittsburg Landing. Later he was appointed colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, and in this position developed characteristics which became conspicuous in all his after campaigns. He secured trustworthy scouts and guides, and finding no maps of any value in existence, he set to work to construct them, and with the knowledge thus attained made most effective and unexpected attacks when he was obliged to make sudden and rapid move-

Photo by The National Press Association

GENERAL HORACE PORTER SPEAKING AT UNVEILING OF SHERIDAN MONUMENT
In grand stand, seated behind General Porter, are:—President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice-President Fairbanks, Secretary of War Wright, Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor; Rev. O'Connell, Bishop-elect Harding, Lieutenant Sheridan

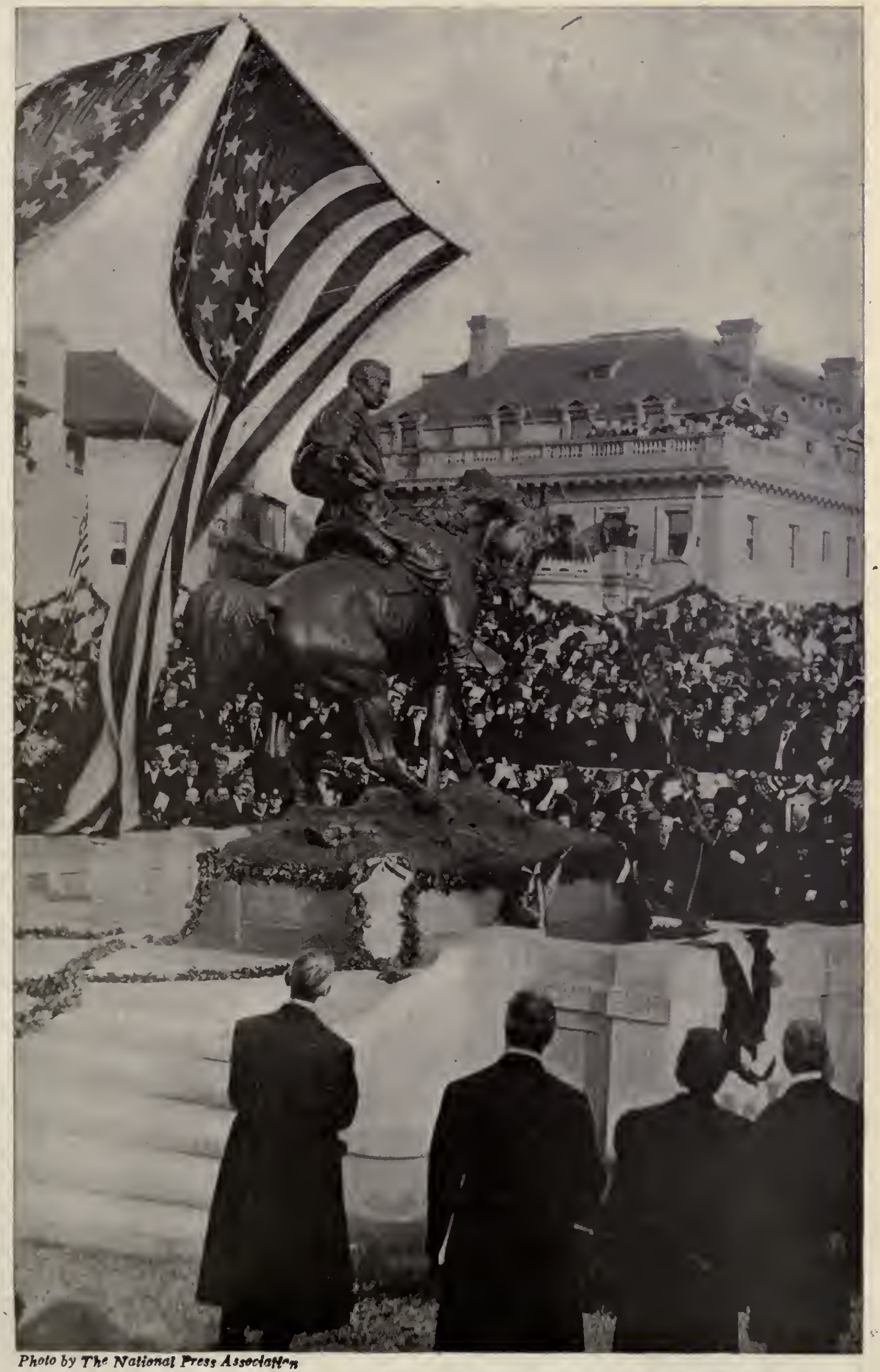


Photo by The National Press Association

UNVEILING SHERIDAN MONUMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 25 ments in the enemy's country. It was said of him in the army that "if Sheridan took an afternoon nap, he went to sleep with a map in his hand."

In June, 1863, the Army of the Cumberland advanced against Bragg's army, and Sheridan's division was frequently in the lead. In bridging the Tennessee River and pursuing Bragg's army, Sheridan shone as a practical soldier. A week's marching and countermarching had wearied his men before their arrival on the field of Chickamauga; nevertheless, inspired by their commander, they suffered severe losses with gallantry.

REPRESENTATIVE G. W. FAIRCHILD
OF ONEONTA, NEW YORK

In the retreat of the Twentieth Corps to Chattanooga, Sheridan's division formed the rear guard. Apropos of this event, General Porter said:

"I shall never forget General Sheridan's appearance when I met him that memorable second day of the fight. His cheeks were bronzed by Southern suns and his face was begrimed with the smoke of battle; he had scarcely slept or tasted food for nearly twenty-four hours, yet his voice was as cheery, his movements as vigorous and his mind as alert as on many a day when the army was advancing instead of retreating."

In the battle of Missionary Ridge Sheridan's division was conspicuous for its brave front. It was the first time he had fought under General Grant's personal direction, and that officer was profoundly impressed with his admirable military qualities. In his memoirs he says:

"To Sheridan's prompt movement, the Army of the Cumberland and the nation are indebted for the bulk of the captures of prisoners, artillery and small arms that day. Except for his prompt pursuit, so much in this way would not have been accomplished."

In March, 1864, when it was decided to reorganize the cavalry, General Grant suggested Sheridan as the most capable officer to command it, and the young officer, five feet, six inches in height, only thirty-three years old—though looking still younger—and weighing but 115 pounds, was presented to the President and other officials. When General Grant next met him, the President said: "The officer you brought on from the West seems rather a little fellow to handle your cavalry."

To which Grant replied: "You will find him big enough for the purpose before we get through with him."

In appreciation of his successes at Blue Ridge, Sheridan was made a brigadier-general in the regular army. Shortly after, when on his way back from Washington and within twenty miles of his army, he heard very heavy firing and learned that the enemy had attacked. Putting spurs to his favorite horse, Rienzi, and dashing at breakneck speed to the front, he met his army in full retreat; whereupon, hardly drawing rein, he cried, "We must face the other way! We will go back and recover our camp!" The presence of the gallant commander changed the fortunes of the day. "Sheridan's Ride" has become famous in story and song, on canvas and, now, in sculpture. Grant ordered a salute to be fired in honor of the signal victory, and said to members of his staff, "No man would be better fitted to command all the armies in the field." At this time Sheridan was made major-general of the regular army.

In the final campaign against Lee's army, Sheridan over and over again distinguished himself. "It would be a sorry soldier who could help following such a leader," said General Porter.

When the war was ended Sheridan still continued in military service. In 1870 he visited Europe to witness the operations in the Franco-Prussian War. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and finally given the highest military title known in our government, that of general. From a personal acquaintance, General Porter sums up the ideal warrior in the following eloquent tribute:

"Possessed of the highest characteristics of the soldier—bold in conception, self-reliant, prompt in decision, fertile in resources, possessing an intuitive knowledge of topography, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius—no wonder Sheridan stands in the front rank of the world's great captains."

* * *

VERY frequently subscribers ask questions very difficult to answer concerning affairs at Washington. During the recent campaign scores of letters have come in asking for information as to the power of money in legislative affairs.

Personal observation confirms me in the belief that money is not a predominant force. It is unnecessary to affirm that Theodore Roosevelt has been impervious to all pecuniary temptations, and a personal acquaintance with the members of the Senate and House brings the conviction that the personnel of the Congress of the United States, as a whole, is true and loyal to the best interests of the people, and serves them with unimpeachable integrity. Of course there may be exceptions, but mere wealth *per se* has less influence, to my mind, in 1908 than it has ever had in the history of this country.

Corruption brought about by money influence may exist, but I have not seen it; that may be my fault, for persons see what they look for, and it has never occurred to me to search for this. The limelight of publicity turned upon all affairs, personal and public, has done much to abolish corruption; nowadays nothing can be done and kept long hidden from the argus-eyed newspaper men, and the old-time secretive methods are as obsolete as they are unsafe.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

REPRESENTATIVE F. R. LASSITER OF VIRGINIA

* * *

NOW that everything has fallen under the spell of mechanics and is run by machinery, a device has been invented called the stenotyper. It is much lighter in weight than a typewriter, and has six keys which operate combinations forming a complete alphabet in themselves, somewhat similar to the dots and dashes of the Morse code. It is said that much less intelligence is required to run this machine than would be needed to memorize the rules of lawn tennis or any other popular game, and further, that in a very short time one can learn to operate the stenotyper at fairly high speed.

This new mode of writing shorthand is not based on phonetics, but on syllables, which are combined somewhat on the same plan as a chord of music; while many notes are produced, yet only one movement of the hand is required to obtain the combination of sounds, all unnecessary notes being eliminated. On the same principle, all unessential vowels and consonants are omitted.

THE striking portrait of Secretary Jefferson Davis always attracts attention. When General Dennison of Canada recently visited the War Department, he quickly recognized the picture of his old friend of *ante bellum* days, even in the dim light of the room, and told us some interesting reminiscences of the days when Mr. Davis was secretary of war. It seems that the Secretary took a great fancy to the young British officer, who has since written a book which is an authority on cavalry tactics. In this room there is also a portrait depicting the massive head, smooth, strong face and picturesque gray locks of Simon Cameron, secretary of war during Lincoln's administration, and on the opposite wall a portrait of a gentleman with fierce military moustaches recalls the fact that his son, J. Don. Cameron, later held the same Cabinet position; William H. Taft, as secretary of war, also occupied a post previously held by his father, and soon found his official seat in the War Department beneath the portrait of his distinguished parent, who served in Grant's Cabinet.

Copyrigh, 1908, *Frederic B. Hyde, Washington*

PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT STANDING BENEATH THE PICTURE OF HIS FATHER

It was the day after the Army and Navy football game, and the rivalry between the two departments was at its height; gradually the conversation drifted back from reminiscences of the good old days, and we fell into a discussion of the merits of the rival football teams. Presently General Michael V. Sheridan, retired, came in. He is a younger brother of General Phil Sheridan, and at the age of twenty years enlisted in the army, entering a Missouri regiment and serving many years. The General closely resembles his distinguished brother, his carriage displaying all the precision and dignified grace of the army officer, for, despite his civilian attire, nothing can conceal the bearing acquired in years of military training.

* * *

A DINNER was given recently to Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the members of the "young guard" who were associated with him in the Eastern and Western divisions at New York and Chicago headquarters during the campaign of 1908. A handsome watch was presented to him, a loving-cup to Victor L. Mason and a silver service to Richard V. Oulahan. The speeches were of a colloquial character and very suggestive of a big family dinner party, and the occasion may result in the creation of a permanent and wide-awake organization. Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, who was in charge of the Speakers' Bureau at Chicago, presided as toastmaster in his usual felicitous manner, while addresses were made by Mr. C. P. Taft, brother of the president-elect, and nearly every one of the fifty-six gentlemen present,

Photo Copyright by G. V. Buck

HON. H. DE LAGERCRANTZ, SWEDISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES so that altogether it was a delightful reunion of the men engaged in political work, many of whom had never seen each other before, though well acquainted by means of routine correspondence and the printed page.

Senator Penrose represented the old guard, and John "Evergreen" Monk and David Goliath Barry helped to throw the *bon mots* of the evening. Ormsby McHarg, silent and thoughtful, could have told some thrilling experiences of the campaign in the forty-seven states which he covered, had he been so minded. There were fifty-six varieties of answers to the roll-call; the dinner was a fitting climax of the "new era in political campaigning" and a splendid and well-deserved tribute to the young chairman of the National Republican Committee, who may do honor to a portfolio in President Taft's Cabinet.

KERMIT ROOSEVELT
On his way to school

* * *

NEAR the Capitol at Washington lives Miss Alice C. Fletcher, a New England woman who has devoted many years to painstaking study of Indian life, and the lore collected in half a lifetime of observation presents indeed a realistic picture of the remote past of the red man. After fifteen years of research, she has succeeded in verifying the conclusions she had formed as to the nature and beauty of the ritual and music of many Indian religious ceremonies. She has at last achieved her ambition, and been rewarded by the discovery of an aged Pawnee warrior who understands and remembers the "hako" or sacred verses, and has been persuaded to sing the entire ritual into a talking machine. According to the Pawnee chief, Tahi Russa Wichi, who is seventy years of age, even the wearing of the feather headdress had its special religious significance, and was to them far more than a mere adornment.

Miss Fletcher has been very eager to learn all that she possibly could of the thoughts and customs of his warlike tribe and of all Indians while they are still with us as a people. It will soon be too late to acquire any definite information concerning their beliefs, and the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington, where the value of such information is appreciated, has been glad to co-operate with her in this work of preserving some glimpses of a race that in another half-century may be extinct. It hardly seems possible that only two centuries ago they were absolute "lords of the soil."

It has been the fashion to decry the idea of the "noble savage," but those who know the Indians best declare that they have very clear ideas in regard to the existence of a God, who reigns all-powerful and alone, a belief set forth plainly in the "hako," a Pawnee Indian ceremony.

Father, unto thee we cry!
Father thou of gods and men;
Father thou of all we hear;
Father thou of all we see.
Father, unto thee we cry!

When the aged chief, Tahi Russa Wichi, looking upon the Washington Monument, was asked if he would not ascend to the top, he replied:

"I will not go up; the white man likes to pile up stones. He may go to the top of them. I will not. I have ascended the mountains builded by God himself."

It is not surprising that a race cherishing such sentiments and such a love of nature should have a religious ritual full of lofty poetic sentiment. This ritual Miss Fletcher has put together piece by piece after many years spent among the Indians, during which she never ceased to watch them with the keen eye of an enthusiast. Her clear and tactful understanding and sympathy have preserved for us something of the religious

Photo Copyright by G. V. Buck

MRS. LUKE WRIGHT, WIFE OF SECRETARY OF WAR WRIGHT spirit existing in the red man's symbols and forming part of the old Indian ritual sung at daylight and nightfall by devotees with rapt faces. Miss Fletcher says that the face of the old Indian was almost transfigured as he told of the happiness brought to the worshipers by the visions which attend the "hako." The songs of the night season he would never speak of in the daytime. Miss Fletcher sat at the piano and played for us the Indian melodies, and these verses as translated by her are certainly not the aspirations of a people of low ideals:

JACKSON S. ELLIOTT
Who did good work in the Republican National Committee in the recent campaign

Holy visions!
Hither come, we pray you, come unto us,
Bringing with you joy;
Come, O come to us, holy visions,
Bringing with you joy.

Holy visions!
They, the sky ascending, reach their dwelling;
There they rest above.
They their dwelling reach—holy visions—
There they rest above.

On the day we visited Miss Fletcher she also received as a guest Edna Dean Proctor, whose "Song of the Ancient People, born with the sun and rain," has done so much to create a better understanding of the lofty character of many of those American Indians who once traversed

Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf prowled near;
To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and rose a-bloom;
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's bush and gloom;
By the veins of gold and silver and the mountains vast and grim—
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's rim.

* * *

WARM was the welcome accorded by his colleagues in the Senate to Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina on his return from Europe. With all his pitchfork fierceness, he has always commanded the respect of political foes and friends. Mr. Tillman has returned with a good story about the "working minorities," which he has so ably represented for years past. It seems that Bill Tiggins dwells in Charleston. A friend came along one day and remarked, "Bill, it seems to me that you have not much voice in the management of your house these days."

Bill sadly shook his head; then, brightening visibly, said: "Well, I'll tell you one thing—I support my wife, seventeen children and four sons-in-law, and if I'm not doing much bossing around the house just now, I am surely a fine specimen of the 'workin' minority'—'the bossed of the bossed.'"

* * *

THE term "intense" may be aptly applied to Governor Page. I shall always know him, as will his neighbors, by that title rather than by his new one of Senator. When I asked the Governor some time since to give me a few moments' time that I might construct a sort of thumb-nail sketch of Vermont's new United States Senator, he wore that cheery smile which is heightened by the twinkling, humorous eyes that win one's confidence before one has even had an opportunity to hear him talk on business, current events and politics. The Governor is certainly a wizard of the business world, and ought long ago to have been made a diplomat.

While Governor Page has made a success of buying and selling calfskins and of banking (largely by the liberal use of printers' ink), he has doubtless been the recipient of a greater number of complimentary press references than the average public man receives, owing to the personal magnetism of the man himself.

Some day I expect the Senator will get reminiscent and add to the Senate's already large stock of cloak-room anecdotes. He is well known as a good story-teller and his tales are always apropos.

He is not an orator, but when he writes me a letter I am always inclined to read it several times. The recipient of an epistle from Senator Page cannot fail to reciprocate the impulse that has prompted the writer. Whether he is selling a man a car load of calfskins or extending his felicitations or condolences, there is always something magnetic and compelling in his letters.

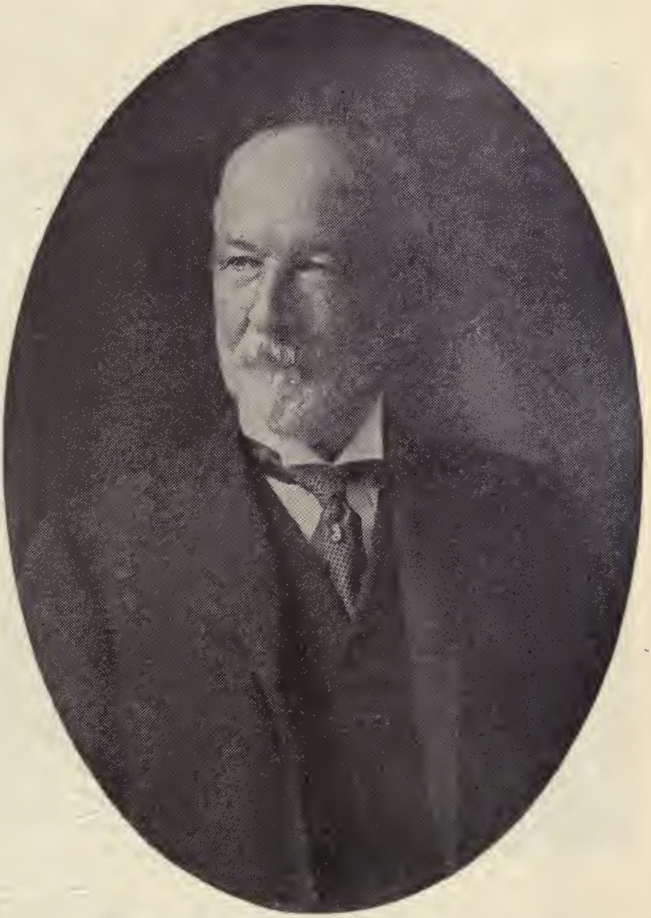
He is one of the busiest men in Vermont and yet never too busy to lean back at his desk and listen courteously to questions or something the visitor wishes to tell him.

His home is characteristic of him, there being plenty of room, plenty of sunshine and a view from the south porch that the Swiss Alps cannot duplicate. Here inspiration for the intensely strenuous, the best, can be had.

* * *

NOTHING in the way of charity appeals so strongly to the hearts of the American people as the work of finding homes for little waifs. When that contribution box comes around, one digs a little deeper than usual into the money pocket. This was impressed on me when on one of my trips West I saw sixty-seven babies, varying in age from two to five years, and of every shade of color from white to black, who were in a special car, with two sisters of charity and two trained nurses in charge, on a train speeding to the Middle West, where the Home Finding Society of New York had arranged to secure homes for the little orphans. It is doubtful if we should have known who our fellow travelers in the next car were if the conductor had not come into the smoker and told us of the little ones.

"They look so happy," he said. "Every time I go through some of them want to shake hands with me, play with my buttons or kiss me. They look up and smile—never saw such a happy crowd of kids."



UNITED STATES SENATOR PAGE OF VERMONT

So we went in relays to visit the little people, and agreed that they were as sweet as any babies could possibly be. The pity of it was that no father or mother would ever love and cherish them, but we were all glad to hear that they are kindly received in the homes where they are placed, and grow up to love and honor their adopted parents.

WITH the stirring lines of Longfellow—

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!—

ringing in my ears, I joined the delegation of North Dakota folk, a hundred strong, in Boston, and we entered the special train provided to convey passengers on that momentous day to the Fore River Shipyards, which have been prominently identified with the construction of the latest and best in naval and other shipping for many years. We were to witness the launching of the new battleship, the "North Dakota," the largest of her class that ever swept in majesty down the ways.

REPRESENTATIVE ADIN B. CAPRON
OF STILLWATER, RHODE ISLAND

Made up of old friends and neighbors from North Dakota, with all the vim and generous enthusiasm of the determined, fearless people who breathe the crisp air of the giant Western States, the party was a jolly one. Governor John Burke, the sturdy Democrat who has won his election in a Republican state, was there, his genial face framed by his tall silk hat and the fur collar of his overcoat. There, too, was courteous Colonel Brockmeyer, the master of ceremonies, and Colonels Lang, Burrows and McCutcheon—all thorough good fellows. No gold lace was displayed on this occasion, but it will doubtless be in evidence at the presentation of the handsome silver service, costing $6,000, which will take place when the North Dakota makes her trial trip.

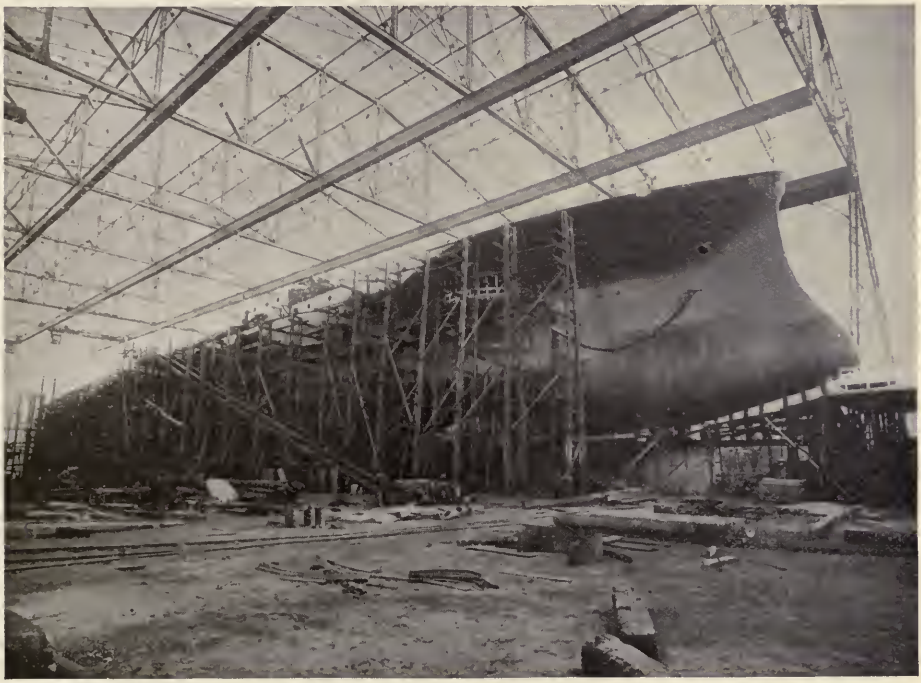
There was a large delegation of North Dakota ladies in the party, for the women of the Golden Northwest are always "at the front" when there is anything of interest going on. It was indeed a gay company, bedecked with silken flags and great chrysanthemums, and the fact that many of them were now to look for the first time on salt water added much interest to the trip.

* * *

The great hull of the mighty battleship stood out against the horizon, as if disdaining all chances of war or the naval rivalry of alien people; the powerful leviathan reminded one of a sleeping lion waiting to be unleashed. Standing before the bow of the vessel, the port-holes on either side of the monster's sharp nose looked like giant eyes staring one out of countenance, but from the great ram to the stern the lines swept in curves as delicate and true as those of the Venus de Milo. Thrills of expectancy from time to time seized and swayed the waiting throng, as the preparations for the naval baptism and the bridal of ship and sea went on. First came the artillery sounds of iron struck on iron—now a light tap, now a heavy one, as the tinkling little hammers or the heavy sledges tore at block and brace. Chains rattled against the sides of the ship, followed by the swishing sound of the crosscuts sawing blocks and sole pieces; one snapped—another—another—it sounded like escaping steam; there was a graceful dip, an undulation of the bow, as the great mass settled into its cradle and swept down the ways to the sea. What a moment it was when Miss Benton stood before the great warship, her extended right hand holding by a ribbon of red, white and blue the christening magnum of costly champagne, and uttered the formula, "I christen thee North Dakota." As she bent forward and dashed the fragile bottle against the red bows, the seething nectar covered the surface with splashes of white foam.

All the omens indicated good luck for the career of the North Dakota. The launching of a ship, even a little one, has something touching and solemn about it, suggestive of the commencement of a human career. As the great ship swept down the ways, driving the water before her, the crack, crack of the smaller chains and ropes was heard, and at last nothing remained except the great chains that steadied her and kept her on an even keel. She settled on the waves, shaking her feathers and pluming her wings like some giant bird glad to be free at last. As far as the eye could reach across the harbor, motor boats and tugs were in evidence; closer, small craft hung about; everybody was watching and waiting for the great event of the day.

After the launching, luncheon was served in the mold loft, where every part of the great vessels is modeled in thin strips of wood and laid on the floor, all being the exact size and shape of the actual parts. In this giant guest chamber a thousand or more people were heartily welcomed by an address from Admiral Bowles, the general manager of the Fore River Marine Ship Building Company. Governor Burke gave a hearty response, and at the close of his remarks read a poem composed for the occasion, impressing the fact on his hearers that other things beside wheat —poets, for instance—were grown in North Dakota. Admiral Bowles made a marked impression when he said that there was one thing the West could never take away from the East—salt water. Never a word did he utter about ship subsidies, and some of us thought he lost a good opportunity to speak on a burning subject.



THE NORTH DAKOTA, AS SHE STOOD ON THE WAYS BEFORE LAUNCHING

We sympathized with the yard officials in their pride at having so nearly completed the great ship in so short a time. The keel of the North Dakota was laid on the sixteenth of December, the day on which the Atlantic fleet sailed away from Hampton Roads on its famous trip around the world. In less than a year the ship was launched, sixty per cent. complete. The machinery and engines are still to be installed, and in her trial trip she is expected to make twenty-one knots an hour, being considered not only the largest but the swiftest battleship yet built.

True, the American navy is advancing by leaps and bounds, but what a great thing it would be for this nation to have once again on the Atlantic Coast such a merchant marine as that of 1860, to carry American enterprise to all the harbors of the world and bring their varied commodities to our shores.

The 4,000 men now employed in the Fore River Shipyards ought to be multiplied by many thousand, for this nation ought no longer to pay the enormous tribute of one hundred and sixty millions for foreign water transportation. It has been demonstrated that she can and does build the best battleships, and there is no reason why first-class merchant craft should not also be turned out from American shipyards.

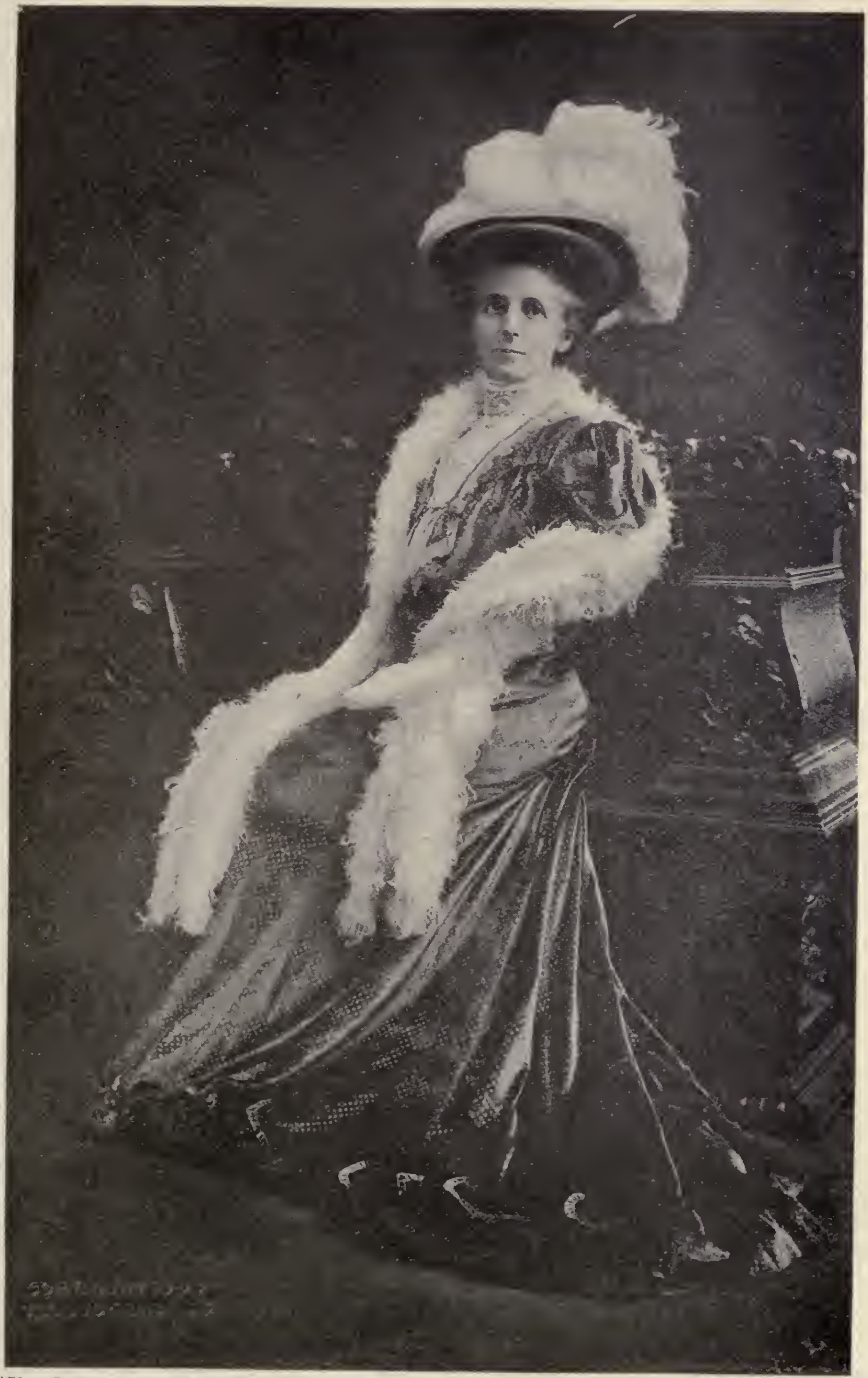
* * *

Yes, I followed the fashion and carried away a piece of cable; it was amusing to see the North Dakota friends doing up long strips of rope to take home. All hail to North Dakota! Always the home of brave, patriotic, enduring and aggressive people, from now on she will be represented on the waters of the world by a mighty champion of the seas, even though the inviolable ocean can never touch her boundary lines with its fleecy foam.

* * *

WHEN the late General Stephen D. Lee of Mississippi, Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, answered his last roll call he passed away mourned by hosts of the South's best citizens. The soldiers who had fought with him during the Civil War between the States feel the loss as a personal bereavement. A valiant solider in war he was the trusted counsellor of the commanders over him and they did not hesitate to compliment him on his gallantry on many occasions. President Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy paid him a just tribute when he said "he was one of the best all-round soldiers we had, superb in artillery, dashing as a cavalryman, and equally capable as a commander of infantry." General Lee was one of the first to set about the task of rebuilding the Southland and for almost twenty years was President of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College at Starkville, Miss., where his upright character and noble work made him beloved by the "home folks." An indication that the old sectional feeling is fast dying out was emphasized when General Lee was appointed as a commissioner of the National Military Park by President Roosevelt; he was devoting his life to the work when stricken down. His last illness was brought on by over-exertion in welcoming to the city of Vicksburg the brave soldiers of the old Twenty-first Iowa and the Wisconsin regiments who had opposed him in deadly battle on this same field forty-five years before to the exact day. His address of welcome and tribute to the boys in blue who had stood before his batteries was a token of comradeship. The gallant escort for President Roosevelt last October, when he visited Vicksburg, was General Lee and the same watchful eye looked after Mrs. Roosevelt on the occasion of her visit. Such men as he are missed, and whether wearers of the "blue" or the "gray" the memories are tender and the wish is always expressed, "Would that we had more such characters to give counsel and encouragement in the affairs of the nation!"

JOHN BANNATYNE
Whose sudden death while visiting old home scenes in Scotland removes one of the pioneers in the great Scotch Syndicate of Dry Goods Merchants so successful in the United States



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MME. H. DE LAGERCRANTZ, WIFE OF THE SWEDISH MINISTER

IN introducing the plans for the coming year, and giving a comprehensive and cohesive compendium of national affairs, we feel that we are building a solid structure in presenting the "Story of a Great Nation," with the minds and hearts of the young people as a permanent foundation. It is certainly a significant and hopeful sign for the future when the coming generation—who will soon be the "grown-ups"—desire to know all the details and working of governmental affairs; for never at any time in the history of the nation has this wish been so earnestly expressed.

MRS. JOHN J. ESCH OF LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN
Wife of Representative Esch

The NATIONAL'S "Story of a Great Nation" for 1909 will be of keen personal interest to each individual who knows anything of patriotic feeling. Its varying complexion and character will be well defined—the passing chronicles of the time, as ordinarily represented in the daily press, the better-digested facts and events, such as one looks for in the weeklies, and finally, carefully gathered and considered articles as presented by the magazines, from which digests are made, to appear in book form as actual history, for the use of coming generations. This is the kind of substantial and correct information that will be furnished by the NATIONAL, and yet it will not lack the spicy atmosphere of the daily.

When one is tired of the conflicting controversies of the daily papers, how refreshing it is to sit down and read a scholarly, exhaustive magazine article, relating to some great national event or question: one forms a more deliberate and reasonable view of these matters from such reading than from either a daily or weekly newspaper.

We want every reader of the NATIONAL to feel a permanent interest in our work. If there is any way in which you think we can improve, let us know of it. Is there a federal department, for instance, whose work has not been taken up; is there a public character concerning whom you wish for more information, let us know it, and we will be glad to look it up and obtain the details.

* * *

NOW that the fires in the grates are lighted in the various offices in Washington, and the crackling of the pine logs has begun, the spirit of story-telling has descended afresh upon the learned legislators.

One story that Secretary Taft used to relate at cabinet meetings has at last found circulation. It was related to him by Lord Justice Fitzgibbon of Ireland. He was holding assizes in Tipperary when a man was indicted for manslaughter, and it was proved that the dead man had come to his death by a blow on the head, though the doctors added that he had what is known in medical parlance as a "paper skull." A verdict of "guilty" was returned. The judge asked whether the prisoner at the bar had anything to say for himself. The man looked dazed for a moment, and then replied:

"No, your honor; no, I have nothing to say why sentence should not be passed on me, but I ask your leave to put a question."

"What is the question?"

"I'd like to know—faith, I'd greatly like to know—what a man with a paper skull was doing in Tipperary?"

It was solemnly concluded by Lord Justice Fitzgibbon and his colleagues that "paper skulls" would do well to give Tipperary a wide berth and be content with some country where "shillelahs" are less numerous and hard heads are not essential.

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SENATOR PHILANDER C. KNOX OF PENNSYLVANIA

Who has been named as Secretary of State in the Taft cabinet. The Little Giant of the Keystone State was one of McKinley's old law school chums and is counted one of the master legal minds in public life.

A CITIZEN OF FULL STATURE

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

YEARS ago a bridal couple arrived in Minneapolis on the honiest of honeymoons. One of the first sights of the city visited was the T. B. Walker Art Collection, the first public art gallery known to Minneapolis, celebrated as being the finest ever collected by a private individual, and including not only Old World but American masterpieces, notably a copy of Lear by Benjamin West. The picture gallery is situated in a wing of the Walker residence, and the only entrance is through the front door, which is opened to visitors six days of the week. There is no admission fee on any day of the week, this being the only art gallery in the world of which this can be said. All are welcome and are given a catalog. This is probably the only home in the country where the passing stranger is made welcome; the latch-string of Mr. Walker's door is always out for lovers of art; he is glad to share the pleasure of his fine pictures with the public, and is quick to recognize high and wholesome ideals wherever found. This privilege is taken advantage of by about a thousand visitors a week from all parts of the world. Not content with fitting out his own collection, Mr. Walker has given fifty valuable paintings to the City Art Gallery.

In the T. B. Walker collection are masterpieces of Rubens, Van Dyke, Romney, Lerolle, Lely, Raphael, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Cuyp, Corot and many other celebrated painters—pictures that would do credit to any gallery in Europe for their high standard of art excellence; it is almost equivalent to a trip to famous Old World galleries in France, Holland or Italy to visit this wonderful collection in a home in the Middle West.

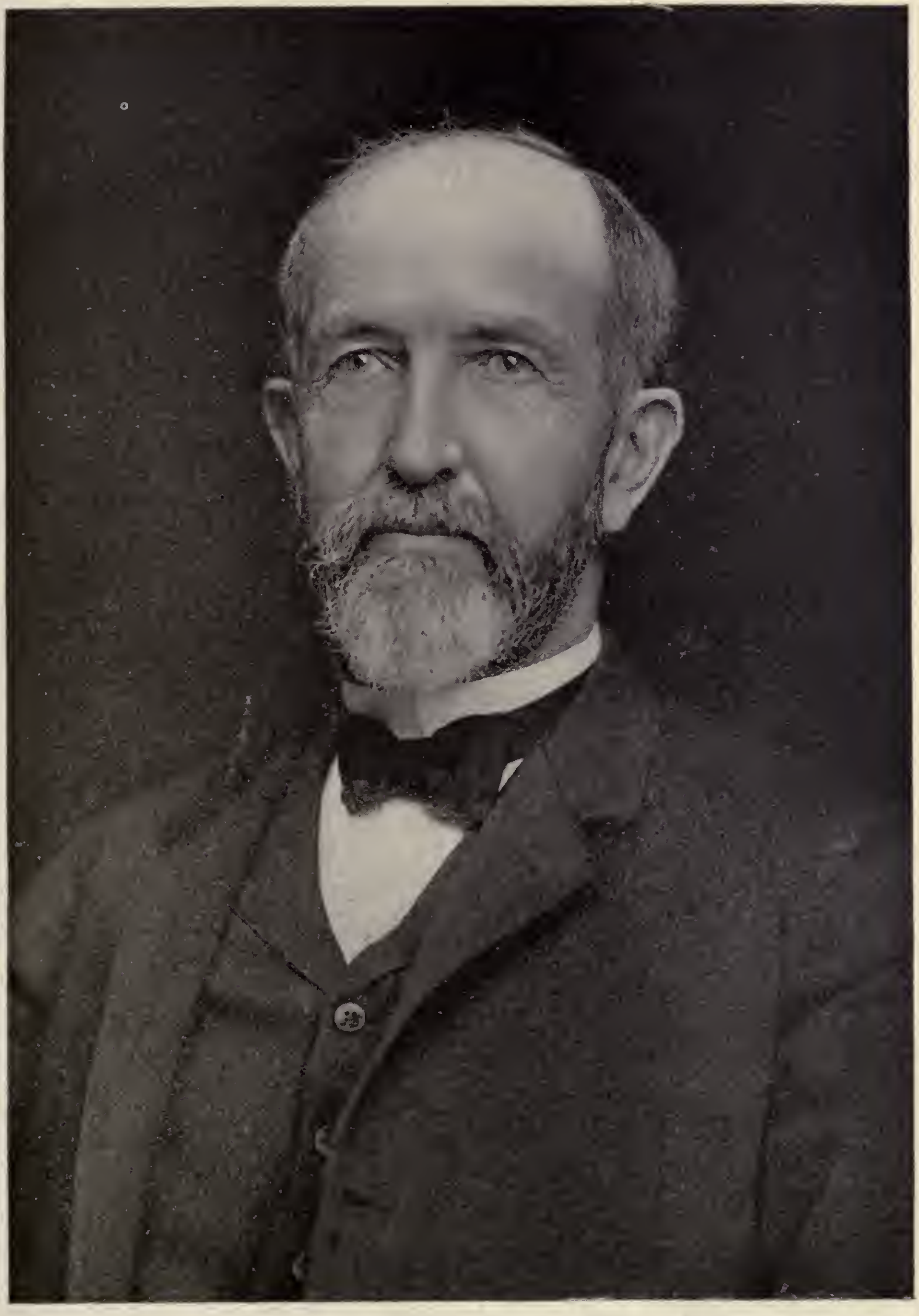
* * *

Co-operating with the Forestry Bureau in the conservation of natural resources, Mr. T. B. Walker was in Washington when for the first time I met him recently in the writing room of the Willard Hotel, during the session of the Forestry Conservation Congress. We sat on the leather settee and chatted; how swiftly the time passed! If the reading of biography is an inspiration, how much more it means to gather a life story in chatty sentences and comment in the course of an evening's conversation! Not until afterward does the listener realize how much has been learned. Mr. Walker is a type of those stalwart men who have been the creative master-minds in the development of the great Middle West. He is well-proportioned, a trifle over average height, and has a face that awakens an abiding confidence. He is a good citizen in the highest sense of the word.

On the first day of February, 1840, the cradle in the Walker home in Xenia, Ohio, received its third occupant; the mother claimed the right to name her boy in honor of her favorite brother, Judge Thomas Barlow, who had won distinction at the New York bar. When little Tom began to grow up, his father left the humble home and his work as a shoemaker, to go with a train of goods across the plains to the gold fields of California, with the "'49-ers." He died in Missouri on his way West, and the brave mother faced the problem of supporting the little family. There were hard times, but it was a united family, and little Tom soon demonstrated a self-reliant helpfulness in assisting his mother, doing odd jobs, selling papers, cutting wood and picking berries to earn money.

One thing the little lad had fully decided—he must earn an education. The family moved to Berea, Ohio, and Thomas entered the Baldwin University with what little money he had saved, determined to work his way through college. A short time after his future career was foreshadowed by an investment in a plot of timber land, which he cut with the aid of his fellow students—and all made money.

In Berea there was a maker of grindstones, Mr. Hulet, who saw in young Walker the possibilities of an energetic salesman; orders came thick and fast, and over the country roads traveled the young Ohioan, with one



Sincerely Yours
T. B. Walker

grip containing his books and simple wardrobe. Attending only one term in the year in college, the lad kept up his studies with his classes and excelled in mathematics. Newton's "Principia" was his favorite book at this time, and the study of chemistry, astronomy and other sciences was a pastime that occupied every spare moment.

His first large business venture on his own account was to supply the old Terre Haute & St. Louis road with cross-ties and cordwood—a responsible undertaking for a lad of nineteen. The company failed and he was left with only a tiny fraction of his earnings. With that few hundred dollars he returned home, to begin all over again, and taught school for a year; to this day Mr. Walker has that clear, lucid way of conveying information which suggests the conciseness required for the school-room.

* * *

The college at Berea was broken up by war, and business was paralyzed; the young student joined an artillery company, but failed to secure enlistment. After his year of school-keeping, he visited Mr. Hulet and announced his desire to resume the sale of grindstones; he had made a splendid success of the local territory, and not only won the esteem and confidence of his employer, but, later, the hand of his daughter.

An order for grindstones which had been sent to Chicago was countermanded. Young Walker hastened there to dispose of the goods but met with no success. Nothing daunted, he went on to Milwaukee, and from there pursued a round of unavailing effort; it was not a millstone but a grindstone that hung upon the neck of the young salesman at this time; still, the light of determination sparkled in his eye and he kept on his way with the fixed purpose of effecting sales. He stopped at Madison, where for the first time he thought he had better take up work as an instructor in mathematics in the University of Wisconsin, and let the grindstones go until later. He applied to the president, who was favorably impressed, and drove him about to see the directors or regents, but they considered that his services would involve too heavy an outlay at that time.

Young Walker pushed on to Prairie du Chien, and then to McGregor, Iowa. He was sitting before the old Riverside Tavern, feeling thoroughly discouraged with his sales prospects, when a stranger named Robinson drew him into conversation and told about a new city called Minneapolis. The young salesman might try his chance there with Dame Fortune — the Diamond Joe Line steamer would go north that day. Just then the steamboat whistled around the bend—that was a whistle to fortune—in a few minutes Mr. Walker's grips were packed and he started for Minneapolis.

After he had sold and traded the grindstones in Minneapolis, he went down to the wharf to look after them; there he met a young man called "Jim," who was in charge, and was always busy. First in the morning, last to leave at night; others had an hour for dinner, but Jim managed with ten minutes at times. Mr. Walker's admiration for him increased when he learned that he earned $75 a month; the two young men became fast friends, and Jim confided to his companion the secret of getting $75 a month—"Make yourself so useful that they can't get along without you."

This young man was none other than Mr. James J. Hill, president and projector of the Great Northern Railway. All these years there has been a warm friendship between the two men who met on the wharf so long ago.

* * *

Arriving in Minneapolis, Mr. Walker joined George B. Wright in the work of government land survey. The Indians were then on the warpath, and frequently the surveyors were driven out of the woods by attacking parties, but they pushed on for three days through the hostile district and reached Fort Ripley, re-enforcing the small garrison there. Mr. Wright soon discovered that the sturdy young Ohioan could run the solar compass better than he could, and he cheerfully cleared the brush and carried the chain to have full advantage of the young surveyor's lines and calculations. In the meantime Mr. Walker traded off some of his grindstones for a second-hand transit, which chanced to be a superb instrument. He made the survey of the St. Paul & Duluth Railway. His experience in the government survey aroused his enthusiastic interest in the pine-land and timber business, and laid the foundation of success while friends thought he was dreaming of a too-remote future. He foresaw the great future of that country, and soon interested men of capital. The triple alliance between Mr. Walker and two other men resulted in a partnership that was successful from the start; and from this small beginning Mr. Walker became one of the largest lumber operators in this country. He always had a prescience in studying conditions; the panic of 1873 found him with his stock all cleaned up and his business houses in order—not a dollar in debt. He was equally well prepared for all other financial flurries.

* * *

In the full flood tide of his success, in the midst of tremendous business and industrial operations, T. B. Walker remained the same wholesome, hearty idealist as when a lad he heard the whistle of the Diamond Joe steamer. In 1863 he went back to the old home in Ohio and claimed the hand of the daughter of the man who gave him a start in life with grindstones. They had been schoolmates together, and the young couple established a home in the new West which has been an inspiring example and ideal to many because of its perfect home life. Truly a helpmate, Mrs. Walker has been in the broadest sense of the word a "home-maker." A Christian, motherly woman, with practical ideals, she has been active and earnest in welfare work, in which her force and executive ability has brought gratifying results.

When he first built his residence on Hennepin Avenue, Minneapolis, Mr. Walker brought his mother there—the mother whose early training had meant so much to him. She was cherished with an affectionate regard as queen of the household by her son and daughter-in-law, and their eight children, who are an honor and credit to their home training.

The splendid career of this man of wealth and great influence finds its inspiring force in his home, which he has always been ready to share with others. The Walker children had a wise mother, who sympathized with their amusements and welcomed not only the young friends of her own little ones, but threw open the grounds to the public and provided benches and settees for their convenience—in marked contrast to the methods pursued by many wealthy men who "envelope" their estates with hedges and high fences, keeping them solely for their own exclusive enjoyment.

In Mr. Walker's splendid library the standard authors are represented in works of philosophy and science, physical and political; these books are marked with the evidences of frequent reference and the careful reading of a student. It is certain that there have been few idle minutes in the life of this busy Minneapolis man. In the library his private office is located; scarcely a charitable institution or public interest of the Northwest but has numbered him among its contributors. His addresses and articles have been in much demand because of his clear grasp of any subject which he undertakes to discuss.

As a citizen of Minneapolis, he has probably expended more money in the development of his home city than any other one man. He has been for eighteen years president of the Academy of Science, and it is one of his ambitions to build an art institute and museum for Minneapolis.

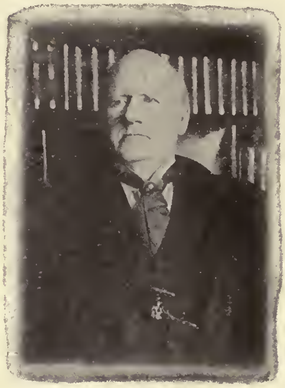
Since its establishment a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Walker has been annually elected president of the Public Library Board.

For forty years an army of men have been on his payroll, developing large enterprises, and yet he has never had a strike nor has there been any dissatisfaction among his workers as to treatment or wages. He makes justice and liberality a rule as fixed as an axiom

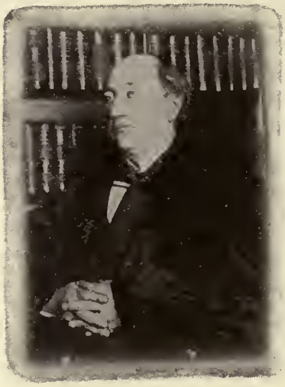
* * *

We had taken our seats for a little chat, and it seemed only a moment when the clock struck midnight. As I rose to respond to his hearty handgrasp, I felt that in Mr. T. B. Walker I had met a man of the full stature and ideals of an American citizen, whose work will indeed leave an impress on the pages of history. A man of purpose, he foresaw conditions and acted; in his busy days and nights of achievement he utilized every spare minute for some great purpose, and never lost sight of the larger things of life, the Christian ideals—the uplifting influence, the responsibility of fellow men one to another.

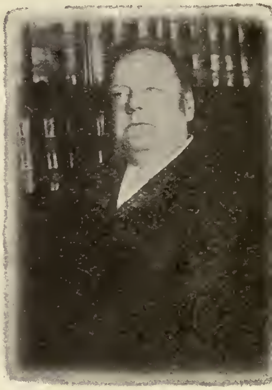
Before parting with Mr. Walker, I secured from him a promise of an article for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE on the Conservation of Our Forests. The article appears elsewhere in this issue. As might be expected from his vast experience, this is probably the most valuable contribution to the literature of this important subject that has thus far appeared.



MR. JUSTICE HARLAN



MR. JUSTICE BREWER



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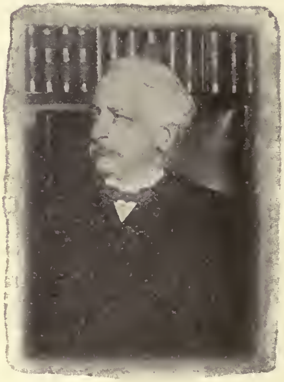

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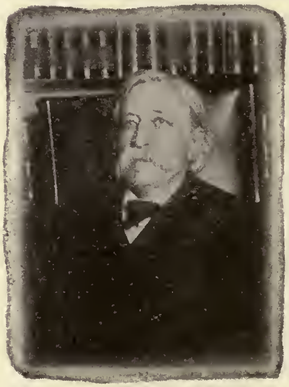
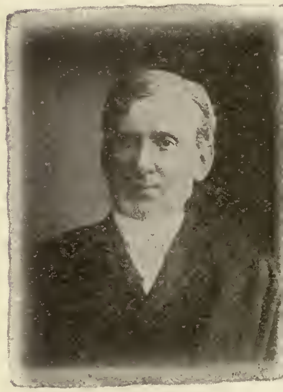


MR. CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER



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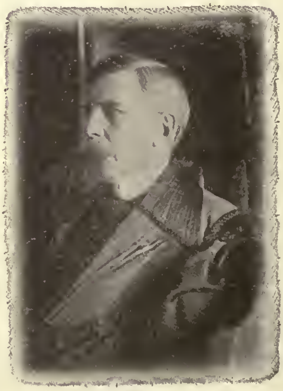
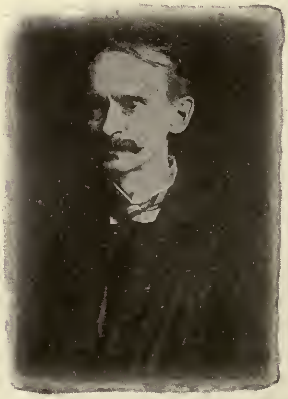
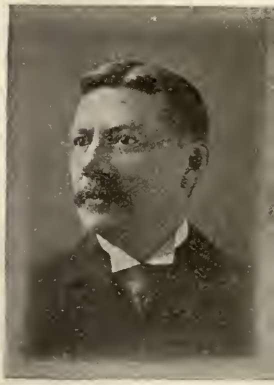


MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

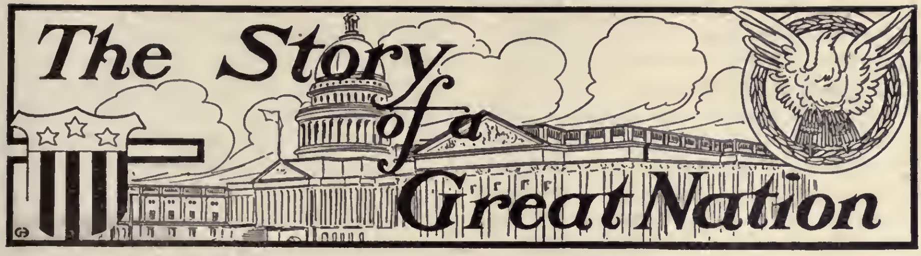


MR. JUSTICE DAY



MR. JUSTICE MOODY

CHIEF JUSTICE AND ASSOCIATE JUSTICES, SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES


The Story of a Great Nation

THE SUPREME COURT

By EX-JUSTICE HENRY B. BROWN

OF all the inducements which led directly to the adoption of the Constitution of 1787, the want of a national mechanism to operate a national government was the most cogent. The Articles of Confederation were impotent, even for the immediate purposes for which they were designed, and the wonder is that a war could be carried on at all under such a loosely-constructed league of the states. With no Supreme Executive to direct its actions, no army to fight its battles, no money to pay its expenses, no power to levy taxes for the common defence, no courts to adjudicate the claims of the states against each other, or those of foreign powers against the general government, and no authority to compel the states to do the bidding of Congress, it is no surprise that the Confederacy fell to pieces as soon as the tension of a common war was relaxed. The Union was indeed nothing more than an agreement for united action, and was dependent entirely upon the good faith of each state, which might be invited, but could not be coerced to fulfill its part of the contract.

EX-JUSTICE H. B. BROWN

Almost the first question which confronted the Convention of 1787 was the necessity of a Supreme Judicial Tribunal to adjust conflicts between the states which could otherwise be settled only by war, and to give a construction to the Constitution which should be binding upon the courts of all the states, each of which might, under the old regime, give a different construction to each clause. It was voted unanimously that such a court should be created by the Constitution itself, with a further provision, adopted after a strong contest, that Congress might in its discretion establish inferior courts. All judges were given life tenures, with a provision that their salaries should not be diminished during their continuance in office. The limits of the judicial power of the national government were also fixed by the Constitution, though it was left to Congress to parcel it out to the several courts within those limits.

Strange to say, the importance of the Supreme Court was not at first appreciated. Judges who had risen to the highest positions in the courts of their respective states looked askant at this new-comer in the field of jurisprudence, and were loth to admit its claim to superiority over courts of sovereign and independent states. This denial of its paramount authority manifested itself in different forms as late as 1861, when all questions as to the supremacy of the federal government within its constitutional sphere of action were settled by the Civil War. The existence of the United States as a new nation was then finally established.

The want of cordiality toward the new court was the occasion of some difficulty in selecting its early judges. Indeed, it was regarded by some as of less dignity than the state courts. John Jay, the first chief justice, a man of great ability and purity of character, resigned his seat after five years of service to accept a mission to Great Britain, and subsequently to become governor of New York. He afterward declined a second appointment as chief justice, assigning as a reason that he was "perfectly convinced that under a system so defective it" (the court) "would not obtain the energy, weight and dignity which was essential to its affording due support to the national government, nor acquire the public confidence and respect which, as the last resort of the justice of the nation, it should possess." Alexander Hamilton and Patrick Henry are both said to have been offered and to have declined a justiceship. John Rutledge, the senior associate justice, resigned his place to become chief justice of South Carolina. William Cushing, who had accepted a place upon the bench as associate justice, declined the chief-justiceship after the resignation of Jay, preferring to retain the inferior position; and Robert H. Harrison, after a long hesitation, refused an appointment as an associate justice to become chancellor of the State of Maryland. He lived but a few months thereafter, probably not long enough to regret his mistake.

The beginnings of the court were certainly insignificant in the amount of business and inauspicious in their results. No case was heard upon the merits for three years after the organization of the court, and for eleven years preceding the appointment of Marshall less than fifty cases were finally disposed of. Though there were seekers for office in those days, as now, apparently no one cared to be appointed reporter, and the decisions of the court were published as an appendix to those of the supreme court of Pennsylvania. The reports of these eleven years are condensed into three hundred and thirty pages, while twenty-four hundred pages are now required for the reports of a single term.

The court at first was unpopular. In the second case decided by it, holding that a state could be sued by a citizen of another state, its decision was greeted with a storm of protest from all the heavily-indebted states. The State of Georgia, from which the case arose, went so far as to denounce the penalty of death against anyone who should presume to enforce the process of the court within its jurisdiction. Two days after the judgment was pronounced, the eleventh amendment to the Constitution was proposed to Congress, adopted shortly thereafter, and subsequently ratified by the requisite majority of states. Certainly the reception accorded to this first important decision was not a favorable augury for the success of the new court.

To add to the infelicities of the early court, one of the justices appointed during what may be termed the preliminary period was impeached for misconduct, and although acquitted of any impeachable offence, was shown to have been guilty of the most offensive partisanship in his official utterances, such as would now be condemned by everyone who believes in an impartial, dignified judiciary. It ought to be said, however, in extenuation of Justice Chase's offence, that the manners both of English and American judges of that day were often arbitrary and at times positively brutal; and that it was not uncommon for judges to express their views upon public questions by utterances which would shock our nicer modern sense of judicial propriety.

The real history of the Supreme Court may be said to have begun in 1801, with the appointment of John Marshall as chief justice. From that time the court rose rapidly in popular estimation. Its subsequent history is divisible into four separate periods, roughly delimited by the lives of the chief justices and by the character of the litigation before it. During the first period, from 1801 to 1835, coincident with the incumbency of Marshall as chief justice, the respective powers of Congress, the Supreme Court and the State Legislatures were settled in general terms, which subsequent cases have recognized, followed and applied to contingencies which have since arisen. The Constitution extorted, as John Quincy Adams said, "from the grinding necessities of a reluctant people," and which at the outset of Marshall's career had hardly a single unconditional friend, he left behind him in 1835 without an enemy. He found a mere skeleton of a government—he clothed it with flesh and blood, made it a practical working scheme, and best of all, cemented it in the affections of the people.

From this general consensus of approval, however, there was always one dissenting voice. Animated partly by his devotion to the rights of the states and partly by his hatred toward the great Chief Justice, Thomas Jefferson omitted no opportunity of casting suspicion upon the motives and integrity of the court. Even so late as 1820, writing to a friend, he said: "The judiciary of the United States is a subtle corps of sappers and miners, constantly working underground to undermine the foundations of our confederated fabric. They are construing our Constitution from a co-ordination of a general and special government to a general and supreme one alone; * * * having found from experience that impeachment is an impracticable thing, a mere scarecrow, they consider themselves secure for life; they skulk from responsibility. * * * An opinion is huddled up in conclave, perhaps by a majority of one, delivered as if unanimous and with the silent acquiescence of lazy and timid associates by a crafty Chief Judge, who sophisticates the law to his mind by a turn of his own reasoning."

The second period, from 1835 to 1864, was covered by the administration of Roger B. Taney, as chief justice, a judge second only to Marshall in ability, who, while he survived until 1864, took but little part in the proceedings of the court after the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861. It may be said generally of Chief Justice Taney that, notwithstanding his political affiliations had been with the states rights party, the jurisdiction of the federal courts was greatly enlarged during his administration, and that he showed a determination fully equal to that of Marshall to vindicate their authority, and their absolute independence of the state courts within their proper sphere of action.

The administrations of Chief Justices Chase and Waite, from 1864 to 1888, taken together, constitute the third great period in the history of the Supreme Court, and are chiefly noteworthy for cases arising directly or indirectly out of the Civil War.

The fourth period covers the incumbency of Chief Justice Fuller, who took his seat in 1888 and still remains upon the bench. His administration has already continued twenty years, and we hope may be prolonged for many years to come. During this period the court has dealt largely with questions of taxation and interstate commerce, with the authority of the states to regulate the rates of transportation and the extension of the Constitution to our newly-acquired territories.

The first impression a judge of the Supreme Court gets in taking his seat upon the bench is a realization of the vast extent of the country and the great variety of its jurisdiction. Cases are often submitted the same day from jurisdictions as remote as Massachusetts, Porto Rico, Texas, Minnesota, Oregon, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, with subjects as diverse as railroad land grants, Chinese immigration, collisions at sea, negligence upon the land, the validity of patents, the liability upon municipal bonds and the status of our modern insular possessions. It is believed that in the territorial extent of its jurisdiction and in the variety of questions with which it is called upon to deal no other court, except possibly the Privy Council in England, can be compared to it.

The court at present is composed of the chief justice and eight associates, who devote the first five days of the week to the hearing of arguments and Saturdays to a conference of the justices, and a decision of the cases. Each member of the court is assigned one or two cases in which to write an opinion. When written, these opinions are put in print, circulated privately among the justices and returned to the writer for approval or criticism, or for further consideration. Every case is thus considered twice by the full bench. While the court has been criticized for a lack of unanimity in a large number of constitutional cases, it can scarcely be expected that, where popular and professional opinion is so nearly divided upon the questions involved, the justices of the Supreme Court, who are selected from different parties and from remote sections of the Union, and share in all the infirmities common to their fellow citizens, should nevertheless be unanimous in their views upon constitutional questions.

Criticisms are still made upon the federal courts for unlawful assumptions of power.

Many of these are addressed to the judgments of inferior courts, some of which have already been reversed by the Supreme Court. Others are but the recrudescence of the old controversy between the federal and state rights, or between legislative and judicial power, which were long since settled by the decisions of the court and the general acquiescence of the people. If any evils have arisen, or are likely to arise from these decisions, they are generally easily remedied by congressional legislation. The main difficulty has been, in seeking for points of attacks upon the federal system, that such cases only are selected as are supposed to be inimical to the interests of a particular class, as, for instance, the laboring men, while no credit is given for other cases in protection of their rights, wherein the Supreme Court has gone even farther than the state courts in upholding the constitutionality of laws enacted in their interests.

In all departments of the government, except the judicial, there has been a distinct tendency ever since the adoption of the Constitution toward enlarging the powers of the people and vesting in them directly a choice of their executive and legislative rulers, but in all this upsetting of usages and traditions the method of selecting federal judges continues as the Constitution originally fixed it, and it is probable that this feature will remain unchanged so long as the Constitution continues to be the basis of our government. If the question were put to a popular vote, it is quite probable the people would express a preference for selecting their own judges; but it is exceedingly doubtful whether a court thus chosen would interpret the constitutional laws of the federal government with greater impartiality and deference to new exigencies than the court as at present constituted. The Supreme Court has been called, with good reason, the balance-wheel of the Constitution, and it is probably wise that, while the laws themselves are subject to constant evolution and amendment, the interpretation of such laws should be as unvarying and consistent as human foresight can make it. Not only is the Supreme Court looked upon by foreign writers as the one great contribution of America to modern jurisprudence, but to the intelligent thought of this country it is manifest that the existence of a small body of learned and incorruptible men, removed from all personal or political ambition, with power to control and even to nullify the will of a popular majority in legislative body, is a feature of enormous value in the conservation of a stable government.

Notwithstanding all the prejudice which a court constituted as the Supreme Court is must inevitably encounter; notwithstanding the diversity of interests impossible to reconcile, and the disappointment to large classes of men its decisions must necessarily cause, there has never been a time in its history when its judgments have been more cheerfully accepted as determining the law for the time being than now. There is nothing more assuring to the stability of the government than this general acquiescence. A people which can accept without murmuring the judgment of a bare majority of nine men as settling a great question of the power of Congress to lay an income tax, or rule distant possessions, regardless to a certain extent of constitutional restrictions, has given the best proof of its power of self-government and its reluctance to resort to force. This respect for the law, whether such law be declared by a majority of one upon the bench, or enacted by a majority of one in the legislature, is a distinctive characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, and has contributed more than anything else to the perpetuity of its institutions.

H. B. Brown.

MAKING UNCLE SAM'S MONEY

By JOSEPH E. RALPH

Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing

II—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THE Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington stands today as man's highest expression of skill and endeavor to provide himself with a circulating medium, safe, beautiful and durable.

Money is older than history, and the kind of money employed by a people is not a bad measure of their civilization. Originally skins secured in the chase served as money. As man advanced, cattle became a standard of value, and these and other curious forms of money are still employed in the more remote and unenlightened parts of the earth. The Australian native carries a tough green stone, suited to making rude and primitive hatchets, a hundred miles and exchanges it for red earth with which to smear his lean, black body.

Indians used, and still use, shells for money. Beaver and muskrat skins at one time had current value. Among ancient German codes fines were expressed in cattle, oxen were units of value, and sheep were decimal parts. Whale teeth pass current among the Fijians; red feathers are legal tender among the South Sea Islanders; cacao beans are used by the Aztecs; glass beads and brass wire are money in parts of Africa.

JOSEPH E. RALPH

From skins, cattle, shells and feathers to metal was a big step, and it took a long time to take it, but in time metal took the place of other tokens. Lead, tin, copper and iron have all been employed as money, but in time the commercial world recognized that the precious metals, gold and silver, were the ones best calculated for coinage, and then the nations became eager to gather and coin these metals into money. Then at last came paper, which, like the other kinds, has been bad, indifferent and good, but its advantages are so patent that it has become recognized as a necessity, and no institution in the world comes so near to furnishing, from an artistic and mechanical point of view, a perfect circulating medium as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which is located in that large red brick building between the White House and the Potomac River and overshadowed by the Washington Monument.

MONETARY EXPERIENCES OF AMERICA

Our own country has passed through many monetary experiences. At one time the Virginia Colony used tobacco as currency, and when the crop was abundant and wives were few, the harvest would be exchanged, pound

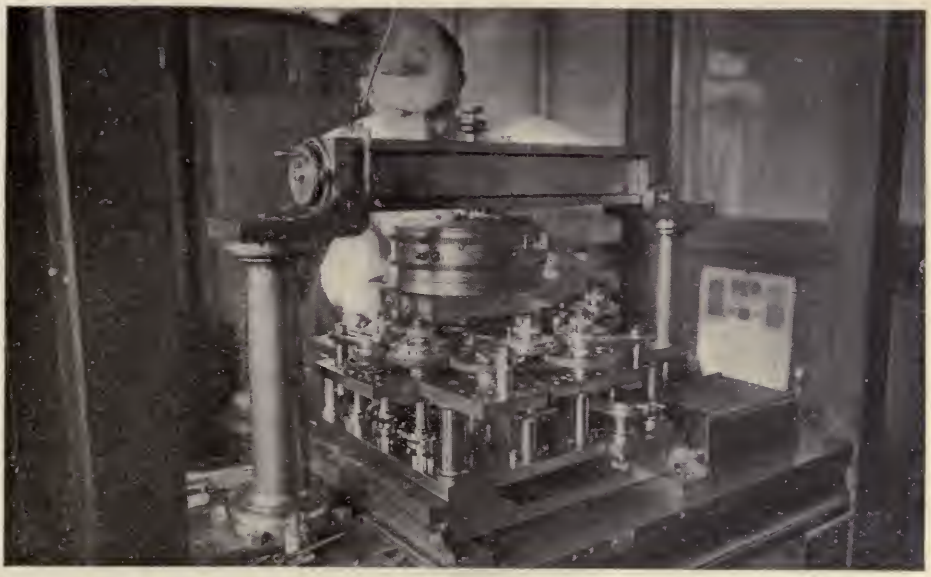
THE STEEL ENGRAVER AT WORK

for pound, for wives. Amusing pictures have been drawn of gallant young Virginians hastening to the water side when a ship arrived from London, clad in their gayest apparel, carrying a bundle of tobacco, intent on negotiation for a beautiful and virtuous young wife.

Western Pennsylvania, early settled by Scotch and Scotch-Irish, employed whiskey as currency, and many a lawyer's fee and minister's meager salary was paid in strong drink. It is related that in the lumber regions of Wisconsin a thousand shingles was the regular price for a sermon, while two hundred and fifty was considered a fair price for conducting a prayer meeting. These makeshifts, however, are to be classified among the curiosities of history. The United States, in spite of the crude experiments, has always found a place for paper money. The colonies and the Continental Congress issued paper money, as have also the states. Most of this at some time or other became of questionable value, much being repudiated and never redeemed, and so poorly made that it was easily counterfeited. It was not until seventy years after the adoption of the Constitution that circulating notes, payable on demand without interest, were issued by the federal government, a form of money which has today become almost the universal circulating medium of the country.

The printing of stamps, bills, and bonds is the highest expression of the printer's art. It is the jewelry of the trade, demanding skill, care, watchfulness and oversight such as is necessary in no other form of work. There is scarcely a man, woman or child in the Union who does not daily see some form of the issues of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Soothing syrup for the baby until recently bore a revenue stamp on the bottle. The smoker selects his "stogy" or "perfecto" from a box carrying evidence of the engraver's skill. When the bon vivant says "I'll take the same," that same has been drawn from a vessel on which the government has placed a sample of the work executed at the Bureau of Engraving. Citizens and corporations exchange the savings or gains of years for a sheet printed by the bureau, and feel that the investment is safer than if converted into yellow gold and guarded by bolts and bars. All forms of securities, stamps and notes, from the internal revenue stamp, whose value is one-eighth of a cent, to a government bond, whose par value is $50,000, are made at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. No other workshop in the world finds such universal demand for its products, and none of its customers complain of being overstocked.

Its work is the almost imperishable record



THE GEOMETRIC LATHE

of history. The fractional currency, the greenbacks, the national bank notes, the treasury notes, the silver and gold certificates and bonds are the visible and tangible evidence of the struggles and triumphs of the nation. They are the crystalized forms of gigantic forensic battles waged under the statue of Columbia on the dome of the Capitol. They register the rise and fall of policies, parties and candidates. They furthermore record the labors of 4,000 people employed in the bureau, a branch of the government work which affords no soft places, but where every employe labors up to the limit of his ability.

The paper employed for the printing of bills is a fine, firm quality of linen, known as "distinctive" paper, manufactured under government inspection at Dalton, Massachusetts. Its delicate yet tough fibers have had a varied history before receiving the government stamp. The flax grew perhaps in the moist, fertile fields of Ireland. It was gathered, bleached, spun and woven largely by woman's skill. It may have formed at one time dainty lingerie; it may have been the garments of babes; it may have been the confirmation suits of children or the graduating gowns of girls. Loving hands have caressed it, patched it, darned it, and finally consigned it to the rag bag. Its mission, however, was not thereby concluded. By a process of modern alchemy, it is transformed and issued anew, not from looms, but from rolls, to take up another cycle of usefulness. Feeding avarice, serving as a channel for charity, satisfying hunger, paying bills, building homes and perhaps dowering brides whose mothers wore the same fibers when they stood before the altar, the bank note could tell a rare story of comedy and tragedy.

HOW THE BILLS ARE PRINTED

The sheets of paper on which bills and bonds are printed are delivered daily by the loans and currency division of the secretary's office to the bureau upon requisition. From the time the blank sheets are delivered by careful count until thirty days later, when the printed bills are sent to the treasury to have the seal printed thereon, the bureau must account for every sheet in its hands. It is counted when received, it is counted when wet, when printed on one side, when dried, when wet again, when printed again, when dried a second time, when examined for imperfections, when numbered—in short, counted some fifty times before it finally escapes from the bureau. It has become accustomed to be counted before it starts out into the world as money, and then continues to be counted until returned, ragged, dirty and worn out—counted to death—only to be again counted and destroyed.

The engraving division is the corner stone of the bureau and the bulwark of our securities. In this division every form of security issued by the government—notes, bonds, checks, drafts, internal revenue stamps and commissions—have their origin, and the most artistic and skilled engravers that the world produces are employed in this division. Steel engraving is the perfection of art as applied to securities; it differs from painting and sculpturing, inasmuch as the engraver who carves his work on steel plates must deliberately study the effect of each infinitesimal line. Free hand, with a diamond-pointed tool known as a graver, aided by a powerful magnifying-glass, he carves away, conscious that one false cut or slip of his tool or miscalculation of depth or width of line will destroy the artistic merit of his creation and weeks or months of labor will have been in vain. In no other form of printing can the beautiful, soft and yet strong effects in black and white be obtained as in steel engraving. The introduction of cheap mechanical process work has superseded the beautiful creations of our master engraver commercially, and now we find the art limited to bank note engraving. The recent two per cent. consol coupon and registered bonds, series 1910 and 1930, were the most artistic ever engraved, and the most difficult to counterfeit; the twenty-dollar gold certificate and the Philippine silver pesos notes are the acme of perfection in the art of steel engraving, and reflect great credit upon the genius of the American artist and mechanic. The work in this division is classified and divided so that the employes become specially skilled in some particular branch of the art. For instance, the engravers are classified as portrait, script, square letter and ornamental engravers. Each is confined to his own specialty, and thus becomes unusually expert, the result being that not only better work is secured, but a greater amount is turned out in a given time, and, what is of greater importance, increased security is obtained. The individual excellencies and characteristics of a number of men are impressed upon every bill issued. Therefore, it would be as difficult for one engraver to make a perfect reproduction of a government plate as it would be for the reader to reproduce an absolute facsimile of his or her own signature, and, strange as it may seem, no one has as yet accomplished this feat.

PERFORATING POSTAGE STAMPS

To the credit of the engravers and employes of this division, it should be stated that in the history of the bureau none of its employes have engaged in counterfeiting. The various parts of the engravings which appear on the face and back of notes are separately engraved on soft decarbonized steel of the very finest quality, the portrait by the portrait engraver, the lettering by the letter engraver, the script by the script engraver, the lathe or cycloid work having been previously produced by the geometric lathe. This intricate piece of mechanism, so complex as to make the description almost impossible, produces the beautiful interwoven lines which surround the denomination counters and borders on notes and bonds. This lathe work was introduced to circumvent counterfeiting, and for many years, up to the time of the counterfeiting of the $100 silver certificate (Monroe head) note by Arthur Taylor of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1897, it was generally considered that the lathe work was the best check on counterfeiting; but he so successfully reproduced the most intricate lathe work by a mechanical process, of which he was the originator, as to defy many of the best experts of the treasury. The best possible check on counterfeiting is the portrait, which also is indispensable as a distinctive mark of identification. The various artists having performed their several tasks to the satisfaction of the chief of this division, proofs of their work are taken by expert printers. If satisfactory, the dies (original engravings) are hardened, being made as hard as possible by a special secret process used only by the bureau. Each piece of engraved work is then taken up from this die by a skilled workman known as a "transferrer." The original engraved die is a negative, and is not used as a printing plate; the transferrer takes a blank cylinder roll of decarbonized steel, placing it on the hard die in a powerful specially constructed press for this purpose; the engraving on the die being intaglio, the soft steel roll is forced into every line and dot of the engraving on the die; when a perfect impression of same is secured, the beautiful engraving on the die now appears in relief on the roll. The roll is now a positive taken from the negative; these rolls are then hardened by the same process as the die. The several parts intended for use on notes are then transferred and assembled by the rolls on the dies to constitute the note. This is known as the original die, and great skill is required to place properly each part so as to connect and form a perfect note, as no erasures can be made by the transferrer.

THE POWER PLATE PRESSES

After the parts have been assembled as described, a certain amount of hand work is done by the letter and ornamental engravers to unite the different parts into an artistic whole. This original steel die, now complete, representing perhaps a year's labor, is hardened; from it a roll is made which contains in relief all the lines that appear in the note as printed. The roll is in turn hardened, and from it the plates are made which are employed in printing the notes, one roll being capable of making a number of plates. After the transferrer has completed his work, the plate is given to the finishers, who remove all scratches and other imperfections, burnish the steel, and submit proofs of the plate; if perfect, it is approved by the chief of the division and the director of the bureau; it is then ready for the printer. The work of the engravers and transferrers is so technical that it is difficult to understand the skill without some knowledge or experience in the art. Patience and skill are necessary to accomplish the desired results.

The plates used in printing contain four notes, and to distinguish one note from the other they each have engraved on the face separate check letters, A, B, C, D, and if you will examine the check letter you will find printed near it a number which is used by the bureau for identification, and by means of which can be ascertained a complete history of the plate used in printing the same, by whom engraved, printed, etc. At present you will find a number in excess of 4,800 on the one-dollar silver certificate notes; this signifies that 4,800 plates have been used thus far in printing this denomination.

SYSTEM OF CHECKS EMPLOYED

The system of checks employed in the engraving division to prevent irregularities is as complete as human ingenuity can devise. Each die, roll and plate has a number in sequence stamped upon it, and by said number it is recorded. Each employe receiving a piece of steel to work on is charged with the same by its number and a description of the engraving to be made thereon, and is not allowed to leave the building until the same has been returned and checked into the vaults presided over by the custodian of dies, rolls and plates; this officer is the representative of the secretary of the treasury. In the custodian's office complete records and the history of 18,000 dies, 19,000 rolls and 18,000 plates are on file. Once a year this office is audited and checked up by a committee appointed by the secretary of the treasury, each piece of engraved work being identified and compared with the records of the office. This is an arduous duty, and usually takes three months to complete the task. After finding the records correct, the committee receipts to the custodian for all obsolete dies, rolls and plates which have become worn by use or no longer serviceable on account of legislation; these are carefully checked and packed in sealed boxes and taken to the navy yard, where they are totally destroyed by melting in a blast furnace. Last year the committee destroyed 3,842 pieces of engraved work, packed in 247 boxes and weighing 35,757 pounds. Each morning the custodian issues all plates to the printing division, and all dies, rolls and plates necessary to the engravers, on requisitions, and receipts for them upon their return at the close of the day's work, when they are stored in two large steel fireproof vaults of modern construction, protected by time locks.

The 18,000 plates represent all classes of work, including commissions, checks, drafts, portraits of deceased members of Congress, certificates, diplomas, inaugural souvenirs, national bank currency, United States and treasury notes, gold and silver certificates, bonds, and cigar, cigarette, tobacco, snuff, beer, oleomargarine, rectified spirits, postage, documentary, customs and proprietary stamps.

NO PLATE EVER GOES ASTRAY

When plates are issued in the morning, receipts are taken for them, and those charged with the same are not permitted to leave the building until they are returned to the custodian's office and checked off. The system of checks and rules governing the custody of the work is so perfect that in the history of the bureau not a single plate has gone astray.

The custodian and the employes of his office in the bureau safeguard the integrity of the notes of every national bank in the Union as well as every form of security issued by the government. After the plate is finally completed and approved, a proof is taken and filed away, and if it should ever occur that a suspicious bill is presented, a comparison with the recorded proof will readily show whether it is genuine or not, and if counterfeit, the difference between the genuine and spurious.

The manufacture of "distinctive" paper with its double row of red and blue silk fibers pressed into the surface is a skilled process, calling for fine machinery and the best of raw material. The process of preparing the paper for the printer also requires skill and experience. The wetting-room looks not unlike a laundry, but no buttons are washed off, nor do collars ever go astray. Here the bundles as received from the treasury are opened, counted and separated into packages of twenty sheets each. A damp cloth is placed between each package and the paper is allowed to stand for several hours that it may absorb moisture from the cloths. The sheets are then shifted and placed under heavy pressure, and gradually prepared in the course of twenty-four hours for the printing press. Care is taken to preserve the sizing on the paper, and the cloths employed are kept clean by frequent boilings without soap. It is here that the counting begins, and it is fifteen years since a single sheet of paper has gone astray. One sheet on that occasion could not be accounted for. It may have been lost in the vat, it may have been a miscount on delivery to the bureau, but no theory, explanation or apology would serve. There is no mention of mercy or provision for mistakes in the creed of the bureau. The fault, if fault there was, could not be located, and the employes of the room had to pay for the sheet as though it had been printed.

MACERATING STAMPS

The wetting-room is not as interesting to the visitor as some of the other departments, yet the excellent results obtained in the printing division are due in a measure to good work in the wetting-room.

The busiest room in the bureau is that devoted to plate printing, where nearly eighteen hundred people are engaged in printing from the plates already described. Plate printing has changed but little since its invention in Italy about 400 years ago. The ink, specially prepared for the purpose, is rolled over all the plate, filling all depressions as well as covering the smooth surface of the plate. The pigment is then rubbed off the smooth surface with the bare hand, leaving the lines filled. The plate is then placed on the press, a damp sheet of paper placed upon it, and passed under the roller of the press, and thus the design, with all its exquisite details of lines and shading, is transferred to the paper. The operation looks easy, but a great degree of skill is required to produce perfect work, and plate printing is a trade in itself. The printer gives a receipt for the plate form, he receipts for every sheet of paper he receives, the press registers every impression made, and he cannot leave until he returns the plate and accounts for every sheet of paper. Each printer has a young woman to assist him, whose duty is to lay the paper on the plate after it is inked, and remove the same after printing.

With every order to print 1,000 sheets of bills or stamps, 1,050 sheets of paper are issued, as there is the liability of spoiling sheets in the wetting, printing or numbering. After printing the back of the notes, which are first printed, the sheets must be dried and then wet again before the face of the note can be printed, and the same care in all processes must be repeated.

HAND PLATE PRESS

After the sheets have been printed and dried they are carefully examined by trained experts, who separate all imperfect sheets, and the accuracy and speed with which they detect imperfections is not the least interesting part of "money making"; a spot, a stain, a light or uneven impression that would escape ordinary observation is detected and causes the sheet to be sent to the destruction committee, where it is destroyed with the same care and with the same safeguards employed in the destruction of old, torn or mutilated currency.

GIRLS HANDLE THE CRISP BILLS

The new crisp bills, four on a sheet, are then fed through a numbering machine by deft girls, who, let it be hoped, do not make money fly out of working hours as fast as when working for the government. This machine is an invention of the employes of the bureau, and there is no limit to the numbers it can print, and the figures turn automatically at proper intervals for units, tens, hundreds, thousands, etc. The sheet being a little wider than the length of the printed bill, is trimmed in this room to a uniform size, and so great is the precaution exercised by the government that even these narrow strips, the selvages of the sheet, have to be accounted for and delivered to the destruction committee.

The money is now almost made, but still before delivering to the treasury it is resized. It has been wet so often that much of the original finish given by the manufacturer has been lost, and it is not in the best possible condition to resist the wear and tear of active circulation. The sheets are passed through a bath of specially prepared glue, alum, and other ingredients and allowed to remain damp until the sizing thoroughly penetrates the paper. The sheets are then subjected to heavy pressure and are at last ready to be tied up in bundles and passed to the treasury.

However, it is not money. The sheets of bills, printed in colors, with the finest letters ever traced by human skill, vignettes as delicate, vigorous and as faithful as were ever graved, scroll work mathematically accurate, all assembled into one harmonious and beautiful whole, is nothing more than a specimen of the engraver's and printer's skill. They are not legal tender. When sent to the treasury and the seal of the department is placed upon them, the transformation takes place. Printed matter is thus converted into money, received with unquestioned confidence by rich and poor. It then moves crops, pays wages, operates on 'change, becomes the red arterial blood of commerce, giving vigor and strength to the body politic; in short, a circulating medium as nearly perfect as man has yet devised, thoroughly rooted and grounded in the confidence of the people.

With differences in detail, the general process is the same in the making of all the products of the bureau. Internal revenue stamps, postage stamps and tobacco stamps, bills and bonds, are all specimens of line engraving, printed in like manner, but not the same class of paper is employed for all.

THE NATIONAL BANK NOTES

The notes of all national banks are alike as to the outline of the face, but the name, place and charter number of each bank is, of course, different, while the back of all national bank notes in any one state is alike; yet there is a distinctive back for each state in the 1882 series of notes.

It will be noted that the more recent designs issued by the bureau known as the 1902 series, have a comparatively clear space on each side of the center, such disposition being necessary in order to show clearly the silk fiber imbedded in the distinctive paper. This is considered so important that designers are obliged to conform their work thereto, and the backs of this series are the same for each state.

For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, the bureau printed 7,569,287,805 postage stamps. These, placed end to end, would girdle the globe nearly five times. Their face value was $139,426,811, and, as evidence of the growth of the business of the country and the increased demands on the bureau, the stamps to be printed during the present fiscal year will exceed those printed for the year 1908 by 1,000,000,000. The increase of the work in the bureau has been, in fact, about 100 per cent. in the last five years. The excellent discipline and perfect system of checks maintained in the bureau to serve as a preventative of all irregularities is a revelation to those who are interested in systems. No higher compliment could be paid to the efficiency of the institution than that expressed by Louis A. Coolidge, assistant secretary of the treasury, when he stated that it was the "acme of perfection." To build up and operate such a perfect machine has been the labor of years.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY WAGON

SECRETS OF THE "SECRET SERVICE"

By JOHN E. WILKIE

Chief of the United States Secret Service

III—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

SECRET SERVICE!" How suggestive of mystery, romance and adventure! With what a wealth of stirring incident and plot it might be invested! How naturally one's imagination is peopled with skulking, cunningly-disguised human ferrets, noiselessly and relentlessly upon the trail of smuggler, thief or moonshiner, beset by hidden perils, regardless of ever-threatened death, smiling coldly in the very muzzles of hostile weapons, triumphantly outwitting the daring malefactors and bringing them to stern and relentless justice. Leading writers of fiction have thrown about the service a glamor of enchantment that makes it tremendously attractive to the reader, and the facts about this admittedly interesting branch of government work are wholly lost. There is unquestionably a fascination about the mysterious, and as the government furnishes little or no information about its investigating branches, this alone fires one's curiosity—a curiosity which feeds upon much entertaining but almost always misleading information in secret service fiction.

There was a secret service in the War Department during the Rebellion under the famous Colonel Baker, and volumes have been written around and about the brave men and women who volunteered to enter the enemy's lines in the search for information of vital importance. At the close of the war when there was no further use for this military information organization Colonel Baker was called upon to prosecute all sorts of investigations of wrong-doing at the national capital and elsewhere; but what is known as the Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department came into existence in 1865 when Congress gave the secretary of the treasury $300,000 for the purpose of suppressing counterfeiting which at that time had become especially annoying and troublesome. And each year since then there has been an appropriation of the same character, varying in amount for the same purpose.

The Secret Service has nothing to do with "moonshiners"—illicit distillers; they come under the jurisdiction of the internal revenue agents. Smuggling is looked after by the special agents of the customs service; post-office thefts and similar offenses are investigated by post office inspectors acting under the direction of the postmaster general. All of these officers make secret investigations of these classes of offenses for the purpose of bringing the offenders to justice, but the only secret service recognized by law in the Government departments is the one of that title attached to the office of the secretary of the treasury whose special province is the suppression of counterfeiting.

The service does not deal with thieves and criminals of the ordinary type but devotes itself to the suppression of offenses against the statutes relating to the coins and currency of the country and is held responsible for the punishment of those who try to imitate either the coins or notes. The criminals making a specialty of this form of crime consider themselves an aristocracy in the criminal world and hold aloof from those sordid wretches who steal money, jewels or any other form of property. Your counterfeiter asserts that he is an "artist," and that his "art" requires technical knowledge and skill which are beyond the reach of ordinary offenders. They are far above the average in intelligence, many of them indeed being men of wide education. I recall one man famous in two hemispheres, who speaks seven languages, whose hobby is archaeology, who is a chemist, artist, master of all mechanical processes of engraving, a lithographer of unusual skill, and an expert in the manufacture of hand-made paper of the highest quality. Another, now dead, rode with the immortal six hundred at Balaklava, had traveled the world over and had few equals in the art of engraving on steel. When photography was introduced as an adjunct to the mechanical reproduction of pictures, he abandoned counterfeiting on the ground that as a true artist he could never stoop to the use of a mechanical aid in the making of a plate from which counterfeit notes might be printed.

It is with this class of specialists that the Secret Service has to deal almost exclusively, and as the offenders are most skillful, cautious and suspicious, it requires officers of unusual ability to cope with them. Secret Service agents therefore are picked men, resourceful, familiar with all the tricks and expedients of the craft, with infinite patience and persistency, and an ability to maintain a high working pressure of enthusiasm under the most discouraging circumstances. The disguises which form so prominent a feature of the work of the detective of fiction are unknown in the service, officers simply being careful to dress in harmony with the surroundings in which they may be prosecuting their investigations. Plans are carefully worked out so that when the case is closed by a raid on the offenders the arrests are made quietly with the minimum of personal risk on the part of the officers, and with an absence of spectacular features that would be painful to a seeker after sensations.

The department furnishes no information as to the numerical strength of the force or its personnel. It does not conceal the fact that there are twenty-eight districts in the United States; that each one of these is in charge of an officer whose name and face may be familiar to the public locally; but about the number and names of his assistants, and their fields of activity a discreet silence is maintained. Each of these field agents makes a daily report of his operations to his immediate superior and that officer transmits a full report embodying all of this to the Washington headquarters for the information of the chief of the division who thus keeps in touch with all of the work. The time of these agents belongs absolutely to the government. There is no such thing as a Secret Service man carrying on some business and secret-servicing, so to speak, as a side issue. They must have no other interests than the government's business and they are on duty or on call twenty-four hours a day; that is to say, they have no fixed hours of labor as in ordinary lines of work. They are an enthusiastic lot of chaps too, between twenty-five and forty years of age, in the pink of condition physically, and capable of any amount of hard, exhausting work. It is the enthusiasm that counts in what they accomplish, and most of them find more satisfaction in a bit of successful work than in the pay they receive for doing it.

JOHN E. WILKIE
Chief of the United States Secret Service

New issues of counterfeit notes are rarely discovered by the service, for its agents have little or no opportunity of closely inspecting the money in current circulation. And so it is the tellers in banks, cashiers in large stores and others who handle vast sums of money and are always on the lookout for bad notes, who are the eyes of the service in this respect. Incidentally it is interesting to note that the skill which enables one to detect a counterfeit comes not from a study of counterfeits, but from a thorough and unconscious familiarity with the genuine. If a man were pointed out to you and you were told that some day another who much resembled him would try to impose upon you, you would be pretty apt to fix his features in your mind; you would not spend any time looking at other people who looked something like him, would you? And the moment the impostor appeared you would note that in this, that or the other particular he failed to meet the details of the other man's face and figure. Just so it is in the detection of counterfeits. A skillful teller in a bank, counting money rapidly, will involuntarily throw out a note which in the slightest degree departs from the well-known pattern which is so strongly impressed on his mental vision. That involuntary act will nearly always prove to have been justified, for the bill in ninteen cases out of twenty will prove to be a counterfeit. It is because of this fact that when a request is received from someone to loan him a collection of counterfeits for the instruction of his cashiers he is advised to have the young men study the genuine carefully, and there will be no trouble in detecting the bad notes.

After a counterfeit is detected a description of it is widely circulated through the newspapers and publications whose subscribers are chiefly bankers and cashiers, and then the service begins the work of discovering the makers and circulators of the bogus money. Sometimes the paper used by the counterfeiter may afford the clue which leads to his undoing; sometimes purchases of the peculiar shade of green ink that is used in the printing of the backs of the notes may be traced, for the legitimate users of these materials are all known in the trade, and outsiders who purchase such things are apt to be remembered by the salesmen who keep in constant touch with the agents of the service. It has happened that information from these sources has led to the discovery of a counterfeiting plot before a single note has been issued, but this is a rare bit of good fortune. Sometimes the mystery is unraveled in a few weeks, but it may take months of constant, painstaking and minute search to obtain the first ray of light. One great conspiracy required the untiring work of thirty or more men for a period of fourteen months before the case was ready for arrests and prosecution.

It is the practice in the service to get the evidence first and then make the arrests. Agents of the service as a rule are pretty fair lawyers; that is to say, they have a working knowledge of criminal practice in the federal courts and it is not at all unusual for one of the officers to represent the government in preliminary hearings before United States commissioners when for some reason one of the assistant United States attorneys cannot attend. They have to discriminate carefully in the matter of evidence, must know what evidence is, and what is admissible as testimony. One may have a knowledge amounting to a certainty in his own mind that an individual is guilty of an offense, but when it comes to submitting proof, the greatest care has to be exercised that the chain of evidence is legal and complete and capable of standing all the tests that may be applied to it by smart and tricky criminal lawyers. So the cases are carefully and completely prepared in advance in each instance and submitted to the proper prosecuting officer, so that when the case comes to trial he will be able to know just what each witness can testify, and how every bit of physical evidence—the notes or coins in evidence—can be connected with the defendants to insure the conviction of all who may be guilty.

Years ago the only method of counterfeiting a bill involved engraving the pattern on a steel plate, and more than a year was required to complete a pair of plates for this purpose. The men who did the work were really artists, and each engraver had his own peculiar method of handling the sharp-pointed gravers with which the lines were cut in the surface of the steel. That individuality was a great assistance in determining who did the work on any new counterfeit when it appeared. The individual peculiarities of all the skilled men who engaged in this kind of work were known to the experts in the service, and it was possible to say with a considerable degree of certainty that this, that or the other of a little group of such engravers cut a particular note. Later on there came the photo-mechanical processes where the camera was employed to lay the pattern down on a metal plate, and etching fluid took the place of the graver. Inasmuch as camera and acid lack individuality, the difficulty of identifying the engraver was increased tremendously. There are thousands of photo-engraving establishments in the country, each one of which is completely equipped with the apparatus and materials needed in the making of a counterfeit, and yet you can count on the fingers of one hand the cases where the equipment and technical skill of these places have been used illegitimately. And that I think is a pretty fine tribute to the innate honesty of the craft; at any rate it goes a long way in sustaining one's faith in human nature.

Aside from the work of suppressing counterfeiting the secret service has comparatively little to do now. A year or so ago its trained men were loaned to the Department of Justice for the investigation of land frauds, and scores of convictions and the recovery of hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable public lands were brought about by their investigations. They have given attention, too, to the looting of mints and assay offices by dishonest government employes, and not long ago the ink contract of the great bureau of engraving and printing was investigated with the result that a scheme was uncovered by which the government had been defrauded of thousands of dollars. Some idea of the importance of the matter may be obtained when it is stated that the new contract following the disclosures was at a figure more than $100,000 a year under the old one and the former contractor and an ink expert of the bureau were indicted for the irregularities, pleaded guilty and paid to the government in fines nearly $20,000 in cash. The great lottery enterprises which flourished undisturbed up to two years ago were driven out of business by Secret Service agents loaned to the Department of Justice, the principals were brought to bar and upon pleas of guilty were fined more than $200,000, surrendered all electrotypes, tickets and literature relating to the business and solemnly entered into a stipulation never again to go into the demoralizing game.

It falls to the lot of the Secret Service too, to protect the person of the President of the United States—a responsibility that was first placed upon this division after the tragedy at Buffalo, and in addition to this the safety of distinguished and titled official visitors from abroad is entrusted to the service. Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Fushimi of Japan, the Crown Prince of Siam, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duke of the Abruzzi, and many others of lesser note have been carefully protected from annoyance while the guests of the nation, and in no instance has there occurred the slightest incident to mar the pleasure and tranquility of their visit.

For more than ten years the merit system has prevailed in the service, which is a strictly non-partisan, non-political organization. "Pulls" are unknown and unrecognized; every man is measured and rewarded according to his efficiency and knows that his retention in the service depends wholly upon the character and quality of his work. He wastes no time lining up "influence" to help him hold his job, and being free from obligations and entanglements, is able to devote his whole time and energy to the impartial discharge of his duties. To this unhampered attention to the work of suppressing counterfeiting I attribute the fact that today the proportion of counterfeit notes in circulation is about one to one hundred thousand; that is to say that for each half million of genuine currency in circulation there are about five dollars in counterfeit notes; and for each one hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver in circulation there is a trifle under three dollars in counterfeit coin. All of which would suggest that the business of counterfeiting is not overwhelmingly attractive as a financial proposition.

NATIONAL PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

By WALTER WYMAN

Surgeon-General, The Public Health and Marine-Hospital Service

IV—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THE history of the National Public Health Service has been one of gradual but constant growth. It had its beginning in 1798, when Congress passed an act for the relief of sick and disabled seamen. For a long time its main work was the medical care and treatment of sailors, and it was known as the Marine-Hospital Service. Then, as occasion arose, or the need became apparent, Congress from time to time added duties of a public health nature, until in 1902 the old name was so misleading and so poorly signified the work performed, that it was changed to the Public Health and Marine-Hospital Service, and Congress, by this act, established in name a public health bureau which had for some time existed in fact.

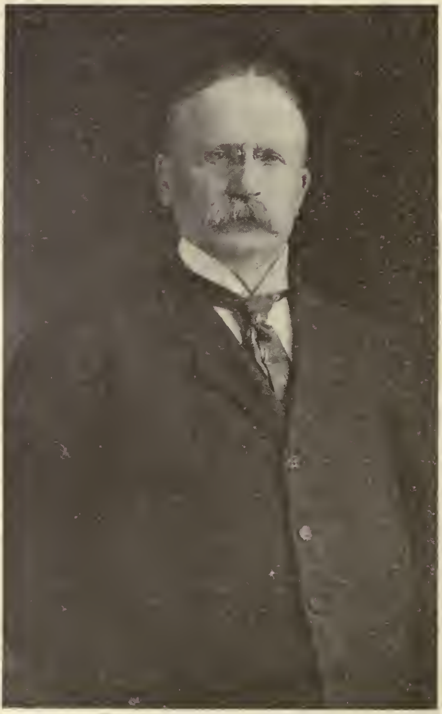


Photo by Harris & Ewing

WALTER WYMAN

Surgeon-General, United States Public Health and Marine-Hospital Service

The service at the present time consists of 409 medical officers trained in the various branches of public health work. At their head is the surgeon-general, who, under the secretary of the treasury, is responsible for the proper administration and efficiency of the work which at the present time may be divided into maritime and interstate quarantine, medical inspection of immigrants, medical care and treatment of sick and disabled seamen, medical assistance to the other branches of the government, scientific research in public health matters, suppression of epidemics, the regulation of the manufacture and sale of serums, antitoxins and analogous products in interstate commerce, the collecting of morbidity statistics and sanitary information and co-operation with state boards of health.

QUARANTINE

Under the secretary of the treasury, the surgeon-general administers the national quarantine laws and regulations, and for this purpose maintains forty-three quarantine stations extending along the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Coasts of the United States, from Portland, Maine, to Port Townsend, Washington. Officers of the service are detailed at these places and vessels coming to the United States from foreign countries are boarded and inspected before entering the port and if quarantinable disease is found on board, or if they have come from an infected port without having taken proper precautions, as specified in the quarantine regulations, the vessel is detained for observation, disinfected or otherwise treated as the special features of the case may indicate, or the quarantine laws require.

Distributed at convenient intervals along the coast are specially equipped stations with large barracks equipped for the detention of crews and passengers of vessels whom it may be necessary to isolate because of the existence of dangerous contagious diseases. At these stations are also hospitals for the care of the sick, laboratories for the study of disease, crematories for the safe disposal of the dead, sulphur furnaces and other apparatus for the disinfection of vessels and all the things necessary for the comfort and proper care of a large number of people. In this way, vessels coming from all parts of the world, from ports where plague, cholera, yellow fever and typhus fever exist or are epidemic, or vessels with smallpox or other disease on board, enter the ports of the United States under conditions which prevent the introduction of the dangerous epidemic diseases. The chain of quarantine stations constitute a sieve which holds in its meshes and strains out the dangerous element of maritime commerce.

In addition to those just mentioned, there are twenty-two quarantine stations located in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines. These stations protect the islands from foreign invasion of disease and serve as an additional protection to this country against epidemic invasion from the islands. As a further protection, medical officers are detailed to many important foreign ports and there inspect vessels bound for the United States, and in conjunction with the American consul sign bills of health for such vessels, and whenever a quarantinable disease prevails in an unusual degree in a place which can directly or indirectly be a menace to this country, the surgeon-general details special officers to investigate and report upon the conditions. An officer has at the present time been detailed, and is now investigating and reporting upon the cholera situation in St. Petersburg, Russia. During the summer, officers are stationed at the Central American ports and other places which at that season of the year are a constant menace because of yellow fever.

MEDICAL INSPECTION OF IMMIGRANTS

Millions of immigrants have come to this country, and the numbers are constantly increasing. Each immigrant is examined by a service medical officer, and those found suffering from loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases, insane persons, idiots, epileptics and those likely to become a public charge because of infirmities, are detained and the immigration officials deport them to the country from which they came. This inspection of immigrants is carried on not only at our seaports, but also along the Canadian and Mexican borders wherever there is direct communication by steamboat or railroad. This inspection serves to keep out the thousands of sick and disabled who would become a burden upon public and private charities. It also keeps out thousands of cases of contagious diseases.

CARE OF SICK AND DISABLED SEAMEN

The service maintains twenty-one marine hospitals, and 141 marine-hospital stations where medical treatment is given to sailors of the merchants marine. Over 55,000 sailors were thus treated during the last fiscal year. This care of sailors serves two useful purposes besides its direct benefit to the sailor. Seamen taken ill or injured while en route to, or at a port, would necessarily have to be left by the vessel for treatment at the port which in the majority of cases would not be the sailor's home. The sick would therefore suffer unmerited neglect, or become a burden upon the charity of a community to which they did not belong. Further, if the illness be of a contagious nature, they become a menace. Deep-water sailors, because of the nature of their life, are prone not to form family ties, and when these men contract tuberculosis, as many do, they both suffer themselves because of the lack of a home in many cases, and in addition endanger the community in which they live. For these men the service maintains a large sanatorium at Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

This sanatorium is on a reservation of thirty-eight square miles, located on a plateau in central New Mexico at an altitude of 6,150 feet. Here there are 200 or more patients continually under treatment. Some remain until cured, others remain a few months during which time they become improved and learn how they must live if they would recover, and how to conduct themselves for the protection of others. Others, of course, less fortunate, never leave the sanatorium, but their days of illness have been rendered as comfortable as possible, and they have not been centers of disease scattering the infection in cities as they otherwise would.

All applicants for pilot's licenses are examined as to color sense and those with defective color vision rejected. This is a precaution for the safety of crews and passengers.

In addition to the sailors of the merchant marine, the service renders medical care and treatment to the officers and crews of the Revenue Cutter Service, Life-Saving Service, Coast and Geodetic Survey, and other government services, to each of which it acts in the capacity of a medical service. All revenue cutters, except when on harbor duty and within easy reach of port, have service officers aboard, who constitute medical officers.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

The service maintains the Hygienic Laboratory in Washington for the investigation of matters pertaining to the public health. In this laboratory there is a corps of men consisting of bacteriologists, pathologists, zoologists, pharmacologists and chemists constantly employed at research work having a direct sanitary bearing. In addition it is through this laboratory that the manufacture and sale of viruses, serums, toxins and analagous products are regulated. Institutions manufacturing these articles, at the present time so important in the treatment of the sick, are inspected at frequent intervals, and the products themselves are bought in the open market and examined for purity and strength. Thus the consumer, who in this case is the helpless sick, is protected, and the physician can intelligently and with a feeling of security prescribe an article of assured efficiency.

To this end standard units, official for the United States, have been established for diphtheria and tetanus antitoxin so that the strength of all makes of these products sold in interstate commerce is based on a common standard and the labels on the package show correctly and in known terms the therapeutic efficiency of the contents. Previous to the establishment of these standards far different conditions existed. At this laboratory much work has been done on public health subjects, of which the following will give some idea of the character: The cause of the prevalence of typhoid fever in cities, the relation of milk to the public health, the cause and effects of the prevalence of hook-worm disease in certain of the Southern states, the best methods of use and relative efficiency of disinfectants and germicides, the chemistry of milk in its relation to infant feeding, the effects and therapeutic uses of drugs, bacteriological studies in connection with quarantine and quarantinable diseases, studies in malaria, yellow fever, Rocky Mountain fever, milk sickness, and many other sanitary investigations of a similar nature. Here also is prepared the virus used in the prevention and treatment of rabies. Persons living in the District of Columbia, bitten by rabid animals, or those able to come to Washington are treated upon request of local health officers to whom also the therapeutic virus is sent for treatment at a distance when asked for. The service also maintains a leprosy investigation station on the Island of Molokai where this disease of so much importance to our island possessions, Hawaii and the Philippines, is being studied, and where investigations will be continued until the best means of treatment is found or a specific cure discovered.

SUPPRESSION OF EPIDEMICS

Whenever quarantinable disease becomes epidemic in a city or state to such a degree that the affected community is unable to control it, and asks for aid, or when it becomes a menace to other states, the National Government steps in and sends into the field a corps of trained officers to suppress the epidemic, or protect other states as the case may be. Recent instances are the outbreak of yellow fever in Texas in 1903, the yellow fever epidemic radiating from New Orleans in the summer of 1905, and the present invasion of the Pacific Coast by plague. During the last thirty-five years the service has been engaged in fighting as many epidemics of cholera, smallpox, plague and yellow fever.

The service also collects morbidity statistics, detailed information of epidemics in foreign countries, and data relative to the sanitary conditions of seaports, all of which is published weekly in the public health reports, which constitute a sanitary review of the world.

RELATION TO STATE HEALTH AUTHORITIES

The Surgeon General holds annually in Washington a conference with the state and territorial health officers. This serves for the interchange of ideas and the establishment of uniform methods in sanitary matters. The service also extends aid and co-operation to state and territorial boards of health.

KIKUYU BLACKSMITH MAKING A SWORD

AFRICAN IRON WORKERS

ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING GROUNDS

By PETER MACQUEEN

II. IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

AFTER a delightful visit, I leave Zanzibar for the African Continent, feeling something of the combined admiration and pity with which one might take leave of a discrowned Oriental princess, a "Light of the Harem," whose lord is already at the feet of a younger and fairer love; for, with all the sensuous, languorous charm of the island-city and its spicy, fruit-laden suburbs blest with eternal summer and gay with superabounding Oriental color and life, I feel that the sceptre has departed, and that all the ages of war and splendor and greed that have made Zanzibar the metropolis of East African seas have been insufficient to save her from the fate of all states and cities which bud and burgeon and blow like the rose, to decay and fall, like the rose, in God's good time.

And so I bid Zanzibar a long and saddened adieu, as we steam northward and westward through the strong tides of the straits, and see the city dwarf and shrink into the island green and white, and that, in turn, into a sun-kissed haze, as her sister isle of Pemba begins to rise above the seaward horizon. Fifteen hours will suffice, if all goes well, to take us to the new metropolis of Eastern Africa, Mombasa, two hundred miles from Zanzibar.

Mombasa, for centuries the chief haven and fortress-city of that portion of the East African littoral known to geographers of the last century as Zanguebar; Mombasa, the city, snowy-white in its coral-walled and whitewashed Oriental architecture, stands out prominently against a background of tropical foliage on the northern and eastern shores of an island where the wooded promontory of English Point opposes its coral ramparts to the surges of the Indian Ocean. On the southeast, scarce a league away, opens the sister port of Kilindini, whose ship-channel, even deeper and less beset with reef and shoal, leads into an anchorage unrivaled on the African coast save by that almost perfect Portuguese haven of Delagoa Bay.

MASAI ELMORAN OR WARRIORS, AND HUT COVERED WITH COW-DUNG

As we steam into the harbor, I see that the old esplanade and waterfront of the Arab city, where the grim ruins of the ancient fortress crumble away under the teeth of time, have been of late made the site of mansions and bungalows built within a half-dozen years by European officials, merchants and adventurers, for the age of adventure has not altogether passed away in the Africa of today. The Mazrui, the Arabs of the coast, nay, the Swahilis, in whom the fiery blood of Ishmael, bred out as it has been by generations of marriage and concubinage with a hundred African tribes, is still a living flame when greed, lust or religious fanaticism hold sway, have not forgotten the wild, passionate, warlike traditions of their people and city, for I find that Mombasa, "Mombas, the chief city of Zanguebar," has a more ancient and significant name among its duskier denizens—"Umvitu," "The Battle City" or "Battle Island"—since, from known dates considerably before the Norman conquest of Great Britain, and up to the year of our Lord, 1887, its guards and citizens have never known continuous and assured peace.

First known to the Portuguese by its hostility to Vasco da Gama, in 1498, Admiral Cabral bombarded and looted it in 1500, and Francis de Almeyda destroyed it in 1505. In 1508 the Portuguese fortified and rebuilt it, but after generations of greed and slave-hunting, were driven out by Ali Bey in 1586. A Portuguese admiral, suggestively named Dom Bombero, battered down and burned all that the last siege had spared, and shortly afterward the "Zimbas," one of those migrating hordes which from time to time have swept like a tornado down from the north, "washed their spears" in the blood of its helpless inhabitants. In 1630 Portugal again held it, constructing the massive fortress whose ruins still overlook the sea. Besieged by the Arabs under Yusuf Ben Ahmed, who finally accepted the surrender of the garrison, they marched out to die to a man under the arrows of his Arabian and African archers.

Portugal sent a fleet and army to avenge them, but after a three-month's siege Ben Ahmed escaped by night and took refuge in Yemen the Happy. In 1665 the Imaum of Muscat, after a five-years' siege, captured the fortress, but did not expel the Portuguese from the island itself until 1698. The Arabs held Mombasa with more or less minor blood-letting until 1826, when Sultan Seyyid Said of Zanzibar, after four years of merciless warfare, conquered Zanguebar and the Battle City and held them as tributary territory, and this subservience was ratified by an award made by Lord Canning in 1856. Later, constant wars and devastating feuds defied the waning power of the sultan, and the Imperial British East African Company essayed to repeat in Africa the conquests and monopolies of the East India Company in Asia and the Hudson Bay Company in British North America. They christened the newly-acquired land "Ibea," using the initials of the corporate title to build up the new word, but the task was too great and the immediate chances of profit or loot too small to make the enterprise a success, so the British government took up the "white man's burden" afresh and called the new protectorate British East Africa. To this accession (secured in 1893) was added, in 1895, another protectorate over the Kingdom of Uganda, to open which to the world of peaceful trade and benevolent assimilation the so-called Uganda railroad was completed in 1905.

TANGA SHORES, GERMAN EAST AFRICA

Mombasa today has about 30,000 inhabitants, some two hundred of whom are white, many of them representing large mercantile interests, besides resident officials and army and navy attaches. The dignified, high-bred Arab and his congeners of the mixed blood; the "Arabs of the Coast"; natives of India, Parsee, Buddhist and Mohammedan; the lathy Sikh mercenary; stout, heavy-featured Soudanese; uniformed Somali and lean, pallid, shifty-eyed Goanese mingle with the white-garmented Swahilis and their women, pert, free of tongue, bare-shouldered and garmented in the most garish and bizarre of modern chintzes.

At Kilindini port, some two to two and a half miles from the older city, I found the center of most of that trade in ivory and hides

THE FIRST STATION ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY

The bridges are nearly all of American manufacture, and this is a Baldwin engine. The generic name for cloth is "Mericani," and our merchants have a great chance in East Africa if they will push their hardwares and cottons

which, with the collateral slave trade and labor, made Zanzibar great and Mombasa only less powerful. Today slavery has ceased to exist legally, and wherever the English flag flies is actually ended. The streets are no longer unsanitary and noisome; the water supply, once dependent on brackish wells and rainwater tanks, has been greatly improved, and the hotels are perhaps equal to the limited demand from European wayfarers. The stores are large and well supplied with everything that the merchant or traveler needs on his inland journeyings.

When one is getting ready to take the field he always finds a difference of opinion between experts as to the weapons to be carried, and when plans are made for a journey into a country so abounding in large game and dangerous animals as Africa, the choice is indeed an important one. Stanley abjured his small-calibered American breech-loaders and pinned his faith to Livingstone's large-bored, double-barrelled Reilly; other and later travelers tell of the efficiency of English double-barrelled express rifles, and claim that a second barrel is far better in case of a miss than three or four cartridges in "a pump gun." What arms President Roosevelt will carry into Africa is an interesting problem to riflemen and makers. Will it be the favorite heavy, large-bored Marlin or Winchester with which the mountain-men of the Rockies meet the headlong, stupendous onset of a wounded grizzly, or will he shoot a spiteful, dainty little Savage, that resembles a girl's toy and drives a soft-nosed bullet through boiler-plate as if it were soft pine? or perhaps a sporting Mauser or Mannlicher, with their long, slender-bulleted cartridges. It behooves him to choose wisely, or a wounded elephant, lion, buffalo or rhinoceros, or even a ponderous river-horse, cut off from his fluvial domain, may, despite the rain of bullets crushing bone and piercing the very fountain of the blood, still retain fury and strength enough to avenge their own slaying. Much, too, must be done, in contemplating a journey of this nature, to prepare for actual caravan life and its vicissitudes. The clothing must be stout and much warmer than is usually

ARCHDEACON BUCKLEY, C. M. S., TEACHING BUSOGA NATIVES TO BUILD, DAUB AND WATTLE HOUSES

supposed to be necessary for African traveling, for as one goes inland the altitude rapidly carries the traveler from the hot, low coastline of the equatorial zone up into the lower temperature of an almost Arctic clime. Helmets for tropical suns, fezzes for evening and cold days, rot-proof canvas tents and hammocks, light bedding and extra heavy blankets; presents for African potentates and "Mericani" (cloth), beads, copper wire, tools and trinkets with which to buy food; medicines, ammunition, preserved foods and a few luxuries such as books, stationery, scientific instruments, etc.; nothing must be left behind on the chance of getting it off the line of the railway.

These matters I had duly attended to when I first took passage in 1908 on the Uganda Railway.

The train "for Uganda and way stations" is drawn by an American (Baldwin) engine, and starts from the city station near the old fort. A first-class ticket to Port Florence, 584 miles away on the Victoria Nyanza, costs six cents per mile or forty dollars and four cents the trip, second-class at three cents per mile and seventeen dollars and fifty-two cents the trip, and the third-class, the "Jim Crow cars," in which no white man may ride, one cent per mile, or five dollars and eighty-four cents for the trip. No native may ride in the first and second-class cars, which are comfortable and constructed to promote coolness and free circulation.

We pull out of the city, passing the great freight stations and docks at Kilindini, now the center of ivory and hide export for East Central Africa, and cross the shallows that separate Mombasa from the mainland, over the lofty iron Salisbury bridge, 1,700 feet long. At Changamwe, the first station out, one enters a beautiful country naturally well-wooded with cocoanut palms, ambatch, baobabs, mangoes and other woods. Some handsome plantations owned by Indians lie along the route, and many picturesque Swahili cottages and Wayganika villages are seen as we ascend the up-grade to Mazeras Station nine miles out.

Here we enter upon the so-called Desert of Taru, which for ninety-four miles intervenes between Mazeras and Voi. It is far from being bare, for a juiceless grass and thorny copses alternate with patches of bare dust in the dry and mud in rainy weather. It is by no means destitute of life, however; we see herds of gazelles, sometimes from sixty to two hundred together, perhaps a rhinoceros, a pack of sneaking jackals, a prowling hyena, a stealthy, graceful leopard or majestic lion. The animals show little fear of the train, for the high cost of a hunting license—about two hundred and fifty dollars—and numerous limitations as to the number of heads to be killed by any one sportsman greatly lessens the number of hunters.

At Voi Station, one hundred and three miles from Mombasa, we stop at a very comfortable government dak bungalow, and can see, on a clear day, Mount Kilimanjaro—"The Mountain of the Spirit Njaro," who, like the Giant of the Brocken, the malignant Rubezahl of German legend, or the giants of Jotunheim, dwells amid the terrors and glories of Mawenzi (the dark), the eastern peak, and Kibo (the bright) seen in the splendor of sunset, nor disdains at times to terrify or astound the feeble children of men, but holds as his especial stronghold the snow-clad, glacier-defended summit nineteen thousand, seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is a nice little ride of about one hundred miles over a good road built by the administration of the Protectorate, to that cloudland of white and gold that on clear, hot days seems lying very near on the north-western horizon. It is a long and trying walk, however, especially when, as once happened in my own case, the headman of your "safari" (caravan) takes it into his head that your order to lay in a supply of very clean water must not only be obeyed to the letter, but supplements it by leaving a goodly piece of soap in each cask of drinking water. This was not discovered until we were well on our way, and as there was no

AN ANT HILL AT UGANDA

The woman at the left is clothed in bark. There are ant hills by the thousand in Uganda water for seventy-five miles, we drank soapsuds continuously until we emerged from the desert.

President Roosevelt may not visit "The Mountain of the Spirit Njaro," and indeed the itinerary laid out for him by the press is sufficiently long and varied for one year's adventure, but I would like to have him scale the peak and unfurl the Stars and Stripes nineteen thousand, seven hundred feet above the equatorial coastline. Two brave Germans, Dr. Hans Meyer and Herr Ludwig Purtscheller of Salzburg, accomplished the feat in 1889; the Duke of Abruzzi reached only seventeen thousand, seven hundred feet, and Mr. Peter Dutkewitch of New York, my photographer and myself started, in 1908, when the thermometer at the base registered one hundred and thirteen degrees Fahrenheit, and climbed up into the region of eternal ice. There, when we had attained nineteen thousand, two hundred feet of altitude, my companion, a man weighing about two hundred pounds, slipped and fell, crushing three ribs just above his heart. I went to his assistance and finally got him where I could afford him some relief. I sent three separate parties back to Voi to secure the means of transporting him back to civilization, and when at last Sergeant-Major Bast arrived with medicines and litters, I, too, was worn out and unconscious. I simply needed rest, and was soon as well as ever, but Mr. Dutkewitch was still in the hospital at Uganda when I left Africa.

SWAHILI WOMEN WORKING IN THE BUILDING OF A NEW ROAD AT ZANZIBAR
They work from 6 A.M. till 3 P.M. and receive 13 cents per day—big pay; for here average pay is 5 cents per day for servant girls

From Voi to Makindu, two hundred and fifty miles from Mombasa, the Taru desert becomes rather a jungle of plains broken by abrupt, grassy hills or mounds. The Athi district and Kapiti plains is the great

British Protectorate game preserve in which by special favor President Roosevelt is to be permitted perfect freedom of action, with his personal assistants, who will doubtless make notable additions to the Washington Museum.

At Nairobi, I spent four weeks most enjoyably, receiving every courtesy from President Currie of the railway company, which has its headquarters here. The station and offices are commodious and are kept in perfect order; the repair shops are large and capable of making or repairing any car or engine. A very large number of Indian and native blacks are employed, and do good work, the blacks seeming to have an especial gift at working iron, as may be seen by the weapons and ornaments which they smelted and forged with the most primitive furnaces, bellows, forges and tools before the advent of the railway. One thousand Europeans and fourteen thousand Indians and Africans inhabit this center of railroad trade and administration. Modern hotels and handsome bungalows, tin-roofed and brightly painted, stand not far away from the thatched dwellings of tribesmen who, less than a score of years ago, fought and hunted with the spear and lived ever in fear of merciless war and the outrages of the Arab hunters of men. Automobiles sweep through the streets, English boys and girls and their elders play at golf and tennis, the electric light drives the prowling jackal and hyena to the borders of the unlighted suburbs, and the location, fifty-five hundred feet above the sea, is said to be especially healthy.

ZANZIBAR WOMEN GRINDING MANIOC FOR NATIVE FLOUR

I never tired of hearing the stories told by pioneer officers and operatives of the construction of this railroad, which, if collected and written, would form a real epic, full of grim tragedy and scarcely less acrid humor. Of actual warfare there was little or none within the territory covered by the railway, but the Masai still cut off stragglers and massacred small parties not far away from the construction line. A strangely warlike people are these Masai, living in wattled, shapeless dwellings daubed thickly with a mixture of clay and cow-dung. There is no family relation as we understand it after the period of childhood is passed, for the boys and girls, after the age of puberty, dwell together promiscuously in public kraals or houses prepared for them. The young man, "elmoran" in the Masai tongue, has no work to do but to keep his war gear and arms in order and be ready to fight when need or opportunity calls him to the field, while the girl cooks and cares for her lover for the time. When the elmoran goes out to war he is an awe-inspiring spectacle. A circle of ostrich plumes encircles a face full of courage and cruelty; long fringes of the fur of the Colobus monkey stream behind him as he leaps along the war trail. His oval shield and lances, headed with slender, thirty-inch points of steel, are the most effective in all Africa, and in the day of their greatest prestige no elmoran dared "to go back to the girls" without blood on his weapons and booty for his tribe. When a couple marry they settle down to a comparatively peaceful life, the married man being called into the field only in times of great emergency.

Beyond the occasional Masai outbreaks, the meeting of Norseman, Celt, Gaul, Goth, Sikh, Hindu, Baluch, Goanese, Arab, Swahili and Africans of a thousand tribelets was sure to breed more or less trouble not to be settled without many shrewd blows and occasional blood-letting, but on the whole there was little man-slaying, and British justice has kept things sweet and clean, never allowing cruelty or oppression on the part of "the dominant race" or theft and barbarism among the natives. The greatest losses of life have been caused by carnivorous beasts, poisonous insects and reptiles and still more fatal diseases. For whatever may be said of the salubrity of this or that section of equatorial Africa, few white men have resided and lived the strenuous life therein and continued their work for more than four or five years. If a man has any physical weakness, Africa is certain to find it out. The list of explorers, scientists and missionaries is long and honorable to human courage, enterprise and unselfish charity, but for the most part it is a series of obituaries, and of the humble and unknown few have reached three-score and ten. The use of quinine, not as a remedy but as a preventative, seems to be a necessity in the greater part of Africa. The men who laid the Uganda railway and built up its stations—centers of civilization in the most savage of all wildernesses—paid their part of that human sacrifice without which little of good or gain has blessed the sons of Adam.

Near Tsavo Station, one hundred and thirty-three miles from Mombasa, during the construction of the line, twenty-nine Indian coolies were killed and eaten by lions. Naturally there was a panic; the men could not work, and three young men, Messrs. Hubner, Parent and Ryal, took a car down to the dangerous locality to slay the slayers of men. The car was left on the side-track at the site of a former station long since discontinued, where a few days before a lion had actually sprung upon a man on an open railway truck as the train slowed down at the station platform, and carried him, vainly shrieking for help, into the jungle.

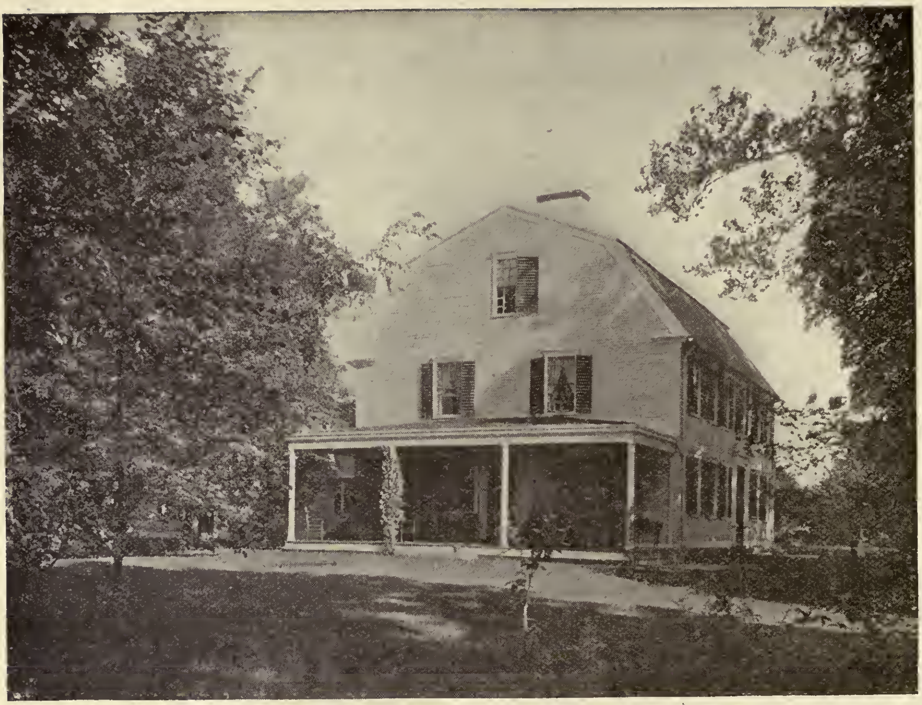
The men knew they must keep watch against these man-eating beasts who had lost all fear of man and would exert their utmost subtlety and strength to feed their consuming desire for human flesh. It was arranged that a sentinel should be always on guard, and Ryal held the midnight watch, sitting, rifle in hand, where he could command the doors and windows, Parent made a sleeping-place for himself on the floor, Hubner occupied an upper berth, and all three anticipated a successful hunt next morning.

About two o'clock, in the murky gloom of the tropical night, overcome by weariness and the enervating heat, Ryal dropped asleep. A pair of lambent eyes sought him out from the half-open door, a noiseless, powerful form crept by or over Parent as he lay asleep, and seizing Ryal in his powerful jaws, the man-eater of Tsavo sprang out through the glass and sash of the nearest window into the cover of the jungle, where Ryal's whitened bones were found later.

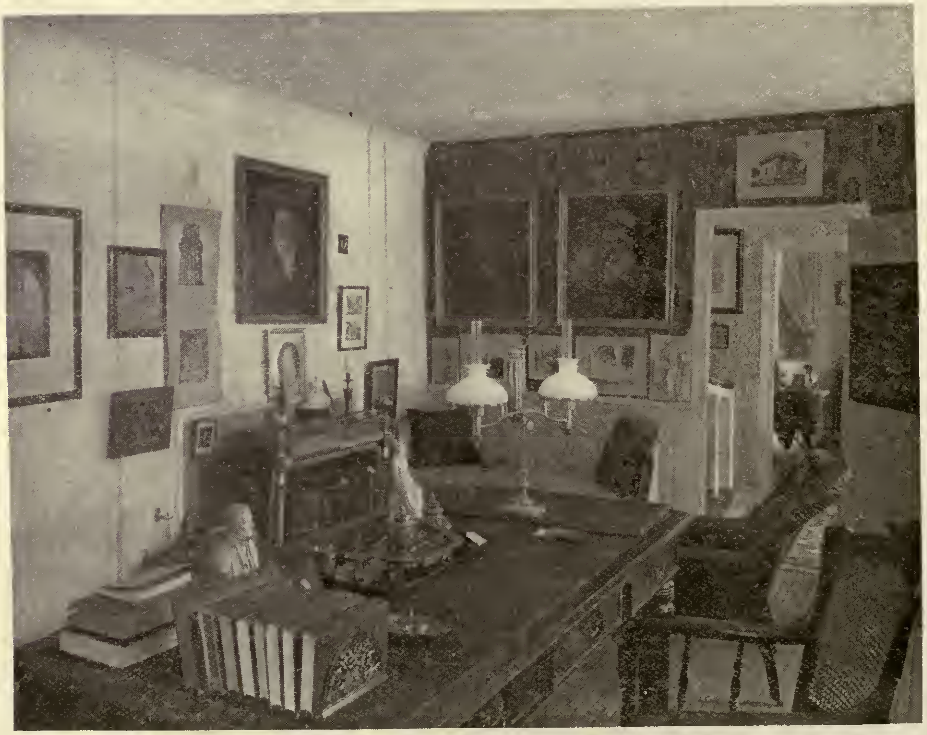
This tragedy caused the assembling of a great hunting party which swept the country about Tsavo, and among the lions killed was one great old lion which had imbedded in his scarred and lately-healed hide several fragments of window glass, which undoubtedly identified him as the slayer of poor Ryal.

(*Continued in February number*)

MR. MacQUEEN'S SAFARI (Journey Party)
Crossing the scrub desert of Taru between Voi and Kilimanjaro
—75 miles without water



PHILLIPS BROOKS' OLD HOME AT ANDOVER, MASS., WHERE HE WAS BORN AND SPENT HIS CHILDHOOD



LIBRARY AT THE OLD HOME, ANDOVER, MASS., WHERE PHILLIPS BROOKS SPENT MANY HAPPY EVENINGS WITH HIS MOTHER

PHILLIPS BROOKS, PREACHER

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THE magnetic personality of Phillips Brooks, the great-hearted orator, drew thousands of people to Boston during his ministry at Trinity. Church-goers clearly remember that towering form in the pulpit, and the rapid flow of words expressing thoughts that flew so fast no reporter could "take" the sermon verbatim unless especially trained.

Few men have understood so thoroughly, or left so strong an impression upon the lives of others as did Phillips Brooks, and the anniversary of his death is still a day of remembrance for those who knew and loved him. Young men whom he helped by his kindly counsel and cheery encouragement are now in many far-distant parts of the earth, their forceful lives giving evidence of the mighty influence of the man who aided them and ever urged them on to become true men in every sense of the word.

* * *

A visit to Mr. Brooks' old home, where he loved to entertain his friends, gave me a clearer insight into his character. In his cheery dining-room, mounted on an easel, was a portrait of his mother, to whom he always referred with a tender devotion. Phillips Brooks, while he never married, was a loving, human, tenderly-sympathetic man—mayhap he treasured in his heart a precious romance. The church was truly his chosen vocation, though he had other marked gifts and was a poet at heart. His hymns are often sung in Trinity Church; but few people are aware that he also wrote a sweet and tender love song:—

We sit together in our soul's high window, Dearest,
That looks upon the street of human life,
Within, our happy home; without, the world thou fearest;
Within, our peace; without, man's angry strife.

Look out! see how strange eyes look here upon us,
How poor they think our dwelling and how cheap;
They dream not of our godlike joys and honors,
The rich, ripe fields of blessing that we reap.

Nay, close the curtain; it is wrong, my Sweetest,
That they should see the love they do not know,
Our love, the purest, Darling, and completest
God ever trusted to our earth below.

Sit here, my love, with all the world behind us,
Sit hand in hand, nor dare to speak a word,
'Tis wronging God to share what he consigned us
With every outcast of the human herd.

So sit we by the soul's sweet fireside, Fairest;
The days go by as light winds kiss the flowers;
They seek through all earth's sweetest and earth's rarest
A love so sweet, a love so rare as ours.

A glimpse into his library of chosen book-friends was indeed a delight. In the presence of the treasured thoughts of his favorite authors, one felt himself very near to the great man.

His reverence for his parents and love for his brothers was always in evidence. He wrote frequently to his mother, and after her death he said, "I did not know I could ever be so much like a child again, but tonight the world seems desolate and lonely. All my life I have feared and dreaded what has come this week. The happiest part of my happy life has been my mother."

He often spoke proudly of his father, and once wrote to a friend: "No father ever was to his boys what ours has been to us."

* * *

In times of affliction he was a true consoler. When his brother died he wrote, "I want to think of him as being about the old house, always one of our group, making it happier and holier by his influence, as he did in the body."

For every aunt and relative he had a sincere regard, and "Aunt Susan" was always his confidante. Fond of talking over old times, he was an irredeemable optimist who never wearied of recounting the good times he had lived through, especially if his auditors were children, of whom he was very fond, the bulk of his correspondents in later years being children and young people. Often his pockets were like a school-boy's—a treasure-trove to the little ones.

Although born in Boston, the greater portion of Phillips Brooks' youth was spent in Andover, where, in the environment of the Phillips Academy, established by his ancestor, Lieutenant-Governor Samuel Phillips, he drew high ideals from an earlier day when the purposes of a great nation were being crystalized into being. The outline of the soft-verdured hills, the wind in the pine trees, the types of character around him, all had their effect on the budding imagination of the lad. In those days was implanted that love of nature which afterward showed him the whole universe bespeaking God's love when his imagination lifted him toward the truth of the great unity between God, nature and man. His childlike spirit of fun always remained with him. An old friend tells how he once said to him, "It is strange, Brooks, to think of you as a bishop."

PHILLIPS BROOKS AT THE AGE OF 19
When he decided his life-work

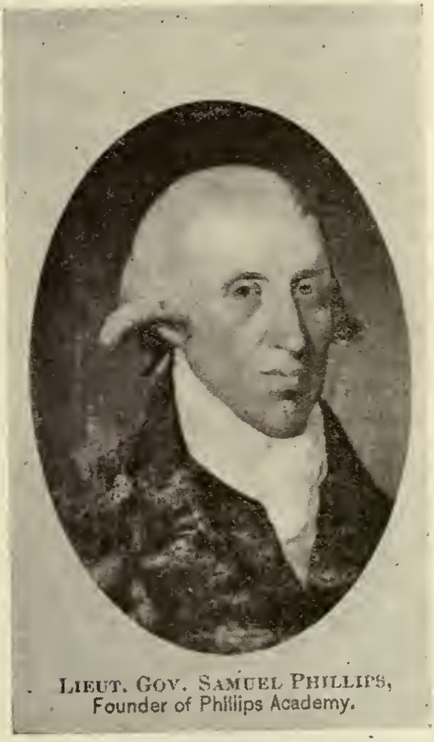
With his native youthfulness, came the reply, "It is so strange, Willie, that sometimes when I am putting on my clothes I have to stop and laugh."

There were pleasant years at Harvard College, the Alma Mater of his constant loyalty and love. A conspicuous event in his early professional life was that simple prayer—a pure utterance of faith and hope—delivered here on Commemoration Day, 1865. It was at the close of the Civil War, and every word rang with deep, strong patriotism.

His mastery of obstacles is well illustrated by the story of how he went to the president of Harvard University to consult him regarding his choice of a profession.

"It is a good plan," said the president, "in choosing a profession, to lay aside the impossible; for instance, in your case, you never could become a preacher, owing to the impediment in your speech."

The young man essayed "the impossible" and began his career as a minister, preaching his first sermon in the little hamlet of Sharon, Pennsylvania, where a mission to poor whites and negroes had been started. He instantly won the hearts of the poor folk with his fresh, glowing earnestness. Later he went to the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia. Despite his success in other fields, it appeared that his heart was set on returning to Boston, for at thirty-four years of age he came back to preach in the old Trinity Church on Summer Street. The visible fruit of that pastor-



The sturdy Revolutionary ancestor of Phillips Brooks ate is the splendid edifice, Trinity Church, which now stands in Copley Square. Built in the prime of his life, it is his most fitting monument; by his wish, a portion of the seating capacity of this church has always been reserved for visitors and strangers.

* * *

It has been said of him that "his was the sympathy that could feed the multitude, and the solitude that went apart to pray." He was, in truth, an apostle of love. The tenderness of his voice in a baptism, which he described as "the solemn, grateful, tender recognition of an infant's life on earth, of the deep meaning of his humanity . . . . ." was only surpassed by his deep feeling when he stood beside a little white casket.

His majestic figure and graceful gestures in the pulpit, the thrilling tones of his voice, gave charm to his every utterance. His tolerance was a marked characteristic. He once said:

"Try to respect and trust as far as you possibly can the men with whom you most profoundly disagree, for so only can you get from them the peculiar riches they have to give. . . . . . The more men you honor, the more cisterns you have to draw from."

His sensitive nature sometimes made him despondent, yet it was by mastery of himself and through his great catholic humanity that he became master of the hearts of others.

Bishop Brooks had high ideals of friendship, describing a friend as one who "thoroughly satisfies you, and by the contact of his nature makes your taste and brain and heart and conscience work at their very best." These words described his own personality; he had a way of inspiring others to put forth their very best effort.

* * *

His influence extended all over the world. Out in the Oregon hills a boy heard of his wonderful personality, and came to Boston to hear the great preacher, half afraid lest his ideals should be shattered by the reality. "The half was not told," and he was only one of many whose admiration was heightened by personal acquaintance.

Phillips Brooks gave his message to humanity not only through his sermons, but also in his life. His work is being carried on by many young men who are worthy of their teacher. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus of Chicago was one of the coterie of youthful scholars who sat at the feet of the beloved bishop.

ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS

The love of Bishop Brooks for all humanity is well illustrated by a story told by a Boston physician, who, in attending a poor widow, assured her that what she needed was not more medicine, but to get out for air and exercise. It was a difficult prescription for her, and when the doctor called to see if it

STAIRWAY IN OLD BROOKS HOME AT ANDOVER, WHERE PHILLIPS BROOKS SPENT HIS CHILDHOOD

had been possible for her to leave her little ones and her washtub, he found that Phillips Brooks had come to the rescue; the mother was out in the sunshine, and the bishop was making the hours fly for the little ones.

BISHOP BROOKS RESIDENCE IN BOSTON
The dining room where he received his many friends

A recent chat with a relative of Phillips Brooks, and hearing many little incidents of his life never put into print, recalled a treasured visit to his home in Boston. It is impossible to forget those few impressive hours with him. I never pass that noble pile, Trinity Church, without thoughts of the kindly face that thousands loved to look upon week by week. Even now, entering the church, and standing amid the shadows cast by softly-tinted stained glass, in fancy I see that towering form standing again in the pulpit, and listen once more to the mellow voice that so often proclaimed there the message of love and truth in a torrent of well-chosen words. Mr. Brooks was a remarkably lucid speaker, and had outgrown the old, severe religion of his childhood; he believed earnestly in the value of every individual soul, and sought to reach the deeper motives that lie behind all human action. His object was to purify the stream of life at its source.

He was wont to say: "Preaching is the communication of truth by man to men. It has two essential elements—truth and personality. However the gospel may be capable of statement in dogmatic form, its truest statement is not in dogma, but in personality."

His confidence in his beliefs kept him serene amid the waves of "higher criticism," and also made him tolerant toward all. His religion was always natural and healthy, and in all that he said gleamed the illuminating spark of his imaginative powers. To him God was no abstraction, rather, "a living, bright reality."

No one church could claim him; he belonged to Christianity, and had no sympathy with anything sectarian or narrow. He said, "There is a true simplicity and a false simplicity." He always claimed that simple methods were most effective. His views on the work of the churches and the colleges were decisive. He said they were maintained by the world to produce "the pattern and picture of the highest life of man."

Every act, all his letters, in fact, everything associated with Phillips Brooks testifies that he thoroughly enjoyed his busy life, and yet, with all his happiness, he was not always on the mountain-top; his great heart and loving temperament led him to visit the lowlands of life—to be the friend of those who dwelt therein. His daily life was entered into with all the enthusiasm of a boy, and he was a more earnest worker than the average business man; however, busy as he might be, he never forgot his courtesy. It is related of him that on one occasion, as he was waiting for the carriage that was to take him to the boat on which he was to commence a European tour, a man hurried up to him with some business which involved considerable explanation. The Bishop was obliged to cut the gentleman's remarks short, in order to catch his boat, but he stored the incident in his memory, and after his return, some months later, wrote the business man a letter of apology, requesting him to call upon him. Not one out of a thousand public men would have remembered the trifling incident; not so the courteous Bishop—he realized to the full that the little courtesies of life are those which are most often neglected, and therefore he set an example which it were well to follow in these days of strenuous, hurried business life.

BISHOP BROOKS' LIBRARY AT HIS BOSTON RESIDENCE
Who would ever forget a visit to this charmed retreat, with Phillips Brooks as the host?

The beloved bishop has an enduring monument in the hearts of all peoples, evidenced by the royal tribute paid his memory by twenty-nine states of the Union, combining with England, Porto Rico, China and Japan. The Brooks House in the Harvard University grounds satisfies even those who best understood that noble soul, sensitive to every expression of appreciation and beauty.

The Disbelavin' Of It.

by

PERCIVAL SHELDEN RIDSDALE.

Illustrated by Gilbert Edge.

OCH hone, and it was Jerry the Cobbler of Ballycloharan who didn't believe in the little people. Now there's a tale for ye.

'Twas Jerry himself who sat in his cobbler's shop day in and day out, mending the shoes of Ballycloharan and a-talking agin the lads and lassies who laughed in at the little window, more shame to him for not getting a lass himself. Though it was poor choosing a colleen would have who got him.

And it was one day he sat on his bench that Paddy Haney came in, with a fair big pair of shoes in the hand of him.

"'Tis these I want fixed," he says to Jerry the Cobbler, says he.

"For why?" says Jerry, "ain't the sole an' the heel of 'em the best the likes of ye could buy in Dublin town?"

"Shure, the walkin' there and back would wear 'em out," says Paddy, "not countin' the thirst to drink up the silver on the way."

"Pouf," says Jerry, says he, cobbling away, "an' it's no mendin' they need."

"I says fixin', not mendin'," says Paddy, cracking his knee at the laugh he had on the cobbler. "It's three thin sthrips o' leather I want on the soles o' them."

"For why?" asks Jerry the Cobbler. "Is it a new sthyle ye have?"

"'Tis a new job I'm afther gettin' from O'Malley an' it's through the Ballycloharan wood I have to walk after nightfall—"

"So?" says Jerry the Cobbler, unknowing, old fox though he was.

"Yis," says Paddy, "an' the three sthrips on the shoes is the good sign in the footmarks."

"An' that same may be phwhat?" asked Jerry.

"As if ye didn't know, ye old cobbler man," says Paddy, letting a laugh out of him. "Why, 'tis to kape the little people from followin' afther ye," says he.

And at that Jerry the Cobbler put down the shoes and held his sides and laughed. And he stood up and laughed. And he sat down and laughed. And he unbuckled his belt and laughed. And he laughed until he squeezed tears from his auld fox eyes. And then he says, says he, "Little people? Fairies? Shure, there ain't none left in Ireland at all."

Now there's a tale for ye.

"Whisht, man," says Paddy, all excited, "take back the words ye said. Take 'em back while ye have toime, for if the little people heard 'em they'd—"

"Phwhat would they?" says Jerry, clapping his fist on the bench.

"Well, I don't know," says Paddy, "but they would—shure."

And then—what do you think?—Jerry the Cobbler let an oath out of him so big and brown that it hit all the little people of the world square between the little shoulders of them. It was so big I couldn't begin to tell it, because it's kept growing ever since like a ripple on the water, and now it's as wide as the world.

It scared Paddy so, bold boy that he was, he went yelling down the street, and soon the little people in Ballycloharan wood heard it, they did.

As for Jerry the Cobbler, sure it hurt him no more than a pinch of snuff, and that never tickled the nose of him.

Now at the same time Jerry the Cobbler, though it was only known to the two of them, had his little fox eyes on Jimmy Maloney's daughter, who was so fat all the boys in Ballycloharan, the bold ones, was after making game of her, and so freckled that the fairer colleens said the skin of her couldn't be seen at all, at all. But, saving these, the colleen was handy at the milking-pail, and Jimmy Maloney had as many cows as the next man and a fat pig or two besides, the same which is sure Jerry the Cobbler was knowing of, the old fox.

As for the girl, 'twas no fine man she'd be after getting, so she didn't say no when Jerry the Cobbler gave her a sly hug on a dark night.

But Jerry he just counted the cows and the pigs, he did, and never a word to the priest.

So there's a tale for ye.

Now there were great doings in Ballycloharan wood when Jerry the Cobbler's oath shook the leaves and waved the grasses and whistled in at the doors and windows of the little people's houses. And it was so big and mighty that it broke a branch of a big oak tree, and the branch fell in the fairies' ring, and the little people could not move it, and had to build another ring where the grass was not so fine for dancing—the shame of it. And were they angry, and did they chatter? and did they scold? Why, the whole of Ballycloharan wood was full of the noise of it, it was.

Now the fairies in the wood were all Leprauhauns, and, as everybody knows, they are the boldest and the cunningest and the cleverest that ever was. And the chief of them was a real Red Leprauhaun. They said the family of him was older than Ireland, and that when there was no green sod on the country at all and it was only rock just come up out of the sea, the grandfather back of the many grandfathers of him came from away off. So—if any fairy in Ireland knew anything, the Red Leprauhaun knew more, he did.

So when he heard Jerry the Cobbler's oath, what does he up and do?

Och hone, there's a tale for ye.

Now everyone knows a person who does not believe in fairies could not see one if it sat on the edge of his eyelash. D'ye mind that?

The next day, it being Sunday, Jerry the Cobbler, starting for mass with a smile ready in his cheek for Jimmy Maloney's daughter, stumbled in the road and fell sprawling in a mud puddle, he did.

"He, he, he, ho, ho" he heard, and the temper of him rose quicker than he did himself, but, bless you, there was not a soul to be seen.

So, madder than a rooster with his tail feathers cut off, away home to clean his only suit Jerry went, and no sweeter in mind than he might be, back he started by another road, which same led him past Ballycloharan wood. Now whisht! But half by had he gone when what should he hear but Jimmy Maloney's daughter calling most pitifully from the wood,

"O Jerry, Jerry, come here, it's fast I am."

So Jerry stuffs his tongue in his cheek and jumps into the wood, but no sweetheart of his could he find. Under the bushes and behind the trees he searched and searched.

"Stumbled in the road and fell sprawling in a mud puddle"

"Where are ye, what ails ye?" he yelled till the throat of him was sore.

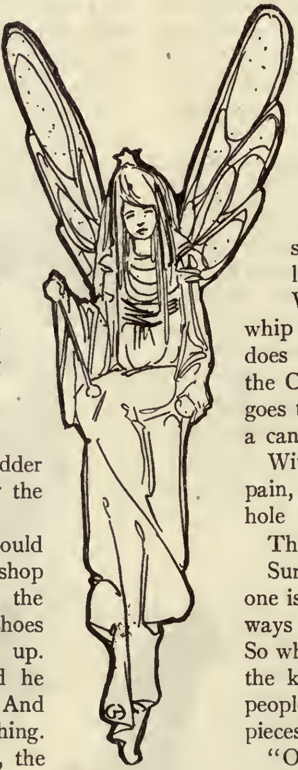
Then to the ears of him came the voice once more,

"O Jerry, Jerry, come here to me."

As for seeing the little people under all the bushes laughing at him, he could no more catch sight of them than you or me could see from here to China.

So his temper was worse than ever when he gave up the search and started for church again.

Then what d'ye think? Why, he had stayed in the wood so long that he missed last mass, he did. Och hone, the sin of it. For there were the people coming out o' mass. And, would you believe it, right amongst them, with a new blue shawl over the red hair of her, was Jimmy Maloney's daughter.



The little fox eyes of Jerry the Cobbler were ablaze with fire when he reached the side of her.

"What for are ye afther makin' game o' me, ye blatherin' idjit?" he says.

"Ye abusin'-tongued little man," she says, says she, and gives him a lout along the head which sent him sprawling.

The people all laughed to see the likes o' him in the dust, and Jerry heard above the noise of them the shrill little "he, he, he, ho, ho."

Well, now, there was not a madder man in all Ireland than Jerry the Cobbler of Ballycloharan.

The next morning what should he see when he goes into his shop but all his things upset and the leather for two fine pairs of shoes for Mrs. McNamara all sliced up.

He hopped on one foot and he hopped on the other, he did. And what good did it do him but nothing. He had in Mickey Brannigan, the policeman, he did. And Mickey shook his head and said it was awful bad, and so it was. But there was no catching the scoundrel who did it at all.

The next day Jerry the Cobbler picked up his knife and it wouldn't cut; his awl wouldn't punch and his needle wouldn't sew, and his hammer was so slippery that it slipped and smashed the thumb of him. And Jerry's temper was not sweetened by that same, it was not.

And when he smashed his thumb what did he hear but that "he, he, he, ho, ho."

"Blast ye," he cried, "whoever ye may be, if I get me hands on ye I'll shake the bones out of ye, I will," says he.

But, being fairy blind, poor man, he could not set eyes on the little one who stood grinning in the doorway.

That night Jerry the Cobbler, the old fox, woke up in the middle of it and creeping to the door of his shop, he listened, he did. Sure enough, there was noise of someone inside, and the slitting of leather and a "he, he, he, ho, ho."

Jerry the Cobbler took a fresh grip on the knife in his hand and put an eye to the keyhole, he did.

"Now," says he to himself, "I'll see who the murderin' thafe o' the night is in me shop."

But sorry a thing could he see.

On the other side of the door a little Leprauhaun stood guard and he sees Jerry's little eye in the keyhole, he does. With that he raises his fairy whip and slashes at it. And what does the lash of it do but hit Jerry the Cobbler in the eye. Pouf—out goes the sight of it like a breath on a candle!

With that, Jerry, roaring with pain, claps the other eye to the keyhole and—

There's a tale for ye.

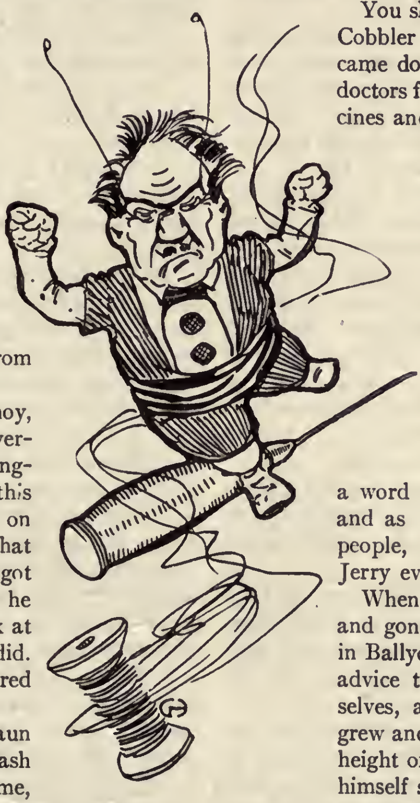
Sure, everyone knows that when one is touched by a fairy he can always see fairies afterward, he can. So when Jerry claps the other eye to the keyhole he sees dozens of little people all busy tearing his shop to pieces.

"Oh, mercy," he cries, "I'm going crazy with the pain, I am." And the man that he was wouldn't believe what he had seen. The shame of it!

Now wouldn't you think the little people would be satisfied and let Jerry the Cobbler alone? You would? Well, sure, you don't know the likes of them, you don't. The very next day who should sneak into the corner of Jerry the Cobbler's shop but the Red Leprauhaun, and all he had to protect him a magic thorn he carried in his hand like a sword.

Jerry the Cobbler sat there with his head cocked on one side, for 'twas only one eye he could see out of now. But all the same he had seen what he had seen, had Jerry, and he had slept on the thought of it, and the one eye was now wide open and half on the door and half on the shoe he was after mending. And what d'ye think? He saw the Red Leprauhaun come in.

Jerry the Cobbler was just waiting for his chance, the old fox, he was, because well he knew, from what he had heard, that the little folks were so much quicker than a wink, that while you thought of winking a wink, phist, off and away they were.



In a minute what does that sly little Leprauhaun do but, the cunning of him, imitate the voice of Mickey Brannigan the policeman.

"Oho, Jerry the Cobbler, it's the thafe I've caught," called the voice from outside.

"Oho, Mickey, me bhoy, an' have ye?" Jerry answered, jumping up and springing for the door. But all this time he kept his good eye on the Leprauhaun, old fox that he was, and just as he got near the door what does he do but let fly a great kick at the Red Leprauhaun, he did.

"Git out o' this, ye little red divil," he cried.

But the Red Leprauhaun made a back leap like a flash of light, in the nick of time, and he made a fierce stab with the magic thorn he carried, and then fled helter-skelter.

The thorn pierced the leather and sock and went deep into Jerry's toe.

Now, there's a tale for ye.

"Ouch," yelled Jerry the Cobbler, till the roof was nigh lifted, and he tried to pull out the thorn till the toe was almost pulled off, but it would not come.

Now, mind you, there was a great time in Ballycloharan when the news went down the street that Jerry the Cobbler was laid up with a thorn in his foot and it would not come out.

The strong boys came up and they laid hold of it, and they pulled and they tugged, but never a speck did it move. And the old housewives came up with poultices of this and poultices of that, and they poulticed the toe, but never a speck did it move.

And then what d'ye think happened? Sure, the thorn began to grow and it grew and it grew until out of Jerry the Cobbler's toe there was growing as fine a thorn bush as you could find this side of Dublin.

You should have seen Jerry the Cobbler in them days. There came doctors from this town and doctors from that, some with medicines and some with knives, some with healing stones and some with lotions, and betwixt and between poor Jerry the Cobbler was nigh kin to a skeleton. For the medicines did him no good, and the lotions did him no good, and the healing stones did not heal, and the knives would not cut.

And all the time Jerry the Cobbler said never a word about the fairies, did he, and as for them, the cute little people, not one of them did Jerry ever set eyes on.

When all the doctors had failed and gone home, and all the people in Ballycloharan had given all the advice they did not need themselves, and the thorn bush still grew and flourished till it was the height of Jerry's own head, Jerry himself sat a-thinking, and so he sat three days and three nights, and what he thought he told to not a soul, he did.

When he had thought the three days and three nights, it began to rain and never was there such a rain in Ballycloharan.

That night, in all the darkness, Jerry the Cobbler started out from his shop.

Out of the village and down the road and over the hill and to Ballycloharan wood he went, mind you, and slow as he went, for the thorn bush on his toe was heavy to carry, he chuckled and laughed, he did.

It was no easy way for him in the wood,

but after a while he came to the place he was looking for, and what do you think it was? Nothing more nor less than a fairy ring. And how could he find it? Sure, 'twas a thorn from a bush that hid the ring Jerry the Cobbler had in his foot. So that was easy.

Now Jerry the Cobbler stood there all night while it poured, and all day while it poured, and that night the rain stopped and the moon came out. Jerry the Cobbler stood, still hidden by the thorn bush, and his one little fox eye wide open, it was.

After a while he heard the grasses stirring. And whisht—there in the ring was a score or more fairies, a-dancing to get the cramps out of their joints. Jerry saw them as plain as day, with the one eye of him, but he never moved a move, not he, the old fox.

After a while who did he see coming but the Red Leprauhaun, and he blinked his eye to make sure. There was more fairies with him, and he stood in the center of the ring and made them dance, and not one could see Jerry the Cobbler hiding behind the bush that grew out of his toe. Jerry the Cobbler saw then the time was come. So over he fell, right over the ring, and the thorn bush growing from his toe fell with him, right over the ring and over the little people.

Such a shrieking and a wailing and a howling and a chattering as there was, for more than a score of the fairies was caught by the thorns and held fast.

Jerry the Cobbler heard them, and he grinned, and he hoped he'd caught the Red Leprauhaun, but no—there was the little fellow standing before him, level with his eyes as he lay on the ground.

"So it's you, Jerry the Cobbler," says he, all in a rage, "It's the likes o' you dares to break up our dance. You get out of here before more harm comes to ye, ye little dried-up, disbelavin' son of a cobbler, ye!"

"Oho," says Jerry the Cobbler, says he, "ye little red mischief-maker, 'twas ye that sthuck the thorn in me foot, ye schamin' little thafe."

"Will ye get up out of that?" says the Red Leprauhaun, shaking the tiny fist of him.

"I will not," says Jerry the Cobbler, "till I get phwhat I want. Listen now to the shrieking of the little fellows held by me thorns," says he, as bold as you'd have.

"My thorns, ye mane," says the Red Leprauhaun.

"Till ye gave 'em to me," says Jerry, says he.

"Well, phwhat is it ye're afther wantin'?" says the little fellow, seeing that he couldn't frighten Jerry the Cobbler.

"For ye to take the thorn out o' me foot and lave off the t'asin' o' me," says Jerry.

"So ye're afther belavin' in fairies now, are ye?" says the little fellow, sticking out his tongue.

"I wouldn't be squazin' a score o' them beneath me," says Jerry, "if I didn't, would I now?" which was a hard blow for the little man.

At that Jerry laughed so loud that the little man was furious. "I'll do what ye ask," he said, "if ye'll promise me niver to come to Ballycloharan wood again, an' to be even I'll do wan thing more," says he, for he was above holding spite, was he, being of noble race and long descent.

"Phwhat I ask, is all I ask," says Jerry the Cobbler, says he, knowingly.

"Then 'tis done," says the Red Leprauhaun, and he claps his hands and the thorn bush falls off Jerry's toe, and all the little people were free, they were.

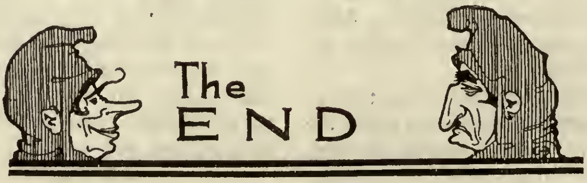
"Now go," says the little man, "an' if ye ever come back, ye'll be sorry," says he.

"'Tis not the likes of ye I ever want to set eyes on agin," shouts Jerry, jumping up and running out of the wood and with that he hears—"He, he, he, ho, ho!" behind him.

"May the likes o' him shrivel up," says Jerry, running on, and went ker-slap into a tree with his left side, which was his blind side.

Then he knew what he had forgotten to ask, and to this day he has only one eye, for which Jimmy Maloney's daughter, when he asked her, said no to him.

Now, there's a tale for ye.



THE COWARD

By GEORGE WARBURTON LEWIS

Author of "Wearing the Blue," "A Freak of War," etc.

WHITE of face and trembling in every limb, he stood in concealment at the edge of a cane-field, past which bedraggled infantry was rushing in what seemed to him an endless column. The troops were hurrying to the attack, eager, unfearing. What fools! he thought; they would only be slaughtered like so many beeves, along with the glory-seeking, hare-brained officers who, sword in hand, trotted pantingly at the fore of their companies.

Suddenly the guide of a company leaped off his feet and came to earth with apoplectic suddenness. The column swerved wide to avoid him and so came near to the refugee at the edge of the cane-field. He retreated with a hang-dog countenance and was almost instantly lost in the tall cane. His manner was not incomprehensible. It was the manner of fear. The clutch of terror was upon his heart, and under its fierce pressure that organ fluttered feebly, while a horrible sensation of sickish dread held sway within him. Little had he guessed that the crucial event would prove him a miserable craven. The awful feeling had come upon him suddenly and whelmed him as a tidal wave. And then, though barely in the edge of the bullet zone, he had come to know, all of a sudden, that he was a coward. *A coward!* . . . And this black disgrace after four generations of fearless, fighting ancestors, men for the most part whose glorious passing had been chapters in forlorn hopes, and who had slipped out of life blessing the opportunity which gave them a pretext on which they might claim kin with their heroic forbears. Realization of the bald truth came as a crushing blow, a shock.

For a space the Coward stood motionless in his hiding place, trying to analyze his emotions. His mind seemed only half awake and his thoughts seemed to struggle out of a chaos which enwrapped his reason like an ethereal fog. Before his gaze the column continued to surge forward, laughing, shouting, cursing. There were faces whose muscles stood out tense with purpose, faces that depicted wistfulness, anxiety; and boyish faces relaxed in healthy laughter over some humorous accident of the scramble forward. He noted that everything was hastening forward. Riderless horses, stray dogs and frightened rabbits, all were caught up in the impetus of the great movement, dashing frantically toward the very fountain of danger. Progress in any other direction were impossible. To the beholder there seemed only one point of the compass left, one broad channel in which men and horses, freighted with the impedimenta of war, fought onward, ever onward. The Coward looked and wondered. The courageous and cowardly alike filled a common niche in the mighty throng, the delirious, heaving mass. There was many a faint heart there. He knew it; and the knowledge made him doubly bitter. He himself, racing in this same wild, animated thread of humanity, had all at once felt the thing descend upon him that still gripped his heart. He had fought the strange, abstract terror with all his strength, but it had proved a monster; it was his master. He knew that his courage had oozed away. And then he had reeled out of the column, fallen to all fours and crawled under some lime bushes, where he lay gasping with fear, listening to the whine and whir of flying missiles above him.

A squadron of cavalry went thundering over the field and through a coppice of lime bushes to occupy an indicated position. The iron-rimmed hoofs of a leaping charger all but brained a man in a grimy drab uniform who, wormed into concealment among the vegetation, lay motionless upon his face as if dead. It was the Coward. Startled half out of the torpor that oppressed his cringing senses, he raised himself upon an elbow and stared wide-eyed at the deep imprints left by the flying hoofs that had grazed his head. There might be more cavalry, he thought. Danger seemed to spring from every conceivable source. He dislodged himself from his hiding-place and crawling well-nigh flat upon his belly, went away like a cougar stalking its prey. The oval of a reeking bay flank stood out of the grass ahead of him. It was a dead cavalry horse. Its valiant end was as a fresh accusation of his poltroonery. Next came the remnants of a wooden fence which the rush of the cavalry had shattered; then a half-mangled grove of young bananas, and finally the drab, twisted figure of a fallen trooper caught his glance. He avoided it as he would have avoided a leper. With all its dumbness the silent thing in the grass reproached him for his irreparable shame. Something suddenly blotted out the westering sun. He looked up and saw the seeded plumes of cane-stalks nodding above him. By whisper and gesture they seemed to be circulating the story of his disgrace; and, too, there certainly was scorn in the manner of their nodding, cone-shaped heads. . . .

With unsteady hands the Coward parted the cane and peered out upon a strange perspective. The troops had passed by at last—gone to their doom, all save a few scattered here and there, who seemed to have fallen asleep by the way. A contortionist could not have imitated the cramped and awkward positions in which they lay. Dead and wounded horses and discarded paraphernalia of war littered the way after the fashion of debris strewn by a passing cyclone. It was at once a scene of ruin and disorder. But one object on all the broad field stirred from the wreckage. It was something that crawled, slowly, laboriously, not unlike the watcher in the cane had crawled, though mayhap for a different cause. The Coward studied his new-found companion intently. The crawler came nearer, nearer, seeming to have divined the presence of the straggler. It was a wounded trooper, doubtless seeking the grateful shade of the cane. He was wounded and bloody, but he was—laughing! Of all things this was the most incredible. The Coward stared, his mind for the moment distracted from the sibilant sounds that everywhere fillled the air and ever increased. He allowed the cane to close up before him as the eyes of the trooper turned suddenly in his direction, but he was too late to escape detection. The slight rustle of the cane fixed the man's gaze. "Hi there, you!" he called in a queer, cracked voice, "are you *for* or *forninst*?" There was something of merry indifference in the manner of the challenge. "*For!*" Fear of an investigating bullet brought the quick answer from the cane. "Come out," demanded the trooper, and obediently the shamed one came forth from his retreat. The trooper got to his feet only after a struggle, but the expression of mirth did not leave his face. Evidently he regarded the whole performance as a joke. Close above his right eye was a wound which curved downward across his cheek, and which might have been made by a fragment of a shell. It had the appearance of a serious fracture. Presumably the shock of the missile had twisted his features into the semblance of a continuous laugh. As the Coward approached the wounded one, the laugh, to him, became a ghastly grin. The Coward halted, appalled at the hideous spectacle. "Wha—what you doin' back here?" rasped out the disfigured trooper. "Cold feet?" Oddly enough, his reason seemed not to have deserted him. A tremor shook the Coward. "I—*I can't do it!*" he cried, his voice breaking pitiably; "something seems to have smothered my will power—I—*can't go!* A horrible icy something's resting on my very heart. *I don't want to be a coward*—my position—my family—the disgrace—great God!"

Apparently the Coward's remorse only amused his listener. The hideous smile seemed to broaden appreciatively.

"If only I had been shot at the beginning," went on the Coward, "if only—"

He broke off wonderingly as the trooper leaned forward with a gasp of sudden interest, his blood-shot eyes fixed upon the right side of the Coward's breast, his forefinger raised significantly. In the woolen shirt, an inch to the right of the breast bone, was a small, round hole, such as might have been the work of a sharp lead-pencil. A single drop of blood, now quite dry, adhered to the lower edge of the hole. Its meaning was unmistakable. A wild hope sprang up in the heart of the Coward. He tore open the bosom of his shirt, drawing his hand through something that was warm and adhesive, and then all at once his eyes danced and he raised his voice in a great, sustained shout of exultation. "Thank God!" he cried fervently, "thank God!" His emotion was a sight to behold in man. "*Thank God!*" he repeated, with utter abandon, "the name is lifted from the slime. I'm *not* a coward. I've come over to the honored wounded. It was the weakness, the loss of blood, the strange newness of the feeling—that I misinterpreted to be the Great Blight. I'm going forward now —hurrah!"

He swung his campaign hat above his head and strained out a cheer, but his face twitched with the quick pain of the exertion and a pencil of red froth gushed through the hole in the shirt. His face was still very pale, but a wonderful luster had dissipated the lifeless expression of his eyes. "Thank God!" he murmured with delirious fervor, and then suddenly he snatched up a discarded rifle and bandolier and swung off toward the fighting. His brain was intoxicated with the joy of exoneration, bullet-fraught though it had been. His pallid face was almost radiant, but his gait was that of a tipsy man. The trooper staggered after him desperately until a screaming missile of some sort carried him off his feet partially stunned. He sat up after a moment, however, the expression of his face still a frightful mockery of his real plight, and staring with dreamy interest at the disappearing tragedy of a man he half shouted, half wheezed: "Give 'em hell, ol' war-horse, give 'em hell!"

But the admonition went unheeded. The Coward was fighting every inch of the way up the shot-swept slope that led to—? And with him the fight was not one of lead and steel; rather one of deep-rooted determination pitted against rapidly waning vitality—against swaying knees and glazing eyeballs. In the edge of the mighty confusion an irregular, ragged line of half-bent figures gradually unrolled itself from the nipping smoke-cloud that enshrouded the scene of carnage. In the faces of the awed, retreating men the Coward beheld something that was strangely familiar. Familiar indeed! It was his own regiment—the ever spick and span organization whose clock-work evolutions at parade had evoked the plaudits of onlooking multitudes. How fortunate that those multitudes could not witness—! The gilt and tinsel had vanished from the sodden gingerbread. The very drum-major who had strutted immaculately in his bear-skin shako at the head of the regiment, was now to be seen, bare-headed and disheveled, leading the regiment still, to be sure, but leading it now as a force of ruin in a vast retrograde movement fraught with frightful consequences to the cause itself. The bandsman was a sorrowful sight to behold. The hand that had swung to the rhythm of gay march music was missing, and the gory stump of the wrist dangled out of a sleeve which appeared to have been chewed by some sharp-fanged animal.

The identical company of which the Coward had been second in command, was making away to the rear, officerless, panic-stricken. A great wave of faces, blanched and half-transfigured, almost bore him down as, making a stand, he gestured wildly, clutched flying sleeves and bellowed reassurances in a madman's attempt to stem the mighty human flood. Exactly how he succeeded is one of those unsolved problems which are still perplexing military experts. The germ of a great victory was planted when he collided with a captain engaged in a desperate resistance against his own men, to preserve their honor and their lives. Together they faced the senseless throng, commanding, threatening, imploring. Then came other officers; hoarse colonels, gray-haired generals. The reflux movement began after the manner of a magnetic wire drawn through steel-filings. At first the particles adhered only by contact, but anon the spirit of augmenting power crept abroad among the tattered regiments and restored reason to the minds of men. The rout was checked. There was not a complete rehabilitation of the scattered elements, just a sort of general understanding of the thing the leaders sought to accomplish. Volunteer men from the prairies fell in alongside of hoary regulars, a battery of artillery re-formed here, a troop of cavalry there; it was a strangely mixed force, and, as a formation for battle, an innovation most pronounced.

The new army crept slowly back up the slope. As it advanced, it belched flame like the dragons of Chinese tradition. It reached the summit—at least a portion of it did.

An officer, evidently transported with the joy of victory, led the foremost skirmishers in a rush over the parapets. A final stand by the heated guns; a little more din; then it was over. After the clamor fell a far-reaching stillness, a hush. On a little eminence inside the fortifications a wounded officer reclined upon a pyramid of haversacks. There were those who would have paid him homage, but he waved them away, smiling tiredly.

"It was—a close call," he forced in a broken, wheezy voice, "a trooper— . . . out of—the slime!"

A long column of litters wound past the sinking man. The dead, the dying, the wounded—all were leaving the field in a great snake-like column, not unlike that in which they had come upon it. On one of the litters was a trooper—and a face whose features seemed frozen in a ghastly grin, as of derision. The gaze of the wounded officer met the hideous look calmly.

It neither dismayed nor startled him.

"Good-bye," he whispered weakly, *"but for you—I'd hardly—have known . . . I'd have —passed out—a coward!"*

The bystanders heard and wondered, but none comprehended. The wounded man sighed—a great, deep sigh that trailed away into tense silence. It was over: peace was with the Coward.

LOVE ABSOLUTE

By OWEN CLARK

IF thou offend, fear not that I
  May coldly censure thee;
But go thy way, be glad and say,
  "He hath forgiven me!"

If time should make thy love grow cold—
  My love unwished-for be;
I pray thee, dear, say without fear,
  "He hath forgotten me!"

If after-days should bring thee tears
  And loneliness, say, "He
Who in his love forgot, forgave,
  Waiteth to comfort me!"

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

By MAY STRANATHAN

ALICIA, her bosom friend, had a sweetheart, and after each time that she saw him, Isabel and her younger sister, Inez, listened eagerly while she told them in strictest confidence everything that he had said or done. Tom, the sweetheart, was a youth of almost startling originality. He was a medical student, and his first gift to Alicia was a toe bone acquired during his anatomical investigations.

After some weeks of bliss in each other's society, Tom and Alicia began, in the altruistic spirit of all true happiness, to long to make others happy and to create many plans for their friends. Tom also had a bosom friend, or, more properly, a chum; and what could be more fitting or proper than that he should become, through the kind offices of Tom and Alicia, the sweetheart of Isabel, who was far too timid, as Alicia said, to get one for herself? Isabel was of the fair, angelic type of beauty, sedate and quiet far beyond her years. She was not the kind of a girl, as her mother said, to ever get boy-struck and foolish, and so was an ideal older sister for Inez, who was a rattle-brained little brunette.

Tom's friend, Jesse Brown, was also timid, and it took long and tactful maneuvers by his friend to persuade the swain to screw his courage to the sticking-point. The very thing that attracted him to Isabel made him afraid to approach such a superior being.

It was at a church social that he finally made the plunge and asked if he might be her escort at the annual dinner to be given at the church the next week. His opportunity had been brought about through great toil by his allies, who straightway betook themselves off on the pretext of hunting a friend whom it was imperative to meet. In desperation, Jesse plunged at once into his subject. He had thought to preface it with a few general remarks, but there was not a thing left to say, for Tom had already remarked that it was too bad it had rained, and Alicia had said there was a good crowd present for such a bad evening.

"Could I have the pleasure of your company to the church dinner next Thursday?" said Jesse, in a voice that sounded to him like that of a stranger.

Isabel hesitated, blushed and looked terribly embarrassed. It was the first time any boy had ever asked for her company, and a spasm of bashfulness swept over her. How could she ever appear before her father, mother, Alicia, Inez and all the mighty host with a young man as her escort, who would stay with her all the evening?

"Oh, I don't think I could," she replied at last.

Poor Jesse, feeling as if he had received a dash of cold water in the face, asked, "Why not?" because he could think of nothing else to say. That he said automatically, without thinking.

"I can't tell you just why," she answered, evidently in great distress.

"Why can't you tell me?" said he.

"Because—" she began.

"Because what?" he pursued, with a determination that filled her with wonder and admiration.

"Oh, I can't tell you now," she said.

"When can you tell me?" with a smile of masculine assurance.

"I'll tell you at the dinner," answered Isabel; "I'll see you there, but I really have a reason why I can't go with you."

"Has the reason anything to do with me?" he asked, picking up courage from her manner.

"No," she answered, and with that he was forced to be content, as the allies, thinking their charges had been allowed ample time for the settlement of their affairs, returned, consumed by curiosity.

The night of the church dinner duly arrived; but poor Jesse could hardly manage to get a word in edgewise with Isabel. It was truly distressing. Alicia and Tom did their share, and really more, but Mary Ward stuck fast to Isabel, thus forevermore making plain to Alicia and Inez that she was smitten with

Jesse and tagged after Isabel that she might get a word with him. Then, when, by the exercise of great ingenuity, the two allies finally rescued her from the clutches of Mary, at that very moment Isabel's Sunday school teacher came up and talked to her a weary while. Just as the company was departing, Jesse managed to see her alone for a moment; she and Inez came out of the dressing-room with their wraps and encountered him in the hall.

"There he is!" said Inez in a stage whisper, and then fled.

"Aren't you going to tell me what you said you would?" he asked, watching askance her mother's approach, ineffectually blocked by Inez.

"I haven't time now," was all she could say before her mother bore down on them and carried her off to meet Mrs. Glower, who had not seen her since she was a baby, and who had to be assured over and over that this tall girl was really little Isabel and that she would be sixteen years old in March.

Isabel was as conscientious as she looked, and it worried her not to be able to keep her promise. It also worried Alicia and Inez, who had worked so hard to bring about the opportunity, and the latter suggested that Isabel should write Jesse a note of explanation. This, after much discussion with her two advisers, she essayed to do, being earnestly assured by them that it would not look at all as if she were running after him, but that it was only a courtesy demanded of her if she did not wish to appear rude; but when it came to putting her explanation on paper, it seemed very trivial, and in fact dwindled entirely away, and all she accomplished, after a scandalous waste of writing-material, was this:

> Mr. Brown,
>
> *Dear Sir*, I am sorry I did not get an opportunity to tell you last evening why I could not go to the church dinner with you. I really had a good reason, but I would rather not tell you the reason, but it was nothing against you.
>
> Respectfully,
> Isabel Graham.

She sealed the letter carefully, despite the reproachful glances of the two who had done so much for her and ought, of course, to have been permitted to read the letter, but when it came to the address, she did not know where he lived. Some place on Bryant Avenue, Alicia thought, but she was not quite sure. The telephone book failed to enlighten them, for, as Isabel noticed for the first time, Brown was a common name and they did not know his father's initials. So, after much discussion, the letter was given to Alicia to be entrusted to Tom, who was to deliver it to his friend.

Isabel's conscientious mind was still in a somewhat disturbed state. She felt that her timidity had placed her in a false position with Jesse. She had refused his company without any real excuse, and felt that he knew it. She did not wish him to feel hurt; some restitution was certainly due him, she thought. When she met him at an occasional party or at the young people's meeting, she thought him distant in his manner toward her. Her father always came for her and Inez at ten o'clock whenever they went to a party—just as if they were little girls—while Alicia was escorted home by Tom. She wondered if Jesse could think that she had her father come on purpose to keep him from offering to go home with them. Of course she would not wish him to go with them, or expect him to, but she did not wish him to think her afraid that he might offer to do so. Isabel pondered over the subject a great deal, and one day remarked to Inez that she wished they could give a party, as they had been invited to so many lately.

"Mamma," said Inez that same day, "couldn't Isabel and I have a party? We have been to so many I am just ashamed to go to any more, when we have never had one."

Their mother thought they might give a small one, and asked whom they wished to invite. They really could not decide without the help of their social mentor, and so after school that evening, Alicia came in with them and they began to consider the subject. First they named several girls, and then Alicia said, "Lucy and Harry Snow."

"Harry Snow?" said Mrs. Graham. "You don't expect to ask boys, do you?"

The three conspirators looked at each other.

"I don't know," said Isabel, feebly.

"Why, of course, mamma," said Inez. "Boys go to all the parties."

"I thought you meant only a little party for girls," said their mother, whereupon Inez retreated to the hall, beckoning frantically for her mother to follow.

"Tom Nelson goes with Alicia, mamma," said she. "He takes her home from all of the parties. Ever so many of the girls have beaux. I just don't think any of them would come if we didn't have boys."

"I will have to consult your father about it," said her mother. "What boys would you wish to ask?"

"We'll ask Alicia," said Inez.

Alicia, upon being asked to, named several boys in a cautious manner, and then Inez put in with, "And Tom Nelson."

"And Jesse Brown," said Alicia, taking the cue.

"Who is he?" said Mrs. Graham.

"He is Tom's chum," said the ready one. "They go every place together." And so Jesse's name was added to the list which was to run the gauntlet of their father's eye.

The party which Mrs. Graham had supposed would be a simple affair, demanded the attention of all three of the girls for the entire two weeks of preparation, except the hours which they were obliged to give to their studies; and when the eventful evening came Isabel was, as her mother said, all worn-out and nervous from the strain of making candy, arranging flowers and the many other little details. When she came to dress, she stood before the mirror for a full half-hour, trying to decide whether to wear her pink ribbons or her blue.

"I never saw you so fussy," said her mother. "Your nerves are all worn out. You cannot stand the least bit of excitement. I think I shall be obliged to shut down on the party business altogether. Either set of ribbons looks all right."

The point which her mother did not see, however, was this: Isabel looked purely seraphic in the blue, and the pink, which is the color of coquetry, gave her just a touch of worldly fascination. In which character should she appear? When she had finally decided on the blue and, after going down into the parlor, had noted how gay Inez looked in her pink ones, she was filled with vain regrets, for it was then too late to change, as their guests had begun to arrive. Even the heavenliest of blue, however, could never have made Inez' dark, piquant little face look anything but coquettish.

To the mother and the guests the party seemed a great success, but to the girls it was a flat failure. *Jesse didn't come*, and for the two friends, by reason of their sympathy with the silent sufferer, the party was spoiled; at least it was for Inez, and even Alicia's joy in Tom was subdued; it seemed a shame to flaunt her own happiness in the face of her disappointed friend. Tom could not imagine why Jesse had reneged so.

Isabel was utterly exhausted, her mother said, and so the miserable little maid was doomed to lie in bed all the next day; but when she did get up, she was so pale and listless as to cause her mother regret that she had ever given her consent to the party. In some way she felt that it had not been the success the girls had anticipated. They were singularly quiet about it, and did not discuss it much after the manner of girls.

A few days after the party Isabel met the faithless one on the street. Nothing in the world is really so bold as the timid girl goaded by disappointment, and when Jesse had stopped and shaken hands with her in an embarrassed way, she said:

"You didn't come to my party."

"No," he replied, "I wanted to come, but I was kept away." He hesitated and stammered and could not meet her eye. "I owe you an apology," he added.

"Oh, no," said the slighted one, disdainfully. "It makes no difference to me if you didn't care to come."

"But I did care; I was terribly disappointed. I intended to go all the time, but something happened that I couldn't," and he blushed furiously.

"I suppose you had a good reason," Isabel answered, but her voice was still cold, and how was he to know that she had to keep it at that pitch to insure it against trembling?

"I just couldn't come," asserted Jesse, desperately. "Don't you think I had a good reason?"

"How can I tell when I don't know it?" she asked.

He blushed redder than ever at that, and again avoided her eye. "I can't explain to you," he said, "but I don't want you to think I stayed away because I didn't care to come."

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least, it is all over now," and she went on.

He stared after his offended angel. What did she mean? Had her remark a double meaning, and was all over between them? He followed her desperately.

"You are not going to be mad about this, are you?" he ventured to say. "I would explain about it if I could."

She turned and regarded him with the sad eyes of an accusing angel.

"If you have no confidence in me, how can you expect me to have any in you?" she asked.

"Oh, I do," he stammered. "That is not the reason, but I just can't tell you. I'd be ashamed to tell you such a silly little thing."

"It was big enough to keep you away, but I suppose it only took a small, unimportant thing for *that.*"

"I don't mean that. It wasn't such a little thing, but it was something I couldn't tell a lady." He was desperately embarrassed and she was too hurt and humiliated for words. She turned and left him, and this time he did not follow her.

Melancholy indeed were the reveries of Isabel. She was too young to have the sad truths of life so pressed upon her. She could think of no other explanation of his conduct than that there was a secret in his life that he dared not tell her. Could he be leading a double life? Was there some other girl from whose power he was trying to break away?—for she could not believe otherwise than that he sincerely liked her. Of course she could have nothing more to do with him if such were the case, and she pictured him led to destruction by the influence of some intriguing dark woman years older than herself.

She could not, in spite of her knowledge that all was over between them, keep him out of her mind, and her heart kept making excuses for him. He was so young and innocent-looking, and his cheeks were so red! She could not think him bad at heart, no matter what there was in his life that he could not tell her. He might be under the hypnotic influence of some other person. Whatever his secret was, it seemed to her that, if she were unkind to him, he might grow discouraged and cease trying to break away from other influences. So when next they met she was very kind, although somewhat sad. He evidently appreciated it, and when she saw that he did so, for the life of her, she could not keep off the forbidden subject, true daughter of Eve that she was.

"I'm sorry about being so cranky the other day," she said. "I'm going to believe in you whether you trust me or not," and he had gratefully stammered his thanks. If she was disappointed that her heavenly spirit did not bring forth all his confidence, she tried not to show it, saying to herself that she could not expect him to tell her everything yet, and that it was doubtless a noble shame that kept him silent. Perhaps, after many years he would give her all his confidence—but if she only knew!

She soon found out. One day Inez came in from school and sought her sister in the room to which they were wont to repair for confidences. Inez came in with her nose curled up and with the air of one who has probed all of life's secrets and found them but punk. She shut the door securely behind her and stood leaning against it.

"I know," she announced, "why Jesse Brown didn't come to our party."

"Why?" asked Isabel, turning pale.

"Because he had no clean shirt. That little idiot sister of his has told it all over the school. He was awful mad, she says, and jawed all the evening about it. You see, before he got home his brother Jim took the only clean white shirt Jesse had left, and wore it to a concert, because he was going to take a girl."

Isabel stood staring at her sister for a full minute, then she threw herself face downward on the bed and burst into bitter tears.

METAMORPHOSIS

GROWLY, grim, old Grumble,
  Sittin' by our hearth;
Better take old cranky
  Off this blessed earth.

Can't do nothin' happy
  Long as he's around;
Better take old sinner,
  Chuck him in the ground.

Timid little sunbeams
  Shinin' 'round so nice;
Crusty old curmudgeon
  Turns 'em all to ice.

Forty thousand sunbeams
  Shine on him so strong,
Turn his growly grumbles
  Into Sunshine Song.

—Emma B. Van Deusen.

CLOVERDALE, CAL., Oct. 5, 1908.

Editor, "National Magazine"—

SAY, Joe, I wish you'd take the time
  Adown this page to glance—
The only thing I want on earth
  Is just a fighting chance.

This kind of work is new to me,
  As my words plainly show;
But please read what I have to say.
  You'll do it, won't you, Joe?

The hand that guides this trembling pen
  Is used to other toil;
I was till just five weeks ago
  A tiller of the soil.

I have a little mountain home,
  A wife and two fine boys;
I've tried to guide their steps aright,
  Away from sin's decoys.

And when I have my crops all in,
  I hie me to the woods,
That ne'er my family shall feel
  The want of earthly goods.

My toil was hard, my wages scant;
  There was but little more
Than kept the roof above our heads,
  Beneath our feet a floor.

Well, I was working hard one day
  When all within a breath
I cut my right foot half in two
  And nearly bled to death.

And now I'm helpless as a babe,
  My revenue is gone,
We've gone in debt for what we need,
  And winter's coming on.

My neighbor's sons, God bless the boys,
  Have come and hauled my wood
And moved my crop of fruit to town,
  And helped me all they could;

But they are just as poor as I,
With many mouths to feed;
If I can't pay them for their work,
They cannot buy their seed.

I have a copy of "Heart Throbs,"
Which shows the people's choice
Of literature that they would like,
In most decided voice.

That is the kind of verse I write—
By it I'll stand or fall—
I seek the homely, helpful phrase
That's voiced within that call.

Now I have tried to meet that call
With my untutored pen,
In hopes that I might pay my debts
And face the world again;

And I have thought, if you had space
Within your magazine,
That maybe you'd give me a chance
To let my work be seen.

If I could only sell my work,
My heart would ever glow
With praise for those who helped me out.
You'll do it, won't you, Joe?

So if you have a little space,
And will send me the word,
I'll send you back as good a verse
As you have ever heard.

I don't want to crowd the others out,
Nor put on you a tax,
For some day I'll be strong again,
Enough to use my axe.
With best wishes,
B. W. McGrath.

Note—Mr. McGrath is hereby authorized to send on that verse.—*Editor.*

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the little helps found suited for use in this department, we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

GERMAN CURRANT BREAD

By John Pound

Two or more eggs well-beaten, two quarts of flour, one-half cup of butter, a good half-cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of currants and one yeastcake; mix with lukewarm milk and leave in dish until the next morning, when knead and roll out on a board, putting in tins to rise. Before baking, cover one loaf with apples cut fine, and wet the top of the other with warm milk and cover with a layer of sugar and cinnamon.

I am indebted to a lady of a prominent German-Hebrew family for the above recipe.

AN EXCELLENT MUCILAGE

I have a scrap-book wherein I paste valuable clippings, and have frequently been vexed to find a treasured one stained yellow by the mucilage used. In complaining to a nephew of mine who is a photographer, I secured the following formula, which is good and also cheap.

Fill a glass jar (pint) three-quarters full of water and add one-half ounce of gum tragacanth. Let stand over night without stirring, and the next day add two drops of oil of wintergreen, stirring the paste well several times throughout the day, when it will be ready for use. Take out what you need for present use in a jelly tumbler and set the jar containing the remainder in a cool place where it will not freeze. Apply with a brush. This recipe will make nearly a pint, and as the gum is only ten cents per ounce and the oil of wintergreen five cents, it is a cheap paste and will last a long time.

TO CLEAN A HARDWOOD FLOOR

By Anna E. Agate

Each spring when I clean my house I use the following mixture for cleaning hardwood floors and furniture. It removes all finger-marks and gives a polish to the nicest wood.

Shave castile soap in enough water to dissolve; measure and add an equal quantity of olive oil (this year I used cotton-seed oil, the olive oil being so expensive); beat with an egg-beater until like whipped cream. Use two tablespoonfuls to three quarts of water. Wring out cloth and go over furniture, using a brush for carving, and polish with dry cheesecloth.

WAIST AND SKIRT COMBINATION

For years I have fastened my waist and skirt together in the following manner: On each waist I sew three flat bone buttons, one in the center and one two inches each side, and on each skirt I sew three loops of round corset-lace to correspond. Make the loop just large enough to slip over the button.

SMOOTH HANDS

After having the hands in dishwater, or when rough from cleaning floors, etc., wash them, rinse, and while wet rub thoroughly with table salt, rinse again and wipe dry. You will be surprised how smooth they will feel.

A NEW WAY TO KEEP THE COOK-BOOK CLEAN

By W. B. Cutler

A pane of glass placed over the cook-book when it is lying opened on the table will keep the right place and also prevent the leaves from becoming soiled. The glass should be a trifle larger than the book, and it is a good idea to have passe-partout binding all around the edges.

PAINT THE LAST STEP WHITE

Paint the lowest step of the stairs white, if the cellar is dark. This plan may save a fall and will do away with feeling for last step when descending.

CUCUMBER PICKLES

By Mrs. J. R. Smith, Garden Grove, Iowa

To pickle cucumbers fresh from the vine:—To one gallon of vinegar add one cup of mustard (ground) and one cup of salt Take cucumbers from vine, wash, wipe dry and put in the vinegar. This is a fine recipe and pickles will keep as long as one wishes if good vinegar is used.

NOUGAT CANDY

Five cups of white sugar, one cup of water, two cups of nut meats, one cup of corn syrup, whites of four eggs, flavoring to suit taste. Put sugar, water and syrup on stove and boil until it hairs from a spoon, then take out one cup and pour on whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth; beat this while the rest cooks until it will harden in cold water, then pour on the egg and sugar and beat until it will stand alone. Add nuts and flavoring when pouring on last of the sugar. Put on buttered plate

—

TO CLEAN SILKS

By Mrs. J. A. Adams, Jacksonville, Tex.

To clean silks, ribbons, laces, etc., put into a bowl a quart of gasolene. Into this stir two heaping tablespoonfuls of French chalk (obtained at any drug store). Immerse the articles and scrub with a small brush or the hand until clean. Shake well in the open air until dry.

—

FOR SUFFERERS FROM CAR OR SEA SICKNESS

By H. L. Thayer, Holyoke, Mass.

Buy a box of the dried beef for sale at every grocery, and chew a slice faithfully on entering car or boat, swallowing the expressed juice. It stimulates the diaphragm to resist the effects of the motion that usually disturbs digestive organs. In other words, it fortifies the stomach and keeps it normal.

—

ECONOMY WITH EGGS

By Mrs. W. L. Bringhurst, San Antonio, Tex.

Now when white cake or "angel food" is so universally popular, it is well to learn that the yellows are all-sufficient for salad, the white being really unnecessary; and only the yellow is necessary for lemon custard or sponge cake. Yet some housekeepers throw the yellows away.

—

AN ASSERTION

By Miss L. A. Reeder, Starkey, N. Y.

In the September number of your magazine a remedy for falling hair is given, viz. to rub dry table salt into the scalp. This will turn the hair gray, as I *know* from experience. Salt and water, not too strong, may be used with good results.

—

A SOUP SAVER

By Mrs. C. W. Tilden, Los Angeles, Calif.

Small pieces of brown paper will absorb the grease from the top of soup without wasting a particle of the soup, as skimming does.

STOPPER REMOVER

To remove a stubborn stopper from a bottle, hold it in the hinge of a door, move the door slowly until it takes hold of the stopper, then turn the bottle. This operation will loosen the stopper without breaking it.

GRATER CLEANER

Try rubbing your grater with stale bread instead of washing it.

DON'T WASTE TOILET SOAP

By Stella Smutz, Macon, Mo.

Save all scraps of toilet soap of whatever kind till you have a cupful, then cover with hot soft water and let melt on the stove for an hour or more; pour into a cup or mold if you did not melt it in one, and let stand till cold, when you will have a cake of soap. Let it dry some days before using and it will not wash away so quickly.

TO RETAIN THE COLOR IN CANNED STRAWBERRIES

When canning strawberries add a small quantity of lemon juice when the berries are boiling, and they will not turn brown after being canned. One lemon is sufficient for canning a crate of berries.

TO KEEP SILVER BRIGHT

Soak silver knives, forks and spoons in sour milk over night and all the surface and creases will be bright as new.

SAVE YOUR BREAD CRUMBS

Have a can or dish sitting handy and save all bread crumbs from your cutting board; use them in making meat loaf or pudding or anything that requires bread crumbs.

—

HOW TO COOK LIVER

By Della Morrill, Sidney, Mont.

Allow sliced liver to stand in boiling water about ten minutes before flouring and frying. It will never have that raw taste which is so common.

CHEAP CEMENT

Equal parts of salt and ashes, mixed with a little water, makes an excellent cement for stoves, especially when the grates are warped. Heat does not affect it.

TO KEEP YOUR CANARY HEALTHY

A small bag of sulphur hung in the bird-cage will kill insects and improve the health of the bird.

TO PRESERVE THE WHITENESS OF LINEN

Linens which are seldom used should be wrapped in blue paper to prevent yellowing.

—

POLISHED TABLES UNSCRATCHED

By Oswald Molloy, Moorhead, Minn.

By pasting small felt lozenges on the bottom of china, statuary, etc., will protect polished table-tops from being scratched.

A STUBBORN TACK

When you find it difficult to put a tack into place, thrust it through a small piece of paper, and thus keep your fingers from underneath the hammer.

—

FOR INDIGESTION

By Mrs. A. O. Whitcomb, Williamstown, Vt.

A teaspoonful of table salt in half a glass of cold water before each meal is a great help in cases of indigestion.

WHEN HENS EAT THEIR EGGS

Nail up a piece of salt pork where they can reach it.

—

TO RELIEVE COLD IN THE HEAD

By Nelle H. Beck, Greenwood, Ind.

Take a clean cotton rag, twist tightly, and set afire for an instant; extinguish blaze and inhale smoke. It will give immediate relief.

TO REMODEL STOCKINGS

By L. B. B.

The feet of new stockings sometimes shrink so that they are too small for the wearer. They may be remodeled in this way:—Cut out the heels, open the leg so that from the toe to the end of the opening is the desired length of foot. Make or cut from some other pair the heels and as much of the foot as is needed to lengthen out the first pair and insert in the opening. Be sure to cut the heel and portion of the foot deep enough so that the stocking will not be too small across the instep. This is much better than putting in entirely new feet, as there will be no seams near the toes and the feet usually shrink only in length.

A DUST SKIRT

Make a plain skirt, using any kind of cotton or linen goods; leave the back seam open and bind the edges or face them with a straight facing. This is fine to wear when riding, especially if one holds children. It can be removed instantly when the traveler arrives at her destination.

—

AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE "PIECE-BAG"

By Anna J. Gardner

As a receptacle in which to keep the left-over pieces of garments, I have found a home-made cupboard very convenient, and a great improvement on the "piece-bag," which must be emptied whenever a bundle is wanted. Nail together several boxes of the same size, placing the sides together, openings to the front. If these compartments are too large they can easily be divided by a thin piece of board, thus making a pigeonhole in which to keep the pieces left from the garments of each member of the family. One can be reserved for linings, one for muslins, one for miscellaneous pieces, etc. It is but a moment's work to find the particular bundle wanted, and is a great saver of time and patience.

—

KITCHEN CARD-INDEX

By Anne L. O'Connell

In your kitchen try a card-index. Group under the heading of "Accidents" a few simple remedies for burns, scalds, poison antidotes and the like; under "Cleaning," recipes that appeal to you from time to time for removing stains from linen, picture frames, etc.; under "Canning," recipes for jams, jellies, pickles, etc. There is no end to the way in which such a card-index can help you. I cut out recipes and home hints that seem good to me and save them in my card-index. You can make your own card-index from a shoe-box and pasteboard cards cut the size you desire, which you can get for a song from a newspaper office. Try it and stop wrinkling your brow trying to recall "What did I see that was a good thing to remove that stain?" etc.

—

A UNIQUE BACK PORCH STEP

By Helen Perkins, Canton, Ohio

We have each back porch step made into a box with hinges, to permit the cover to be raised easily, and find these boxes convenient receptacles for garden tools, etc., which often clutter the porch itself.

—

TO KEEP PUTTY

By Mrs. G. W. Kelsey

After using putty if you have any left put it in a tin can and cover with water. It will keep for months, and can be worked up for use with very little trouble.

CANNING PUMPKIN

By Miss M. E. Potosf

Prepare the pumpkin as usual for cooking; put in granite-ware kettle, with nearly enough water to cover; cover closely, and boil till pumpkin is done and water cooked out as much as possible. Then while steaming-hot, fill small tin cans or pails nearly full, pressing down closely and firmly, so as to get all the air possible out; smooth down nicely and wipe dry inside edge of can or pail. Fit rounds of writing-paper over top of pumpkin, and over paper pour melted paraffine wax one-half inch deep. When pumpkin and wax are perfectly cold, put away in *dry, cool* place till wanted for use. Squash may be canned the same way, using small lard or syrup pails with wide-open tops.

—

CLEANING WALL-PAPER

By Mrs. H. A. R.

Pulverized pumicestone four ounces; flour one quart. Mix thoroughly and knead with water enough to make dough; form into balls two by six to eight inches; sew balls in cotton cloth, boil forty minutes until firm, and after cooling allow them to stand several hours. Remove cloth and use. By the use of this formula, wall-paper can be made to look like new. Rub the paper with the balls in the same way one would use an eraser.

MOUNTING PICTURES ON GLASS

Gelatine one ounce, alcohol four ounces, soft water ten ounces. Dissolve gelatine in the water twelve hours. Heat until melted, add alcohol and while hot immerse picture in solution and apply to glass, smoothing it down tightly.

—

WASHING COLORED COTTON GOODS

By Mrs. Fred L. Howe

In washing cotton goods that will fade, use thin, hot flour starch, instead of soapsuds; if very much soiled, wash through two starch-waters, rinse in clear water; if light, rinse in blueing-water, dry in shade. Cloth so washed will keep its color until worn out.

TO RENOVATE VELVET

To renovate velvet, wash clean, rinse well, and when partly dry hold wrong side next to hot inverted iron until dry; it will then look like new.

—

AIDS TO WINTER WASHING

By Maude Mair

If the following hints are kept in mind and acted upon, they will greatly facilitate the work of hanging out clothes on a windy day when the mercury is loth to rise above the zero point—a none too pleasant task.

Heat the clothes-pins in the oven and they will not stick when used.

Add a generous handful of salt to the last rinsing water, and the clothes will not freeze in the basket nor for some time after they are hung on the line.

—

FRIED SUMMER SQUASH

By D. A. Barker

If none of your readers have eaten summer squash prepared in the following manner, I think after trying it, they will cook it in no other way.

Slice the squash (raw) in pieces about three-eighths of an inch thick; dust with flour and fry to a nice brown in butter.

THE FIRST COLONY OF SIXTY TENT COTTAGES
Modern Woodmen of the World Sanatorium for the Cure of Tuberculosis, at Colorado Springs, Colorado.
Plans Contemplate Construction of Five Additional Similar Colonies.

FRATERNITY'S SPLENDID WORK

By W. C. JENKINS

During my recent visit to Nebraska I took occasion to study the great work being done by American fraternal organizations. As Nebraska is the home of several leading associations this article relates only to those with headquarters in or where the field work is directed from that state.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA

IN the United States and Canada today there are 176 fraternal beneficiary societies with a total membership of 7,000,000. The Modern Woodmen of America, organized in January, 1883, has one-seventh of this membership—in round numbers, 1,000,000 members, belonging to 13,000 local lodges, or camps, throughout forty-one states and territories and in the five northwestern Canadian provinces. This society has the distinction of being the largest fraternal beneficiary association in the United States, and its record of development, growth and unparalleled results is phenomenal. It has $1,525,000,000 insurance in force, and has paid out in death claims since organization $70,000,000.

The society issues certificates or policies ranging in amount from $500 to $3,000 on the current cost plan, assessments being graded according to age at entry; in other words, it collects only sufficient money to pay death claims as they occur from month to month, and while a surplus of over $3,000,000 is continually maintained and invested in good securities, an assessment is omitted whenever its levy is unnecessary to meet current liabilities. Under this plan it has never levied more than twelve assessments in any year, and the cost of carrying a certificate for $1,000 at the average age of thirty-seven years has never exceeded $7.20 per annum. Its original table of assessment rates operated within the limitation of twelve yearly assessments for twenty-one years; at that period the rates were more equitably adjusted as applied to the different ages, and, as a result, since January 1, 1904, only nine assessments have been levied annually, while the exceedingly favorable death rate of 5.64 per thousand required the levy of only eight assessments in the year 1908.

This society has a complete representative form of government, with local camps, county, state and national conventions, in which the whole membership participate through elected delegates. In the local camps a very impressive ritual is used and a uniform rank, known as the Foresters, adds true Woodmen color and effectiveness not only in the initiatory ceremonies, but in the various public gatherings, parades and encampments held by the society and its various local organizations.

Hon. A. R. Talbot, the head consul (president) of the society, resides and maintains his office in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska. He is the chief executive officer who enforces the laws and directs the carrying out of the policies of the organization, acting also as chairman of the executive council and supervising the field work. As an indication of his success along latter lines, it need only be mentioned that during the year 1907 the agents and camps under the head consul's direction wrote 147,841 new members, and out of this number, over and above all deaths and suspensions, a net gain of 80,000 was made for the year, while the net gain in insurance amounted to $107,294,500, with one exception more than twice the gain of any old line or legal reserve company.

EMMA B. MANCHESTER
Supreme Guardian Woodmen Circle

The financial, accounting and record offices are maintained in the society's own building at Rock Island, Illinois, in charge of Major C. W. Hawes, whose title is head clerk and who has in his employ more than 250 assistants and clerks. The financial management of the society is under the control of the board of directors: A. N. Bort, Beloit, Wisconsin; R. R. Smith, Brookfield, Missouri; E. E. Murphy, Leavenworth, Kansas; C. J. Byrns, Ishpeming, Michigan; J. A. Rutledge, Elgin, Illinois. In addition to contract benefits of $70,000,000 paid to beneficiaries, the Modern Woodmen society has distributed, through voluntary contributions, to sick and distressed members more than $1,000,000.

Lately it has undertaken a proposition which history will undoubtedly record as its greatest achievement in behalf of mankind. This is the founding of a sanatorium for the treatment and cure of Woodmen who are afflicted with tuberculosis, the "great white plague." Specialists assert that of all the people dying between the ages of fifteen and sixty years, tuberculosis kills one-third, 76.1 of consumptives dying between twenty and sixty years of age. The necessary and great work in helping to cure consumptives, as discovered not only by the best medical science of today, but by actual experience and test, is living in the open air, eating the best and most nourishing food and having the best care.

Recognizing the advantages to humanity of establishing and maintaining a sanatorium for this purpose, the head officers of the Modern Woodmen, with Head Consul A. R. Talbot as chairman of the committee, purchased 1,320 acres of land nestling against the Rocky Mountains, five miles from Colorado Springs, Colorado, at a cost of $17,500. This money was raised through voluntary contributions of individual members and camps, which have amounted at this time to more than $60,000. In addition to this, the recent national convention authorized Mr. Talbot and his associates to use an appropriation from the expense fund of the society of $100,000 per year, or such part as may be necessary to successfully conduct and maintain the institution. Part of the tract in the foothills will be used as watershed and reservoir, and another section is set apart for agriculture, 300 acres being already under cultivation, besides an orchard containing apple, prune and plum trees. Coal underlies a large part of the land, and all these things give the site peculiar advantages for economical maintenance, while the air is pure and invigorating all the year round.

The tent colony plan, consisting of six different colonies, will be used. Each tent is octagonal, with shingle roof, canvas sides, hard-wood floor on solid cement foundation, window and door, electric light and bell service. There are sixty tents in each of the six colonies, with one doctor and two nurses in attendance. In the center of each colony is a utility building, containing rooms for consultation, drugs, laboratory, nurses' examinations and a large rest and sun-bath room. The special infirmary building consists of tents attached to hallways, connected with a central building containing diet kitchen and all the conveniences for nurses and a surgery. In this infirmary the bedridden patients will be lodged. An auditorium building will provide for entertaining patients.

The rules for admission provide that Modern Woodmen, or members of their families who can afford it, will be expected to pay the actual cost of care and treatment, which will amount to twenty-seven or thirty dollars per month, covering all accommodations, board and medical attendance, while provision will be made to take care of others who, by reason of misfortune, are unable to bear the expense. A large part of the work of the sanatorium will be to teach patients how to live in their own climes after having received the benefit of the Colorado climate. They will be taught how and where to sleep, the proper food to eat, and fully instructed in all hygienic measures not only to insure longer lives to themselves but greater safety to others.

This great society is the first to undertake in any extended way an organized fight against humanity's common foe in arresting the spread and promoting the cure of tuberculosis in the families of its own members, and giving to the world the greatest lesson of practical fraternity and brotherhood of the age.

THE WOODMEN OF THE WORLD

The second largest fraternal, beneficiary society in America has its headquarters in its pretentious building at Omaha, Nebraska. This society was originated by Joseph Cullen Root at a conference of several fraternalists held at Omaha in June, 1890, at which time the Sovereign Camp Woodmen of the World was evolved as the supreme or national body, with auxiliary fraternal, co-ordinate branches. These branches have since been organized, and are known as the Pacific Jurisdiction, with permanent office at Denver, Colorado, embracing the states west and north and including Colorado; the Canadian Order in the Dominion of Canada, with headquarters at London, Ontario; The Woodmen Circle of Omaha, with concurrent jurisdiction with the Sovereign Camp beneficiary department east of the Rocky Mountains, and the Women of Woodcraft auxiliary of the Pacific Jurisdiction, with principal office at Portland, Oregon. The two latter organizations are officered by and accept ladies to membership. The combined membership now exceeds 650,000.

A. R. TALBOT OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA
Head Consul Modern Woodmen of America

The general plan of the Woodmen of the World is a conservative adjustment of the monthly assessment rates for fraternal life insurance to a "happy medium" between the premium of the life insurance companies and the so-called current rate assessment societies, involving the accumulation of an emergency or reserve fund and surplus, now aggregating about ten million dollars. An original and salient feature of the society is the erection of a monument at a cost of $100 to the memory of every deceased member. Nearly 30,000 monuments have been provided. Pretentious monuments to the memory of deceased members at whose graves it was impossible to place the monuments have been erected at Galveston, Texas; Memphis, Tennessee; Dubuque, Iowa; New Orleans, Louisiana; St. Joseph and St. Louis, Missouri, and at Denver, Colorado, the Galveston and Memphis monuments having bronze statues of the founder of the order, and at Denver of F. A. Falkenburg, the promoter of the Pacific Jurisdiction.

W. E. SHARP
President Royal Highlanders

The progress of the Woodmen of the World is regarded as marvelous, and reflects great credit on its management. Over forty-three million dollars have been paid by the combined order for death losses, monuments and old age benefits which are paid to members attaining seventy years of age.

Joseph Cullen Root, the founder, was also the founder and promoter of the Modern Woodmen of America, of which he was the president during the first seven years of its history. He is a native of Massachusetts. In 1882 he began his career as a fraternalist. He was recently elected president of the Associated Fraternities of America, composed of forty-five fraternal societies. He is hailed as "Father Root," and is recognized as one of the most successful promoters of fraternal insurance in America. He has been a tireless advocate on the rostrum, with his pen, and in personal visitations to every section of our land, and in conventions his admonitions and advice have been valued as the fruit of a ripe experience and thorough knowledge of fraternal life insurance.

The Woodmen of the World society has become exceedingly popular because of its harmony and enterprise. When great calamities have occurred, such as the cataclysm at Galveston, the earthquake at San Francisco and devastations of cyclone and flood in various sections of the country, the members of the Woodmen of the World have responded to the extent of thousands of dollars, which have been disbursed to relieve the sufferers.

Profiting by the experience of similar organizations, this society has consistently urged the necessity of efficient state laws and supervision, that every member of a fraternal life insurance society may be assured its permanence and solvency and that the members shall be, as far as possible, exempted from increase of cost. This and the emergency reserve fund accumulations of the Woodmen of the World is designed to be available whenever, at the end of the calendar year, the death claims may exceed the proceeds of one assessment per month required to be paid by every member. Thus far no such contingency has occurred and it is confidently expected by the members that it is not likely to be experienced for several decades; meanwhile, it is accumulating at the rate of over two million dollars each year.

FRATERNITY BUILDING
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

This order has a military adjunct known as its Uniform Rank, which recently had an annual encampment at Russell Island, Michigan, under command of Major General John T. Yates, the popular sovereign clerk of the Sovereign Camp.

The sovereign adviser of the Sovereign Camp, General W. A. Fraser, Dallas, Texas, has had charge of the Lone Star State, and under his management 125,000 members have been enrolled in Texas. Several sanatoriums and homes for aged members and dependent orphans are contemplated in different states, and the generous benevolence of the camps is proverbial. The fraternal tie which binds the membership "man to man" has not proven a "rope of sand" in this organization, which is evidenced by the fact that over thirty-two per cent. of the members who joined in 1891 are still in good standing.

The Woodmen of the World is a worthy exemplar of the principles of fraternal cooperation, and occupies a high place in the galaxy of conservative fraternal insurance associations.

ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE WOODMEN CIRCLE

As the Woodmen of the World continued to extend its jurisdiction and its influence, there was conceived in the fertile brain of Joseph Cullen Root, Father of Woodcraft, the idea of organizing an auxiliary branch for women and members of the parent organization.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD BUILDING
OMAHA

Mr. Root interested the wives of some prominent Woodmen in the idea, and thus was born in Omaha, Nebraska, the Woodmen Circle, organized purely as a voluntary social organization, but destined to become one of the prominent fraternal insurance orders of the world.

N. Z. SNELL
President Mid-West Life Insurance Company

The new branch of Woodcraft proved popular in the cities and hamlets of the great Middle West; groves sprang into existence as if by magic, and unnourished though they were, flourished like green bay trees.

When it was finally determined that the Woodmen Circle was to be incorporated under the laws of the State of Nebraska as a duly authorized and licensed fraternal insurance order, its leading members began to look around them for a competent leader, one capable of taking charge of its business and financial interests and at the same time carrying on its work of elevating and bettering the conditions of humanity. Almost with one accord they selected Mrs. Emma B. Manchester, its present supreme guardian, a woman eminently fitted for the place, whose heart is consummate of pity and whose hands are full of charity.

How well Mrs. Manchester succeeded in the task assigned her is shown by the splendid growth and prosperity of the order over which she presides. Under the efficient corps of organizers appointed by her, and of which she is the chief, the association has made a net gain of membership for every hour of every day since its organization, and today 70,000 enthusiastic members proclaim the greatness of their craft. They have put aside every hour fifteen dollars into a reserve fund, which has now reached the magnificent proportions of $900,000. Out of the proceeds of their united contributions they have paid every hour to the beneficiaries of departed members an average of thirty-three dollars, and from the same contributions they have built over the graves of those called into the Great Beyond three thousand enduring monuments, which indicate to the world their devotion to those they love and to their chosen craft.

J. C. ROOT, FATHER OF WOODCRAFT

The Woodmen Circle is not a charitable institution, although it does much work along that line. Its general plan is simple and practical. Applications for membership may be made to an organizer or to the clerk of a Grove, and, if accepted, the applicant can become a member of theWoodmen Circle and enjoy its superb fraternal and social advantages at home and wherever she may sojourn, for its Groves have been established in the principal cities and towns and the number is increasing marvelously.

By a small monthly contribution of assessment and dues, members are assured of the prompt payment, at death, of such an amount as they may desire ($100 to $2,000), to any relative which may be designated, and in addition thereto if the certificate is for $500 or more, there will be placed at the member's grave a beautiful and enduring monument, to cost not less than $100. Men who are Woodmen and women are admitted to membership.

The beneficiaries of male members, who are assured a $100 monument by the Woodmen of the World, receive $100 funeral benefit in addition to the amount of the certificate held.

Applicants must be over eighteen and under fifty-two years of age, of sound bodily health and mind; a requirement to assure exact equity and make all interests equal. Election to membership may be regarded as a positive compliment and evidence of confidence.

The cost to new members is payment of entrance fee and one assessment and dues every month. To protect the living contributing members a probationary period is provided, so that a certificate represents one-third of face value during the first year; one-half during the second year, and two-thirds during the third year of membership. This is known as an "Accumulative Certificate," increasing every year, so that on its third annual anniversary and thereafter it represents its maximum value and is a safeguard, time-tried and popular, which has reduced the cost of permanent protection materially. It attracts healthy, hopeful people who are confident of living not only three, but many times three years, and the sickly and peevish are eliminated.

The Woodmen Circle is not a present cost society; its emergency fund, invested in approved interest-bearing securities, is available to relieve its members from payment of additional assessments or an increase of rate of assessment at any time in the future, and its adequacy the most incredulous cannot question.

Why should not the wife and mother help, provide for their loved ones as well as the husband and father? This is a solved problem, and the answer has been emphasized by thousands of good women joining organizations like the Woodmen Circle, and their children and loved ones bless the memory of hundreds who have died and left them a substantial sum for their care and education.

THE WOODMEN ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION

Among the prominent insurance companies of the West the Woodmen Accident Association of Lincoln, Nebraska, is one of the leading accident companies, having been established eighteen years ago as a Nebraska institution, and it has grown to be the largest open mutual acciednt insurance company in the United States, having issued over 177,541 certificates and paid over $1,000,000 in benefits to its certificate holders. It has issued in several years past over 15,000 certificates per year, and over 6,000 claims were passed upon during the last year. Its business is conducted upon the "square deal" idea, and, notwithstanding the fact that the above large number of claims were passed upon, but one lawsuit has grown out of its business as the result of a dispute as to the association's liability.

The remarkable feature of this Western company is that it requires the payment of but eight dollars a year to carry a standard policy paying twenty-five dollars weekly benefits on its "select" risk. It has revolutionized the cost of accident protection in the Middle West and has demonstrated the fact that accident protection may be extended to and carried by men with moderate means; it has done much to educate the people to a realization of the necessity of protecting their time against loss by accident, a greater necessity, indeed, than that of protecting property against loss by fire. Any insurance proposition which gives to the laboring man the means to maintain the expense of his home and family during his temporary inability to earn his wages is carrying on a work which is doing much to maintain the high standard of American citizenship, because it prevents the poor man from becoming temporarily dependent on the charity of his friends or the community in which he resides. In the past the protection against injury, as provided by accident insurance, has been so excessive in its cost to the individual that it practically debarred a large per cent. of the laboring men from availing themselves of its benefits, and hence, the Woodmen Accident Association of Lincoln, Nebraska, has become a pioneer in achieving this result and extends accident insurance to the common laborer as well as to the mechanic and the farmer.

Lincoln is a natural location for such a company, and the large patronage which this company has received from the people of the Central States has proven beyond a question of doubt that it is meeting a need and is, therefore, one of the stable and worthy institutions of which not only Lincoln, but the State of Nebraska, is and should be proud.

The founder of this company, Dr. A. O. Faulkner, was formerly a practicing physician, but, realizing the need of an insurance company which would meet the requirements of the average man, both in cost and benefits in proportion to the loss which he might sustain in consequence of his inability to work, and also supplementing the life policy by not only providing means to be left to the widow or heirs, but also providing a living for the member and his family while suffering temporary disability from accident, he organized and pushed forward the simple plan of the Woodmen Accident Association, which has established an enviable reputation for its prompt and full payment of claims and has proven his ability as an insurance man who ranks very highly among the leading insurance managers of the country.

THE ROYAL HIGHLANDERS

The Royal Highlanders is one of the first fraternal beneficial societies to be organized on a reserve fund basis. In the early history of these societies no attempt was made to provide a reserve or emergency fund, but all were organized as assessment companies, collecting from month to month only what was necessary to pay the current mortality cost.

W. E. Sharp, president of The Highlanders, was a firm believer in the necessity of establishing during the early years of a society a fund with which to provide for the extra cost in later years. As no society then organized met his views along these lines, he, with other gentlemen, organized this society in August, 1896.

The Highlanders' plan was an entire departure from the old methods, as it combined the strong features of low cost of management and promotion peculiar to the fraternal system with the level rate, reserve plan of old line insurance companies, but eliminated the idea of legal reserve wherein each policy had a credit. Instead, The Highlanders adopted the emergency plan, whereby each policy was interested in all the surplus. In this way the entire surplus accumulation could be available in any necessity, thus making it the balance wheel to carry the insurance machine over all peak loads and equalizing cost throughout the life of members. All catchy plans of accident or sick benefits and investment elements were omitted and The Highlanders was launched to meet a demand for straight life, level premium insurance.

One of the unique methods adopted to create this emergency fund was due to the desire to equalize the benefits and burdens of insurance by scaling the amounts of protection during the early years of membership, thus reducing the benefits to those who pay least and die first and increasing the benefits to those who live the longest and pay most. This is accomplished by paying only one-third the face of the certificate in case of death during the policy year, one-half in case of death between the first and second years, two-thirds in case of death between the second and third years, and the entire amount after three years. By this plan three times the regular premium is collected for the first year, thereby securing the maximum benefit from lapses. It also tends to eliminate undesirable risks, acting as a second medical examination by attracting the healthy and discouraging the unhealthy who always seek insurance, and carries out the mutuality of contract by making every member interested in every certificate issued either before or after membership is completed. It also entirely ignores the assessment at death idea of other societies and collects a fixed rate each year, graduated at age of entry regardless of mortality experienced during the period. These rates are apportioned equitably and may be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually or annually.

The experience of The Highlanders has demonstrated the wisdom of its theories and it has blazed an entirely new trail in insurance history. For instance, while the average death rate is usually about ten to the thousand, The Highlanders' death rate for the past ten years has averaged only 2.34 per thousand, and after eleven years of operation the last year shows only 3.32 per thousand—the most remarkable showing, it is claimed, ever made by any insurance corporation. The growth in membership has been sufficient to keep the accrued average age almost stationary, ranging during the period from 34.5 years to 35.1 years.

The objection to the creation of an emergency fund, which is invariably advanced in the argument that it would be lost or stolen, was anticipated. To provide against such a possibility, a law was passed in Nebraska providing for the investment of this fund in first-class securities, all of which should be deposited with the state auditor and none to be drawn therefrom until a showing could be made that the premium income was not sufficient in any year to pay the mortality of that year, and then drawn only in an amount to make up the deficit.

The Highlanders appreciated at its full value the strength of the secret society plan of interesting members in ritualism, and in adopting the one used made a most happy selection.

Based on Scottish history of the fourteenth century, with the characters of William Wallace and Robert Bruce, and all the old Highlander "love of home" that has crystalized in centuries of clannish Scots the world over, the value of this ritual to the new society cannot be computed, but may be explained by saying that in every town where there was a Scotchman a castle of The Highlanders could be established, and once established, it could not die—and there is always a Scotchman there!

Then, in the uniform rank, the kilts, sporan, tartan, helmet, shield and all the paraphernalia that go to make up a Scotch Highlander, gave rich promise that has been abundantly fulfilled in the uniformed teams of The Highlanders. They always attract attention and win plaudits and prizes against all competitors. The Highlanders' uniformed bands are absolutely in a class by themselves.

The Highlanders has over thirty-five million dollars of insurance in force, one million dollars in the emergency fund, and about four hundred state, district and local deputies reporting to the Lincoln field office under the direct management of Mr. Sharp. The main office is at Aurora, Nebraska, where the society owns its own home—one of the handsomest and most complete office buildings in the West.

The president of The Highlanders is an intensely energetic and aggressive business man. While his life is wrapped up in the promotion of this society, still he is actively engaged in many other enterprises. He is one of the organizers and president of the Citizens' Railway Company, secretary and treasurer of the Lincoln Telephone Company, vice-president of the Woodmen Accident Association, and in fact is connected with many of the large financial interests of Lincoln.

THE MIDWEST LIFE

The Midwest Life of Lincoln, Nebraska, was organized in 1906. The authorized capital stock is $200,000, of which $120,000 has been issued at $110 a share of the par value of $100. All of its participating business is on the annual dividend plan, the first dividend becoming payable upon the payment of the third premium. Late in 1907 the company placed non-participating policies upon the market, and now fully two-thirds of all its new business is issued on this plan. The intention of the management is ultimately to go entirely on a non-participating basis. The company has especially strong local backing, many prominent business and professional men being among its stockholders and directors. It now has $1,400,000 of insurance in force. Mr. N. Z. Snell, the president of the company, was the prime mover in its organization. It confines its business to Nebraska. The company has never sold any deferred dividend policies, special or board contracts, stock with insurance, nor had any connections with a holding company of any kind, but has confined itself to straightforward and approved business methods.

OLD SONGS ARE BEST

By EDITH SUMMERS UPDEGRAFF

OLD songs are best, whose tender play
Of lilt and cadence, sad or gay,
Brings back with sudden loss and pain
Old thoughts, old fields, old summer rain,
So near, and yet so far away.

Once more the quickened pulses sway
To subtle things that would not stay,
And murmur like a lost refrain
Old songs are best.

The lure of moonlit nights in May,
The light that on far hill-tops lay,
Strange dreams that thronged an eager brain,
Lost faces in a ghostly train,
Wake with forgotten tunes, and say
Old songs are best.

PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

IT is somewhat remarkable that great public utility corporations can command admiration and respect in one section of the country, while in another they are the objects of severe criticism and abuse. Is it the fault of the corporations or the people? From a careful study of this subject, embracing conditions in nearly every important city between the Atlantic and the Pacific, I am inclined to believe that much of the ill feeling towards public utility corporations is the result of incompetence, arrogance and indifference at the helm. There are, however, many public utility men who have won a wonderful success in their field, but one and all of their admirers agree that their success was founded on qualities and methods above and outside of their professional skill and abilities. Their success is notable, but the way in which they achieved it reveals the traits which have compelled the admiration and won the confidence of those who, at the beginning, seemed to be confirmed in their hostility to public service corporations and all concerned in them. When such shining examples appear, I have always found the most singularly frank, open, fair-minded men—men who cherish at all times those high ideals of public service, which, according to general belief, are rarely found in business and most rarely in a servant of a public service corporation. The men invite just criticism; they seek out the weak spots; meet the people who have complaints eagerly, cordially, honestly; rectify errors with the utmost alacrity; remove defects the instant they are pointed out, and declare by word and act that they recognize to the full, not merely their duty to their corporation, but their obligations to the public which they are trying with all their hearts to serve.

The first franchise given for the purpose of furnishing gas to the citizens of Lincoln was given March 12, 1872. It is probably one of the simplest franchises ever granted to a public utility company; no period was specified, and the only limitation mentioned referred to a twenty-one year exclusive privilege. In effect the franchise provided that the Lincoln Gas Company, its successors and assigns, be given a license and permission to build in the city of Lincoln, to manufacture and constantly supply (unavoidable delay and accident excepted) the citizens with a good quality of illuminating gas, at a price not to exceed $5.00 per one thousand feet.

Clause two of the ordinance provided that the Lincoln Gas Company shall have the exclusive right and privilege of furnishing illuminating gas in Lincoln for a period of twenty-one years from the 9th day of March, 1872.

In 1900 the ordinance was amended, the principal features of amendment being to permit the company to establish and operate the necessary appliances for the purpose of furnishing and supplying electricity for illumination and power.

In the amended franchise the period was allowed to stand as provided in the original ordinance of 1872, the object of the amendment being to permit the corporation to engage in the business of electric lighting and furnishing power.

Under the grant received, the corporation naturally claimed that it possessed a perpetual franchise, and, in fact, the agreement itself bears out this contention. Certain citizens, however, have questioned the perpetual feature of the franchise and at their instigation the county attorney brought the matter into the courts, where it now awaits a decision.

It was evidently the intention of the citizens in 1872 to give the promoters of the corporation every possible advantage to aid in raising the necessary capital to construct the system.

Either through a supposition that the corporation rested secure behind vested rights, or a proper knowledge of what constituted the function of a public utility company, the men in charge, in the early days, did not create that confidence among the people which is essential to all successful corporations.

It is probable that an unwarranted identity with the politicians was largely instrumental in creating an embittered feeling. This came to the surface each year, when a renewal of the street lighting contract was being made, and finally resulted in the establishment of a municipal lighting plant. Whether or not this municipal plant has been a financial success is an open question and cannot be settled except by the investigation of experts. It is very easy to make statements in reference to the operation of municipal plants, but to arrive at proper charges for legitimate expenses, depreciation and interest is an entirely different matter. At any rate the citizens thought the establishment of a plant was necessary, and it is still in operation.

In 1901 both the gas and electric plants were purchased by the Doherty Syndicate, and a corporation was organized and known as the Lincoln Gas and Electric Light Company.

As is always the case when public utility corporations are bought, the purchaser not only buys the physical property and franchises, but acquires or inherits all prejudices and unfavorable sentiment that the predecessors possessed.

There are no American Public Utility Companies that are run on a higher plane than are those which are controlled by the Doherty and McMillan Syndicates, both of which are heavily interested in the Lincoln Gas and Electric Light Company.

This is not a mere opinion on my part, but a fact known to every well-informed corporation student, and when the Doherty Syndicate acquired control of the Lincoln plant, its first effort was to meet the people with their grievances, and in an open, honorable manner. It asked no favors that were unreasonable, neither did it consider itself called upon to relinquish rights that it had purchased in good faith, believing them to be originally granted in a spirit of fairness.

There are differences of opinion regarding the specific arrangement that exists between the corporation and the city, but it is the wish of all concerned that these matters be adjusted speedily by the Courts and that they may be placed forever beyond dispute.

The city arbitrarily passed an ordinance in 1906 compelling the company to furnish dollar gas, the existing price being $1.50 gross and $1.20 net. The corporation had previously given several voluntary reductions, but the citizens thought the price was still too high, although it compared favorably with other American cities of its class. The company secured a restraining order and the matter is now in the courts.

Another matter which is up for adjudication is the right of the city to impose an occupation tax of 2½ per cent. on the gas plant, and 2 per cent. on the electric light plant business.

The company is capitalized at $2,250,000 and has a bonded indebtedness of $1,129,600.

One of the principal complaints made to me by the citizens, is that the company is over capitalized, and that it becomes neessary to impose high rates in order to pay interest on considerable watered stock. This complaint when analyzed admits of no argument, because in the first place, the corporation has paid no dividends on its stock for eight years, or since the Doherty interests acquired control; and again it was necessary to have a reasonable capitalization, because of the fact that under the laws of Nebraska bonds can only be issued for two-thirds of the capitalization. A great deal of money has been sent to Lincoln for the development of the plant and properties on which the citizens of Lincoln are paying only a fair rate of interest, and whatever earnings have been made in excess of this interest the money has all gone back into the property for improvements.

Whatever predjudices may have existed against the old Lincoln Gas Company, it is certain that the conservative business men of Lincoln entertain the highest regard for the local management of the corporation at the present time.

There is no effort to affiliate with the political parties, and the company seeks only to establish itself in Lincoln through methods that have been adopted by every successful public utility manager in the country. The best asset that a corporation can possess is the confidence of its patrons, and this asset the Lincoln Gas and Electric Light Company is trying very hard to secure. This was freely admitted to me by representative bankers and business men of Lincoln. Mr. Homer

Honeywell, general manager, has been with the company for eighteen years and enjoys the full confidence of the people.

The officers are: Henry L. Doherty, President; L. P. Funkhouser, Vice-President; Harry Warner, Secretary and Treasurer; Homer Honeywell, General Manager, and B. C. Adams, General Superintendent.

The street railway history of Lincoln, Nebraska, which would involve the predecessors of the present Lincoln Traction Company, would be full of interest to every student of American public service corporations. It is probable that no American city of less than 50,000 inhabitants has passed through as many acts of a street railway drama as has Lincoln. It has been a long series of political and municipal conflicts, bitter disappointments to investors and more or less dissatisfaction to the citizens in general.

The only encouraging rift in the clouds which has appeared during the past twenty-five years, came a short time ago, when the affairs of the Traction Company were placed in the hands of J. W. McDonald and other local stockholders.

Fortunately for the municipality and the eastern stockholders, the citizens of Lincoln have implicit confidence in the new management, and it is confidentially expected that within a reasonable time a consolidation of the Lincoln street railway companies will be effected, and one first-class system will supply the citizens with traction service.

The first street railway franchise granted by the city of Lincoln, was given to a corporation known as the Capital City Street Railway Company, on August 15, 1883. The corporation was given a blanket franchise, which was supposed to cover any street in the city upon which the company should desire to build. In 1884 the system was in operation, horse cars being utilized.

The original company operated until 1888, when the Lincoln Street Railway Company was organized and acquired the property and electrified the system. At various times franchises have been given to the following street railway companies: Capital Heights Street Railway Company, Lincoln City Electric Railway Company, Lincoln Electric Railway, Lincoln Rapid Transit Company, Lincoln Street Railway Company, North Lincoln Street Railway Company, and the Standard Railway Company. Evidently most of these enterprises were promotion schemes, as scarcely any were able to build a system, but they were all given franchises, and the Lincoln Traction Company acquired the grant and properties of the Capital City Street Railway Company, the Lincoln Street Railway Company, the Lincoln Electric Railway Company and a part of the Rapid Transit Company's property.

From 1887 to 1896 the corporation showed no marked enterprise or success, and about the latter date the company went into the hands of a receiver. It was at this time that Eastern bondholders sent M. L. Scudder of New York to Lincoln to effect a re-organization. The New York financier acquired control of the property securing the stock at a very low price.

The rapid growth of the city and increased demands for street railway service during the next ten years has made this stock very valuable. It is true that various conflicts with the city and citizens have been experienced, which might have been avoided had the management in past years possessed a better conception of the spirit of the community. Litigation between the city and the corporation has followed various contentions during recent years, and important matters are in the courts at the present time. It is, however, a safe prediction that the present management will permit no unnecessary friction or litigation in the future.

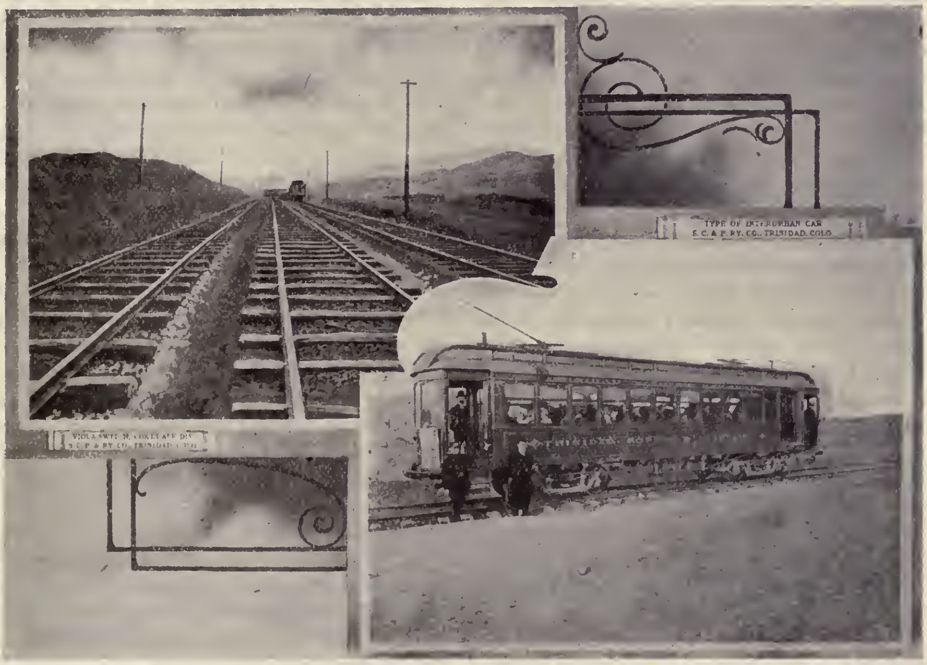
From a careful investigation of the present policy of the corporation, I am convinced that the management fully realizes the necessity of establishing a spirit of confidence among the people. Mr. J. W. McDonald, president, expressed to me his willingness to meet the people on all occasions in a frank, open and honorable manner. He will rectify errors the moment they are brought to his notice, and he fully realizes his duty, not only to the corporation of which he is president, but to the people whom he is trying his best to serve.

The officers are: J. W. McDonald, President; Frank H. Carter, New York, Secretary and Treasurer; J. H. Humpe, General Manager, and F. H. Brooks, Superintendent.

There is no one who will assert that it is for the interest of the city of Lincoln to have two distinct and separate street railway companies, and yet it is the general impression that the organization of the Citizens Railway Company had its origin in necessity.

The existing company at that time either could not or would not meet the demands of the people, and as a consequence it was decided at a mass-meeting of prominent citizens on January 7th, 1905, to organize an independent corporation.

In years gone by franchises had been granted to the North Lincoln Street Railway Company, the Capital Heights Street Railway Company, the Lincoln City Electric Railway Company, and Lincoln Rapid Transit Company. These companies never operated any street railways, and in the course of time a corporation known as the Home Street Railway Company was organized and acquired the interest in the companies above mentioned.


TYPE OF INTERURBAN CAR
S. C. & P. RY. CO., TRINIDAD, COLO
VIOLA SWITCH, [illegible]
S. C. P. & RY. CO. TRINIDAD, COLO

The Home Street Railway Company made an effort to get started, but sufficient capital was not forthcoming to put the enterprise on its feet. Bonds had been issued by the companies mentioned and when the bond-owners sought to foreclose, the city stepped in with its claim for taxes. As a result of considerable legal difficulty the franchise and physical property came into the possession of the city to satisfy its demand for taxes.

When the organization of the Citizens Railway Company was being arranged, the interested citizens entered into negotiations with the city for the purchase of the franchises and properties which the Home Railway Company had possessed, and as a result the city turned over its interests to the new corporation for $1,000 cash, and an agreement on the part of the Citizens Railway Company to pay into the city treasury an occupation tax of one per cent. on the gross receipts after the second year, and two per cent. after the fifth year. Two years ago the city passed an occupation tax advance of five per cent., which the Citizens Railway Company is now paying without protest.

The system is owned by sixty-five stockholders, composed of the best citizens of Linclon. It has been run economically and has given good service, and it has considerably enhanced the value of property in certain sections of the city.

The corporation has a capital stock of $1,000,000, of which $336,000 have been issued at par. It has no bonded indebtedness.

The gentlemen who comprise the Citizens Railway Company organized a subsidiary corporation, known as the Citizens Interurban Railway Company, and have constructed a line to College View, a distance of about six miles. This new enterprise is of much consequence to the city of Lincoln, as it will afford necessary transportation facilities with several important neighboring towns. The new enterprise is receiving the co-operation and friendship of the principal business men of Lincoln.

The Citizens Railway Company has acquired title to very advantageous franchises, and its affairs are in a very satisfactory condition. The owners of the property fully realize the disadvantage to the municipality of two separate railway systems, and would be willing to effect a consolidation, providing satisfactory arrangements could be made. This arrangement must mean that the control of the consolidated system shall be placed in the hands of the citizens of Lincoln.

The company now has twenty-five single truck cars and four new double truck cars of the latest convertible patent. From three to fifteen minute service is given, which is highly creditable to street railways in a city the size of Lincoln. Various improvements are contemplated, such as the construction of a modern first-class power house to supply both the city and interurban lines, which will entail an investment of about one hundred thousand dollars as an initial cost.

The officers are: W. E. Sharp, President; I. N. Raymond, Vice-President; George J. Wood, Secretary, and J. H. Smith, Treasurer.

One of the most important enterprises for Eastern Nebraska is the proposed electric railway connecting Omaha and Lincoln. This has been considered for several years a feasible proposition and on March 4, 1903, a charter was issued by the State of Nebraska for a period of 999 years, to the Omaha, Lincoln & Beatrice Railway Company, organized with a capital of $2,225,000, for the purpose of constructing and operating an interurban road connecting these important cities; but little was done in the way of development for the first three years, on account of the death of Henry Robinson, one of the principal organizers.

The corporation has, however, secured nearly all of the necessary right of way, has made trackage agreements in Omaha and Lincoln, and has constructed about six miles of the line. This is being operated at the present time.

The entire right of way has been carefully surveyed, and nearly twenty per cent. of the total grading has been completed and paid for.

The present movement of traffic between the two terminal cities, now dependent upon the steam railways, is exceptionally great, and indicates that the through electric travel will be very large and of a character similar to that found in nearly parallel cases where interurban systems are in operation.

It is estimated that the entire cost of the system, including equipment, will be in the neighborhood of $2,000,000, and figuring from reliable interurban railway statistics the system should pay good profits on this investment.

It is well known that while the gross earnings per car-mile fluctuate greatly and give no criterion for comparison, the net cost of operation per car-mile of interurban electric systems throughout the United States is remarkably uniform, and does not vary greatly from about thirteen cents per car-mile.

The probable number of car-miles that will be operated between Omaha and Lincoln per annum will aggregate 1,153,000.

In addition to these receipts it is expected that the road will produce $500 per mile, as representing gross revenue derived from freight, express, package and mail service thus making the estimated total receipts per annum exceed $300,000.

The population in the two terminal cities, Omaha and Lincoln, and the various small towns and cities through which the road will pass, is in the neighborhood of 250,000. The distance between Omaha and Lincoln is fifty-four miles.

The line is laid in one of the most fertile farming sections in the United States and traverses a rapidly growing and highly prosperous territory.

This project is considered to be one of the most feasible interurban enterprises in the West. Both Omaha and Lincoln are highly prosperous municipalities, and both have experienced rapid growth and development during the last four years. Lincoln is the capital of the state while Omaha is the metropolis. The state university is located at Lincoln, and directly on the line of this new railroad are several important cities and towns with populations exceeding 1,000. This project will materially enhance the real estate values tributary to the line through the entire distance, and the beneficial results that will follow the operation of this system will be similar to those that have been experienced wherever interurban lines have been constructed and successfully operated.

I am convinced that the scheme did not originate in the minds of promoters, who were desirous of floating a stock jobbing proposition, but on the other hand, the enterprise was launched by men who were willing to back up the project with their own capital, and who have already expended a large amount of money in construction and the purchasing of necessary right-of-way at both terminals. It is expected the road will be in successful operation about January 1, 1910.

E. C. Hurd, secretary-treasurer and manager, has been with the enterprise since its inception. Mr. Hurd has been identified with electric and interurban railways for the past twelve years. He has great faith in the project and is bending every effort to complete the new railway.

The officers are: Harvey Musser, Akron, Ohio, President; Henry H. Wilson, Lincoln, Vice-President, and E. C. Hurd, Secretary and Treasurer.

PUEBLO, COLORADO

The first street railway system installed in Pueblo, Colorado, was financed by William Moore, J. B. Orman, James M. Carlyle and William Crook in 1879. Like most undertakings of this nature it was a small affair, and the franchise provided for power to be furnished by either horses or mules. The time limit of this franchise was twenty years. In 1889 the property was sold to a syndicate composed of Colorado people, Messrs. Downey, Chamberlain, McLees and Hard being the principal stockholders.

About this time a fifty-year franchise was granted to the Pueblo City Railway Company for an electric street railway. This franchise and the property was later transferred to the syndicate which had purchased the old car system, and in 1890 the two corporations were consolidated. The experiences of the consolidated company during the early days of its career were anything but reassuring to those who had originally believed that the proposition was a safe and profitable investment, but it is apparent that there was a woeful lack of good business judgment on the part of the persons in control. At about that time the Missouri Pacific Railway reached Pueblo, and large manufacturing plants were being constructed, and it was supposed by a certain class that the city was destined to become one of the most important municipalities in the West. Real estate men became industriously active laying out additions remote from the business center of Pueblo, and inducing people to build homes in these outlying districts. The demand for street railway extensions to these districts were made in a manner that apparently left no alternative to the street railway company than to obey. The real estate boomers asserted in no uncertain language that, should their requests not be granted by the street railway company, franchises would be secured for rival corporations that would build these new lines.

The men at the helm in street railway affairs, through a lack of knowledge of cause and effect, spent immense sums of money in street railway construction that was absolutely unnecessary, and, therefore, a great waste of capital. As a result the company was forced into the hands of a receiver in 1893.

It may be here remarked, that catering to the whims of real estate promoters by street railway corporations has been one of the most potent factors in forcing a great many corporations into receivers' hands. The up-to-date street railway manager, however, is not swayed by the injudicious demands of politicians or real estate boomers. He acts upon sound business judgment and intelligent statistics, and builds only where the lines will, within a resasonable time, become profitable.

The corporation remained in the receiver's hands and was operated by him for two years, or until 1895, when the property was bought by the General Electric Company of New York and the Electric Corporation of Boston. The system was operated by these interests until 1897, when it was consolidated with the other Pueblo electric interests.

In 1899 the system came under the control of the Pueblo Traction and Lighting Company, and in 1902 the corporation acquired the Pike's Peak Power Company of Victor, the latter company owning water power plants on Beaver Creek, and furnishing electric power for mining operations in the Cripple Creek districts. It is from this source that a portion of the electric power used by the street railway company is received at the present time. The company has, however, a steam plant in Pueblo which supplements the Beaver Creek Water Plant.

The corporation is now operating under a fifty-year franchise granted in 1889. It provides for a straight five-cent fare. Nothing is mentioned in the franchise regarding transfers, and the company, under its ordinance, is not compelled to issue them, but in conformity to the general American street railway custom it is furnishing its patrons with transfers.

At the present time the Pueblo Traction and Lighting Company is operating thirty miles of track, and it owns forty-three cars, the majority of which are being operated regularly, the balance being used on special occasions.

The regular rolling stock consists of double truck cars, which have been in use for the last five years, and during this period the corporation has spent a million dollars in improvements.

It is no undeserved compliment to the Pueblo Traction and Lighting Company to state that there is not a city in the United States, with a population of 60,000, that has a better street railway system than has Pueblo; indeed, its equipment is superior to that of many of the larger cities, and the people of Pueblo are justified in pointing to their street railway system with admiration. Not only does the corporation reflect much credit on the city, but the management has been largely instrumental in making Pueblo one of the prettiest and most progressive of the middle class Western cities.

Mr. J. F. Vail, who has been in charge of the system since the consolidation of the different companies, has always been in the front rank of enterprising citizens, who are willing to lend their time and furnish money for enterprises destined to advance the interest of the city. If a new factory is secured through a bonus of property or money, the Street Railway Company is always the largest contributor.

Among the conservative people of Pueblo, the Pueblo Traction and Lighting Company stands in the highest esteem; its credit is excellent, and its management is most efficient.

During my visit in Pueblo I failed to find a single person who had any just complaint against the corporation, and upon a personal inspection of the system and investigation into the methods employed, I am convinced that the plant is most up-to-date and in most efficient hands.

The corporation owns the electric lighting plant, and furnishes electric light and power at a lower rate than has been given in any city of its class in the country. Residences are furnished electric lighting at ten cents per kilowatt for the first two kilowatts consumed per lamp per month, and six cents per kilowatt for all additional current. A ten per cent. discount is given for prompt payment and the minimum bill is $1.00 per month. Business houses are furnished under the readiness-to-serve method with current, at the low rate of four cents per kilowatt for all over seven hours per day. It is working under a twenty-five-year franchise granted in 1900. It is one of the company's slogans that it will sell a man electric light and power for less than he can get it in any other city in the United States.

These advantageous conditions offer extraordinary inducements to the manufacturer who is seeking a location where he can obtain cheap power and enjoy good shipping facilities. Pueblo can offer manufacturers these inducements.

There are, perhaps, few Western cities that have struggled harder in an attempt to improve the public service conditions during the past ten years, than has Colorado Springs, Colorado.

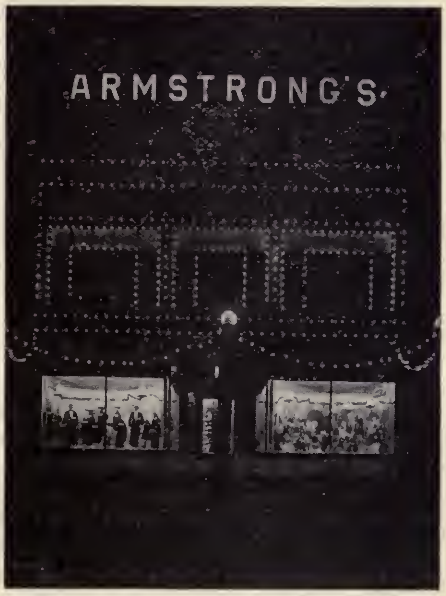
Various conditions have confronted the municipality and the corporations, that have called for the best expert opinion in the country in order to arrive at a proper solution, but it is apparent that the experimental stage has been passed, and that hereafter the corporation will experience much smoother and better sailing. It would be useless to assert that costly blunders have not been made by both the municipality and the lighting and power companies, because anyone familiar with the history of the controversies, is fully aware that the best judgment has not always prevailed. Indeed, it would seem, too, that the men at the head of some of the public utility companies, in days gone by, had lost sight of the fact that the most important asset a corporation can possess is the confidence of the people. This condition, however, has been changed and a more liberal and progressive spirit exists at the present time, and I am convinced that the corporation's attitude is one of fairness and liberality.

The question of rates charged for gas and electric lighting bear out this fact, and no conservative citizen is making any complaints regarding the prices he is paying. There are, however, complaints regarding the electric service which has been furnished during the past summer, that seems to be justifiable; but when it is understood that the corporation is bending every effort to improve the condition, and that in a short time the facilities will be ample to supply a city of much greater population, full credit should be given the company for the liberal and progressive spirit which it manifests.

Unexpected conditions on account of the light rainfall during the past year, arose in the water supply for generating power, which might not occur again for many years, but the company is adding to its steam plant facilities, so that it will be entirely independent of the water power if such a necessity shall ever arise again.

It is somewhat interesting to note that, contrary to modern spirit, the people of Colorado Springs voted in favor of municipal ownership of the electric lighting system at its last election, held a year and a half ago. It is not possible to suppose that the representative people of Colorado Springs made any investigation into the results of municipal ownership attemps in similar sized American cities, otherwise the vote would have been different. No effort has been made to carry out the will of the voters, however, partly because of a change of sentiment, but principally because the city has no funds to build a plant; neither can the municipality obtain the necessary money, on account of its bonded limit being practically reached.

The Colorado Springs Electric Company, the Colorado Springs Light and Power Company, and the Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company, all of Colorado Springs, are under one management, though maintained as separate corporations, and are subsidiary companies of the Susquehanna Railway Light and Power Company. The parent corporation owns electric, railway and gas plants in many of the principal American cities, and its corporation policy is recognized as most liberal and progressive. It seeks only to obtain a fair return on money invested, and it deprecates the tendency of many public utility companies to acquire vested rights through political or other irregular channels. Whatever may have been the experience of the people of Colorado Springs in the past, it is practically certain that there will be no affiliation on the part of great corporate interests with the political powers in the future. It is contrary to the general policy of the parent company, the officials of which realize that no public utility can ever be built upon a permanent foundation, if it seeks to maintain its rates or acquire franchise concessions through political channels.



STORE ILLUMINATION BY A PROGRESSIVE LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, MERCHANT

It is only two years since the corporation has controlled the Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company, and about five years since it purchased the Colorado Springs Electric Company. There have been important questions to settle, and when a satisfactory basis is arrived at, the corporation is prepared to give the people of Colorado Springs the most efficient service and the lowest rates of any city under similar conditions in the country.

A recent controversy between the city and the company was of particular interest, because it decided for the first time in a judicial way three questions of importance to those engaged in the business of electric lighting.

It decided: first, the meaning of the phrase, "An arc light light of standard 2,000 candle power;" second, the momentary damage accruing by the substitution of a 6.6 ampere series alternating current arc lamp for an arc light of standard 2,000 candle power; third, the financial damage resulting from the failure to maintain the substituted lamps at their normal operating conditions.

PASSING THROUGH PECKS GROVE
Omaha, Lincoln & Beatrice Railway

The controversy arose over the interpretation of a clause in a city ordinance. This ordinance is known as the Jackson Franchise, and was granted by the municipality to George W. Jackson on September 8, 1898, for a period of twenty-five years. Mr. Jackson later assigned his interests to the Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company. The franchise gave the grantee and assigns the use of the city's water supply for the purpose of power generation, in return for his completing certain constructions in connection with the water works of the city, and furnishing the city for street lighting arc lamps of standard 2,000 candle power, at $66 per annum; and any plant erected by the grantee to become the property of the city at the expiration of the franchise.

Dissatisfaction with the grant of the Jackson franchise and its provisions, had arisen on several occasions between 1898 and 1907. In 1900 the city brought suit to test the validity of the franchise, but the United States Circuit Court of Appeals held it to be valid. Then claims were made that the owners of the franchise failed to carry out important obligations, and had wasted and polluted the city water. In March, 1906, the City Attorney stated in an opinion that the Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company had never furnished, or offered to furnish, the city any electric light of 2,000 candle power each, and had overcharged the city for service supplied and, therefore, had forfeited every right granted under the Jackson franchise, and no longer had any right to use the city water or any part of the city's property. The city refused to pay the lighting bills, and as a result the whole matter was finally adjusted by arbitration—one of the most costly investigations ever undertaken in the West.

This investigation was carried along and ended by the city gaining about $100, after paying all its expenses in connection with the investigation!

The local officers of the corporation are: R. W. Chisholm, Vice-President; Ira A. Miller, Secretary and Treasurer, and E. P. Dillon, Manager of the Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company, and acting manager of the other two corporations. Mr. Dillon is fully abreast of the times in corporation matters, and has the advantage of possessing an agreeable personality, which is most essential in handling the intricate problems that constantly arise in a corporation office. I predict that in a very short time patrons will have no complaint to make, and will cheerfully point to the city's lighting system with admiration and pride.

STEAM RAILWAY CROSSINGS
Omaha, Lincoln & Beatrice Railway

There is, perhaps, no one factor that is contributing more to the development of the diversified resources of Colorado than recent undertakings in the development of power for manufacturing and lighting purposes. The vast mineral resources of Colorado, the possibilities for irrigation which the state possesses, and its wonderful climate, are well known to the majority of Eastern capitalists, but their development in an economical manner has been a problem which was not satisfactorily solved, until a few daring capitalists and business men undertook to build transmission lines, for the purpose of generating power from one central point to many distant mining camps and arid districts, which might be reclaimed through economical irrigation projects.

Many projects have been conceived for power development in Colorado, but their practicability was open to more or less dispute, and the projects never materialized.

I was much interested in studying the success obtained by a corporation formed in 1906, and known as the Northern Colorado Power Company. This scheme had an air of audacity which attracted considerable attention when it was first launched. It was the first effort, I believe, in this country to produce electric power at a coal mine, and to transmit current to the center of distribution. This enterprise has been put into successful operation, and the Northern Colorado Power Company has demonstrated the practicability of undertakings of this character, and today the corporation is one of the most important factors in developing the great resources which exist in the northern section of Colorado. The system of the Northern Colorado Power Company consists of a power generating station, located over the coal measures in the vicinity of Louisville, Colorado, with transmission lines to the various important towns north and northwest of Denver, at which town sub-stations receive and distribute the current to the various consumers. Certain large customers are served directly from the power station, or from the transmission lines.

The cities, and their population, supplies, and the local plants owned by the company are as follows: Cheyenne, Wyo., population, 16,000; Boulder, 15,000; Greeley, 10,000; Fort Collins, 10,000; Longmont, 8,000; Loveland, 7,000; Lafayette, 2,000; Louisville, 1,800; Superior, 700, and Timnath, 600. The company also furnishes power to local companies for distribution in Eaton, population, 1,200; Pierce, 1,000, and Ault, 1,200.

Transmission lines are now being constructed to Evans, Platteville, Fort Lupton, Brighton, Windsor, Wellington, Niwott, Frederick and Eric. The latter cities have an estimated population from 500 to 2,000 each, and the total cities served are within a radius of eighty miles from the power house.

The company's first step was to purchase coal mines at Louisville, and construct an immense plant for generating power to supply this territory, then the franchise and plants in various cities were purchased, and contracts made for supplying power to the towns above mentioned. The largest system acquired was the Cheyenne plant, which was bought from a local corporation. Realizing that this move would be of considerable benefit in an industrial way to Eastern Wyoming, the city of Cheyenne, in June last, manifested its appreciation by giving the corporation a new franchise for a period of twenty years, and a lighting contract for ten years. Under this contract the city pays the corporation $95 per annum per arc light for the first five years, and $80 for the second five years of

SCENE ALONG THE PIPE LINE
Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company

the contract period. The corporation, immediately, voluntarily reduced the power rate to twelve cents per kilowatt. In past years the citizens have paid twenty cents.

Previous to the organization of the company, the various towns were supplied with electric power from local steam plants. On October 1st, 1907, the transfer of the load to the new Lafayette station was commenced, and since December 24, 1907, the new plant has been giving admirable service to the entire system. The old plants are shut down and being dismantled.

MAIN STEAM PLANT OF THE COLORADO SPRINGS ELECTRIC COMPANY

Anyone who has witnessed the remarkable development of Southern California since the organization, a few years ago, of the Los Angeles Edison Company, and the Pacific Light and Power Company, immense corporations which are now supplying the cheap power throughout Southern California, can fully understand what may be expected in Northern Colorado, as a result of the organization of the Northern Colorado Power Company, and the consolidation of all the small plants into one successful system.

Of particular interest to the agricultural business of Northern Colorado, is the fact that the company has secured a large number of contracts to irrigate farms, that heretofore have been unproductive on account of the inability of the farmers to secure water for irrigation purposes, the flow of water along the existing ditches being below a great deal of these lands. The only method of reclaiming these arid tracts is by pumping water to higher elevations. By this process many thousands of arid acres will be reclaimed. The same process will be adopted which is employed by the power companies of Southern California, and which has reclaimed vast areas of unproductive land.

In the northern part of Colorado are considerable quantities of swamp lands. The company has made a contract to drain these lands and convey the water to the arid land on the hill slopes. Benefits from these enterprises to Northern Colorado can scarcely be measured.

The men at the head of the Northern Colorado Power Company are practical and successful public utility operators in whom the people have absolute confidence. The policy of the corporation, as expressed to me by William J. Barker, President, is the same policy which I have found in force in every successful corporation in nearly one hundred cities, which I have visited within the last two years. The corporation seeks only to obtain fair returns on the money invested, and it proposes to give the best possible service and at the lowest rate.

The officers and directors believe that success can be obtained without any affiliation with politics or politicians, and the company is striving to obtain the confidence of the people, believing that this is one of the best assets a public utility company can possess.

The officers are: William J. Barker, President; J. F. Wallace, Vice-President; George Best, Secretary, and C. H. Williams, General Manager.

RE-ENFORCED CONCRETE SETTLER AT HEAD OF PIPE LINE
Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company

Consolidation of the public utility companies of Trinidad, Colorado, took place the beginning of this year, and the people of that city are greatly pleased with the results. It is manifest that better service and lower rates can be given a municipality of less than

50,000 inhabitants, when the management of the public utility corporation is centered in one set of officers, and only one office maintained. Previous to the consolidation of the Trinidad interests, four different companies had separate office forces. These corporations were: The Las Animas Light, Power and Manufacturing Company, the Trinidad Light and Power Company, the Trinidad Electric Railroad Company, and the Stonewall Valley Electric Railroad Company.

On January 2, 1908, the Southern Colorado Power and Railway Company was incorporated with a capital stock of $1,500,000, and the following officers were elected: Joseph J. Henry, President; K. C. Schuyler, Vice-President; L. C. Duncan, Secretary, and Henry N. Siegfried, General Manager. The authorized bond issue is $1,500,000, but only $1,000,000 are now outstanding.

The consolidation of these interests marks the beginning of an era of industrial activity in Southern Colorado that will bring this section of the state into considerable prominence. The territory around Trinidad possesses abundant resources, and the gentlemen at the head of the consolidated corporation had the development of these resources in mind when they organized their corporation.

Trinidad has a population of about 15,000, and is the commercial center of Southern Colorado. It is in the midst of the largest coal and coke producing area in the world. The total capacity of the open camp coal mines adjacent to Trinidad is in excess of 8,000,000 tons annually, and ten thousand miners and coke workers are given employment. It is in the market point of a large sheep raising industry, five million pounds of wool being shipped each year. Tributary to Trinidad there is a population of 60,000.

From the above statement of facts, it will be seen that a corporation seeking to develop and furnish power in this resourceful territory will, necessarily, meet with sufficient encouragement from the business element to warrant the expenditure of considerable money.

The Southern Colorado Power and Railway Company's transmission lines are about eighty miles, and with contemplated extensions will become one of the longest electric power systems in the state.

The liberality of the city of Trinidad in its franchise agreements has encouraged the corporation to invest a large sum of money in improvements and extensions. The franchises covering gas and electric business are broad, liberal and advantageous, and run from twenty to twenty-five-year periods, from August 15, 1908. The franchise provides for twelve and one-half cents per kilowatt for electric light, $1.50 per thousand feet for illuminating gas, and $1 for fuel gas. The franchise for street railway in Trinidad runs for fifty years, from August 13, 1903, while the interurban line is perpetual. There are no unfavorable restrictions in these franchises. The spirit of the municipality seems to have been to aid the corporation in every possible way in placing itself upon a solid financial foundation by giving franchises that would make the bonds issued by the company very desirable investments.

A new lighting contract, dated April 1, 1908, running for ten years, provides for lighting of the streets of Trinidad on a basis of $96 per arc light per annum. Under this contract there are now in operation one hundred arc lamps, and this number will be materially increased in the near future.

The requirements for success in this corporation, I am satisfied, are present. Its franchises are broad, liberal and of long duration. It will have complete control of the power situation in Southern Colorado and above all, the company is in the hands of practical public service operators of many years' experience.

Mr. Henry N. Siegfried, manager, is one of the best known public utility operators in the West. He has been identified with the construction and development of some of the principal power and lighting companies in several states, and understands the business in its every detail.

Mr. K. C. Schuyler, Vice-President, is one of the leading members of the Colorado bar, and is well known throughout the state.

Mr. Joseph J. Henry, President, is a well-known public utility man, having organized and re-organized about fifty public utility companies, among them being the Northern Colorado Power Company, a $1,000,000 corporation, furnishing power to twenty-one cities and towns in Northern Colorado, and also power to the Colorado & Southern Railway; and the Consolidated Power and Light Company of Deadwood, S. D., a $3,000,000 corporation. He also organized the Southern Colorado Power and Railway Company.

CONSERVATION OF OUR FORESTS

By T. B. WALKER

IF the consumption of our timber supply continues at the rate that has prevailed in the past, it will practically exhaust our forests within thirty years, unless effective means and measures are devised and put into operation for the protection and conservation and reforesting for a future supply.

The case is a serious one, but is not past all surgery by any means. Nor is it an incurable malady, but it is one that requires well-considered and vigorous treatment along practical lines. The general policies to be devised and the plans to be put into operation should cover not only the government timber, but also private holdings. Success will require radical departures from present methods, and development of more economical processes of manufacture and use, and effective plans for reforesting.

Careful investigation should be made of existing conditions to ascertain the extent and location of our present supplies and how they are being utilized. But more than this, there thould be included a careful investigation of the causes that have been responsible for the denuding of our forests. In this way only can past errors be discovered and avoided and a comprehensive plan be worked out for the conservation of our timber resources for future use.

According to the best general estimate there has been cut and utilized in a very wasteful manner about thirty-five per cent. of our coniferous or pine forests. About fifteen per cent. more has been wasted, leaving about fifty per cent. of the total original supply for future use and waste.

Of our hard-wood forests, it may be estimated that about twenty-five per cent. has been utilized more or less wastefully, about fifty-five per cent. wasted without being utilized, and in round numbers something like twenty per cent. remains for future use.

During the nineteenth century, mainly, we consumed or wasted about four-fifths of our hard-wood timber and about one-half of our pine timber.

During that period the use of the hard wood relieved the pressure on the pine supply. The hard wood being now largely exhausted, the future burden of this and succeeding centuries must be borne in large part by the coniferous timber.

If the per capita demand continues as in the past at the present time, it would require more than four times the quantity during this century compared with the last. If we have only the one-half of the original supply left, it must be conserved and multiplied at least four times to supply this century, and to have an amount standing at the end equal to or greater than the amount started with, as an absolutely necessary beginning for the next century.

From this may be appreciated the seriousness of the necessity for conserving our present supply and of increasing it to the utmost for the future. Eighty per cent. of the existing timber supply has been transferred to private ownership, hence the necessity in the general interest for co-operation between the private owners and the government in the work of conservation.

HOW WASTE HAS OCCURRED

Conservation means use without unnecessary waste and with proper provisions for renewal of supplies.

Forest fires have seriously wasted the timber. The destruction of standing timber by wind and fire has more than balanced the normal growth of the forests.

Immense quantities of timber have been wasted in the production of lumber. There has been great waste in logging. Only the better trees and logs have been taken, others being left for destruction by fire, wind and decay. There has also been great waste in manufacturing. Unnecessarily thick saws have been used; wastefully thick slabs have been cut; lumber has been cut thicker than necessary, and wasteful trimming and edging have consigned to the wood-pile or burners vast quantities of good material, which might have been utilized if the market demand had warranted its being saved.

And there has been wanton wastefulness on the part of the people themselves in the use of our lumber supplies. Thicker and better grades than necessary have been demanded, making waste in quality. There has also been reckless waste in quantity. Over forty per cent. of all the pine lumber produced goes into boxes. After being once used these are broken and burned. Unnecessary waste in quantity and quality is found on all sides in construction of houses and in other uses of lumber.

WHY WASTE HAS OCCURRED

Waste by fire has occurred largely from lack of adequate methods of providing beforehand against damage and destruction from fires when they occur.

As to waste in production, they are not wholly or essentially or primarily chargeable to the lumbermen. Investigation will show that these men have been subject to such conditions of production that the wastes have practically been forced upon them. They would be more than willing to cooperate with the government in every reasonable way in devising and putting into effective operation the best practical methods of conserving our timber supply, which in importance to the nation ranks next to the food supply.

The waste in consumption by the people has been due largely to the lack of appreciation of the necessity of more prudent use of our heritage of wood. A generation ago our forests seemed inexhaustible. The folly of wasting our timber resources was naturally not understood or considered. But it should now be clear to all that the time has come to husband our timber resources and discontinue our waste of them.

DEALING WITH FOREST FIRES

Destruction by fire is such a menace to our forests, and to all included or tributary property and life, that its control requires the most careful thought and investigation. At first it would seem a practical and complete protection to have the forests thoroughly patrolled and all fires promptly extinguished. But this plan may lead to greater damage than would result from entire neglect.

If fires are prevented for many years, the accumulation of needles, cones and brush and of small trees may lead to fires so general and destructive as to consume in one burning an empire of timber, with all other included property and living beings. Systematic burning at frequent intervals, after careful preliminay preparation, would save the forests from any great damage or such disastrous fires. For the carrying out of a safe general plan, such burnings should be periodically done under and by public authority.

The large hollow or defective-butted trees should be cleared around, and the hollows or cavities should be filled with loose dirt. All combustible material should be cleared away from around the small trees with low limbs, lest the fire burn them up completely, and mount on them to the destruction of the large trees.

As a part of a general conservation scheme, the private owners might reasonably be expected to do all the necessary cleaning up on their own lands, in preparation for the periodic burning to be carried on by the government.

DISTINCTIONS AND DIFFERENCES

Formerly Uncle Sam was "rich enough to give us all a farm." On this theory our public lands have been, to a large extent, given away or distributed to private ownership at nominal prices. It was well to donate the prairie land for homes, and it was wise to use the hard-wood timber lands for the same purpose.

The title to the pine timber land should not have been so parted with.

In handling the public lands the radical distinction between the hard-wood lands, to be used personally for homes, and pine-timber lands that are practically usable only in large tracts by the men engaged in supplying the public demand for lumber should have been recognized.

Through failure to do so was made the serious mistake of disposing of the pine-timber lands in small tracts to entrymen only, who had no use for the land, only to speculate at the expense of the government or the public generally. And the lumbermen have had to purchase from such entrymen, at prices demanded, to the great disadvantage of the lumbermen as well as the public, by whom separately or severally the larger timber prices and carrying charges must finally be largely paid.

PRESENT CONDITIONS OF PINE LUMBER PRODUCTION

Under the existing policy of our Government in its disposal of timber lands, it has been difficult or impossible for lumbermen to acquire tracts of land sufficiently large and compact to make practicable the economical production of lumber. As the lumbermen cannot acquire timber land excepting through purchase from holders of small pieces, many such holders must be dealt with, and the lumbermen are forbidden by law to devise any plan by which they might secure timber lands at lower prices or in more compact holdings.

This indirect method of transferring to the lumberman the lumber lands that only he can use, through the speculative middleman, who makes a big profit, renders the original cost of pine-timber supply unnecessarily high.

Under this policy the lumberman is compelled to invest large sums in timber land, the annual interest charge on which necessarily adds greatly to the cost of stumpage, as a charge on the consumer or a loss to the manufacturer.

In addition standing timber is generally taxed heavily by State and local authorities, the only unharvested crop is subject to taxation.

These heavy annual charges render it necessary to convert the timber into cash as promptly as practicable, and to follow the wasteful methods of cutting and manufacturing previously referred to. The conditions act as an effectual bar to forest conservation.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR DENUDING THE FORESTS

The largest share of the responsibility for the destruction of our forests will, upon investigation, be found to lie at the door of our national government and an adverse public sentiment.

Until recently, practically no heed has been paid to the necessity for timber conservation, and if it had been predetermined to compel the wasting of our timber supplies, there could hardly have been devised methods more certain to produce that result.

The fundamental condition for economical production of lumber is access to large compact tracts of suitable timber at minimum expense for carrying charges of interest and taxes, and protection from foreign competition having advantages over the home producer.

The national government should not have parted with the title to the pine-timber lands. The timber itself should have been disposed of in suitably large tracts direct to those who intended to use it in supplying the public with lumber. The timber should have been cut under rules calculated to prevent waste and to provide for a renewal of supply by reforesting and should have been paid for as cut at prices corresponding with those paid by our Canadian competitors. Such sufficiently large tracts would warrant expenditures sufficiently large to provide for economical production by installing large plants with the best machinery for cutting and handling the logs and lumber. In this way could have been secured for all future time the best and most satisfactory and economical way to supply the public demand for lumber.

"FREE LUMBER" HOSTILE TO FOREST CONSERVATION

The impression prevails that removing the small duty now imposed on foreign lumber would help to conserve our forests. But investigation will show that "free lumber" would in fact hasten the destruction of our remaining timber supply.

Profiting by our experience, Canada has adopted a timber policy much wiser than ours. The Canadian government retains the title to practically all the timber lands. It grants to lumbermen at a nominal annual charge the right to cut timber on large compact tracts of land, the lumber to be paid for as cut. In this way lumbering in Canada is performed under most advantageous conditions. Canada imposes no taxes on the timber, the logs, or the mills. So the Canadian lumberman is not required to make provision for either taxes or interest charges on his timber supply.

Having his timber land assured in large compact tracts, the Canadian lumberman can build his mills and other lumbering facilities in such a way as to secure the most economical production.

Under these conditions, even with wages equal in the two countries—which they are not, except in Ontario and the Rocky Mountain section, and were not anywhere until recently—the Canadian lumberman has advantages of production over our lumbermen equal to at least twice the present tariff on lumber.

Whatever presses the timber owner to hasten the conversion of his timber works against economical production and against the conservation of forests owned by him? Removing the small duty now imposed on foreign lumber would not delay the cutting of our timber, but would tend to increase the cutting and increase the wastefulness of it. "Free lumber" would have the opposite result from that hoped for by some of its advocates.

CONSERVATION BY MAKING COMPOSITION LUMBER

A practical way to increase greatly the usefulness of our timber supply, thus conserving our timber resources, is by making what may be called "composition" lumber. This can be accomplished by cutting thin veneering from steamed logs and cementing three or more of these thin sheets together. Or two of these thin sheets, with a sheet of cotton canvas between, can be cemented together. These thin composition boards will be much stronger, in proportion to thickness, and less likely to warp, than ordinary lumber, and will serve equally well a large number of purposes.

It will cost more per square foot to manufacture this composition lumber than the old-style of rapidly-sawed lumber. But, as so much greater amount of surface measure can be made from any given quantity of timber, the extra expense of manufacture may be more than balanced by the increased product. As finishing lumber it would probably bring as high or higher prices.

The making of this composition lumber, taken in connection with other economies made possible by better conditions of manufacture, would produce three times as much surface measure of lumber as would be afforded by the same timber if handled by the wasteful methods that have prevailed. This would be equivalent to working a very material enlargement of our timber supply.

CONSERVATION DEMANDS CO-OPERATION

As the national government now owns only about twenty per cent. of our remaining timber lands, the rest being in the hands of states and private owners, the general government cannot in and of itself secure adequate conservation of our forests. To accomplish satisfactory results in the way of conservation will require the co-operation of the national government, the states, the timber counties and the individual owners. This will require mutual consideration and mutual concessions in the interest of a wise public policy—a policy which in the end will work vast good to all concerned and to the public at large.

The Hearth of Today

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE FIRST CASTING MADE
IN AMERICA.
SAUGUS IRON WORKS
1642.
PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF LYNN
BY
JOHN E. HUDSON,
A DESCENDANT OF
THOMAS HUDSON,
THE OWNER OF THE SITE OF THE
IRON WORKS, TO WHOM THE FIRST
CASTING WAS GIVEN.
THIS CASE PRESENTED BY
CITIZENS OF LYNN
1892

> "As the kettle is an example of the state of the art of iron founding in 1642, so the tablet is also typical of the skill of American foundry men in 1892. It is as it came from the mould at the foundry of the Magee Furnace Co."
>
> *Boston Herald.*

DONNING a new lavender necktie and white vest, "on a fine, hot day in September," garments especially unsuited to the nature of my quest, I started out to learn just how stoves and heaters are made, for these are now the representatives of our fathers' hearth-stones and are the firesides of today. This was a desire long entertained and often revived whenever I recalled my boyhood visits at grandmother's. The pride and solicitude with which she cared for and regarded the brick hearth and new stove are associated with boyish memories that still have an enduring charm.

What pleasant recollections they are—of rich, brown-crusted, new-made loaves; light pie crust, aromatic gingerbread, pies of peach, squash, custard, cranberry, rhubarb and mince, with savory pots of beans, and steaming brown bread! When she smiled benevolently at one of "her boys," with a new ginger cooky fresh from the oven in hand, ah, what delicious memories arise! It always makes me hungry to think about it. To me, as to the peoples of ancient days, there cluster no more romantic memories than around the kitchen hearth. In the complex religion of the Romans it was believed that their Lares and Penates, the tutelary and household gods, were domiciled

THE KITCHEN OF THE FAIRBANKS HOMESTEAD IN DEDHAM, MASS., WHERE A MAGEE RANGE SUPERSEDES THE OLD FIREPLACE AND BRICK OVEN

A TYPICAL RETAIL REPRESENTATION OF MAGEE RANGES

on the hearthstone, and hence it became a venerated spot.

The old-fashioned New England kitchen, with its great brick fireplace flanked on one side by the large brick oven and on the other by shelves loaded down with shining plates, pewter and glasses, all sparkling with cleanliness and indicative of thrift and neatness, never fails of interest, even in these days of modern apartments. Such a picture was presented to me in the old Fairbanks house at Dedham, Mass., the ancestral home of Vice-President Fairbanks. Here is a hearth that combines the old and the new—the open fire-place and a brick oven, with a Magee range. New England cookery has long been considered the world's standard of culinary merit, and I felt that the housekeepers who read the NATIONAL would be interested in learning something about the ranges that are recommended by the leading cooking-school teachers throughout the country, and that have been the "Standard of Quality for over Fifty Years." There have been many changes in fashions of cooking and heating appliances since the beginning of things. In the early part of the last century there was little beside the old fire-place and brick oven; then came the Franklin Heater and wood-burning cook-stove, and so on to the goods of today, that are found on the sales floors of house-furnishing and hardware stores, awaiting removal to the well-appointed post of honor in the American homes.

So to the Magee Furnace Company's foundries in Chelsea, Mass., we went on what I think was one of the hottest days of the season. We were conducted to the very site

OFFICE
OF THE
PRESIDENT

OFFICE
OF THE
TREASURER

SUPERINTENDENT'S
OFFICE
AT THE
FACTORY

SHOWING THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES

on which John Magee, one of the pioneer stove manufacturers, a great many years ago, laid the foundation of the present foundry that makes the largest line of heating and cooking apparatus under one man's name in the United States, comprehending everything from the smallest cooking stove to the largest heater, whether coal, gas, steam or hot water.

As we entered the office my attention was arrested by the portrait of this man whose name has become, indeed, a household word throughout the United States. It was a strong-lined face, somewhat lengthened in appearance; but there was something in the countenance that indicated the sterling honesty and intelligent efforts of the man. John Magee was a leader among his workmen, and labored beside them as was the custom in early days. He set the pace, and he asked of his men only that they do as much and as well as he himself was accustomed to make of a day's work. Some of the older workmen still remain, and could not say enough of the great-heartedness of this Scotch foundryman.

The plant, consisting of twenty-three separate buildings, is located on Boston tidewater, and is connected by a single drawbridge with its wharfage which has a deep water channel and a frontage of 750 feet on the northshore of Chelsea Creek. The area covered by the Magee works reaches almost as far as the eye can sweep, embracing twelve acres in all, about the size

GENERAL OFFICES OF THE MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY

POURING A BIG WATER HEATER—TWO LADLES FULL ARE POURED AT ONCE TO INSURE UNIFORMITY ON ALL SIDES

of an ordinary village farm in New England. On the wharf were piled vast supplies of pig iron, moulding-sand, sawed and dimension lumber, coal, coke, limestone and other materials used in the manufacture of modern ranges and heating apparatus. In fact, this foundry is supplied with material coming from territory as widely apart as Maine and the Mississippi, and the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

A POURER WITH HIS LADLE OF GLOWING METAL QUICK FROM THE CUPOLA

* * *

Grasping a handful of wet moulding-sand, which comes from the banks of the historic Hudson, the golf player would instantly exclaim: "How good that would be for a golfing tee!" It would certainly deserve the admiration of President-elect Taft. The sand holds its form like putty, and has been carefully prepared for its present use by being dried and bolted, until it has become almost as fine as talcum powder; and so tempered that it may be used to make the perfect moulds into which the castings are poured.

No one can appreciate the painstaking care necessary in the making of Magee cooking and heating apparatus until he has visited the factories where these goods are made. The individual parts of Magee Ranges and Heaters are made largely of cast-iron which has proved to be the most indestructible and heat-radiating material.

Few young people of today know the difference between a cooking stove and the cooking-range, a problem that troubled our grandmothers but little. When the cook stove superseded the old-fashioned method of cooking before the open hearth fire, the new invention had four top covers and two oven doors opening at opposite sides. It was designed to set well out into the room, with the funnel at the rear end leading into the chimney and a pretentious hearth at the front.

ONE OF THE GREAT CUPOLAS—THE HUSKY POURERS WITH CRUCIBLE LADLES WAITING THEIR TURN

The modern range is larger but more compact, having six top covers instead of four, sets back with one side to the wall, and has the fire-box at one end with the oven in the center and the funnel leading from the top, with occasionally a hot-water tank or gas appliance attached to complete the ingenious, labor-saving equipment of the kitchen.

The first thing that impresses the average purchaser of a stove or range is its appearance, and the consideration of its practical workings comes later.

The Magee Ranges impress one with their substantial air rather than giddy ornamentation. The Magee style is the kind that "wears well," an expression we often hear applied to people. Its neat appearance, in contrast to the superficial, does not pall in the long run.

VETERAN MOULDERS—TAMPING SAND INTO A FLASK AND GIVING A FINISHING TOUCH TO THE MOULD FOR A FURNACE DOOR CASTING

Years ago the New England housewife was convinced of the excellence of the Magee, and the tradition of this superiority has passed down through generations of young wives as they set up housekeeping, succeeding to the silvered years of serene age. The average woman has just such an attachment for her range as she has for her sewing machine, and as a true sportsman has for his rifle. She becomes a partisan of her stove or range, and never loses an opportunity to tell her neighbors of its superiority.

Woman's love for the beautiful has been understood by the makers of Magee products, and their ornamentation combines artistic castings exquisitely surfaced and finished; but Magee excellence as the standard in cooking is of the first importance, "for the bread is the life of man." In most American homes the range is one of the chief features of its ordonnance; and when the farmer's wife goes to town to buy a new stove, or the bride selects it for the new home outfit, it is an important matter. Long and carefully she considers "the styles" in cooking apparatus, and if a Magee is chosen she knows she will not need another for many years.

The Magee Furnace Company have long stood in the front rank as makers of heating apparatus, and today enjoy the distinction of having the largest all-round line of heating goods under one name in the United States, comprehending what is required for a small dwelling to a large public building. In this connection, it might be well to add that the Massachusetts laws in regard to heating and ventilation have long been recognized as the American standard all over the country. In providing effective and sanitary heating apparatus for schools and public buildings, there is a sharp advance from the old barrel or box stove in the little red schoolhouse, with its rattling windows and wide cracks, to the more scientific apparatus of today. Even in distant cities heating specifications many times require "according to the Massachusetts standard." The regulated introduction into the home of an abundant sup-

MACHINERY ROOM—WHERE SOME OF THE MOST EXACTING MECHANICAL WORK IS ACCOMPLISHED WITH LATHES, DRILLS, ETC.

ONE OF THE POWERFUL PUNCHES—BOILER-HEADS ARE MADE OF WROUGHT IRON PLATES THAT PASS THROUGH MANY SUCH MACHINES IN THE PROCESS OF MAKING

ply of fresh air by means of modern heating appliances has, according to eminent authorities, been a great factor in stemming the ravages of the white plague and other infectious diseases.

The same quality of iron is used in the low-price Magee products as in the more costly, for there is but one standard of quality in their manufacture. A perfect stove can be made from no one particular kind of iron; a mixture or blending of cast metal made from various ores is necessary to secure a perfect casting and a durable product. Cast iron varies in its proportions of silicon, sulphur, manganese and phosphorus coming from the different iron mines, and the proper blend is a matter of the first importance at the Magee foundry. It must neither be too soft nor too hard; too slow to take heat or too quick to soften under it.

As we walked through high-vaulted areas, observing the powerful machinery turning in obedience to the will of careful mechanics, or revolving with deafening clatter where

BIG TAP MACHINE—THE MOST EXACTING CARE IS GIVEN TO CUTTING THREADS AND ALL THE LITTLE DETAILS the tumbling mills were at work, it seemed almost like a walk from one quarter of a small city to another. Surely no visitor to this great plant could find his way around without a guide.

The great engines were reaching and recoiling with an awesome exercise of power, seemingly conscious that making heating and cooking apparatus for the Magee trade allows no time to waste. And the furnaces under the big boilers had such an "appetite" for coal that it seemed like being in a menagerie at feeding time to see the monsters fed.

Passing through another archway, we paused a moment to watch the workmen in the sand blast room cleaning castings; they were hooded and enveloped, save only little peep-holes for the eyes. This is one of the methods of giving Magee products their beautiful satin finish.

Now for the Pattern Room, where the designers conceive new constructions and see for the first time the realization of plans after months of study to meet every possible requirement. The whole range or heater is designed by an expert, who lays out every part according to scientific laws and ratios. The pattern-maker's part of the work is very much like modeling in a studio. The patterns to be used are made of wood, free of knots or blemishes; they follow the exact shape and outline of the design that is to be, although a trifle larger than the desired iron casting, to allow for shrinkage in cooling. From these wood models an iron pattern is cast, which is also very carefully finished through various processes.

The final castings are made by workmen who place the moulding-sand in "flasks" or wooden cases, and imbed the patterns therein; the sand is so tempered that when the mould is removed it retains the shape exactly, and as each flask is made up of two or more parts, these, when placed together and tightly fastened, contain a perfect matrix of the desired shape. The molten iron is then poured in, making an exact replica of the master pattern. In some castings "cores" are required which are made of flour and sand carefully bolted, mixed and shaped in forms so as to produce the exact shape of any aperture desired; and these have to be prepared in advance by baking in ovens. The making of these "cores" remind one of baking New England brown bread on Saturdays.

A GLIMPSE OF THE COUNTING ROOM THROUGH A VISTA OF MODERN HEATERS

Some picturesque fire and smoke effects are seen at the mouth of the great cupola in which the iron is melted; for when that violet flame arises over the molten mass, the iron appears to burn like timber until it glows with a white heat. The fire was started at twelve, high noon, and at two-twenty the pouring began.

In filling one of the two cupolas, which are among the largest in New England, having a daily capacity for one hundred thousand pounds of iron, there are placed alternate layers of coke, lime stone and metal; and four different grades of pig iron are put in, superimposed one layer upon the other, to obtain just the right blend. It was interesting to watch the "stage men" on the upper landing, fork in hand, filling the cupola from the cars of coke, etc., accurately weighed to make just the right proportion.

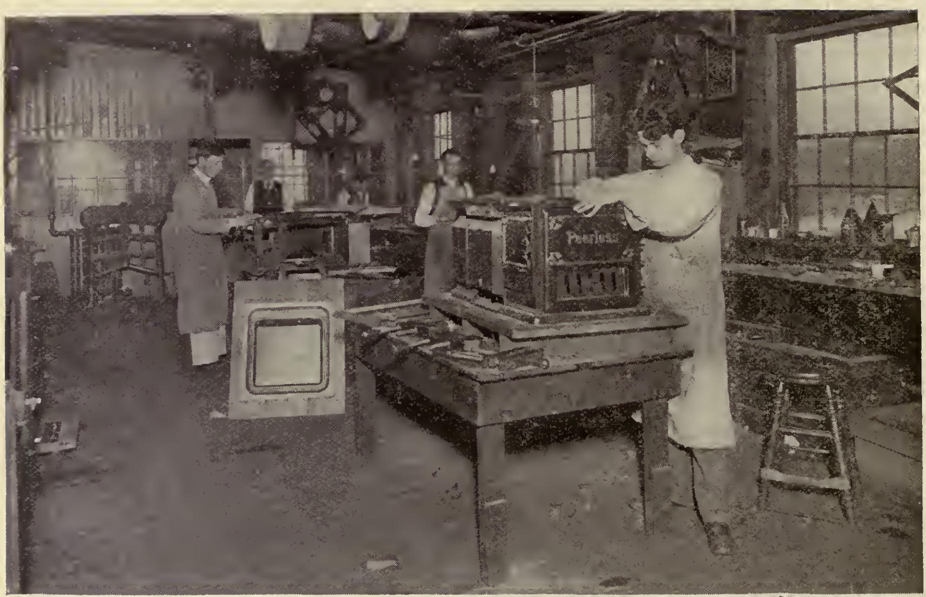
As the molten metal came pouring out below, the pourers, with long crucible ladles, each caught his portion from the steady stream of white flowing iron. What could be more picturesque than these brawny men, dripping with perspiration, rushing to fill their ladles and bearing their heavy burden of glowing metal to their flasks! Here and there great "bull ladles" were being carried by cars on various tracks and then lifted by cranes operated by compressed air in order to pour the molten material into the moulds. After some curious pyrotechnic effects a huge heater was "broken out" from one of the flasks, and as it lay there a perfect form yet livid red in the sand, when shaken out from the blackened flask there was something almost of dramatic resurrection in the spectacle.

When the "pouring" begins the moulder of the longest standing is entitled to the first rank, consequently those who have seen the longest service finish their work first.

AN ARRAY OF HEATERS SHOWING MANY SIZES RANGING FROM SMALL TO LARGE TYPES

Not all the castings were iron; we were shown the brass department where certain classes of heaters are made for an exacting trade.

A large fireproof building located within 600 yards of the line ravaged by the great Chelsea fire in 1908 is the "pattern building," where all the Magee patterns, valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars are stored. Here are preserved the original models necessary to make the castings. This building is the fortress that must be protected at all hazards, and the company's fire department had five streams playing on this structure during the Chelsea fire, realizing that the "Fire



A QUIET CORNER — HERE THE DESIGNERS AND PATTERN-MAKERS ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO IMPROVE "THE STANDARD OF QUALITY"

Proof," as it is called, must be saved if nothing else. The entire plant, however, was providentially preserved, and hundreds of workmen were able to immediately resume employment.

In the yards beyond, "flasks" are piled high in the order of streets, and representing very large investments.

The accounting system in force in this factory is one of the wonders of modern methods. Every one of the 25,000 castings made daily, and the various processes in the work are accurately recorded from date to date, so that the exact conditions of each stage of its evolution can be known. The cost of material laid down on the wharf being determined, the

BAKING THE CORES—THESE ARE ENTIRELY CONSUMED WHEN THE CASTING IS POURED, LEAVING DESIRED APERTURES cupola, or melting-cost is charged up against so many tons of this or that material that enters into the composition of the molten iron. On the other hand, the cupola is credited with so many pieces or pounds of casting as they are produced, and the cost of each type of range or heater is tabulated in one account.

I was just beginning to wonder if the demand at all seasons took care of the immense output of the Magee foundries, when we entered one of the great storehouses. One after another, we passed through them, but they were fast being depleted of their fullness, as this was the shipping season when the stock requiring months to manufacture and store away compactly, like honey in hives, is being sent to widely-divergent parts of the country's confines. While the spring demand for ranges is strong, it is in the fall that the shipping force knows little rest; for then both ranges and heaters are ordered rushed out to supply the wants of belated buyers.

After finishing the inspection of the factory, and as the workmen passed out, I felt that much had been added to my store of knowledge. The great muscles and manly faces of the brawny moulders indicated physically perfect manhood. Never again can I look upon a Magee Range or Heater without increased interest because I have seen them manufactured and I know something of the various processes through which each heater or range must pass.

After all is said about the great factory and equipment, the process of economic production and the securing and putting into the goods the best material that can be obtained was to me the greatest revelation. Back of all this stands the personality of the men who are carrying on the business, commercially and otherwise, in the same spirit that inspired John Magee. Never before have I known of an organization more thoroughly in harmony or better adapted for the work in every working department, producing a household altar of health and comfort, than that which I saw at the Magee offices and factory.

A CORNER OF THE WHOLESALE WAREROOMS IN BOSTON

Had I been a merchant looking for stock, and likely to buy an important bill of goods, I could not have expected or received a more cordial reception in every department of the works. But I went as an interrogating editor, to get information of interest to thousands of NATIONAL subscribers, many living in remote sections of the South and West; and yet everyone, from the humblest workman to the executive heads, seemed to exemplify a standard of courtesy which I believe it would be hard to find in any similar commercial corporation.

My photographer who has been fifteen years in the occupation of taking pictures among all sorts and conditions of society, remarked about this, and declared that he had never had an assignment of work where such good nature and willingness to oblige were shown by the men as was extended us among the Magee workers.

It is rugged, grimy work, and yet these moulders and pourers, covered as they are with dust and smut all day, enjoy the privilege of daily bathing; modern facilities are supplied the men, and universally made use of.

If, as some aver, there is a relationship and an influence of mind upon matter, then I can understand why Magee products have become ideal firesides of today. The very atmosphere is full of contentment in every part and stage of the work. The same spirit is cultivated among the commercial salesmen. It is a pleasure to give one's trade to such people, as every dealer realizes. One gets more than merchandise in dealing where the co-operative spirit is the basic principle—he gets a touch of magnetic force that makes him happier and more appreciative. A transaction in which one or both parties are not benefitted to some extent by something more than profit, in the sordid sense, is a waste of time. And this may explain why their product has been the "Standard of Quality for over Fifty Years."

The Magee Furnace Company believes in thorough mutuality with its trade, and in cultivating the closest acquaintance with their representatives everywhere. In the Boston offices are reception rooms where dealers from all parts of the country are welcomed to make their headquarters during their stay in Boston. In these reception rooms are hung photographs of public buildings, libraries, churches and homes, situated from Maine to California, that have been perfectly equipped with Magee cooking and heating apparatus. There are also pictures of out-door signs painted in many languages; but the one word which all people alike have come to understand is one of five letters—"*Magee*"—embossed upon every product of the largest manufacturers of heating and cooking apparatus under one name in the United States; and the distribution covers all parts of this country, and abroad to some extent.

PACKING DEPARTMENT—ALL REMOVABLE PARTS ARE SAFELY STOWED IN OVEN AND FIRE BOX

Upward of thirty gold medals and awards have been given the Magee products, beginning with the Centennial in 1876, at which the historical "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" was cast in iron and given out as souvenirs. The signatures and reading matter of the Declaration was marvelously clear and discernible.

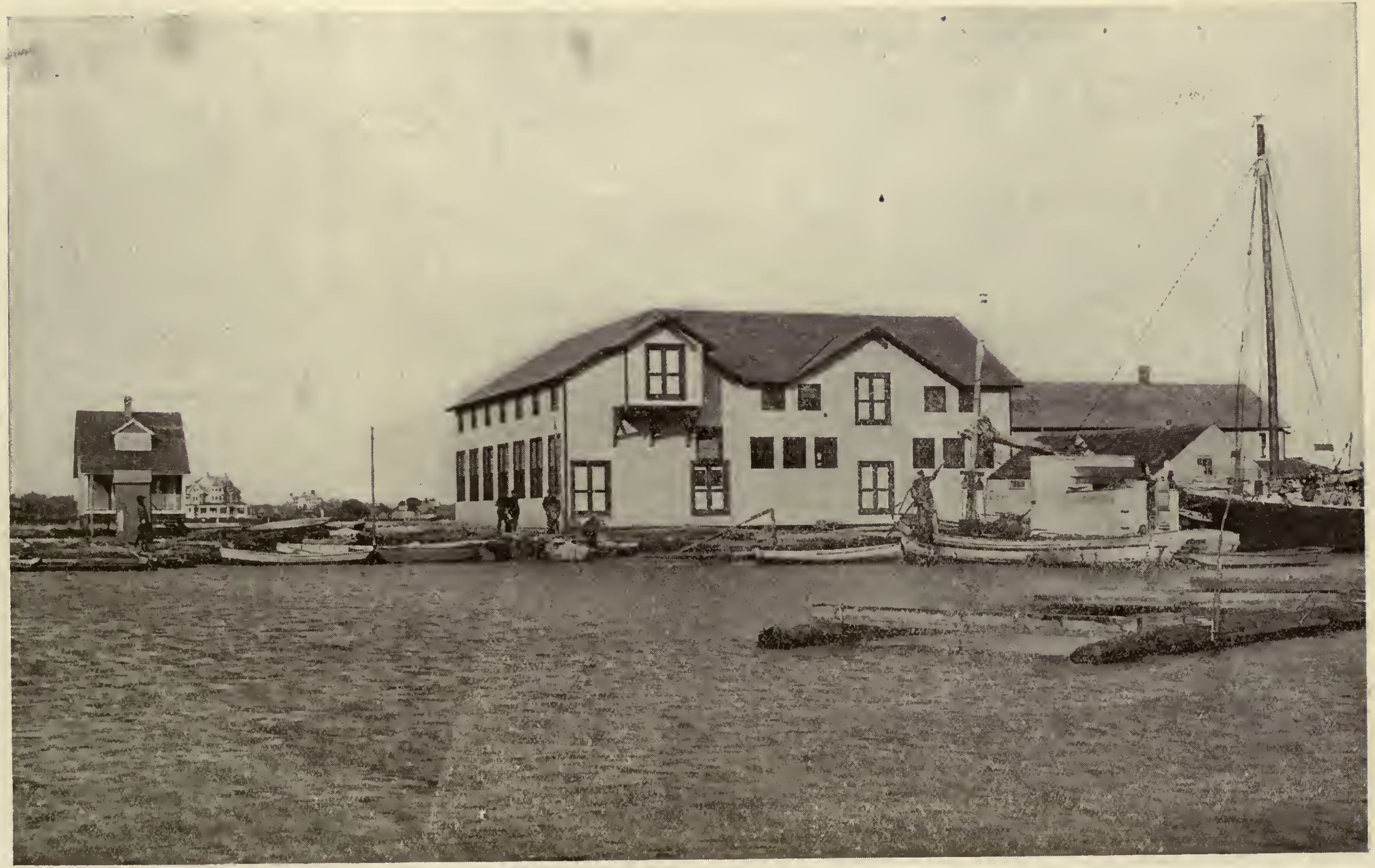
THE MAGEE COMPANY'S RECEPTION ROOM IN BOSTON WHERE VISITORS AND RETAIL DEALERS FROM ALL POINTS ARE MADE TO FEEL AT HOME

After making this tour through the foundry and looking over the myriad details and parts of a common parlor stove, range or heater, it is surprising that they can be manufactured and merchandised at the prices for which they are sold.

There is one thing characteristic of all the members of the Magee Furnace Company, and that is their thorough knowledge of the "know how." They realize the necessity of having goods that are just what the purchasers desire, and also the urgent need of keeping in personal touch with the consumers. The personnel of the company is certainly reflected in the excellence of its product.

Brushing the dust from my clothes after the tour of the foundry, then with a good wash and a few extra touches to the white vest, I felt as if I had been well repaid for the long walk in the afternoon and my journey through the hot foundry, by learning at first-hand so much concerning the "Hearth of Today" as exemplified in the production of the Magee Ranges and heating equipment; and especially in meeting the men whose life-work and devoted service is embodied in the Magee products known as "The Standard of Quality for Fifty Years."

GREAT CHELSEA FIRE OF APRIL 12 1908—MAGEE FACTORIES MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING



PLANT OF THE FIRE ISLAND OYSTER COMPANY, BAYSHORE, L. I.

THE ROMANCE OF THE OYSTER

By GARNAULT AGASSIZ

PART IV. THE BLUE POINT OYSTER INDUSTRY

HEADING the *cartes-de-jour* of all the fashionable hotels and restaurants in the country, occupying a chief place in the nation's banqueting halls and on the tables of its homes, inviting the indulgence of the epicure, commanding the respect of all, the Blue Point oyster for many years has stood out conspicuously as the arch-aristocrat among shellfish. Its fame has spread to every corner of our own land and to Europe, and it has become to the lover of a good oyster on the half-shell what champagne is to the lover of good wine.

CULLING ROOM OF THE N. S. ACKERLY & SON COMPANY, SAYVILLE, L. I.

Some there are who may disagree with this statement, for during the past few years other oysters with distinctive names have clamored for, and in some cases obtained, a certain degree of recognition; in certain quarters, even, command a higher price; but, everything considered, the Blue Point still retains its enviable, we might even say impregnable, position in the hearts of that portion of our people which knows and loves a good oyster on the half-shell.

The action of some of the larger hotels and restaurants in substituting for the Blue Point oyster oysters from other sections, must not be attributed in any sense to a deficiency on the part of the latter, for the Blue Point is today, as yesterday, without question the best oyster for half-shell purposes grown in the United States, but to a practice, common among unscrupulous dealers and growers, of selling these hotels and restaurants, with a view to a greater profit, any small oyster, no matter what its place of origin, for the Blue Point ordered in good faith. And many of these substitutes, having been very indifferent oysters indeed, have brought down on the Blue Point ill-deserved and unjust criticism and caused a false depreciation in its value.

As flavor, shape and whiteness of meat are the three cardinal requisites of the half-shell oyster, so the Blue Point, possessing these qualities in a marked degree, is essentially the half-shell oyster par excellence. Nor are these characteristics its only claim to distinction. No native oyster has longer keeping qualities, as is shown by the fact that the Blue Point district practically monopolizes the American-European oyster trade. From a point of nutrition, also, it is as rich, if not richer, than any other oyster to be found in the United States, while its unquestioned purity renders it a remarkably safe food, for whatever may be said of some of New York State's other oyster grounds, no one can gainsay the crystal-like purity of the waters of the Great South Bay, into which the authorities prohibit the emptying of anything of a deleterious nature.

A rigid examination of the Blue Point oyster district has been conducted recently by Dr. Walter Bensel of the Health Department of the City of New York, with the result that a clean bill of health has been officially issued to the Blue Point oyster, Dr. Bensel having credited it with being one of the few really pure oysters sold in New York City. Another fact to be remembered is that the Blue Point district is from forty to fifty miles from

THE EXCELSIOR BLUE POINT OYSTER COMPANY'S PLANT, SAYVILLE, L. I.

the metropolis. According to Dr. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, without question the greatest living food chemist, an oyster is a safe and nutritious food, unless taken near the effluents of big cities; and it being a physical impossibility for the waters of the Great South Bay to be affected in any way by New York's sewage—for, besides the barrier of distance, there is a physical barrier—Fire Island, which it would in no way be possible for any sewage or other foreign matter to pass—the Blue Point may be said to have received a bill of health from this eminent scientist as well.

Oyster farming in the Great South Bay is as different an occupation to oyster farming in Connecticut, Rhode Island and other deep-water localities as the intensive farming of the East is to the extensive farming of the West. In the first place, all told, only nine thousand acres are under cultivation in the entire Blue Point district, yet from these nine thousand acres some 700,000 bushels of oysters are gathered annually. Fifteen hundred men are employed in the cultivation, harvesting, culling and shipping of the product, while some fifty steam and gasoline boats, not to mention innumerable sail and smaller craft, are almost constantly engaged.

PLANT OF THE VAN WYEN BLUE POINT OYSTER COMPANY, WEST SAYVILLE, L. I.

As propagating grounds, the Blue Point waters are not very successful, but for maturing purposes they are unsurpassed Less than one-sixth of the annual crop is native to the Great

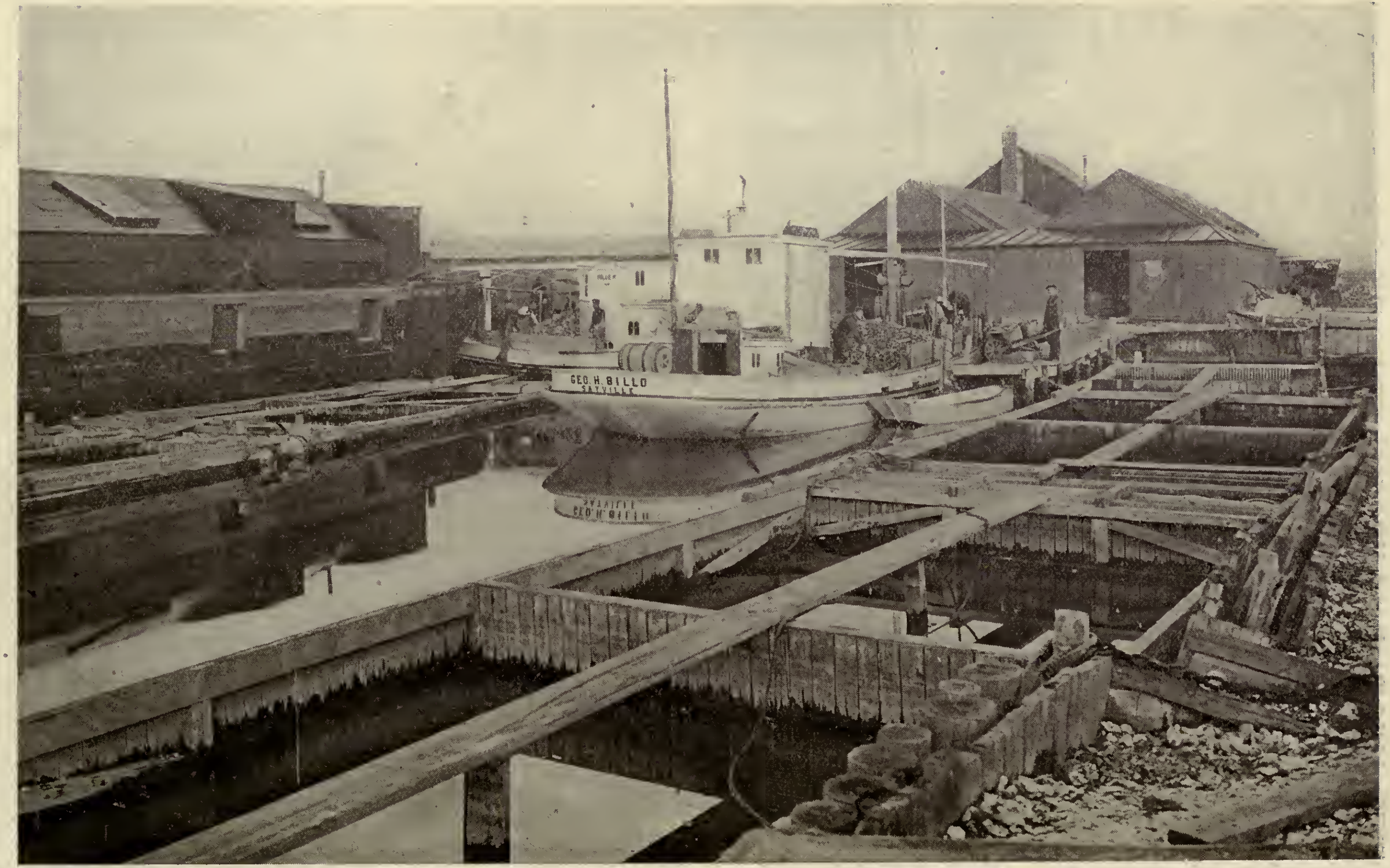
South Bay, the balance being made up of oysters transplanted from other waters — chiefly Long Island Sound and Gardiner's Bay—and allowed to mature; an oyster, as was pointed out in the last article, being absolutely dependent on its maturing grounds for quality, flavor and shape.

The total Blue Point product being less than 700,000 bushels a year, which includes opened as well as barreled stock, it can be seen very readily that a large proportion of the oysters sold under the name Blue Point—at least five or six million bushels annually—are not Blue Points at all, but are sold under that name that they may command the increased price to which the surpassing excellence of the real Blue Point oyster entitles it.

OYSTER PLANT OF FREDERICK OCKERS, WEST SAYVILLE, L. I.

In almost every city, town and village of the country, restaurateurs and dealers can be found who advertise the Blue Point oyster and sell another. They justify themselves on the ground that "Blue Point" as a name has ceased to be regarded as a geographical appellation, being now interpreted by both the trade and the public as any small, well-shaped oyster. This, however, is not the case. Blue Point is today as much a geographical appellation as are Cape Cod and Puget Sound, and the growers of Blue Point oysters have as great right to its exclusive use as have the tea-growers of Ceylon to the name which their island bears. When a dealer or restaurateur sells another oyster for a Blue Point, even when he feels that the "other" oyster is just as good, he

PLANT OF THE NASSAU OYSTER COMPANY, PATCHOGUE, L. I.



OYSTER PLANT OF THE N. S. ACKERLY & SON COMPANY SAYVILLE, L. I.

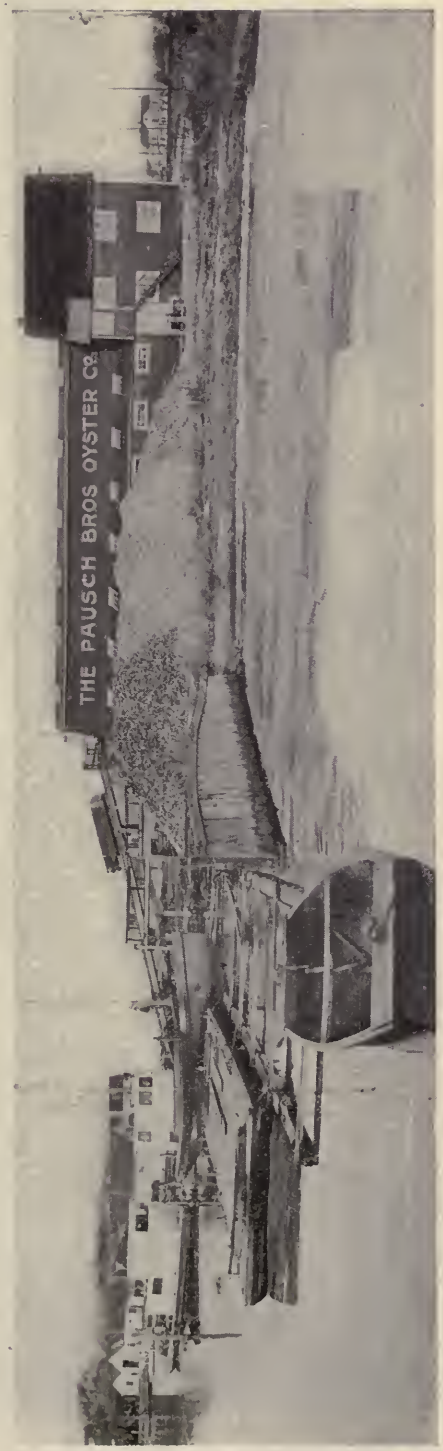
is perpetrating a fraud on the public whom he is supposed to be serving.

The New York Legislature, after giving the question very careful consideration, arrived at the same conclusion, for last session it incorporated the following provision into the Shellfish Bill:

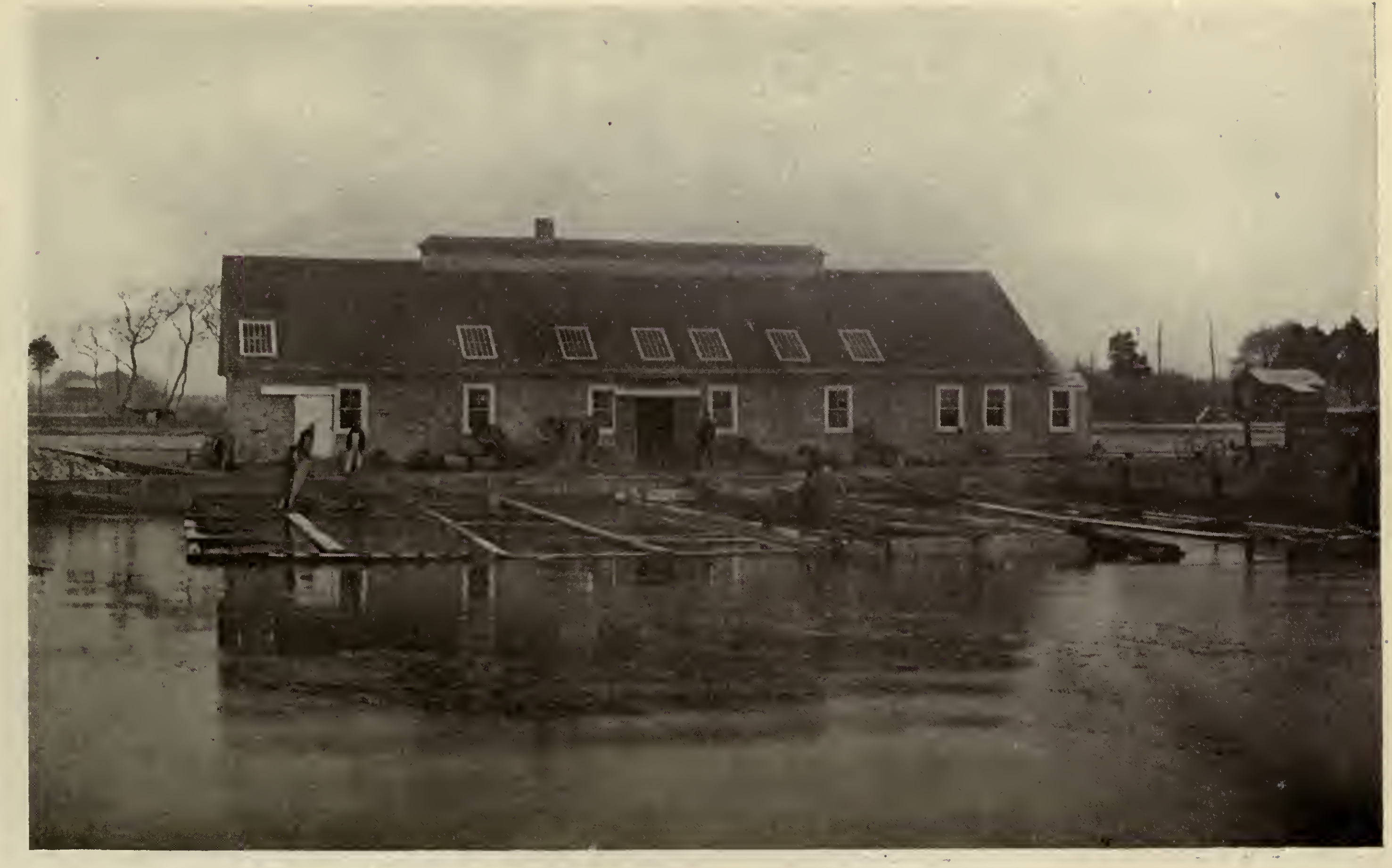
> "No person, firm or corporation shall sell or offer for sale any oysters, or label or brand any package containing oysters for shipment or sale, under the name of Blue Point oysters, other than oysters that have been planted and cultivated at least three months in the waters of the Great South Bay in Suffolk County."

This measure, however, is of benefit to the Blue Point growers only in so far as the sale of oysters in New York State is concerned, and then only when properly enforced, as today it is not, the hotels, restaurants and dealers of every other state in the Union being still in a position to trade on the reputation of the Blue Point and serve for that Blue Point any oyster they may see fit.

It would seem, therefore, that the Federal authorities might well introduce, under the Interstate Commerce Act or Pure Food Law, some measure that would afford to these growers the protection to which they are justly entitled. Only recently there went into effect in France an executive decree, issued by the president, having for its primary purpose the protection of those established wines and brandies, which, like the Blue Point oyster, derive their names from the districts in which they are produced—or did until other districts stepped in and stole their birthright. The provisions of this law are very rigid indeed, and its enforcement is placed in the hands of at least five departments of the government. Under the new law every champagne grown beyond the borders of the old province of Champagne, even when manufactured by the same firm and under precisely similar conditions, must be so labeled; the wines of other districts must no longer be confused with the products of Bordeaux and Burgundy, while the term cognac must be confined to the brandies distilled in the departments of which Cognac is the market town. Then why cannot a similar law be placed upon *our* Federal statute books, not alone for the protection of the Blue Point, but for all generic designations, whether of oysters or oranges?



THE PAUSCH BROS. OYSTER COMPANY'S PLANT, BAYSHORE, L. I.



PARTIAL VIEW OF THE NEW PLANT OF JACOB OCKERS, WEST SAYVILLE, L. I.

THE "MYRTLE," QUEEN OF THE NASSAU OYSTER COMPANY'S FLEET

TRANSFERRING BARRELS FROM FACTORY TO PLANT

OYSTER PLANT OF E. BROWN & BRO., BAYPORT, L. I.

While the Blue Point oyster was first introduced to the public less than sixty years ago, the genesis of the Blue Point industry may be said to antedate this event by hundreds of years at least, for tradition tells us that long, long before either the English or Dutch pointed their ships' prows to the land of the setting sun the Long Island Indian, idling away his summers after the manner of his race, and, after the manner of his race, making no provision for the future, was dependent entirely upon what the sea offered for his winter's sustenance. The advance guard of civilization, landing on these shores, was propitiated by peace offerings of oysters and other shellfish, and for many years thereafter the oyster was a recognized medium of exchange between white man and red. These first "Blue Points" were, however, very different from those of today, judging by the many fantastic stories of their great size and weight carried back to the firesides of the Old World.

The first known attempt to place the Blue Point oyster industry on anything like a commercial basis was in the year 1790, when the town of

WESTERBEKE BROS.' OYSTER PLANT, WEST SAYVILLE, L. I.

Brookhaven instituted a form of taxation by which a stipulated sum was derived from every load of oysters gathered for marketing purposes, oysters caught for private use being exempt from toll under the provisions of the statute defining the natal rights of the free fisherman.

"About the year 1810," says Mr. James Herring, Secretary of the Blue Point Oyster Growers' Association, who has made a very exhaustive study of the early history of Suffolk County's shell-fisheries, "from some unknown cause, the oysters ceased to propagate in the Bay, and gradually became scarcer, until between the years 1825 and 1830 they were very scarce indeed, and proportionately dear, bringing a price in some cases of five dollars a hundred. Such fabulous stories are told of the great size of these oysters, the last of the old crop, as they were called, that if they were not well corroborated by the monster shells that are even today occasionally found in the deeper waters of the Bay, they would seem incredulous stories indeed.

THE PLANT OE THE J. A. COCHRANE & SONS' COMPANY, BAYSHORE, L. I.

A BLUE POINT OYSTER FLEET OF TEN YEARS AGO

"Before very long the oysters had disappeared entirely, and their failure was justly regarded as an appalling calamity, for it not only threw many able-bodied men out of work, but reduced to worthlessness a very large investment of capital and equipment. About the year 1839, however, a public-spirited citizen of Sayville determined to test once more the possibilities of the Great South Bay in the matter of oyster cultivation, and with this end in view brought in from Virginia a few loads of seed oysters. Planted in the Bay, these oysters spawned and increased so rapidly that all the beds in the eastern portion thereof were found to be bountifully seeded with very healthy young oysters, and, the oysters continuing to seed the bay year after year, prosperity returned once more to the oysterman of the Great South Bay.

"In the year 1836 what is now known as the village of Sayville was a mere hamlet of perhaps a dozen houses, and a meeting of the inhabitant was held to decide on a name and petition the Post Office department to establish a post office. The names of Edwardsville, Greenville and Judea were canvassed without result, when one of the parties present, who was of Spanish descent, suggested the name of Seville, from the city of that name in Spain, and on bal lot being taken the majority was in favor of same; but the secretary of the meeting blundered in his spelling and wrote the name 'Sayville' and it was so forwarded to the Post Office Department at Washington and adopted.

"About the year 1847, certain Sayville oystermen staked off

THE BAYPORT BARREL FACTORY
Where nearly all the barrels used in the Blue Point trade are manufactured

BEEBE BROTHERS' OYSTER PLANT, SAYVILLE, L. I.

some ground on what is known as California bed and planted a number of loads of young oysters thereon from the eastern part of the bay, and in 1849 they went there to see how they were doing and found that the oysters had all lived and were in such large quantities that one of the men seeing the shells had a bright yellow color from a moss or sponge that grows in that locality, exclaimed: 'It's a California.' And the California bed has been its name until the present time."

While recognition on the part of the oyster-loving public of the surpassing excellence of the Blue Point did much to build up the industry, it is only of comparatively recent years that it has been even partially developed, for the native Blue Point oysterman, typically Long Island in his conservation, failed to take advantage of the extraordinary chances for development that offered until the Connecticut grower, ever on the watch for opportunity, showed a disposition to turn his attention to the Great South Bay, and the Blue Pointer realized that his very future was in jeopardy. Then it was that by revolutionizing his methods of business and by a broad policy of expansion, he laid the foundation of his present success. In the ten or fifteen years that have intervened since then, the Blue Point district,

FRANK ROGERS' OYSTER PLANT, BAYPORT LONG ISLAND

OYSTER BOAT OF W. VAN POPERING, WEST SAYVILLE L. I.

OYSTER PLANT OF G. VAN DER BORGH & SON, WEST SAYVILLE, L. I.

A WINTER SCENE OF THE GREAT SOUTH BAY
A typical obstruction that the Blue Point system must meet and overcome

n common with the other sections of the oyster industry of the North has progressed rapidly, until today every acre of ground capable of cultivation has been taken up. The old sail-boat has been superseded by the modern gasoline and steam craft, constructed especially for the business; the old shop has been replaced by the new and modern plant; the old methods of handling and shipping have been relegated to the past, and the industry itself reincarnated with the progressiveness which is the true secret of industrial success in this as in other lines of trade.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

DURING the past months many subscribers have sent to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE personal reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, which will appear in the February issue in a series of sketches celebrating the centennial of the birth of America's immortal statesman. We want to make this as complete a collection of hitherto unprinted incidents and recollections as possible, and if any reader has a good story, a verse, old war-time pictures or personal incidents relating to Lincoln, we would be pleased to have them sent on to us as promptly as possible, as the time is now growing short. This idea was suggested at a late date by a number of readers who are enthusiastic admirers of Lincoln, and the best material which has yet appeared concerning him is coming in from those who were close to him in those trying days when the real greatness of the man was scarcely recognized.

Many stories are told in cloak rooms, in hotel corridors and by the Washington guides, who are especially versatile in regard to new anecdotes concerning Lincoln at the present time. Old admirers visiting the city now have difficulty in locating the haunts familiar during the war. Washington has undergone a very complete transformation in many places; even the old house where Lincoln died, and Ford's Theatre on Tenth Street, where he was assassinated, have been almost obliterated in the swirl of sky scrapers, yet every scrap of information and personal reminiscence concerning Lincoln is more valued as the years pass by.

A WELL INFORMED CREDIT MAN

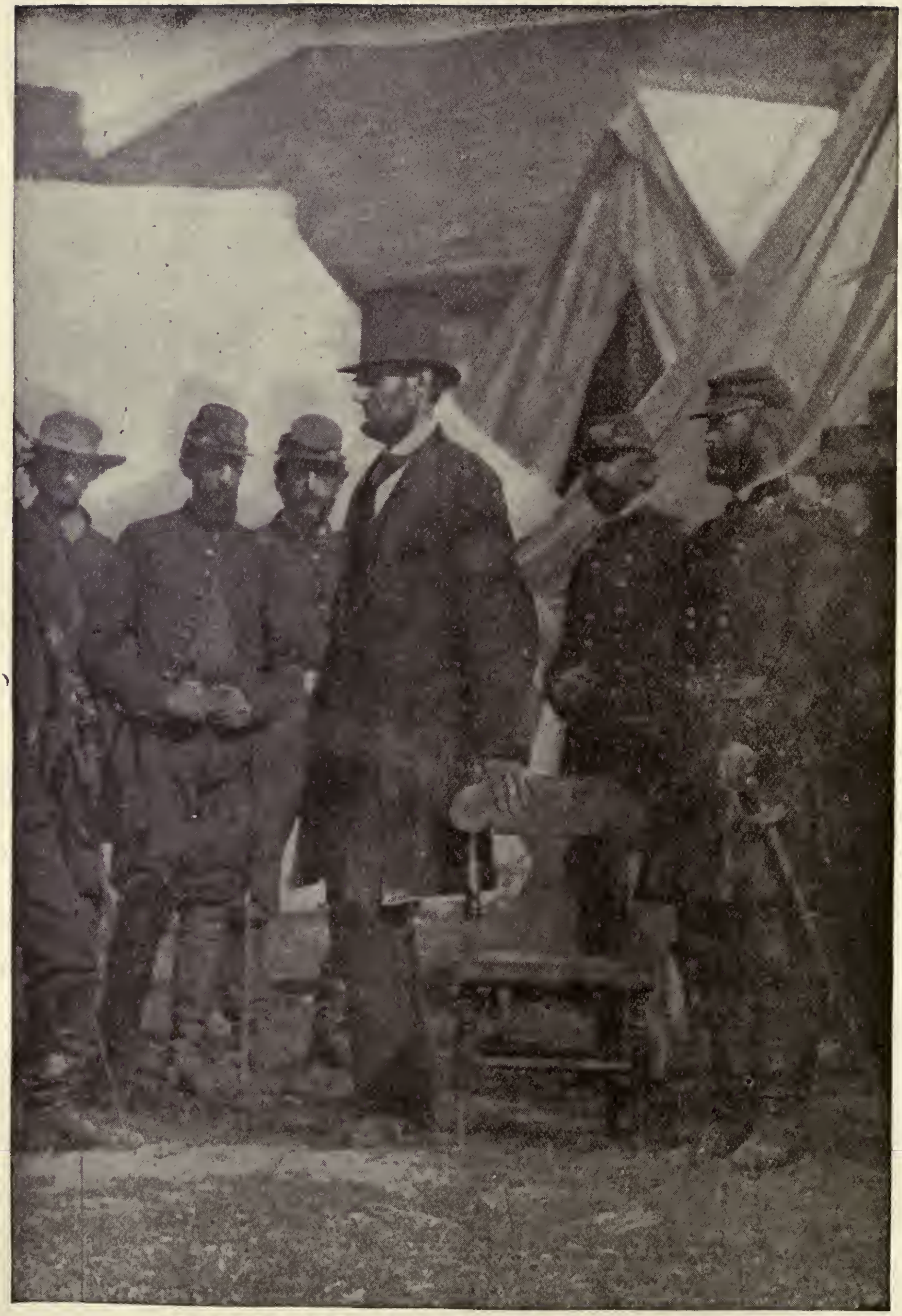
PAUL H. SHERIDAN

THE great business leadership of New York City in world affairs is in a large measure due to the constant recruiting to its business enterprises of young men from the West and South—ambitious, well-trained and capable. Mr. Paul H. Sheridan, treasurer of the Carnegie Trust Company, at thirty-one years of age, is a type of the Western young man who has made a place for himself in New York, through hard work

Planets in their courses have marked February — of few days — as the birth-month of two great Americans. A century ago a cradleless infant was born in a log cabin in Kentucky: the child of a lowly frontiersman has taken rank with the high-born Washington.

Lincoln's birthday is now in the thoughts and minds of dwellers in every farm, village, town and city throughout the republic. The day will be observed with exercises in schools, and with municipal and social observances notable and numerous. Singularly vivid in the retrospect of over forty-three years are the memories of Lincoln in Washington, where he bore for his people, and for millions more, burdens such as few men have borne; gained such honor and love as still fewer have received from the hearts of the people, and died a martyr's death, tragic in all its phases as the most terrible of the masterpieces of Greek tragedy, to be mourned by friend and foe and all humanity, his great soul enshrined in the hearts of mankind forever.

J. M. C.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF ANTIETAM

Taken shortly after the great battle. The photograph shows the great height of Lincoln compared with the stalwart officers and men surrounding him

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

BY one act of Congress, completed in a few moments, the kinship of the world was proclaimed, and the ideals of Abraham Lincoln glorified and perpetuated by the Union he saved. It was most appropriate that the Congress of the United States should generously vote $800,000 for the relief of the sufferers in the Italian earthquake, at a time when preparations were being made for the observance of the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln — a man who always responded gladly to an appeal for help, and who regarded necessity as sufficient reason for prompt assistance, regardless of precedent and tradition. What act of Congress could more strongly emphasize the great-heartedness of Lincoln than this generous response to suffering Italy, almost a half-century after he had passed away! The act may have reached beyond constitutional limits, but it recognized Lincoln's ideal of the kinship of the human race. A thrill went through the house, when in regular routine the vote announced that the young republic of the West had hastened so generously to the relief of one of the ancient nations of the East, in her dark day of calamity and sorrow.

Abraham Lincoln

It was equally appropriate that the American fleet, engirdling the globe, should pause in its gala voyage and dispatch ships to the aid of stricken Sicily. Instead of going grimly into battle to destroy life, now, in the birth month of one of the world's great commanders of men, the American navy has hastened to offer assistance to those in distress amid the awful devastation of a volcano's sudden overwhelming wrath. This broad interpretation of soldiers' and sailors' duty, taking it for granted that before all other obligations comes the rendering of assistance where needed and the saving of life rather than its destruction, is peculiarly characteristic of the patriot whose birth we celebrate on February twelfth—a day each year will make more memorable as passing time affords a truer perception of Lincoln's greatness.

IN the Washington of today are many aged men in active life who saw the living Lincoln during the trying and crucial days of the republic, and their memories give us many a jewel to vitalize and immortalize the times of Lincoln and bring him even nearer to our hearts than the great Washington, who stands firmly on his pedestal, a classic, admired through the haze of history. Associated with Lincoln is a humanness and great-heartedness that expresses the nation's ideal of itself exemplified in a great man beloved of the people. How vividly his form seemed to move before me when I heard from the lips of one who was a youth in those stirring times, a description of Lincoln as he used to walk, stooped and saddened, from the White House to the Treasury Department during the darkest days of the war, to obtain reports from the front. With a shawl over his thin shoulders, and his silk hat set far back on his head, he would bend over the telegrapher's desk with great eagerness, his face reflecting the admiration, pity and sorrow which he felt as he heard the little instruments steadily click off the news from the front—a deed of rare heroism which gained the day, or the sacrifice of thousands of lives for the preservation of the Union.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY D. CLAYTON
From Alabama

How tenderly are told the stories of Lincoln's charity and tenderness, as, listening day after day to harrowing details, he looked with sympathy into the faces of the constant throng of visitors at the White House, some bringing curses and some cheer; how he went out on the Avenue to select toys for the Washington little ones, finding a gleam of sunshine in creating childish happiness even amid his own Titanic cares and the dark clouds of Union reverses. The wonder is that he escaped death at that time, for treason was barely concealed even at the national capital, and he went from place to place unattended, or galloped awkwardly to the front to secure news of the conflict. He visited the camps and bivouacs—the scenes which inspired Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—and the hospitals, cemeteries and forts surrounding Washington, when every day was vibrant with the intense passions and militant factions of that tremendous crisis. These emotional days are very real as one goes about Washington and looks upon the places associated with Lincoln—sites which must ever be hallowed by his memory. The rooms in the White House in which he remained almost a solitary prisoner are revered as a shrine today; the pens and desks, the boots, hat and old shawl—any article he is known to have used—are all treasured mementoes. Long ago sneers at the rough, ungainly form have given place to plaudits, and the statesman, in discussing the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, calls to mind how he held together a Cabinet unchanged longer than any other president, sacrificing his own personal wishes for the welfare of the Union. Recollections of Lincoln seem to bring him closer and closer to the hearts of the people; while other great men soar away to find them place on a pedestal in passionless greatness.

* * *

IT must be gratifying to Postmaster General George von L. Meyer to know that the experiments made with postal savings departments in the Philippines have been successful. The deposits more than doubled in 1908 and the success of the project is now assured. The Philippine experiments will, doubtless, overcome some of the conservative opposition in this country. This information is clearly given in a report made by Secretary of War Wright, who also called attention to the fact that the revenues for 1908 had increased nearly $250,000, now reaching a total of $17,000,000.

The railway construction in Cuba and Panama now aggregates nearly 1,000 miles.

The secretary of war reports that, in the event of war with any first-class power, we should need at least 350,000 more men. As the regular army is limited to 100,000 men, 250,000 troops would have to be drawn from the organized militia. He made an effective plea for a better militia service.

In the report, additional officers for the regular army are asked for; this is essential, for, of 137 companies of coast artillery, only thirteen have the full complement of officers. The work at Panama has made serious inroads on the personnel of the regular army.

In times of peace the absorbing topic in the War Department has been appropriations for rivers and harbors and other public works. It is often difficult to decide what matters properly come under the jurisdiction of the War Department or of the Department of Commerce and Labor, for in the early days, before the Department of Commerce and Labor was organized, the War Department, curiously enough, was concerned with labor problems, and had a general supervision of matters pertaining to industrial activities in peace, as well as fortifications and expenditures in time of war.

* * *

THERE is hardly a topic under the sun on which information may not be obtained at the Capital. While waiting for a Cabinet official with whom I had an appointment, I chanced upon a man just returned from China. In the course of our conversation the price of eggs and the difficulty of keeping them fresh was discussed. I lamented that it was almost impossible to obtain a new-laid egg. He told how, when traveling in China, the American consul called his attention to the fact that the Chinese had centuries ago solved this problem in a more effective way than has ever been done by modern cold storage warehouse systems. It happened that he had had no opportunity to test the Chinese method until he was leaving the country, when he was presented with fresh-laid eggs incased in spherical mud pies. He brought home these packages along with other souvenirs, and kept them until "fresh" eggs soared to eighty cents a dozen; then he opened his mud pies, and imagine his surprise to find the eggs in first-class condition.

"Later," he said, "I tried the experiment myself: buried my eggs deep in mud and formed it into cakes around them, allowing 'the pie' to dry out. The result was the same—when they were opened they were perfectly fresh."

This summer he laid in a good supply, and is happy in the anticipation of eggs for his breakfast as good as those fresh from the hennery, taken from the nest while her "henship" still cackles.

This valuable information has been brought to the attention of the Agricultural Department, and no doubt a bulletin will be sent out suggesting to farmers the advisability of using this method of storage until such time as the price per dozen for "strictly fresh" eggs rises dollarwards.

* * *

AFTER a long day alone in the great city of New York, especially if it happens to be Sunday evening, what a wave of loneliness sweeps over the stranger crossing the ferry, as he sits or stands amid the groups of happy families, returning from their weekly holiday in the woods. He envies the sturdy workman and his buxom wife and happy children, with their arms full of the berries and colored leaves that the little people love to gather in the fall of the year. What a gloomy time it is for the traveler, just coming from a wearisome trip, as he rushes through New York making engagements for the morrow; it is borne in upon him with unpleasant force that he is indeed far from his loved ones, who are at home spending a happy day together, while *he* takes up his knapsack as the ferry slip cogs clatter and the throng scatters.

* * *

AT the mention of the word statistics most of us at once think of a bare, severe, dusty room covered with cobwebs, with an outlook far from exhilarating; yet, without doubt, the most fascinating work of any bureau is that done in the Department of Statistics by O. P. Austin, a veteran in the service. He has an enthusiasm for figures, and when he talks conveys the idea that the world and all that is therein can be quite easily brought within the scope of his pencil and paper and long rows of figures.

A new map has been issued by his department, which shows all the railways in the civilized world and also indicates the exact distance between the different places. The evolution and changes that have taken place are shown and the work of the Panama Canal is indicated, presenting the surprising fact that the distance between Europe and South America is actually less than between that country and the United States.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Taken direct from a photograph of war times, considered by many to be the best likeness ever made of him with a camera

Mr. Austin's lectures and his work as a statistician have given him world-wide fame. He is a widely-traveled man, having made a tour of the world, and his lectures are full of thrilling interest. A man who can talk statistics for three-quarters of an hour and hold, without a break, the entire interest of his audience, is certainly unique.

In the Department of Commerce and Labor there is one hopper through which statistics go for collaboration with this bureau. This is where the world's geography is being changed day by day. This quiet man, with iron-gray hair and soft dark eyes, evidently loves his work and has all the enthusiasm of a school-master in imparting information to those who desire it.

* * *

IN the front room of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Secretary Straus sits at a large flat-topped desk barricaded with papers and reports, with accumulated details, classed and indexed, at hand, with which to inaugurate new plans or expediate the already numerous and varied operations of his department. No member of the Cabinet has ever entered more enthusiastically into his work than Secretary Straus; he has given all that assiduous care to his governmental undertakings which he once bestowed on his own private business.

The functions of the department are administered through twelve different bureaus and divisions. As has been well said in the Secretary's report, it comes into closer touch with human and economic interests in the country than the work of any other department. At set periods the Secretary has a conference with the chiefs of the various bureaus, keeping in personal touch with them all and making the work of the department still more like the conduct of some great business establishment.

Secretary Straus is keenly analytical, and has reached the last analysis in his study and investigation of naturalization and immigration problems. His reports show some startling facts which are also hinted at in his article, as, for instance, the present percentage of foreign-born population, which will be a surprise to many readers. Secretary Straus is a man of broad, liberal ideas, conducting his department in a comprehensive and effective manner, and his article on the Department of Commerce and Labor will be eagerly read.

No other department of our government resembles this one, or so exemplifies the national ideal of developing business and the exploitation of natural products, in short, the multiplication of existing resources to meet the increasing demands of a growing nation; this department is intended for the benefit of all the people, and every citizen should keep in touch with it so as not to lose sight of the splendid work it is doing.

THE "Get-rich-quick" spirit is perhaps an outgrowth of the dream of the alchemist, who felt that the grosser metals of earth could in some way be combined to make gold. The spirit of the old alchemist has never died out among men and all modern legislation seems to be focussed upon the problem of how to make the valueless valuable. Millions have been sunk in attempting to develop mines of refractory ores and the dream of the ancient Rosicrucians and adepts, the making of golour, to use the old jargon, "the transmutation of metals," has not passed away with the great alchemists. It is essentially a part of continued civilization and progress. The keen managerial and executive power which has built up immense corporations, bringing together various products comparatively valueless by themselves, refining and combining them in smelter, foundry and factory, creating new things of use and luxury and a demand for effective methods of distributing them—that is the splendid mission of modern leaders in business. The manager's desk of such a concern is like a post-office box, he distributes the mail, gets the details—then the results, and makes gold of diverse materials. He is the dynamo upon which the wires concentrate and that is why the strain upon those who bear such heavy responsibilities is so often little observed. You see the wheels going around, but the tremendous dynamic power and pressure are little understood. American business methods are becoming electrified as well as motive power. The pace which electricity has set in motive power demands a force to control and direct results of like speed, energy and endurance. As the business becomes more complex the tiny wires must be constantly watched. Every wire must have back of it the propulsative power and knowledge of a human mind.

CHILDREN OF THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR

Men engaged in work of the most inexorable accuracy and methodical calculation stop and write letters of sympathy, congratulation and condolences that would seem entirely foreign to the work in hand,—but it all plays the part. They know the tiny wires and windings of the human motors. They know where they are and know the power of that spark of human sympathy. The salesman through his art of winning men adjusts himself to the customer whom for the moment he is addressing. If the man is by nature slow, he begins slowly and walks along with him in conversation and thought as it were. If he is quick and nervous, he adjusts himself to the pace. In ages past the collection and fusing of the grosser metals in the hope of producing gold was a purely chemical problem. In these days collecting and combining apparently inconsequential materials, adopting them to hardly recognized uses, needs and necessities, and then creating a demand for them by melting the proposition in an advertising crucible, and with an exploiting mortar and pestle, produces great enterprises which in turn actually create gold in a practical way of which the old alchemists little dreamed. The economic situation at Washington in this decade deals with adjusting distribution and production, and when I see the great master minds of industry and trade at Washington I feel that they are indeed a representative power for the welfare of the people that is not popularly understood in the heat of passion aroused by demagogues. The public welfare clause of the constitution is becoming the law of the land.

A TYPICAL, progressive, peripatetic, pushing American, full of enthusiasm in a noble cause, is Commander W. W. White of the United States Navy. I chanced to meet him in Toledo, and saw him duly initiate at least half a dozen gentlemen into the order of the American National Red Cross, fastening on their breasts the dainty insignia of the order.

REPRESENTATIVE H. L. GODWIN
North Carolina

In the American Order of the Red Cross there are at present less than 5,000 members who are paying dues and are ready to undertake the work they have in hand. In Japan there are 800,000; in England upward of half a million; in Germany three-quarters of a million. The work of the Red Cross does not mean merely following the trail of a devastating army and caring for friend and foe; the order must also be ready for the great calamities which occur in time of peace; the earthquake that destroyed Messina and San Francisco, the cyclone that swept St. Louis, the tempest that deluged Galveston or the conflagrations of Chicago, Boston, Portland, Chelsea and Baltimore. The Red Cross naturally embraces a large number of army and navy men. With it is associated the work of Florence Nightingale and her comrades in the Crimean, French-Austrian, Franco-Prussian, American Civil and Boer Wars. No soldier who went through any of those terrible conflicts, and no civilian who has been succored in his hour of distress and agony will ever forget the help and assistance rendered by this society, and to all such the red cross is always the insignia of God's mercy and kindly human love and aid.

* * *

ONCE a story is generally circulated concerning a public man, it is very difficult to convince people that there is practically no foundation for the tale. No less an authority than General Fred D. Grant, son of General Ulysses S. Grant, declares that his father was never a great smoker, despite the fact that almost every picture of him shows him, cigar in mouth, and in every "yarn" about the great general his habit of smoking comes in somewhere.

MRS. H. L. GODWIN
Wife of Representative Godwin of North Carolina

General Grant tells how his father took up smoking in more than a cursory way. He was conferring with Admiral Foote on the flagship, and had just accepted a cigar from him, when word came that the left flank of the Union forces was being repulsed. Hurrying ashore, he galloped to the battlefield and gathered the troops together to such good

UNITED STATES SENATOR A. O. BACON OF GEORGIA purpose that the victory of Fort Donelson resulted. The despatch related how General Grant came on the field, cool and collected, peacefully smoking a big cigar, and from that day to this, in the imagination of the people, the hero and his cigar have never been separated. The fact is, that the General happened to have the cigar between his fingers, and it remained, but he was probably quite unconscious of it, and would have grasped a chip of wood with equal energy if it had been in his hand at the crucial moment.

After that victory, about 10,000 cigars were presented to the General by his many admirers, and it is said that he then began to smoke in earnest—to get the cigars used. Those who associated with him say that General Grant smoked slowly and that one cigar often lasted him from breakfast to luncheon, though constantly remaining between his fingers and giving the impression that he must be a great smoker because his cigar was always in his hand.

It is related that when at West Point young Grant tried to comply with the unwritten code among the cadets and learn to smoke; his first cigar made him ill, and subsequent efforts were no more pleasurable. When he left West Point, he had probably never smoked a cigar at a single sitting, and was not a "real smoker" up to that tremendous moment in the War of the Rebellion, when the newspaper paragraphers fixed upon him for life the accompaniment of a big black cigar.

* * *

ONE of the picturesque characters in Washington is John C. Crockett of Eldora, Iowa, who last January was appointed reading clerk of the United States Senate. There were over fifty applications, but Mr. Crockett was the choice of the Senate committee, consisting of Senators Lodge, Carter, Burrows, Bacon and Tillman. He was clerk of the supreme court of Iowa, which position he resigned to go to Washington and assume his new duties. It is not surprising that he was selected because his enunciation and voice are unusually clear and are of the kind known as a "first-rate telephone voice." He was formerly an actor, and still has something of the force and enthusiasm of the Thespian of "the one night stand."

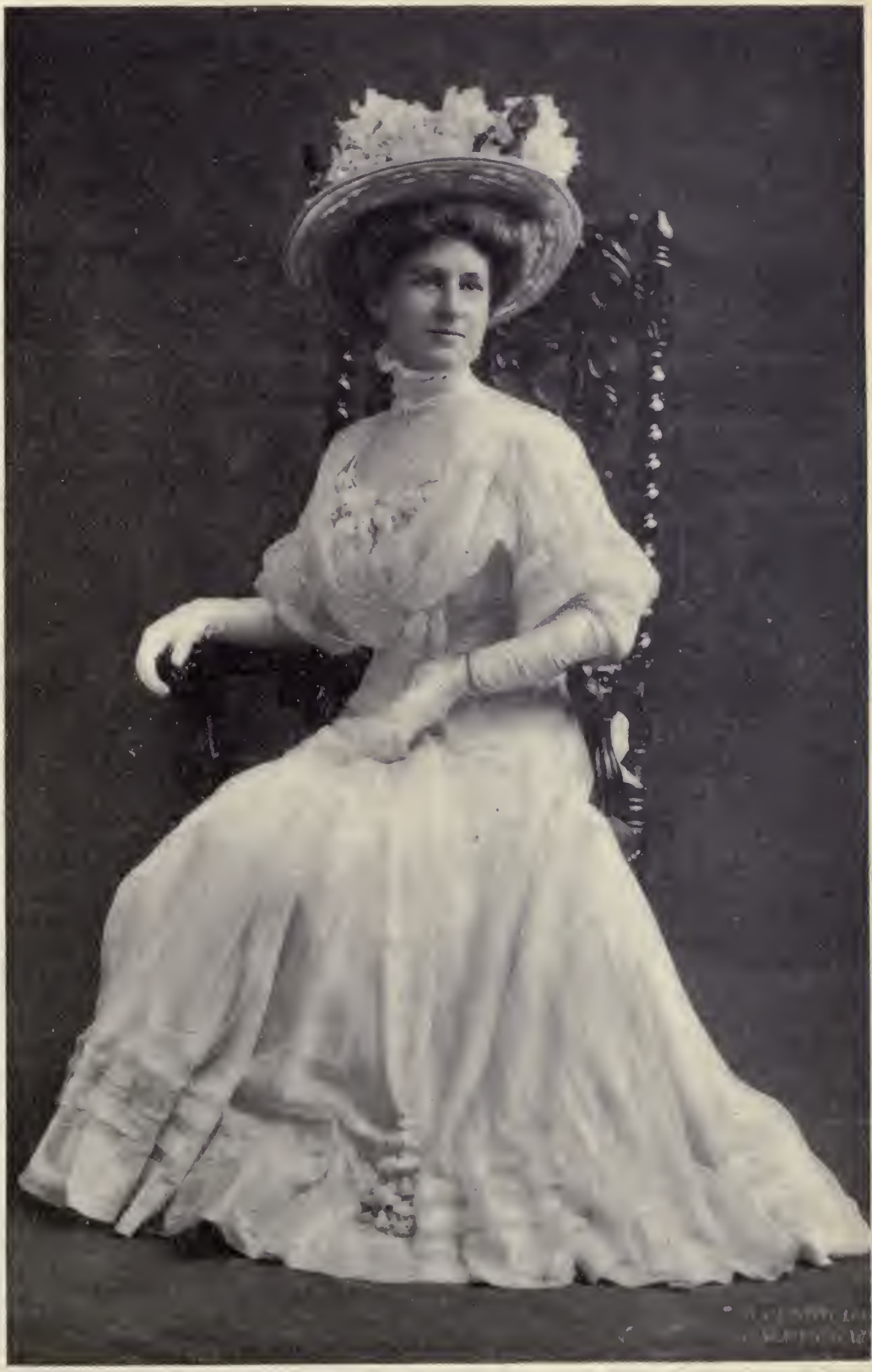
REPRESENTATIVE JAMES MONROE MILLER
Kansas

For many years Mr. Crockett was the neighbor and close friend of Congressman Birdsall, in the Third Iowa District, and has seen much of political life. He was also an intimate friend of the late Speaker Henderson and of Senator Allison and has been prominent in civic society organizations. As one of the senators remarked:

"Nothing is so soothing as to hear John Crockett's voice rising and falling, with oratorical emphasis, in the prosaic reading of the bills as they pass through the grind." Mr. Crockett is a man of splendid personality and presence and is a marked addition to the personnel of the working force of the upper house.

* * *

IT is refreshing and most encouraging to receive from our subscribers many letters specifying prominent men whom they want to "read about." Young men who have gone out from country homes and farm labor and won for themselves a name in the world seem to be first in popular favor. Lately I have received four or five letters suggesting that if I wanted to know about successful railroad men in the East, who started in the



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MISS EVA LAGERKRANTZ, DAUGHTER OF THE SWEDISH MINISTER

West, I should not overlook President Frederick D. Underwood of the Erie Railroad System.

Of course I called (not for the first time) on Mr. Underwood, and found him the same genial, forceful personality of former years. At the head of one of the most interesting railroad systems of the world, it seems scarcely possible that anyone in the railroad world does not know of "Fred" Underwood by reputation, and those who do not know him personally feel acquainted with a man who stands so well at the head of the list of practical railroad men and will yet do greater things before he hangs up his lantern and retires from long service and an honorable career.

PHILANDER C. KNOX, III.
Grandson of Senator Knox

At his former home town, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, local gossip still abounds in anecdotes of his early life, because he was in everything a typical "live boy," and later, in every sense of the word, a man. Of rather massive build and enormous physical strength, he wears a hat well up toward number eight, while his feet require boots of like size.

His father was the pastor of the Baptist church in Wauwatosa, and on meagre resources the good country parson provided both his daughters and two sons with a good education. One daughter, spirited and self-reliant, became a teacher, and the boys confess that occasionally the elder sister helped out their own meager pocket-money, long before they had earnings of their own, for they never went to sister in vain. Now, one of those little brothers is Mr. William J. Underwood, general manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and the other Frederick D. Underwood, the president of the Erie.

After a term as conductor, he was made an assistant yard master at Milwaukee, and when one day one of his friends among the men was badly injured, no hospital being available, young Underwood hurried him to a hotel and told the proprietor that the railroad would pay the bill. He made frequent visits to the invalid, and reassured the hotel that their bill would be paid. When the poor fellow came out minus an arm and a leg, a bill of $1,200 was sent to the then General Manager Merrill of the Milwaukee road. Merrill was one of the great striking figures of pioneer days, a very captain of industry, but very peppery, impulsive and domineering. When he saw the bill of $1,200, he very forcibly demanded to know by whose authority it was incurred. Young Underwood—a stranger to him—was brought in, and a lively scene followed. The general manager declared that the company would never pay the bill, and vociferated, "That ends it!" as his fist came down on the table with a rap that shook the chandelier prisms.

"Well," declared the young man, "if the company turns out into the streets its injured men, I will pay the bill."

"You will, eh!" sneered Merrill, "how will you pay it?"

"I have twelve hundred friends in Milwaukee, and every one of them will give a dollar for the purpose," and off he went.

"Wouldn't bluff, would he?" said Mr. Merrill to his secretary. "Have him certify to the bill and then pay it." In after years, when Underwood was on Merrill's staff, the incident furnished both many a laugh.

UNITED STATES SENATOR FRANK B. BRANDEGEE OF CONNECTICUT

At the instance of Mr. James J. Hill, Mr. Underwood was called to the management of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. When Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was seeking a president for the Erie, he sent for Underwood, and proffered it to him.

Unchanging love for old friends, old days and old associations is strong in President Underwood. He visits Wauwatosa, his old home, and has spent several thousand dollars in improving the old house in which his parents began housekeeping and in which their children were born. He has also contributed generously toward general civic improvements in the old home town.

When the fiftieth anniversary of the Beaver Dam Academy was celebrated, he attended it in a special train, taking with him all the old students he could round up, and made it one of the events of his life. The gathering embraced ministers, lawyers, bankers, farmers—all boys together for a day. Of all who deal with the perplexing problems confronting men today, none are more level-headed in understanding the rights of the people, as well as the rights of the railroads, than the energetic and forceful figure who has always been ready for every emergency, from the time he first gave a "high ball" with a brakeman's lantern to "go ahead." It has been "go ahead" with Fred Underwood from that day to this, for his friends know he does things with "fixed terminal points" in view.

* * *

THE international congress of Esperanto propaganda, held at Dresden, Germany, was a great success. The Emperor William sent greeting to twelve hundred delegates, representing about a million teachers and students of Esperanto; the King of Saxony accepted the position of patron, and opened the splendid Royal Opera House for the production by a splendid cast of German actors and actresses of Goethe's "Iphigenie," translated into Esperanto by its inventor, Doctor Zamenhof, and the authorities of Dresden, with a most cordial and considerate hospitality, not only made the delegates welcome, but drilled a score of policemen in Esperanto and assigned them to the special service of the delegates. The language has been of especial interest to the American consular service.

The movement is reported to have a million

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THE NEW NATIONAL COUNCIL OF COMMERCE
Organized at Washington, D. C., during "Conservation Week"

members, about one thousand organized societies, and some ninety special organizations, such as temperance clubs and trade leagues, and including six women's clubs. There are fifty-five Esperanto publications, chiefly monthlies, devoted to the spread of the new tongue. There are, however, international publications for specialists, physicians, chemists, the police and religious and secret organizations.

The congress treated Esperanto in a very sensible and business-like way, speaking of it as "a simple auxiliary to the living languages of the world, affording with little effort the means of bringing together on a common linguistic ground the most diverse peoples, and enabling them to communicate with ease all that concerns business, travel and material existence."

In other words, Esperanto is to become a world-wide interpreter for business, scientific and other material and common necessities; a kind of etherealized "universal solvent" of linguistic expression, like the *Lingua Franca* of the ancient Mediterranean mariners and traders, the "Chinook" patois of the Northwest Coast, or the "Pigeon English" of the China trade. The British postmaster-general gives it the same standing as other modern languages in the telegraph service. Count Hayashi, Japanese minister of foreign affairs, is president of the Japanese propaganda, and in a public letter advises his countrymen to acquire the new language. In Germany it is held to be a very effective promoter of foreign trade, and many firms are already issuing circulars and current prices in Esperanto.

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Waldon Fawcett*

THE NATIONAL CONSERVATION COMMISSION
In session in Washington, December, 1908

A standard translation of the Bible is in progress, and the most of the New Testament is ready for the press; the Psalms are already in print, and portions of the Old Testament have been published.

Esperanto books for the blind are expected to be of great service, by introducing to blind people all over the world the works that now must be published in raised letters in several different languages.

Yes, I expect some day to visit 212 in the State Department and hear a dozen different nationalities holding conversation in the liquid syllables of Esperanto—while the messenger outside uses the same old phrase: "For de Lawd's sake!"

THE chief of the Bureau of Manufactures, Major Carson, is much interested in the plans for holding a series of American industrial expositions in South America, which he thinks will be of wonderful value in building up South American trade. It is felt that this kind of exploitation will in a measure defer and lessen the reaction that at certain periods affects our local markets, and will maintain a steady export demand, regardless of home trade.

REPRESENTATIVE GUSTAV KUSTERMANN
Green Bay, Wisconsin

The consuls in various South American countries report that the conditions are ripe for this project, and that the results must be beneficial to all parties and countries concerned in these expositions. The main purpose behind these plans is to have representatives of the chamber of commerce and boards of trade in the various cities send out agents to South America to study conditions there and see what can be done to encourage legitimate trade, with a view to opening up business with the United States, and securing larger production at home and increased trade with all South American countries through the traveling American exposition of products from the states. Those versed in such matters feel sure that great results can be secured in this way.

A FIGURE of great interest in Washington social and official life is General Luke E. Wright of Tennessee, former ambassador to Japan and now in charge of the war department. He is the son of Judge Archibald Wright, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. At the age of fifteen he joined the Confederate Army, serving under Breckenridge in the army of Tennessee, and was later promoted to the rank of Lieutenant.

Having finished his school work at the University of Mississippi, General Wright became the prosecuting attorney of Shelby County, Tennessee; his rigorous work in this office indicated the aggressive and forceful character of the man. His record as a notable lawyer and a citizen of Memphis, Tennessee, during the trying days of the yellow fever epidemic, when he was chairman of the relief committee, shows the stuff of which real men are made. In a disturbance which occurred during this epidemic, a negro sentinel shot a white ruffian; the race excitement that followed was quelled by General Wright, who insisted that the action of the negro sentinel was justified. This instances that love of fair dealing which has marked his whole career; a rigid respecter of individual rights, whether of white or

REPRESENTATIVE W. C. ADAMSON
Carrollton, Georgia

black men. During the campaign of 1896, General Wright became known as a "gold Democrat," and entered the national service as a member of the Philippine Commission in 1900. In 1903 he was made president of the commission, and a year later was appointed civil governor of the island. He gave his whole time and attention to the problems that came before him, and his solution of vexed questions led to his ultimate appointment as governor general to succeed Mr. Taft, whose plans he thoroughly understood and followed in the Philippines. His continued success led to his selection as a member of the President's Cabinet, to take up the work of the war department, where Secretary Taft had left it.

As our first ambassador of rank to Japan, Secretary Wright showed a wonderful grasp of the kinky problems that occur in Oriental relationships. He is regarded as one of the strong men of the South identified with the present administration.

* * *

IN Washington not long ago, I came upon a group of acquaintances, touring as sightseers, standing before the lions at the library entrance; my attention was attracted by the shouts of laughter they emitted, and I sidled up to the group, surmising a joke, though I could see nothing in the haughty aspect of the stone effigy of the "king of beasts" to induce amusement. His aspect was somewhat contemptuous, as though he thought laughter rather beneath him. I learned that a remarkable likeness had been discerned between the lion and the most dignified gentleman of the party, none other than the congressman who acted as guide. The young people had been trying to persuade him to stand beside the stone figure, and he had at last consented. The resemblance in face and expression was so marked as to be absurd. Then the opposite lion suddenly reminded us of a certain lady whom we all knew, and there was more mirth.

They were a jolly party and I was glad they wished me to join them. We went to the Zoological Gardens, and the study of "individualities" was continued. Among the monkeys several human-looking faces were noticed, and sometimes a certain mannerism would remind us of somebody whom we all knew. We found absurd likenesses among the bears and eagles, and, odder still, in passing a fat white cow, after we had left the gardens, we were all struck with her resemblance to a certain stout, pale-faced hotel manager of our acquaintance.

This search for resemblances was a most interesting feature of our sight-seeing, though it had nothing to do with the regular routine of "seeing Washington," and I am afraid that some of the distinguished senators, representatives and clerks in the various departments would not have been complimented if they had seen the animals to which they were likened.

GRACE HAZARD
The star in "Five Feet of Comic Opera"

One young lady insisted that everyone looked like something in nature, whether animal, flower or tree. She was a firm believer of the transmigration of souls, and there were also some very enthusiastic expressions from one of the members of the New Thought school, who appeared to have a strong lean-

SENATOR ISIDOR RAYNER OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND ing toward Buddhism, and the beliefs of the Far East were suggested in sight-seeing experiences of tourists in the great Capitol City of the "Far West."

* * *

THERE is always something to say about the State of West Virginia. It was to one of his enthusiastic constituents that Senator Scott declared that there was enough coal in that state to supply the nation for several hundred years to come. The Pocahontas district alone constitutes but fourteen per cent. of the entire product of the state, and not more than three per cent. of the possible output of that field is being used. Much has been said of the possibility of a coal famine, but over 100 mines at work, with a productive power of 2,000 tons each, looks like a pretty good supply against the rainy days from the Bluefield district alone. While scientists are sounding the alarm that coal is being exhausted, the West Virginian philosophers declare that before their coal supply is exhausted some other fuel will develop.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

REPRESENTATIVE WINFIELD S. HAMMOND
St. James, Minnesota

In the center of the West Virginian fields is the sprightly town of Bluefield, with 10,000 people, which is the possessor of the largest individual railroad yard in the world, completely equipped with all sorts of gravity trackage. Loaded cars are placed on the tracks, and the gravity is sufficient to carry them at a good rate of speed without locomotives. 110 miles of single tracks are included in this one railroad yard.

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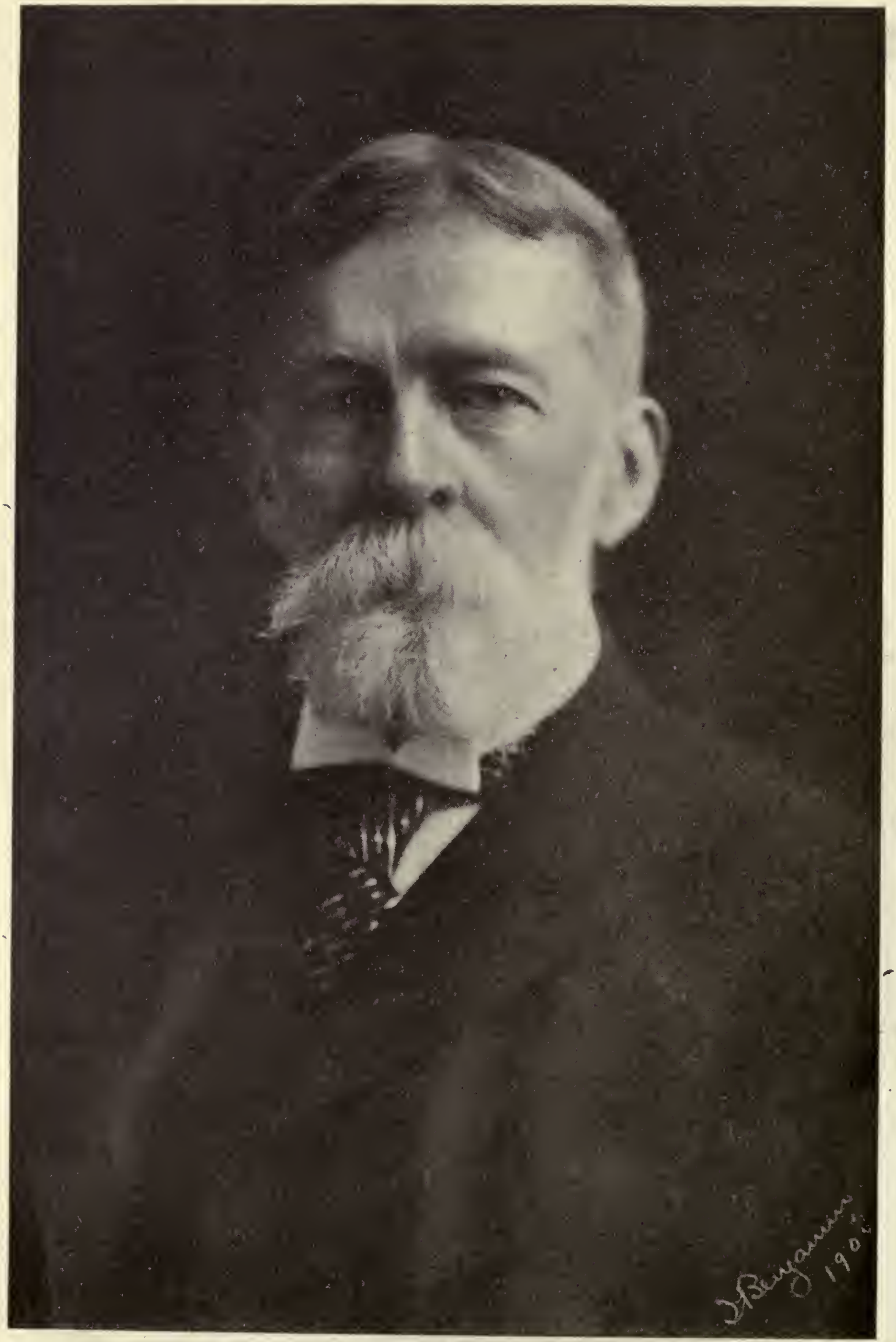
REPRESENTATIVE H. S. CAULFIELD
Missouri

HISTORY will record 1908 as an epistolary campaign; not only a period of strenuous letter writing, but of embittered letter reading, which recalled the days of the Blaine campaign and the Mulligan letters.

Apropos of this, one ingenious Yankee found his way to the Patent Office in Washington with a device for burning letters as soon as read, "always ready for use." He stopped to explain his method, adding, with a mischievous glint in his eye, "You don't happen to need one just now, do you?"

Those present examined the model with the care it deserved, but I understood that the only danger was that one might burn one's fingers before the letter was consumed. This device won't appeal to congressmen so much as a machine for getting out rebate stamps. The sight of the device suggests the somewhat paradoxical thought that an honest cause is supposed to be helped by dishonesty.



C. P. TAFT

IT was a great night—Gridiron nights always are. The one thing on this earth that is strictly and always down-to-date is a Gridiron dinner, and the annual event which took place in December was the most successful dinner attraction of the country for December. The Gridiron dinners are peculiar in that they have always an abundance of celebrated guests. Entering the room, a single glance disclosed what the subject of discussion that night was likely to be. "Darkest Africa" was plainly indicated in the decorations, and with the lights turned on there was a roar of beasts.

President James S. Henry of the *Philadelphia Press* occupied the post of honor under the huge electric gridiron. Around those boards gathered President Roosevelt, President-elect Taft, Vice-President-elect Sherman, E. H. Harriman and scores of other notables. The feast began promptly at eight o'clock. After the guests were seated they found themselves suddenly in darkness, but were reassured by the mellifluous voice of the Gridiron president. After he had spoken, the room was flooded with light, and the usual announcements were made:

REPRESENTATIVE J. C. FLOYD
Yellville, Arkansas

"Ladies always present. Reporters never present," which are the two inviolable rules of the club that come to the front before the forks prick the oysters.

Then the fun began. Chairman Hitchcock was hailed by a Pullman porter, announcing that the Twentieth Century train was about to leave. The four candidates were initiated after having proved their fitness by interviewing the Emperor of China, the Sultan of Turkey and the Emperor of Germany. Just as this skit was at its height, when the peals of laughter had just begun to die away, the simple and impressive tribute was paid to the memory of the members who had passed away during the year; this is done at each annual dinner.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH W. FORDNEY
Of Saginaw, Michigan

Then came an exhilarating chorus in which President-elect Taft was plainly indicated with:

Yip, my caddy, I say, I say—
Who will be in the Cabinet, yip my caddy,
Only Taft can say—
We're all of us golfers today;
If we want to belong, we must sing in this song,
Yip my caddy, hurrah.

There was a good response to the favorite yell of Yale,

Here's to Mr. Taft,
Drink him down.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S COUNTRY LIFE COMMISSION

E. W. Allen, Gifford Pinchot, Kenyon L. Butterfield, Henry Wallace and Prof. L. H. Bailey, chairman

Then the college youth brought forth their latest—"Taft, Taft, Taft, steam roller, steam roller, steam roller, who-oo-oo-oo-oo,"—and the rafters fairly shook.

The souvenirs were in the shape of steam rollers—they looked formidable indeed.

Vice-President Sherman and Speaker Cannon came in for their share of attention, but the climax was reached at ten-thirty, when the President arrived, after which lights were switched off. The president of the dinner gravely announced:

"We are now in 'darkest Africa,'" and the room resounded with the roars and growls of wild beasts; the lights began to come up and sunrise was indicated in Senegambia; a Zulu chief was discovered and also a mysterious person who wore a large label and carried a bell punch; the click of a typewriter was heard in the tent, like the firing of a Gatling gun. A voice said:

"Here, Mr. Secretary, take this to Scribblers," and the date line and information was dictated:

"The lion is fiercer than any animal"—the bell punch rang at the end of the line "seven dollars"—"it has a soft and hard face"—"fourteen dollars," roared the bell puncher, and so on all through the candidate's dictation. No one enjoyed the joke better than the President himself, as the story continued until the dictation was stopped by a shout:

"Wait a minute and I will kill something!"

There was a shot in the tent; the Zulu chief came to life and returned with small game which was photographed with elaborate ceremonies and gravely identified as "a bunko." Immediately the story of the "bunko" was added, with bell punch accompaniment, when another shot brought in a "whiffle buff," which was duly described. President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, who were seated side by side, were greatly amused when, for the second time, the typewriter broke down with a loud and dismal sound.

"Give me another typewriter," shouted the man in the tent.

"There are no more" was the response.

And so the fun went on.

Never was a jollier dinner; not a dull moment, and every guest will treasure his souvenir and his pleasant memories until the dinner bell rings the next time.

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

By CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

Attorney General of the United States

V—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

TO the Department of Justice letters frequently come which indicate that there is a somewhat general misconception on the part of the public of the Department's relation to the administration of justice. It does not in any way or sense control or direct the action of the Federal courts, nor is it responsible for the final decision in any cause, civil or criminal, its responsibility ending with the proper presentation of the facts and considerations of law germane to the contention of the Government in any particular case. The motto which appears on the seal of the Department of Justice, *Qui pro domina justitia sequitur*, has been rather poetically translated as "Who sues for the Lady Justice." It means, in the light of the intention of the Congress in establishing the office of Attorney General and the Department of Justice, that the branch of the Government of the United States so constituted is charged with the responsibility solely of presenting to the appropriate court, as ably and as efficiently as the means at hand will permit, the considerations which go to make up the Government in the event of an alleged infraction of the Federal statutes or in connection with any civil cause. This duty having been performed within the necessary limitations of human capability, the outcome lies within the powers of an entirely different and independent branch of the Government of the United States, namely the Judiciary; and the Department of Justice is responsible for the success of the litigation only to the degree to which the attorneys for private litigants are responsible to their clients for success, namely, that it shall use all honorable and fair means to promote a verdict for the Government.

ATTORNEY GENERAL BONAPARTE

As originally contemplated, the Attorney General was to be only the legal adviser of the President and the heads of executive departments and the representative of the Government before the Supreme Court. At first he had no assistants whatever and was compelled to provide even such clerical force as was necessary, at his own expense. The country at large was divided into districts, to each of which was assigned a district attorney, who, without any subordination to the Attorney

General, was expected to exercise the functions of a prosecuting officer in dealing with violations of Federal statutes arising within his particular district, and also to appear as attorney for the United States in any civil cause which might arise. In 1870 Congress passed an act providing for a Department of Justice, and the organization developed was practically that of the present time, although there have been material extensions of the scope of the work of the department. While many of the statutes prescribing a direct presentation of cases to district attorneys are still in effect, there is a constant trend toward a centralization of the court business in the various Federal judicial districts under the Department of Justice, and, in a number of instances, the responsibility of the enforcement of important Federal laws has been placed directly in the hands of the Attorney General, while he is also responsible, through his duty of supervision and control, for the discharge of their duties by the United States attorneys.

The statute establishing the duties of the Attorney General provides tnat he shall give opinions on legal matters to the President and to the heads of the executive departments on business relating to their respective departments. It has been uniformly held that this specific language is exclusive and that in consequence of its terms the Attorney General is debarred from giving opinions on matters of law to others than the officials named. This construction is borne out by the anticipation, more than once expressed in the early days of the Republic, that a Department of Justice unless strictly limited in this respect might develop into a bureau which would be a source of free advice on legal matters to citizens of the United States generally and constitute a source of embarrassment in the construction of Federal statutes. In order to avoid such embarrassment Attorneys General have from the earliest days been careful to refrain from making any expression which might be construed as giving an opinion on a matter of law to any person except the President and heads of departments for the time being, and this care has been so scrupulously adhered to that there are frequent instances in which the Attorney General has not only declined to give such opinions to members of Congress, but has even declined to comply with the request of a committee of the Congress for an opinion on a legal matter. It should be understood, however, that this policy does not include giving any information to the Congress with regard to the business of the Department of Justice or any matter pertaining thereto, or to an opinion by the Attorney General to an appropriate committee of the Congress on the merits of proposed legislation, if the proposition involves a matter coming under the jurisdiction of the head of the Department of Justice.

Although, as an administrative department, the transactions of the Department of Justice do not compare in volume with those of such great administrative bodies as the War, Navy, Interior and Post Office Departments, the scope of its interests and business not directly connected with the practice of the legal profession is constantly increasing. It has charge of the disbursement of all the appropriations for the administration of the Federal laws, including the provision of quarters and supplies for United States courts, and for its own subordinates in the different judicial districts, pays the salaries of United States judges, and has the custody of persons sentenced to imprisonment under Federal laws. It has partially completed and now operates two large Federal penitentiaries, one at Leavenworth, Kansas, and one at Atlanta, Georgia; directs a smaller penitentiary at McNeil Island, Washington, together with various jails in the territories, and arranges for the custody of United States prisoners, not incarcerated in Federal institutions, at state penitentiaries and jails. The activities of the department on its legal side constitute, of course, not only its most important duties, but represent the greater proportion of the volume of the total business of the department. Beside the general oversight of all proceedings by United States attorneys, of which it keeps a comprehensive record, the department directs the course of suits in appellate tribunals, and has exclusive jurisdiction over the conduct of cases in the Supreme Court of the United States. Violations of the so-called Sherman Anti-Trust Law and of the various acts for the regulation of interstate commerce are proceeded against under direct instructions from the department proper, which also refers to United States attorneys and directs the proceedings in several classes of litigation calculated to enforce Federal laws, either by civil or criminal procedure, the information as to such violations being transmitted to the Department of Justice by the other executive departments and by the Department of Justice assigned to the appropriate United States attorneys for active prosecution. The Department of Justice is also charged with the defense of suits of the United States before the Court of Claims and the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, saving millions of dollars to the Government through the active collection and presentation of facts in opposition to the allegations of claimants. It is, at the present time, engaged in an important and extremely numerous class of cases designed to protect the Indian wards of the United States from the results of transactions which have been going on through a considerable number of years and by which the lands of the Indians have been encumbered by alleged deeds and other evidences of title, and which, under the terms of the act passed by the Congress, have been attacked by a special force of the Department of Justice with a view to restoring the title to the allottees, members of Indian tribes whose tribal relations have been terminated. The organization of the Department of Justice, besides the regular department administrative organization, consists of the Solicitor General, who under the Attorney General has charge of the proceedings in the Supreme Court; the Assistant to the Attorney General, who is in charge of the details relating to enforcement of the anti-trust and interstate commerce acts, and several Assistant Attorneys General, three of whom are located in the department proper, sharing among them the legal and administrative work, under the direction of the Attorney General. Other Assistant Attorneys General are assigned to the Department of the Interior, and the Post Office Department; one is specifically assigned to the defense of claims before the Court of Claims; one to the defense of claims before the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, and still another is in especial charge of the defense of the interests of the United States against claims for reimbursement on account of depredations of Indian tribes during the time when such tribes were in amity with the United States.

Besides the regular legal force of the department holding statutory positions, a considerable number of Special Assistants to the Attorney General are appointed for the purpose of conducting various important branches of litigation, such as the different suits arising under the Sherman Anti-Trust and Interstate Commerce Laws, and, as occasion arises for special assistance to the respective United States Attorneys, private counsel are employed in the various districts under the title of Special Assistants to the United States Attorneys for the service incident to pending litigation. A force of special agents is attached to the department who are employed in collecting evidence and in similar work connected with criminal prosecutions.

With the increased work and responsibility resulting from the trend of legislation of the Congress, the department has within a generation's space developed from a rather loosely organized law office for the executive departments in Washington into a comprehensive system by which the legal affairs of the Government throughout the United States are carefully supervised.

UNCLE SAM'S LAND OFFICE

By FRED DENNETT

Commissioner-General, United States Land Office

VI—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

FRED DENNETT
Commissioner-General, United States Land Office

THE idea which prevailed with our forefathers was that the public lands of the United States constituted an asset for the purpose of borrowing money on security, or raising money by sale to create a fund to pay off the national debt. The disposition being, therefore, by sale, the first officials in charge of the public lands were put under the Treasury Department, and their duties were (1) to survey and (2) to sell. In so far as they had to do therefore with the disposition of lands, they were merely acceptors of bids for purchase and bookkeepers of accounts of sale. So strong was this idea of disposition that the pioneer was warned off the lands of the United States, and to go upon them for settlement purposes was considered trespass. The pioneer could not, however, be coerced in this way and in spite of warnings he built his home upon the open domain. Congress was then compelled to recognize this settlement as a right which had grown out of a wrong. Pre-emption laws were passed which recognized this, and gave a prior right to the man who had gone on the lands and settled there to purchase the lands he claimed as his home. From this the transition was easy to the recognition on the part of Congress, that the best use of the public lands was to constitute homes for those who wanted them. But it was not until 1862 that this policy was definitely recognized by the passage of the free homestead law. From that time up to the present the policy of homes for those who would seek them has been the definite policy of the government; free homes where possible, but with a small price to be paid where the lands were obtained by cession from Indians, or a greater price where lands were reclaimed by irrigation. The desert land act, which did not call for residence upon the land, did not have for its purpose to give Uncle Sam's acres to people who would not and did not want to live upon them, but its proper construction was to excuse residence while the water was being brought upon the lands, and its true intent was to create homes after the lands had been successfully irrigated. The timber and stone act had for its origin the idea that, if the timber lands of the United States could pass into the hands of private owners in small tracts, the people who became the possessors would be interested in the conservation of the timber and band together for the prevention of forest fires and wilful trespass, both of which were even in 1878 creating anxiety in the minds of the administration. It was never for a moment presumed in those days that the act would lead to large monopolies, or to reckless cuttings. The pre-emption act was retained until 1891. The commutation act, which authorized the homestead entryman to change his five years into fourteen months' residence upon the payment of $1.25 or $2.50 per acre, was not intended to give a pre-emption right, but was to enable honest settlers, who had lived upon their land for fourteen months, and then from unforeseen circumstances were unable to perfect their five years' continuous residence, to obtain title, and thus to keep and not to lose their homesteads, or so that they might have by obtaining the title in themselves an asset upon which they could raise money at some earlier date than five years from and after their entry. It was not intended to recognize a fictitious residence upon the land and a quick acquisition of the title, in order that the so-called homesteader could then abandon and allow his farm to revert back to a state of wildness. There has been prevailing throughout the country a mistaken idea in regard to this act and its purport, and the construction of the department, that the six months after entry was a constructive residence, and that title could be acquired after eight months' actual residence after the first six months' constructive, helped this erroneous belief. The error of this construction is now recognized by the department, and in November, 1907, the rule was changed.

The theory of assistance to the settler is seen in the coal land law as it now eixsts, but which was passed a good many years ago, authorizing the taking by one individual of 160 acres of coal land, or 640 acres by an association of four persons. At the time of its passage there was more prominently before Congress individual effort than co-operative undertakings, and it was not then realized how extensive coal lands were in the West. It is now realized that the true economic method would be the separation of the right to mine from the right to the surface, so that there could be a double use made of the same area, for with the diminishing public lands and with the great increase in population and consequent desire for homes, it is of paramount importance that every acre of public lands

A HOMESTEAD IN OKLAHOMA

now remaining should be put to its greatest use, and not a single acre allowed to pass out of the United States unless the title has been justly and honestly earned. Under the placer mining law a citizen can acquire title to twenty acres of land, upon which there are valuable deposits, provided he performs so much work each year on each claim, and he has the right to take an area 1,500 feet by 600 feet of land, on which there is a quartz or lode claim, provided he develops and shows by development his intent to contribute to the public welfare by increasing the available supply of precious metals. The homestead law attracts the attention of most, and without going into a lengthy discourse concerning it, it may be briefly said that the man who seeks a homestead should be one who intends to make his living on the land, and who does not simply desire to acquire title to 160 acres for the mere sake of owning that much land. There has been in the past, owing to the brief residence under the commutation law, a great deal of fraud in the acquisition of public lands which are valuable for timber. The woods in the West are dotted with abandoned shacks, which were built in dense forests, and lived in casually by men who have acquired title under the commutation provisions of the homestead law, not so much perhaps, that they realized that what they were doing was not legal, but rather that the insufficient force to see that the laws were carried out caused a general misunderstanding of the purport of the law, and a most superficial compliance; in fact, there was a wondrous misunderstanding, in that many people considered that if they did not absent themselves for a longer period from their so-called homesteads than six months, they had met the requirements of the statute. A gentleman who occupied a position in which under the law he was qualified to take proofs, was heard to assert one day that, provided the claimant was a single man, he could under the laws of the state declare any place to be his home, and if he visited that place occasionally it was in effect his home. Such a strange misinterpretation calls to mind an incident which is related by one of the special agents of the Bureau, who, in investigating a case, interrogated the barber of the town where the applicant hailed from, as to whether or not the homesteader had really lived upon the land. The answer was: "Certainly he did. Why, one day last winter in the snow season he went up there and must have been on his claim for two weeks. Anyway, he was missing from town so long that a searching party was only prevented from going out to seek for him by his speedy reappearance." The good barber friend did not appreciate, until he saw the smile on the special agent's face, how ludicrous it was to be worried about a man being steadily at home, and absent for two weeks from the place which he was only supposed to visit for the purpose of purchasing supplies.

HARVESTING THE WHEAT CROP ON A WESTERN PRAIRIE HOMESTEAD

Not an acre of public lands should be passed out of the possession of the United States unless the title has been fully earned. It is the duty of the officials of the government to look to it that every acre is put to its greatest use under the law.

HOW THE U. S. ARMY IS FED

By BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY G. SHARPE

Commissary General, United States Army

VII—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THE Continental Congress, by resolution of June 16, 1775, provided for a commissary general of stores and provisions. This was the beginning of the Subsistence Department of the Army, which has, in the course of its evolution, been materially changed, so that under the system of today the commissary general has administrative control of the Subsistence Department, the disbursement of its appropriations, the providing of rations and their issue to the army, the purchase and distribution of articles authorized to be kept for sale to officers and enlisted men, the administrative examination of accounts of subsistence funds preliminary to their settlement by the proper accounting officers of the treasury, and the examination and settlement of returns of subsistence supplies

BRIGADIER GENERAL H. G. SHARPE
Commissary General of the United States Army

The personnel of the Subsistence Department consists of one commissary general, three assistant commissaries general with the rank of colonel, four deputy commissaries general with the rank of lieutenant colonel, nine commissaries with the rank of major, twenty-seven commissaries with the rank of captain, two hundred post commissary sergeants, and the necessary number of civilian employes.

There are two grand divisions embraced in the Subsistence Department:

1—The executive office at Washington, known as the office of the commissary general, where the commissary general himself, the officers who are assigned as his assistants, and the the clerical force, are stationed. These assistants are in charge of the three divisions in the commissary general's office, consisting of the finance, the examining, and the correspondence and record divisions, where the latest system of cost-keeping, of accountability, and record-keeping have been adopted and are in operation. The commissary general's office is the executive headquarters of the Subsistence Department, from which supreme executive control and supervision are exercised.

2—The other grand division is that portion of the Subsistence Department at large which is outside of Washington, and where all the officers of the department (except those temporarily assigned to the commissary general's office in Washington) are stationed on duty at the various department headquarters and at subsistence depots.

These officers include chief commissaries of geographical departments—the chief commissary of the Department of the East, the Gulf, Texas, the Missouri, the Lakes, Dakota, the Colorado, California, the Columbia, and the Philippines Division, which embraces the Departments of Luzon, the Visayas, and Mindanao. The chief commissaries are charged under the division or department commanders with the proper administration of subsistence affairs in their respective divisions or departments.

Purchasing commissaries are under the direction of the commissary general, and are in charge of subsistence depots located in large cities or commercial centers. They purchase under standard specifications such supplies as the commissary general directs, test samples of same to insure pure and wholesome articles, make contracts for them, inspect them on delivery, and distribute them as required.

Post commissaries are line officers detailed to do subsistence duty at posts. They issue rations to troops at posts and sell stores to officers and enlisted men from supplies kept on hand for that purpose. There are also regimental, battalion and squadron commissaries, and post and regimental commissary sergeants.

All commissaries, in accordance with law and regulations, render accounts and returns to the office of the commissary general for funds and supplies for which they are accountable. The accounts ultimately pass to the Treasury Department for final settlement, but the returns of supplies are settled and filed in the commissary general's office.

When troops are in the field and in time of war, there are chief commissaries of armies, chief commissaries of army corps, chief commissaries of divisions, brigade commissaries, regimental commissaries, commissaries at ports of embarkation, chief commissaries of base and line of communications, depot commissaries, regimental commissary sergeants, and civilian employes; and there are also commissaries stationed on the various government transports.

* * *

A ration is the subsistence for one person for one day. There are various kinds of rations, and the components vary according to the nature of the duty performed. They are severally known as the garrison ration, the field ration, the haversack ration, the travel ration, the Filipino ration, and the emergency ration. The garrison ration is issued to troops in garrison or in permanent camps; the field ration to troops not in garrison or in permanent camps; the haversack ration to troops in the field in active campaign when transportation is limited; the travel ration to troops traveling otherwise than by marching and separated from cooking facilities; the Filipino ration for use of the Philippine scouts; and the emergency ration to troops in active campaign for use on occasions of emergency.

A new ration has been recently authorized by the President, combining the highest nutritive quality with the greatest variety. Whenever desired, the various articles composing the ration can be saved by the troops, and their cost can be utilized to purchase other articles of a different kind, thereby adding to the food variety of the soldier.

Experiments are going on all the time to improve the quality of the ration, and the method of its supply. The food of the soldier is today in quantity, quality, preparation, cleanliness, and suitability fully equal and, in fact, superior to the food of persons in other walks of life most nearly corresponding to that of the soldier. The army is better fed than ever before, and investigators and military experts bear willing testimony that it is the best fed army in the world. The fighting qualities of civilized races are largely the same, so that, after all, subsistence and transportation are almost determining factors in modern warfare.

* * *

The Subsistence Department is not only devoting much time to the selection of proper food articles, but is also studying closely the methods of food preparation; and has in the past few years established training schools for bakers and cooks where enlisted men of aptitude can become expert bakers and cooks and thereby contribute to the improvement of the soldier's mess and his comfort and contentment.

Mess stewards, especially fitted for their duties, were authorized last session of Congress for duty at recruit depots, looking to food and mess improvement there.

A new edition of the "Manual for Army Cooks" is at present being revised and brought up to date. It is an indispensable aid to cooks—containing valuable instructions and recipes for the guidance of cooks in the preparation of food.

For the benefit of troops serving in the field, away from facilities that a post and settled surroundings afford, experiments are being conducted to find a suitable field oven for baking bread, a field range for cooking food, a cooking outfit to carry ration articles and utensils and do the cooking, a marching kitchen to cook food while troops are moving, and fireless cookers for furnishing warm food on the march, on the battlefield, and even on the firing line if necessary.

When troops travel on land, and are separated from cooking facilities, a kitchen tourist car has been adopted, and, when practicable, is provided for the convenience of troops to whom hot meals are served in a dining apartment thereon. The troops can thus travel with comfort, save time on long journeys, and effect an economy. These cars can, in time of war or emergency, be used for hospital purposes or in connection with the Red Cross. When troops travel on the sea between the United States and her island possessions, army transports are available.

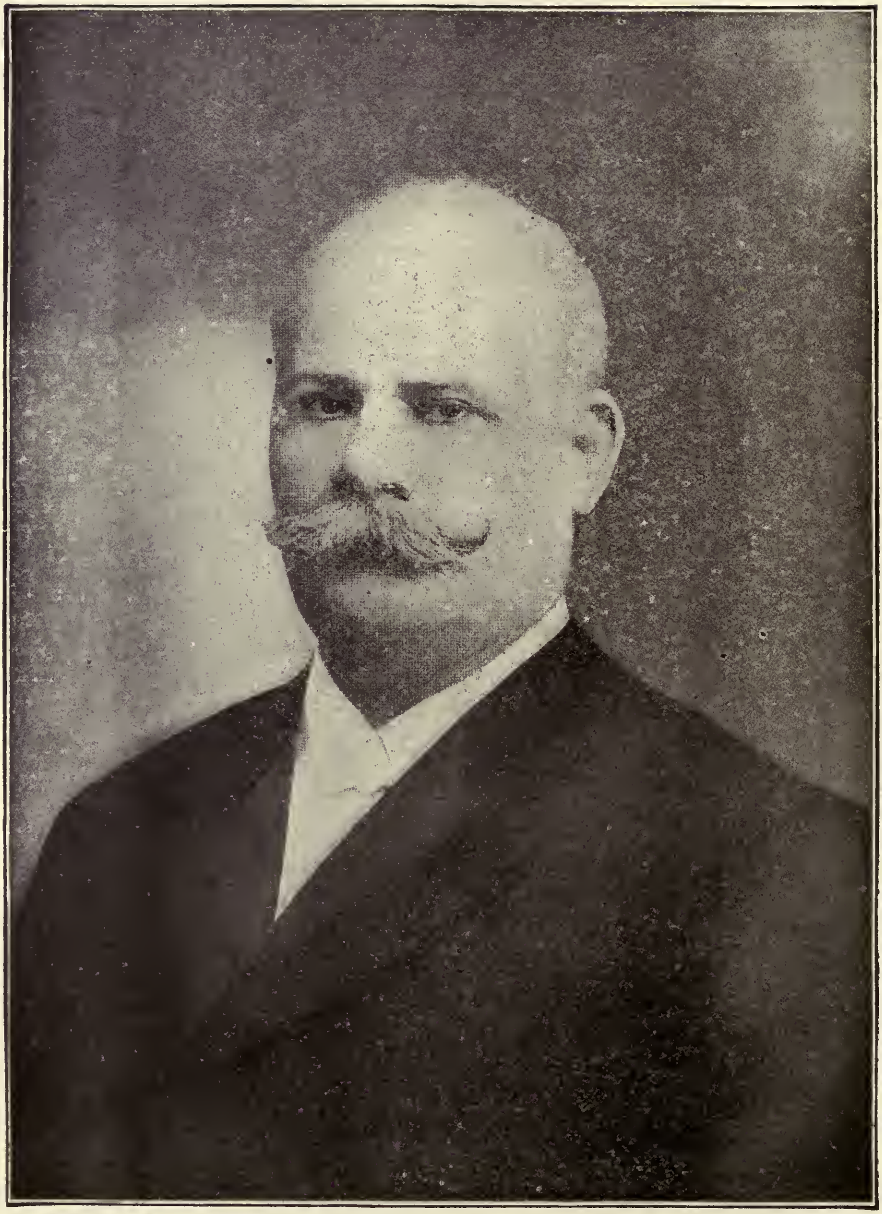
* * *

A system of cold storage is provided and is being improved and extended each year at the various posts to preserve and keep wholesome perishable articles of food.

Joint encampments of the regular army and militia are being held each year, and the militia are deriving the greatest benefit from the practical instruction afforded by these encampments in the work of subsisting troops in the field.

The Subsistence Department, aside from its military duties, has rendered prompt and inestimable help to stricken communities in times of emergency, such as earthquakes, cyclones, famines, fires, and floods, as on the occasion of the loss of life and property during the flood on the Mississippi River in 1897; during the Santiago campaign of 1898, when the Spaniards expelled the people from the city and they came to the American army in a starving condition and were fed and cared for; when Porto Rico was visited by the destructive hurricane in 1899, which left death and starvation in its wake; in the disaster at Galveston in 1900, when the city and thousands of lives were swept away by the flood; at the time the volcanic eruption occurred in the French West Indies in 1902, in which nearly 40,000 human beings perished; when the people of Cuba were subjected to the horrors of the "Reconcentrado" order and were starving, and the race against death was made by the steamship "Comal," carrying succor to the helpless and famished people of that island; by purchasing and distributing over 20,000,000 pounds of rice, sugar and salt in 1902 to feed the helpless and starving Filipinos; after the appalling calamity overtook San Francisco and neighboring cities in 1906, when earthquake and conflagration rendered thousands homeless and hungry and the destitute and unfortunate were fed; by the purchase, two years ago, of large quantities of supplies for the National Red Cross Association and for the *Christian Herald* of New York for the relief of the starving in China, and on other occasions of calamity and distress.

The importance of the work of supply departments of an army, particularly in time of war, has been generally recognized by all great soldiers, and adequate acknowledgment made by them for the work rendered in that connection. But the public at large seem to regard war from the glamor of the victories gained as the result of the campaign, and other feats of arms which are so constantly and vividly described by the participants therein. The importance of the work of supplying an army is frequently overlooked. The work of supplying the daily requirements of a city of from 100,000 to 400,000 inhabitants with all the lines of supply in full operation is not comparable to the work of supplying an equal number of combatants in the field, the location of whose bivouacs change daily to the complete disorganization of any permanency in lines of supply, and the fact that these lines of supply are the most important objectives of the contending force; and yet, unless this work of supply is thoroughly and efficiently performed, only disaster and defeats can be recorded. When the army is on the march the supply departments are strained to their utmost capacity to provide for the wants of the men, and any time it halts to recuperate its strength, the same unabating care and attention must continue to provide for these ever constant wants.



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PRESIDENT ZELAYA OF NICARAGUA

BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS

By JOHN BARRETT

Director, International Bureau of American Republics

VIII—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

AS each day passes, the work of the International Bureau of the American Republics grows more and more popular. The correspondence with all sections of the United States, with the twenty Latin American republics, and even with Europe and the Orient, is increasing month by month until the institution is now face to face with the danger of not being able to care properly, under its present income, for its world-wide constituency. The number of people, too, who visit the offices of the bureau is larger than ever before, and several men and women are kept continually occupied in supplying information or answering questions about the sister republics of the United States. The person who has read thus far and is not familiar with the scope of the International Bureau naturally asks: What is its purpose and what is it trying to accomplish?

JOHN BARRETT
Director, Bureau of American Republics

It was established in 1889-90 as a result of the First International American Conference, which was held in Washington under the initiative of Honorable James C. Blaine, then Secretary of State, and which was attended by the ablest men from all the American nations. At that time the delegates of Latin America found such vast ignorance in this country regarding their lands and realized that they were so ignorant of the United States, that it was decided to establish a bureau which would spread information throughout the Western hemisphere concerning the commerce, progress and development of all the nations of the New World. From that beginning it has grown into a great international diplomatic exchange, and an agency to promote not only commerce, but friendship and peace upon the Western hemisphere. Its affairs are administered by a director assisted by a competent staff. The director, in turn, reports to a governing board composed of all the diplomatic representatives in Washington of the Latin American governments and the Secretary of State of the United States, who is chairman ex-officio.

The International Bureau is now located in a building upon the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Lafayette Square, directly northwest from the White House; but in another year it will be transferred to its magnificent new home on the corner of Seventeenth and B Streets, commonly known as Van Ness Park. In this excellent situation, looking towards the White Lot on the east and Potomac Park on the south, is being erected a temple of Pan-American Peace, Commerce and Comity that will cost when finished $1,000,000. The larger part of this sum was contributed by Andrew Carnegie. It will not be the largest,

By permisson International Bureau of American Republics

PRESIDENT MANUEL E. CABRERA OF GUATEMALA or the most expensive structure in Washington, but it certainly will be a unique and most interesting edifice, as it will be the Capitol, as it were, of twenty-one nations in the capital of one.

To give some idea of the variety of the work of the bureau, some interesting illustrations are cited. Not a day passes that there do not come to the office representative manufacturers, exporters and merchants, in order to obtain just that kind of data and information which will enable them to commence business in all or some of the twenty nations to the south of the United States. Interspersed with them are writers and scholars who want data for magazine articles and books; tourists who are contemplating a visit to South America, instead of going to Europe or the Orient; students who are preparing essays that concern foreign countries; senators and congressmen who are trying to obtain publications for, or answer inquiries of, their constituents, and ambassadors, ministers and secretaries of legations who want the latest diplomatic and commercial information for their different governments.

The correspondence of the bureau is so varied that a considerable staff of experts is required to take proper care of it. In one day there will be such a notable difference in the character of the letters that no one could fail to be convinced of the wide-reaching influence of the institution. It may bring a letter from a Texas cattleman who contemplates moving to Argentina; from a teacher of Spanish in Seattle who wants a position in Buenos Aires; a bridge builder in Pennsylvania who wants to provide the new bridges for the Chilean railways; a car builder in Wilmington, Delaware, who wants to supply the new rolling stock for the railroads of Brazil and Bolivia; a mining engineer who is going to Colombia to make a fortune in a short time; a church society which wants to know if there are any missionaries to the Ecuador Mountains; a Chamber of Commerce that wants the director or some member of the staff to deliver an address on Latin America; a young lady who thinks she would make an ideal Spanish stenographer, and a young man who wants the bureau to send him to Latin America and pay his expenses because he can discover wonderful information for the good of all mankind.

It would be a mistake to omit reference to the Columbus Memorial Library. This is the library of the bureau, but it was given the name just mentioned in order that it might have an individuality. It contains some 17,000 books and pamphlets, which is one of the best individual collections in the world of material relating to Latin America. It is the plan of the director to enlarge this as soon as the new building is ready for occupancy, so that it will become far more popular and useful than it is at the present time. There is a regulation of the International Union of American Republics, which requires that each nation shall send to the bureau all its official publications. This means that in time there will be assembled in the bureau the best collection of official documents to be found on the Western hemisphere. The library is open for the free consultation of any person who wishes to visit it, and certain publications can be taken out if the borrower is known or can give proper references.

Perhaps the one feature of the International Bureau, which today is attracting more attention than any other is its monthly bulletin. The circulation of this is so rapidly increasing that it is now impossible to supply the demand for it that comes in from every section of the world. It is a record of what is going on in the Latin American republics, and is embellished with pictures illustrative of the growth and progress of these nations. A year or so ago when the bulletin was nothing more than a dry government pamphlet, it was difficult to dispose of it; now the demand exceeds the supply.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By JUDGE JOHN J. JENKINS

Member of Congress

IX—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

I AM not unmindful of the wants of the people of the District of Columbia, and personally I am in sympathy with every effort to establish free representative government, but conditions are such in the District of Columbia that no one can well afford to talk wildly about the establishment of a local government, exercising full autonomy that will supersede the power of Congress, and unless the new government has greater power than Congress, it will not satisfy the present demand.

In the Fifty-fifth Congress, I was made a member of the Committee on the District of Columbia and immediately gave this subject careful, personal consideration and soon reached the conclusion, perfectly satisfactory to myself, that the present system of local government was not only the best under the circumstances, but it is the only thing possible.

JUDGE JOHN J. JENKINS OF WISCONSIN

Can the people have full autonomy under the Constitution? Several plans have been suggested, but it will be a mere matter of experiment and degree to change from three men to one. In the first place, no one man can do the work, even if he discharges nothing but executive duties. Having been intimately connected with the District government for many years, I can say for the commissioners of the District, that they have been men of high character and fitness for their respective positions, and I am prepared to say that the people cannot have any better government than at present. A safe, proper and economical administration of public affairs is important. Practically, the people have as much voice in political affairs as elsewhere in the states. The only reason given for a change of government is that the people do not elect those that govern them. A large number of the people of the District do vote for president, vice-president and members of Congress, and for members of the legislature that elect the United States senators, and all members of Congress are elected by the people of the United States. The fact that the people of the District of Columbia are denied the right to vote is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. The matter of local self-government for the District of Columbia is not a new question. It is as old as the District itself, and has kept even pace with tariff agitation.

The people of today, who enter into the discussion of this subject, simply repeat what was said over one hundred years ago. Nothing new is stated. Unquestionably the agitation will be continued but, without considerable constitutional changes, nothing radical or effective can be accomplished.

There are two constitutional difficulties in the way—one the exclusive power of Congress to legislate in the District of Columbia, and the other, the inability of Congress to delegate its legislative power.

The people of the United States vested in Congress all legislative power granted by the Constitution.

"All legislative power must be exercised by the Congress, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives."—Article I, Section 1. Therefore, to exercise legislative power, a person must be a senator or member of the House of Representatives.

"Members of the House of Representatives must be chosen by the people of the several States."—Article I, Section 3.

"And must when elected, be an inhabitant of the State in which he shall be chosen." —Article I, Section 2.

"Senators must be chosen from each State by the Legislature thereof, and must be an inhabitant of the State from which chosen."—Article I, Section 3.

"The Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress become the seat of the government of the United States."—Article I, Section 8, Subdivision 17.

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union, but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State or any State be formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States without the consent of the Legislature of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress."—Article IV, Section 3.

From the foregoing constitutional reference, it is plain that no person can have a vote in the Senate or House of Representatives without being elected from a state. In other words, the state must be created before the election of a senator or member. Assuming so far the Congress can declare without an amendment to the Constitution that the territory at present comprising the District of Columbia shall be a state, and admitted into the Union as such, Congress would still have the power to legislate exclusively in the state, therefore a state in name only without autonomy.

The act of cession may make some trouble. The Constitution quoted does not say to whom cession shall be made. The cession was in the nature of a contract between the State of Maryland, the Congress and Government of the United States.

The General Assembly of Maryland relinquished and *ceded to the Congress and Government of the United States,* full and absolute right and exclusive jurisdiction of all that part of the territory of Maryland in the District of Columbia, as well of soil as of persons residing or to reside thereon, pursuant to the tenor and effect of the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution of Government of the United States.

The Congress of the United States declared the same is hereby accepted for the permanent seat of the Government of the United States. It is perfectly plain that we cannot have two governments in the District of Columbia. The great object was to make the federal government absolutely independent of any state power.

If the people of the District of Columbia do not have any vote, they still have great political influence.

So far all must agree that the power to legislate in and for the District of Columbia is exclusive in Congress, and without an amendment to the Constitution, no local government can be erected that will satisfy the demands of the people of the District Anything so far suggested would be subject to the legislative will of Congress, and the political freedom so much desired by the people would not be realized.

Congress cannot delegate its exclusive power to legislate. Congress can delegate that things be done or not done, as long as not legislative in character. The people want something substantial in the way of political freedom, and do not want to play governing themselves They are seeking legislative power, something so far out of reach. It can be determined by ascertaining if the power sought to be delegated is legislative. In other words, does it give those seeking to exercise the right any legislative power?

"That Congress cannot delegate legislative power is a principle universally recognized as vital to the integrity and maintenance of the system of government ordained by the Constitution."—Field vs. Clark, 143 U. S. 649.

Legislation might become operative on the ascertainment of a certain fact or a law might cease to be operative on the ascertainment of a certain fact, all of which is not legislation.

"It is not a delegation of legislative power to leave to some officer the matter of designating marks, brands and stamps."—165 U. S. 526.

"Where a statute acts on a subject as far as practicable, leaving only to the executive officials the duty of bringing about the result pointed out and provided for, it is not unconstitutional as vesting officers with legislative powers."—Buttfield vs. Stranahan, 192 U. S. 470.

The matter is later and further discussed in Butte City Water Company vs. Baker, 196 U. S. 119.

It never was within the contemplation of the Fathers that the federal seat of government was to be a local political habitation. It was to be the home of the national government, within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Congress, excluding interference by any other power.

It would have been an easy thing for the government to have located itself within the city of Philadelphia, New York, Boston or some one of the other great cities of the country. But knowing they would require many public buildings and considerable room, they intended to keep away from the large business centers, and manufacturing places and have a territory limited to the use of the federal government. It is not as though the United States had taken the territory from some other government and then denied to the people the right of self-government, but as said, the Constitution was framed on the theory and cession was made upon the hypothesis that a home was being created politically for the federal government, not to be interfered with by any other power.

Assuming that there are people in the District of Columbia that are denied full political rights, it must be admitted and conceded that the same is due to their own efforts. Originally it was thought that the larger number of people moving there would be those in the employment of the government from different states in the Union, and would retain their citizenship, and would be in the District temporarily only, but now since Civil Service has become the law, many regard the District as their permanent home. This may be unfortunate, but cannot very well be helped. Every person in the District can exercise the right of voting by selecting some state and adopting it as his place of residence.

It must be borne in mind that the people of the United States are twofold interested in this important question. The people of the United States are interested in every person having full political rights and they are also interested in the protection of the vast property of the United States, situated in the District of Columbia; and what is now located there is small in comparison with what will be in a few short years.

THE HOSTAGES

MY weary prisoner cried release;
I opened wide the door,
And Hate went out into the night,
To come again no more!

Ere I could draw the rusty bar,
And throw the bolt and pin,
I heard a footstep on the street—
And Love came bounding in!

How Persimmons took care of the Baby.

By Fannie C. Griffing.

HE was a wiry, pop-eyed little darkey who had seen perhaps ten summers. His kinky head was unusually large, and when he smiled, which was often, he displayed a regular broadside of great white teeth. His real name was Percival Simmons, but, as from infancy he had always been called "Persimmons," it was generally supposed to be his given name.

"Mammy," his only living relative, was an old-fashioned, "before-the-war" darkey. "Freedom" meant little, if anything, to the old woman, who had done exactly as she pleased all her life, ruling her "white folks" with a rod of iron. Hadn't she "raised" Miss Irene (her present mistress) from a motherless babe; and wasn't she now the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection, in Mammy's estimation at least?

That her grandson had been endowed with life for the sole purpose of "takin' keer of" Master Robbie Ralston, aged one year, was, apparently, Mammy's firm conviction. A score of times during the day did the old woman admonish the little darkey:

"Now yo' min', 'Simmons, *an' take good care ob dat baby!*"

And Persimmons did his best. He was devoted, heart and soul, to the chubby, blue-eyed, dimpled little fellow whom he had nursed faithfully from the day he first "sat alone." Clasped by Persimmons' wiry black arm, and clinging to the collar of his blue "cottonade" shirt with one dimpled fist, Robbie had traveled many miles during his brief existence.

When "Mammy" berated her small grandson for some neglected duty, Robbie would lean forward and gaze anxiously into the face of his beloved nurse, whereupon Mammy, forgetting her wrath, would exclaim:

"Bress de lam'! He 'fraid I gwine whip 'Simmons! Jes' look at 'im!"

When Mr. and Mrs. Ralston left their beautiful home in Natchez to spend a month at their plantation some miles up the river, Mammy, Persimmons and Robbie invariably accompanied them. During their stay the family occupied a small cottage near the levee, which protected the plantation from overflow when the river rose each spring.

For years the carefully-watched levees on both sides of the river had kept at bay the snow, which yearly sweeps southward to the Gulf; but in 1881, long remembered as the year of the "great overflow," the river rose higher and higher until finally, bursting all bonds like "a giant in its wrath," it spread its angry waters over the country, causing a wave of terror and destruction. Many thrilling events and dark tragedies occurred during that "reign of terror" in which homes, the labor of years, were swept away in a single night.

The great Mississippi rose every year more or less, and James Ralston and his wife little dreamed when they started on their annual visit to their plantation of the terrors they were to experience ere they saw again their beautiful home in Natchez. When they reached the plantation the river was unusually high and still rising rapidly, but they were not alarmed, as the levee had always withstood the previous floods.

Along the top of the levee fronting the cottage ran a well-beaten path wide enough for the passage of a buggy. Here Persimmons, with Robbie upon his arm, often walked, singing at the top of his voice as he did so. Like many of his race, he possessed a voice wonderfully sweet and clear. Passengers on the steamboats which passed would often catch the sounds as Persimmons chanted melodiously:

Where now is good old Daniel?
Where now is good old Daniel?
Safe in the promised land!

Or perhaps it was:

Old Aunt Dinah, she got drunk,
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk!

* * * * * *

Slowly but surely the waters of the great river rose higher and higher, until from shore to shore stretched the swiftly-moving, swollen torrent dotted with wreckage of every description. Almost on a level with the top of the levee, the angry waves would send showers of spray over the barrier that alone stood between the country and destruction.

Reports of broken levees on the Louisiana side began to circulate, and the Ralstons were terribly uneasy lest the levee above or below their plantation give way and the foe steal upon them from the rear, "like a thief in the night." The danger appeared so imminent that they decided to return home at once by the packet which was due next day. Mrs. Ralston and Mammy began packing at once, while Mr. Ralston, wishing to give some parting instructions to his overseer, mounted his horse and rode away, promising to return that night or early next day.

Angry clouds had been gathering all day, and soon after his departure the storm broke in all its fury. Anxiously, Mrs. Ralston gazed toward the levee in the intervals of her packing. Well she knew that the rain, besides adding to the already swollen torrent, would soften the earth of the levee and render it more liable to give way. Praying for her husband's safe return, she busied herself with her duties and strove to forget her fears. The rain was still falling when she retired, and peals of thunder rendered sleep almost impossible.

Mammy, with animal-like instinct, seemed to have scented danger, for she made many unusual preparations and finally lay down beside her mistress fully dressed.

At midnight the rain ceased falling, and some time afterward, amid the mutterings of thunder, another and most fearful sound was heard. The levee had broken, given way at last before the terrific volume of water pressing against it so long! With a mighty rush and roar, the raging torrent rushed through the rapidly-widening crevasse and quickly spread itself over the surrounding country in every direction.

The Ralston cottage was directly in the path of the advancing flood, and of course was quickly engulfed. Scarcely had Mammy time to spring from her pallet ere the floor was ankle-deep in rapidly-rising water! The brave old negress, stout of heart and strong of limb, threw Persimmons upon a chair, and then, splashing back and forth through the gurgling water, dressed and soothed her terror-stricken and half-fainting mistress. Then, turning her attention to little Robbie, she dressed him warmly and placed him in her grandson's arms, with the injunction: "Dere now, 'Simmons, min' yo' hol' on ter dat chile an' take *good keer ob him.*"

After securing a few valuables about her person, Mammy splashed her way to the little back porch, where she had placed a small ladder the evening before. This she dragged in to be used as a last resort in reaching the roof. Mrs. Ralston, almost helpless from terror, huddled upon the bed, while Persimmons crouched beside her with Robbie in his arms.

The rush and roar of the rapidly-rising water was something terrible, and ere long the little group were forced to seek safety upon the roof. This was accomplished by almost superhuman efforts on the part of Mammy, who managed to drag up with her a blanket and pillow. Upon this they huddled forlornly, the water swirling and gurgling through the house below them.

Soon they felt the cottage tremble; the rushing waters had lifted it from its foundations, and it began to drift aimlessly about. Mrs. Ralston wept and wrung her hands in an agony of terror, while Mammy, now that she could do no more, prayed aloud, asking aid of Him who watches over all. Persimmons rocked his body to and fro in an effort to soothe poor little Robbie to sleep. The half-submerged cottage, drifting about in some manner, made its way into the deeper water of the river and with other debris was carried by the swiftly-moving current southward.

And now a new danger menaced the refugees; they were in constant fear of being capsized by the masses of floating debris which filled the river; presently a great tree, uprooted by some forest storm, came drifting down upon them, and as one of its wide-spreading branches swept over the cottage roof it carried with it Persimmons and Robbie!

A wail from Mammy and an agonized shriek from Mrs. Ralston reached the ear of Persimmons as, clinging desperately to Robbie with one hand and to the great branch which had swept him away with the other, he was suspended over the turbid waters of the Mississippi. Although terribly frightened, he retained his presence of mind, and gradually gaining his bearings, presently, with the agility of a monkey, worked himself into a secure position, Robbie unconsciously aiding him by clinging tightly to his neck.

Seated upon the larger branch, with a smaller one supporting his feet and Robbie clasped tightly in his arms, Persimmons glanced back, but found that the cottage was already far behind. The great tree drifted swiftly and steadily onward, and as long as it retained its present position the children were safe, being several feet above the water. It had not occurred to the frightened little darkey to assure the agonized mother of Robbie's safety by an answering cry, therefore, believing that her child and his little nurse had found a grave in the mighty Mississippi, Mrs. Ralston lay insensible in Mammy's faithful arms.

After what seemed an age to the cramped and shivering little negro, the drifting tree at length became stationary save for a slight rocking motion. Robbie now slumbered peacefully in his nurse's arms, and Persimmons ventured to close his aching eyes for a few minutes, though he dared not lose himself in sleep.

When he roused himself, the gray of dawn was beginning to render objects visible, and he saw that his ark of refuge had drifted among other debris into a bend of the river near the shore. In every other direction was a waste of turbid water dotted with wreckage. Anxiously he gazed toward the shore, wondering if by any means he could manage to reach it. Presently a faint curl of smoke among the trees attracted his attention. That surely meant that some human habitation was near, and if he called for help someone might hear him; and so, weak and tired as he was, Persimmons, with all his remaining strength, sent his call for help ringing over the water.

"Yere-er!" he shouted. "Yere-er! Sumbuddy cum an' git me an' Robbie offen dis yere tree! Yere we is!"

Again and again he called, and after what seemed a long time to the weary child, he heard the sound of oars, and a boat containing two men shot into view. They gazed with astonished eyes at the strange position of the little waifs, and hastened to their rescue.

"Now you mine 'Simmons, and take good care of dat baby"

Soon they were safe in the cabin of the rough but kind-hearted countrymen, where they were warmed, dried and fed by the good woman of the house. With natural curiosity, she asked Persimmons many questions, but, confused and benumbed by his terrible experience, the little fellow could give but a vague account of the recent disaster. When he remarked, however, that "We-all didn't lib dere, but in Natchez," Bill Stokes, one of the men, exclaimed:

"That so? Natchez ain't no great ways from here, an' I kin take you an' the kid over there the next time I go, an' you kin take him to his folks."

"Yesser," Persimmons replied, "I kin fin' de house."

While on the cottage roof Mrs. Ralston had constantly expressed her fear that it would finally sink or overturn, and, having lost sight of the house, the little negro naturally supposed that both his mistress and grandmother had found a watery grave. Mr. Ralston, he supposed, would get home some way, if he escaped.

With natural cunning, he said little, vaguely fearing that "dese yere white fo'ks" might take it into their heads to keep Robbie.

When Bill Stokes lifted Persimmons and Robbie from his wagon on one of the business streets of Natchez, a few days later, he had not the least doubt that the little negro would take the baby directly to his home and place him in the arms of his relatives. So, giving Persimmons a nickel, he bade him "run along home," and proceeded to attend to his own business.

Persimmons found himself in a part of the city he had never seen before, and was utterly at a loss what to do. He remembered, too, that the house was probably still closed and no one there. So he wandered about until he was tired, looking in vain for a familiar face. At length he invested the nickel given him by Bill Stokes in peanuts, and seated himself on the steps of a closed warehouse, with Robbie beside him. Presently a fat and pleasant-faced old colored woman, with a basket of clothes, paused and gazed interestedly at the absorbed little darkey and the daintily-dressed but somewhat soiled baby.

"What yer doin' dar, wid dat baby, boy?" she finally asked, suspiciously. "Is yer his nuss?"

Persimmons looked up quickly, and, seeing one of his own race, he dropped his peanuts, seized Robbie and hastened to the old woman's side.

"Yessum, I's his nuss," he informed her eagerly, hoping to find a friend. "But I can't fin' de house an' dunno what ter do!" Tears filled his eyes.

"Has yer got lost?" demanded the old woman. "Where do yer live? What's yer name?"

'We uster lib yere," Persimmons replied, "but we-all went up de ribber, an' de water riz, an' Robbie's maw she got drowned, an' my granmammy, too."

At this surprising information the old woman stared at Persimmons for a moment, then she seated herself heavily upon the steps, took Robbie on her lap, and said sternly:

"Now you jest set right down dar, boy, an' tell me all about dis yere."

Persimmons obeyed, and finally the old woman managed to gain some idea as to what had happened.

"Yes, I reckon dey's all dead," was her comment. "But de baby's paw, he warn't drowned too, was he?"

"I dunno," Persimmons replied. "He war gone up de levy, when de water riz."

"Ralston," the old woman mused. "Seems like I's heerd dat name afore; nice folks, too. Well," she continued, rising, "you an' de baby jes' come erlong home with me. I'll take keer of yer!"

Joyfully, Persimmons obeyed, and followed Aunt Narcisse to the neat little cottage where she lived alone.

After giving the little waifs a much-desired and most satisfying meal, the old woman dispatched Persimmons to the near-by home of a married daughter for the loan of a change of clothes for Robbie. And when the little fellow, after being bathed and clad in coarse but clean garments, had fallen asleep, the kind old negress washed and ironed the soiled ones he had worn. Her heart warmed to the little strangers every moment, and already a strong desire to keep them took possession of her. Although she shrewdly surmised that her care of the children would not be unrewarded in case Mr. Ralston returned, this motive did not entirely influence her. Living alone and supporting herself as she did by fine washing and ironing, Persimmons would be invaluable and could easily earn his board, while, as for Robbie, she would keep him as long as possible, in case his father failed to return.

Persimmons was delighted with his new home, and in the happy-go-lucky manner of his race did not trouble himself with speculations regarding the fate of Robbie's parents and his grandmother. He was strong and willing, working early and late, assisting Aunt Narcisse in a thousand ways and saving her old feet many weary steps during the day. He trotted contentedly back and forth with baskets of freshly-ironed clothes, and dimes, nickels and even quarters often found their way from Aunt Narcisse's capacious pocket to his hands, all of which he carefully saved "ter git fings fer Robbie."

And the baby, though he at first often called for "Mamma!" with quivering grieved lips, for the most part sat contentedly upon the floor of the little cottage and amused himself with empty bottles and long-necked gourds. Best of all, Aunt Narcisse never scolded, as poor Mammy had been wont to do. She had purchased needful clothing for both children and was kindness itself, as only an old-fashioned darkey can be.

"I gwine keep 'em always, if I kin," she confided to her slightly-jealous daughter. "An' I'll be rale sorry if de baby's paw comes back! De kumpt'ny dem chillun is ter me!" But the old woman's conscience was pricking her; she knew it was her duty to do as her daughter suggested, which was to inform a policeman of the facts and have him ascertain if Mr. Ralston was in the city. But, unable to face the disagreeable task, she put off the evil day as long as possible and redoubled her kindness to the "chillun."

Persimmons' happiest moments were on Sunday afternoons, when Aunt Narcisse allowed him to take Robbie, arrayed in his best garments immaculately "done up," and wander for a short time about the shady side streets. She always charged him on such occasions to give the dreaded policemen he chanced to meet a wide berth, having a vision in her mind's eye of being summoned to the police station, in consequence of the revelations Persimmons might inadvertently make.

On a beautiful afternoon bright with sunshine and musical with the song of birds, Persimmons and his little charge wandered much farther than usual. Finding himself near the public park, a place new and beautiful to him, the little negro first peeped shyly in and, encouraged by the sight of many people scattered about, finally entered. Placing Robbie upon an empty bench, he seated himself beside him and gazed about him with delighted eyes. Under the great shade trees many beautifully dressed children gamboled on the soft green grass, while their parents and nurses kept watch over them from the many rustic benches. Upon Robbie's golden curls rested a wide straw hat, partially shielding his rosy face from view, while his chubby fist grasped a small bag of bananas.

Down the broad graveled path came three people—a lady in deepest mourning, walking with bent head; a gentleman with a dejected air, and a stout old colored woman with sorrow imprinted upon every dusky feature. Passing the children without looking up, the lady sank upon a bench and raised her handkerchief to her eyes. The gentleman seated himself beside her, and unfolding a newspaper became absorbed in its contents. The substantial shadow lurking in the rear vanished behind the trunk of an immense tree.

The sun shone, flooding the earth with golden light; the birds sang in joyous melody; people laughed and chattered; children ran and romped, yet this couple sat in utter silence, sure indication of overwhelming sorrow.

Presently, above the laughter and chatter of happy children about her, a clear, distinct voice fell upon the lady's listless ear:

"Yere, Robbie!" it said. "Yere's yer banana!"

Starting as if struck by lightning, the lady looked quickly about her. The next moment there was a piercing shriek, the swift rush of a slender, black-robed figure, and little Robbie was clasped in the wildly-extended arms of his overjoyed mother! Laughing and crying hysterically, she covered his rosy face with kisses. The gentleman leaped to his feet as his wife shrieked:

"O Jim, Jim! It is Robbie! Our little Robbie! He wasn't drowned, after all! Oh, thank God! Thank God!"

A sudden hush fell upon the gay throng of pleasure-seekers about, as all eyes were turned toward the actors in the touching little drama.

A substantial shadow glided behind Persimmons; a well-remembered hand seized his shoulder, and, as she shook him, Mammy cried:

"You, Persimmons! Look yere! *Did yer take good keer of dat baby?*"

The Substitute Othello

by J. A. Tiffany

WHEN Denton and I reached his little flat on Eighth Avenue, facing Central Park, we found the door locked. Dick turned white and clutched at the door-post; but, pulling himself together, he put away the arm that I had extended to steady him.

"I'm not so strong as I thought I was, Fred," he said, with a feeble smile. "Those two flights of stairs winded me. But, I'm all right now. Probably Dora had to go to a rehearsal. That's why she didn't come to the hospital to bring me home, I guess."

Taking out his keys, Denton opened the door, and I followed him into the little parlor. There wasn't a sound or sign of anybody in the rooms. Suddenly, Denton unbent from his strained, erect, listening attitude, and swooped down on half a sheet of note paper lying on a little table near the window.

After reading the letter, he handed it to me, and strode swiftly through the parlor and dining room into Billy's little bedroom beyond. The letter was from Dick's wife. She wrote in her weak, angular daub, embellished with many lame flourishes:

> "Dick,—Glad you're coming home today. Billy's been an awful care; but he'll be all right, now he has his daddy back. I'm going away. Don't try to find me. I shall only have an hour's start of you; but it'll be enough. You'll be better off without me. It was a mistake, you and I marrying.—Dora."
>
> "Wednesday, A. M."

Back in the further room I heard a groan, and passing quickly through the intervening chambers I reached the bedroom door. Denton was on his knees beside a brass cot. Little Billy lay there, white and still. For a moment I stood riveted to the spot by the tragic pathos of the scene; then tiptoed out of the room, leaving Dick alone with his dead.

After two hours he came into the parlor, his step heavy, slow and shuffling, his manner listless and dejected. Picking up the note that lay on the table where I had dropped it, Dick crushed and crumpled it in his hands, cursing in savage undertones.

"She expected me home Wednesday," he said, in a hard, unnatural tone, "but the doctors made me stay two days longer; and Billy died.

"Billy died, I tell you, Clark. Billy—my little boy Billy—is lying dead in his room. Billy died all alone in this place, while I lay helpless in the hospital, and his mother—Curse her! I don't mind her leaving me, if she didn't care for me any longer. But little Billy—left alone, in his fever, to die, tossing in delirium, raging with thirst—too weak to cry for help. Ah!

"His death was blissful and serene compared with the death that she shall die. I wish she had a hundred lives, that I—"

"Hush, Dick," I begged him. "Don't—don't curse, old man, with Billy lying out there."

For a moment or two, Dick sat looking at me with wild eyes; then stood up, stalked slowly back to Billy's room, and passing in locked the door behind him.

It was midnight before he came out again. His eyes were dry, his face was white and hard and drawn.

"Better go home, Fred," he said, wearily.

"No, I can't do that," I answered.

I slept on the lounge in the parlor; and next day Dick and I buried little Billy.

I suppose Denton learned, as I did, that Dora had eloped with another actor, named Bailey; but Dick never mentioned her name to me.

Several times I called at the flat, but it was two weeks after the funeral before I saw him again. I found him waiting for me in my office, when I went in one evening at six o'clock.

"Hello, Fred," he said, with a shadowy

smile, "I'm looking for a job—as dramatic critic. Will you give me a trial? I think you might make something of me, in time."

"Make something of you!" I exclaimed, impatiently. "You're made already. You've made yourself. You have a splendid career before you. It won't be long before you'll be accepted as the Irving of America."

"I know that's what you've always said, Clark," Denton replied, "and I've worked hard—done my best—to deserve the good things you and the fellows who followed your lead have said about me. But I've quit the stage for good. Nothing will ever induce me to go back to it, Fred. Will you give me a trial, old fellow? People laugh, or sneer, at the man who turns critic, after failing in the profession he criticises. But such a man is the best judge, after all. He knows the hard work it takes to achieve success—even to attempt success."

"I'll give you a trial, if you really want it, Dick," I answered. "I've had to fire Collins; and this time it's final. He's the best critic in New York, and I've taken him back twenty times, but he's hopeless. I can't depend on him to keep sober for an hour. You can start in tonight, if you like."

"I'm ready," Denton answered.

"All right. Do the Herald Square. You can turn in a thousand words: first night, you know. I haven't any fear about your doing it in good shape; but I hope you'll soon get sick of your job, and go back to your proper work. Good-night."

Denton turned in a first-class story—as I knew he would; and he made good on every assignment that was given to him. I didn't see much of him in the first few months that he was on the *Leader* staff. Now that we were working together, we seemed to be further apart than ever.

Dick and I had been chums for years. Practically, he was the only close personal friend that I had ever made. I didn't like this drifting apart. At the end of three months I found an opportunity of broaching the subject to Denton.

"What kind of a place have you got on Riverside Drive?" I asked him.

"A nice room—a regular den, Clark," he replied. "I have my books and pictures and knick-knacks there. I've sold all my furniture, you know."

"What's the matter with your coming back to share my bachelor quarters on East Sixty-first Street—as you did before you were married? Your room is there, pretty much as you left it. You'd really be doing an act of charity to come in and help me pay the rent."

Dick offered various objections, but finally he consented to the arrangement I proposed, and I think he was really glad to share the apartment with me again. For the first month or two, he wasn't a very cheerful companion; but by degrees, he became more and more sociable, until, at the end of a year or so, he seemed almost like himself—as he had been before his marriage.

He never spoke of Billy, but I knew that he thought of the boy almost constantly; and I was glad when I found him taking an interest again in books and pictures and bric-a-brac.

"You are an extravagant dog, Dick," I said to him one day, when he had shown me a carved ivory knick-knack. "After paying your living expenses, you spend every cent you earn on things that none but a rich man has a right to look at."

"You're wrong," Denton replied, with a serious smile. "I like these things, and I spend quite a little on them. But I'm saving money. I never put less than a hundred dollars a month in the bank. Some day I may need it."

As he said the last words, his glance wandered away from me: he looked out over the park, gnawing his mustache, and there was a hard, square set to his jaw. I didn't know what he meant, and I did not inquire.

It wasn't many years before Denton came to be recognized as the leading dramatic critic of New York. Not only in regard to plays, but also concerning players, managers seemed to accept Dick's judgment as authoritative and final. In a certain sense, he wielded a tremendous power: he had made a score of reputations and pricked as many bubbles, yet he had never to my knowledge been accused or suspected of favoritism or unfairness. He was generally regarded as impartial, unapproachable, incorruptible. He was a valuable man to the *Leader*—the best we had ever had for the position.

"Who is Kathleen Clay?" I asked Denton one Sunday afternoon, as we sat smoking and reading in our little parlor on Sixty-First Street. Denton apparently didn't hear me, and, kicking away a heap of Sunday journals to make a clear space for my feet as I stretched my legs lazily across the rug, I repeated the question:

"Dick, who is Kathleen Clay—the woman who has made such a reputation in Shakespearean parts in England?"

"I don't know," Denton replied, without lowering the newspaper behind which his face was hidden.

"Well, I wish you'd find out," I continued. "We ought to have a story about her. It's rather funny that one never sees her picture anywhere. Did you ever come across it in any of your English exchanges?"

"Never," Denton answered.

"Well, you must get her photograph—half a dozen different ones, if you can, and give us a good special article about her. When will you have it ready?"

"In three weeks," Denton replied, turning to his papers again.

On the third Sunday after this talk, Denton kept to his room nearly all day, but along towards five o'clock he came into the parlor and handed me a batch of copy together with a large manilla envelope, apparently containing photographs.

"You might look it over before you send it to the composing room," he said.

"What's it all about?" I asked.

"The illustrated special that you told me to write about Kathleen Clay."

"Whew! You're not a thing but prompt, are you?" I asked, as I started to draw the photographs out of the envelope. I noticed the name of a London photographer on the bottom of the first card before I had extracted the picture.

There were three photographs in all—a vignetted bust, a three-quarter figure in simple white muslin frock, and a full-length picture in character as Desdemona—all of the same woman, Kathleen Clay. But this Kathleen Clay was Dora Dumont—the American stage name of Denton's wife.

The face was the same as when I had last seen it—years before: the same, it seemed to me, as on the day, twelve years ago, that Denton had married her. A beautiful face, with large, wistful eyes that looked you through and through, as if all the time asking the meaning of sin and sorrow. That was always the first impression you gained of Dora Dumont—that she was so pure and spiritually serene as to be exempt from all share in the evil that walks the earth—all share, save sweetest pity for those who sinned and suffered.

Her face, indeed, was a beautiful mask. Experience must have written some things on her conscience in letters of living fire; but he spared the delicate waxen-like beauty of her face: he left no telltale marks upon her brow.

Looking up from the pictures, I encountered Denton's eyes.

"And the story—what have you written?" I asked.

"Her professional history only: nothing about her private life," was Dick's reply.

"But people will know—people on this side of the Atlantic," I rejoined.

"Of course, but I can't help that. You wanted the story, and I wrote it."

"Take it, old man," I said, thrusting the manuscript and the pictures back into Denton's hand. "Burn 'em, if you like. The *Leader* isn't going to be the first to gratify public curiosity on that score. It's surprising, though, how she has managed to keep her identity a secret so long."

"She can't keep it much longer," was Dick's quiet reply. "They come to New York next month."

"Who?" I asked.

"Dora and Bailey: he goes by the name of David Leclerc now."

"They must have nerve," I remarked, wondering at the calmness with which Denton made the announcement. "I should think New York would be the last place in the world that they would want to appear in."

"They can't help it," Denton replied, with a slow smile. "It's the fascination of the place. Everybody comes back—no matter how great may be the reasons for their staying away."

"And they're going to play here?"

"Yes—Othello."

"You won't want to see them. I'll have Larkins cover it."

"No!" was Dick's prompt objection. "If you can trust me, I'd rather do it myself. I'll do them justice," he added.

"All right. As you will," I assented.

Dick puzzled me during the next few weeks. Morning, noon and night—every minute that he wasn't at work,—he was studying *Othello:* he carried the acting version of it around in his pocket, and he was always reading it—spouting speeches, reciting whole scenes, muttering dialogues. I couldn't understand it, and when I questioned Denton on the subject, his answers were not at all satisfactory.

"I'm just refreshing my memory of the play," he would say, smiling. "I want to do Dora justice."

That seemed to be his one idea in connection with Dora—to do her justice, whatever he might mean by the word. Possibly, I thought, he never cared very much for her, and he may have forgiven her for Billy's death, which was due rather to a miscarriage of her calculations than to any deliberate plan. But Dick's manner worried me at times.

The great first night came. The appearance of Dora and Leclerc had been well advertised, and the house was filled with a fashionable audience. Every seat brought double price.

Denton and I were in a box on the right of the first balcony: our seats were so placed that we could command a full view of the stage without being seen by any of the actors.

John Bailey—now David Leclerc—had developed unexpected talent as an actor. His impersonation of Othello was intelligent, sympathetic and forceful, but it was Kathleen Clay who made the success of the piece.

Her Desdemona was a remarkable performance. She made the most of every line and word, every look and tone and gesture. Her voice had lost nothing of its earlier purity; her action had gained in finish and effect: it was not only polished but distinguished.

In the scene with Brabantio, she comported herself with a maidenly modesty that won her the immediate sympathy and appreciation of her audience, while her girlish playfulness with Iago and Emilia were scarcely less winning. But it was in the difficult scenes with the Moor that she showed to greatest advantage, compelling admiration by her matronly diginity and transparent devotion.

During the evening there were moments when I was completely carried away by the magic of her voice, the mysterious magnetism of her dreamy eyes, the glamor of her physical beauty—forgetting the man by my side and the wretched moral squalor of her present daily life.

Denton kept his word. He did justice to Dora, writing a most appreciative notice of the play. The *Leader* left it to other papers to make the remarkable discovery that the great actress about whom England had been raving for a year or more was an American woman who had won her spurs, years before, on the boards in New York.

When I got up next morning I looked into Denton's room, but he was not there. Just as I was about to leave the apartment, however, the telephone rang, and I took up the receiver.

"Hello, Fred!" came Denton's voice. "I'm going away. I shan't have an opportunity to see you again. Sorry to give you such short notice, but I guess you won't have any trouble in filling my place. Larkins will be a good man—if you give him a little encouragement."

"What's the matter? Where are you going?" I demanded.

"Can't tell you anything now, Fred," was the reply. "I'll write to you. You shall know all about it tomorrow."

"But I must see you, Dick," I protested. "Stop in at the office this afternoon, or else tell me where I can meet you."

"Sorry, old man, but I can't. Good-bye."

"Wait! Look here, Denton—"

"Good-bye, Fred. I'm going to hang up. Can't talk any longer. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I answered huskily. I had to kick over a chair and rap out a few good round oaths to keep myself from tears. This man had been to me more than a brother, and I liked not the manner of his taking-off.

All through the afternoon and early evening I was nervous and restless. I found it impossible to work. I couldn't fix my mind on anything pertaining to the daily round. Constantly my thoughts came back to Denton and his faithless wife.

When the curtain went up for the second performance of "Othello," I found myself occupying an orchestra chair. There had been considerable delay in starting, and, finally, when the audience began to manifest unmistakable signs of impatience, the manager came before the curtain and announced that Mr. Leclerc would not be able to appear, having been taken ill almost at the last moment.

"As a substitute," the manager continued, "we have been most fortunate in securing an able actor who has kindly volunteered to step into the gap. The gentleman who will impersonate Othello tonight was well known to New York theater-goers a few years ago, and he will doubtless be recognized by many old friends. I am not, however, permitted to mention the name at this stage of the evening, but I have entire confidence in committing the title rôle to this gentleman's charge."

The audience listened with polite indifference to the manager's somewhat tedious speech; and even when the curtain went up I found nothing to interest me in the play until Othello came on in the second scene.

Then I sat bolt upright and rubbed my eyes. In spite of his wonderful make-up as the Moor, I recognized in the substitute Othello my old friend Dick Denton. The audience looked at him with mild interest and curiosity, but he was not accorded an ovation. It seemed as if I was the only one among the thousands present who penetrated Dick's disguise. For a moment, in spite of my first absolute certainty, I doubted whether this man really was Denton, but when he spoke I knew that I was right:

"'Tis better as it is."

Only half a dozen words, but I knew them almost as well as I knew the voice that uttered them; I had heard Dick recite those words a score of times in the last month.

I knew not what to think of his presence on the stage. It filled me with uneasiness —with vague alarm. Half a dozen times during the evening I was on the point of getting up and going round to the stage to question Dick, but I never left my seat.

A greater surprise, however, than Denton's advent as Othello was in store for me. In the third scene of the first act I discovered that Dora had known nothing of the identity of the substitute Othello until she came face to face with him on the stage.

As she entered, the Moor's back was turned to her, and it was not until the finish of her speech in reply to Brabantio's demand as to where in all that noble company she most did owe obedience, that Dora turned and saw Denton—saw and recognized him

"Here's my husband, and so much duty as my mother showed to you, preferring you before her father, so much I challenge that I may profess due to the Moor my lord."

"Here's my husband" she had accompanied with a modest gesture in his direction, without turning her head. Throughout the speech her voice had been brave, gentle and dignified, but at the last two words it quavered and broke, dying away in a terrified whisper as she met Denton's eyes fixed upon her—eyes that blazed one moment with a fearful fire of long-cherished hate, seeming to burn and wither the shrinking creature on whom their baleful light was bent, and the next instant, contracting to narrow slits, becoming cold, calculating and cruel—excoriating with a smile—not the conventional stage Othello smile of the affectionate husband gratified by the public declaration of his lady's love and loyalty—a grim smile; sardonic, chilling—freezing the blood within the woman's breast.

When he put his arm about her, with a polite simulation of proud proprietorship, Desdemona shivered convulsively, and a ghastly pallor overspread her face.

During the ensuing speeches of Brabantio and the Duke she watched her discarded husband furtively. The prompter had to give her the cue a second time before she spoke the lines of pleading to be allowed to accompany Othello on his mission against the Turk.

Throughout the play her bearing toward Othello seemed to justify the charge made by Brabantio that she had been "abused, stolen from me, corrupted by spells and medicines bought from mountebanks."

Instead of the happy abandonment of a maiden's adoration for her hero, which had characterized her acting the night before, she seemed now to regard Othello with the fascination of a helpless rabbit for the pitiless hound whose cruel fangs she knows will soon meet in her soft, quivering flesh.

The audience seemed to have caught the contagion of her mood. Applause was infrequent and faint. A sense of impending calamity appeared to weigh on that vast throng of well-dressed men and women.

While the action progressed not a sound was to be heard in the great auditorium—unless it were the deep sigh of somebody who had held his breath too long under the strain and tension of the piece. At the close of each scene people moved uneasily in their seats, but very few went out between the acts. There was little "visiting," and the conversation was conducted in whispers.

Throughout the performance I sat crouched in my chair, clutching the right arm of the seat with both hands. I believe I never changed from this position until the curtain fell on the final scene.

The strain of painful expectancy reached its culmination in the second scene of the fifth act, when Othello, in cold, incisive tones, announced to Desdemona his desperate intention:

"Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury: thou art on thy death-bed."

A sigh ran through the house, from parquet to gallery, as these words rang out; and when Othello concluded his next speech with the sentence, "Thou art to die," a proud, bejeweled society woman in front of me—a woman who has the reputation of being heartless and unfeeling as she is rich and beautiful—dropped her head and cried into her handkerchief.

In the next seat to me was a federal judge—a man who has grown old in the faithful, diligent service of his country and his Maker. Turning to me suddenly, he dug his fingers into my arm—the print of them was there next morning—and with clenched teeth moaned:

"O God! This is horrible. It ought to be stopped."

Men were coughing and women in all parts of the house were sobbing unrestrained when Desdemona reached the plea:

"Kill me tomorrow. Let me live tonight."

Othello was as fearful a study as Desdemona. He appeared to enjoy the terror of his victim; it seemed as if he were animated by the insane fervor of the fanatic who sacrifices a human life to the fetish of his own conscience rather than by the personal rage and passion of the man betrayed and dishonored by the partner of his pillow.

"But while I say one prayer."

There was a world of agony in this last appeal of Desdemona; and Othello's answer, "It is too late," was delivered in a harsh, peremptory tone, eloquent only of impatience to execute the frightful sentence that his frenzied will had passed upon the woman, who lay there in an attitude of abject appeal, supplicating with uplifted hands and starting eyes.

Nobody who saw Desdemona's eyes, as she fixed them on the man bending over her bed, will ever forget their look of hopeless agony. The piercing shriek that she emitted as he took the pillow to perform his fearful purpose, rings in my ears today, across the years. Fascinated, I watched the horrid details of the tragedy, and saw the fair Desdemona—when she could scream no longer—writhe and twist in her bed, fighting and struggling with the Moor, before he knelt upon her knees and held her so until his ghastly work was finished.

When all was over the pent-up emotion of the audience burst forth in a deafening round of applause—a generous, spontaneous tribute to the terrible realism with which the substitute Othello and his hapless wife had carried through the tremendous scene, giving to its hackneyed details the novelty of an interpretation daring in conception, brutally strong in rendering.

Othello started as from a trance when the applause died away and violent knocking on the door of Desdemona's chamber was accompanied by the sound of Emilia's voice, crying:

"My lord! My lord! What, ho! My lord, my lord!"

"What noise is this?" Othello demanded in a hollow tone; and, as the woman entered, he left by the same door.

Apparently bewildered by this irregularity in the Moor's proceeding, Emilia stood watching the retreating figure until the door swung back. Then, with quick, unsteady steps she walked to the bed on which lay the motionless form of Desdemona, her face averted from the audience.

Stooping over Desdemona, Emilia turned her onto her back, and, almost instantly, with prompt presence of mind, signaled for the curtain.

Before the drapery had unrolled itself down to the level of the bed, however, several seconds had intervened, and three thousand people gazed horror-stricken on the awful sight of Kathleen Clay's face fixed in the distortion of an agonizing death.

A moment longer the vast audience sat as if petrified, those three thousand white faces turned toward the curtain through which came the sound of many feet running hither and thither; the sound, too, of voices—short sentences of horrified men trying to calm hysterical women. Then, with scarcely a sound, the great concourse rose and moved slowly down the aisles.

I reached the stage at the same time as a dozen doctors.

"Where's Denton?" I demanded of the manager.

"Gone," he answered, pointing to the

stage door. "Got away before we knew what had happened. It was he, I just learned, who started Leclerc drinking this afternoon, then left him when he was helpless."

I hurried out through the door that Denton had used, and, doubling back into Broadway, walked a few paces down the crowded sidewalk. Then my path was blocked by two officers and a number of civilians carrying the inert form of a man wearing a long Inverness coat. The old news instinct prompted me to crane my neck, in order to catch a glimpse of the face.

It was Denton's.

Following the men into the back room of a drug store, where they laid the drooping form upon a couch, I took the limp hand as it was dropped by a physician, who shook his head.

"Dead," he said softly.

A policeman touched his hat to me.

"Friend, sir?" he asked.

I bowed.

"Too bad, sir," the officer continued. "He was running out into the middle of the street, to board an up-town car, when he caught sight of a little lad standing in the way of an automobile, which was coming in the other direction. Made a dash and threw the kid aside, but the motor-car knocked him down and the two off wheels ran over him, crushing his chest."

REQUIEM

By HENRY LIGHTNER KINER

LET the dead and the beautiful sleep!
  Let her rest,
  With her lily-white hands on her breast,
In her slumber so sacred and deep.

Let the dead and the beautiful sleep,
  And the while
  Mourn not that her eyes do not smile;
Rejoice! They will nevermore weep!

Let the dead and the beautiful sleep!
  Ah, thank God
  That her flesh can no more feel the rod—
That no sickle her roses may reap!

Let the dead and the beautiful sleep,
  Pale, pallid, cold
  Till the sun and the stars shall grow old,
And the darkness shall drink up the deep!

The Right Mister Wright

By Will Gage Carey.

SHE looked as though her name ought to be Gladys, or Phyllis, or Gwendolyn, or some such; but it wasn't—it was Prudence, which may be a good name, and all that, but hardly one you would associate with a girl who possessed, though not fully conscious thereof, the *chic* of a Parisienne, the poise of a Vassar graduate and the perfect profile of an Italian cameo. Prudence, by the way, was a niece of mine, which may, or may not, have something to do with it.

PRUDENCE

It is true I had not kept in very close touch with her family. I knew that somewhere out in the rural precincts my brother's family lived; that his children, some of them, must be nearly grown by this time. When, however, I received a letter from him stating that his oldest daughter was coming to the city to spend a week with us, unless we warned them otherwise, I had but a dim and hazy idea as to the sort of appearing young lady to expect.

"I'm so glad she's coming right at this time," my wife said, "and I do hope she and J. Willington will like each other; and if he don't happen to take a fancy to her, that he will at least exert himself to the extent of showing her a nice time."

The individual to whom she referred was a good-looking young fellow, J. Willington Wright, who lived with us. He was a cousin of my wife's, and labored under the misapprehension, as did she, that he was destined to become an actor! At present, he was attending a dramatic school, occasionally taking some small part at the local theatres.

Fortunately, his parents had left him a goodly fortune, so it did not matter particularly whether he ever learned to act or not. Still, as the husband of his cousin, I felt it my duty to remonstrate with him concerning the career he had chosen.

"J. Willington," said I, not unkindly, "you're a good sort of young man, and I like you; I may say, I am extremely fond of you; you have natural talent in certain lines—but when it comes to *acting*, say, the best act you could do would be to cut it out and get into business!"

Seeing that I was causing at least a few symptoms of rising indignation I felt encouraged to continue.

"You've been studying dramatics now going on a year and a half; what do you know about it? I'll wager you wouldn't know how to start in to make-up for a part, let alone trying to act it!"

J. Willington had been getting madder each moment; now he blazed forth wrathfully:

"Say, I'd about decided to cut loose from this actor-career dream of mine: that I couldn't make good; *now*, I'm goin' to stay with it—until I've convinced you good and plenty!"

Something seemed to tell me then that my well-meant words of advice were not resulting exactly as I had hoped for. "Wait 'til Prudence comes," I thought to myself; "she will doubtless say something that will have some weight with this headstrong young man."

* * * * *

I was at the train promptly on time to meet my niece; my wife saw to that. Prudence had written and told us how she would be dressed, so that I might know just which young lady arriving to welcome. I will not attempt to describe her, having already intimated that she was *chic*, self-poised, and had a profile clear cut as an Italian cameo; add to this my wife's description—"Just too sweet for anything!"—and let it go at that.

"*The case was too much for Flannigan*"

She stepped daintily down from the Pullman, and greeted me as though she were genuinely glad to see me and unutterably delighted to be in the city; yet her manner was most becoming and entirely free from any semblance to affectation. "Prudence will do!" was my mental conclusion.

She took my arm in a joyous, confiding way, and together we made our way through the crowded station down to the baggage-room. I was acquainted with the man in charge of the baggage transfer, and so decided to make a direct appeal to have the trunks, to which my niece had given me the checks, sent out at the earliest possible moment. I left Prudence standing just outside the little iron railing, while I went inside to speak with my friend. He assured me that he would see to the trunks himself, that they would be out on the first wagon. I handed him a cigar and passed out to where I had left my niece awaiting me. I went on through the little gate—then stopped short in amazement. My niece had disappeared!

With my brain in a frenzied whirl of torment and despair I made my way in frantic haste up and down the crowded passageway, looking eagerly on every side. It was no use; she had vanished as completely as though the floor had suddenly opened and engulfed her!

I knew not what to do! My niece, a stranger in the city, lost in that seething vortex of struggling humanity. If I remained quietly at the place where I had left her, she might be each moment getting farther and farther astray in the mazy turmoil of the busy, down-town streets! Again, if I left the spot, she might return, and not finding me, go away in search of me! Bitterly I blamed myself for having left her thus alone, even for the briefest interval. Among other disconcerting thoughts came one of awful and doleful import: "What will my wife say?" Then, like a tiny rift of sunlight breaking through a murky sky, came one faint gleam of hope! "She knows our street number," I reflected. "Perhaps she will eventually find her way out there."

Finding it a matter of utter impossibility to wait passively where I was, I turned to leave the station to call a cab. Suddenly I came face to face with Flannigan, the big policeman on the beat. He seemed astonished to see me.

"Flannigan," I gasped, "did you see a tall, slender girl in a blue suit and large black hat pass out this way?"

"I did, sor," replied Flannigan emphatically, "an' you was with her!"

"Me? With her? Impossible!"

Flannigan eyed me suspiciously.

"I say, I seen yez with my own two eyes, not two minutes ago, pass right along this way with the girl you described jes' now! 'Good mornin', Flannigan,' sez you; 'Good mornin', sor!' sez I, wonderin' who was the pretty dame a-hangin' to yer arm; now you come along askin' about yourself an' the girl!" The case was too much for Flannigan and he walked away shaking his head dubiously.

I sank into a seat near by, weak with stupefation; I wondered if I were losing my senses! My doctor had told me that I was predisposed to lumbago; could it be possible that lumbago was conducive to, and eventually brought on, softening of the brain?

THE TWO MR. WRIGHTS

"Pshaw!" I reflected at length, "Flannigan was simply mistaken!" I rushed on out to the sidewalk, in front of which a long line of waiting cabs stood drawn up; I slipped a coin into the hand of the nearest cabman, and drew him a little to one side.

"Tell me," I queried frantically, "did you see a tall, slender girl in a blue suit pass out this way with some, er, some man?"

"Yes, I saw her," was the calm reply, "I saw her come out here an' get into a cab *with you!*"

"Heavens!" I muttered, "Has everybody gone plumb, stark, dippy crazy?" Then I thought again of my lumbago. Perhaps, after all, I didn't meet my niece, I didn't have any niece—that I merely looked like a man who did have one! I drew my hand across my brow trying to collect my scattered wits, then giving my street and number to the cabby, told him to drive me home with all speed.

At length the cab drew up before my home. I alighted, dismissed the cabman, then slowly and sorrowfully made my way to my own door, where, in imagination, I could see a great storm-cloud gathering, centering around something which seemed to be my wife.

As I neared the house I heard the sound of low voices coming from the direction of the side porch. Quietly I made my way up the front steps and to the corner of the house, around which I cautiously peeked. Two figures were sitting in rather close proximity upon the wide settee; they seemed to be wholly taken up with each other; one was my niece, the other an exact counterpart of my own self!

He wore the same sort of hat, suit and shoes, the same style collar and cravat. Even my nose-glasses, watch-chain and whiskers corresponded with those of this audacious impostor now talking to my niece! At that instant they must have seen me, for the man straightened up, and affecting certain little mannerisms which I am said to possess, he exclaimed sententiously:

"And tell me, how *is* my dear brother, your father, getting along?"

I could stand it no longer and rushing up to this man who was attempting to impersonate me, I exclaimed wrathfully:

"What does this mean, sir? I demand an explanation of this outrageous conduct of yours!"

The man slowly arose and straightening his eye-glasses, looked me over carefully from head to foot. At length he spoke:

"Yes, what *does* this mean, sir? I see that for some reason you have seen fit to try to impersonate me, rather a clumsy attempt at that! Now see here, this thing has gone far enough! You clear out of here at once!" He advanced toward me threateningly, with my niece struggling vainly to restrain him.

"What's that? What's that?" I exclaimed in righteous indignation. "Me clear out? Well, I like that! Now see here; will you leave here peaceably, or will I have to throw you out? Of all the impudent ras—"

"O-h-h-h-h!" shrieked my niece shrilly, "How *dare* you speak that way to my uncle?" Then, gazing up at him with a look of frightened tenderness, she exclaimed:

"Shan't we send for the police? He—he might harm some one!"

"Yes! Yes!" was the firm response. "Send for the police, an' the dog-catcher! Perhaps we better send for the fire company, too, to help put him out!"

Something which sounded most astonishingly like smothered laughter came from behind the side door; then my wife came out, and, throwing her arms about my neck, exclaimed laughingly:

"You old goose! Don't you know it' just J. Willington?"

Then in the prettiest manner possible my niece explained her share in the intrigue and sought my forgiveness.

"Uncle," she said, "you hadn't been gone but a moment when I saw you coming toward me, or rather, saw this man coming. 'All ready now,' he said, 'we'll go on out home and see the folks!' Well, you know, uncle, I had only seen you for a few moments, and really, I didn't know the difference until we got 'most home! He was *so* kind, and bright and entertaining, and, of course, it was too late to go back and look for you, and besides, I was getting along so nicely with my other uncle, so we just came on; you'll forgive me, won't you?"

Forgive her? Who could have looked into those laughing blue eyes and not forgiven?

J. Willington's apology was considerably less melting.

"When any Wise Guinea gets to handin' it out to me about not knowing the first rudiments of "make-up," not to mention a lack of ability to act a part, it's up to me to deliver the goods!" He looked around at the two women, who, anyone could see at a glance, were entirely on his side in the matter, then said resignedly, as though he left the verdict entirely in their hands:

"Am I right?"

"Yes, you're *Wright—all* right!" I replied, with what I intended as withering scorn. "As an actor, you've got 'Clarence,' the trained horse, backed clear off the boards!"

My wife, knowing that I am a dangerous man when thoroughly aroused, endeavored to say something pleasant and diverting:

"Wasn't it a perfectly splendid impersonation! How did you *ever* do it, J. Willington?"

"Oh, easy enough," he replied with a deprecating shrug. "All I had to do was to get a bald-wig, some nose-glasses, some strawberry chinchillas for the sub-maxillary, then assume an expression on my face of total blankness, an' then—"

"J. Willington, that will be about all the explaining necessary!" I said coolly.

Yet, after all, I could not long remain provoked at the boy; and he certainly did have some taking ways. Taking ways? Well, yes. *Taking* is good!

For not many months elapsed e'er he had taken away on a wedding trip to Paree a relative of mine, who was *chic*, self-poised, and who possessed the perfect profile of an Italian cameo.

The LIVING LINCOLN

CENTENARY TRIBUTES

THE centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln has brought out a wealth of information concerning this leader of men, the most illustrious native-born American. Every little detail concerning his life and character is eagerly sought from those who actually met him in the flesh.

A FAVORITE PICTURE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

It is strange how often in desultory conversation scraps of information are obtained that one almost invariably fails to secure in a formal interview, or even when one deliberately sits down to collect reminiscences! The other day I took a stroll with an old friend who lived during those stirring times. He told me of a curious phenomenon that occurred on the Illinois prairies at the time when the great Civil War was impending. He had started on a fourteen-mile walk one pleasant night. There was a "wet moon" promising a change of weather — as the Indians say, there was no horn on which to hang a powder-horn. In that year, 1860, the whole nation was trembling with suspense following the election of Lincoln.

As my friend and his companion walked along, a bright, clear star suddenly shot out from the east and crossed the crescent moon, going through it, apparently, and coming out in the western sky. My friend had never been of a superstitious turn of mind, but the thought came to him then that this singular phenomenon in the heavens might portend the severing of the Union. For the moment he felt depressed at the possible dismemberment of the Republic. Suddenly, as they still watched the sky, the star turned and went back through the moon again, from west to east, and as they talked of this remarkable experience it impressed them as presaging that, though the nation might pass through great trials, the Union would be preserved.

The incident was duly recorded and a letter describing it sent to Lincoln; his reply was an expression of lofty courage and high hope in the ultimate result of the struggle, despite the severe criticisms of the time.

* * *

Lincoln was a man of moderation. He was neither an autocrat nor a tyrant. He was the greatest man of his time, especially approved of God for the work he gave him to do. History abundantly proved his superiority as a leader and establishes his constant reliance upon a higher power for guidance and support. The tendency of this age is to exaggeration, but of Lincoln certainly none have spoken more highly than those who knew him best.—*William McKinley.*

ON GUARD AT WHITE HOUSE

By GEN. H. S. HUIDEKOPER

MY acquaintance with President Lincoln commenced one September day in 1862, when I had occasion to go to the Soldiers' Home to visit Companies D and K of the 150th P. V., which I had sent a day or two before to that point for duty.

On reaching Washington from Harrisburg on September 6th, 1862, our regiment had been ordered to join McClellan's army, then on its way to Antietam; but after marching some miles northward it had been recalled and ordered to relieve some seasoned troops doing guard-duty at half a dozen places in Washington. As the Soldiers' Home was the summer residence of the President, I had selected two of the largest companies of the regiment for the honorable duty of acting as his personal bodyguard, and by chance, one of those, Company K, was the one I had personally recruited, and, for the few days before I was commissioned lieutenant colonel, had been captain of.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF LINCOLN
In Larue, formerly Hardin, County, Kentucky

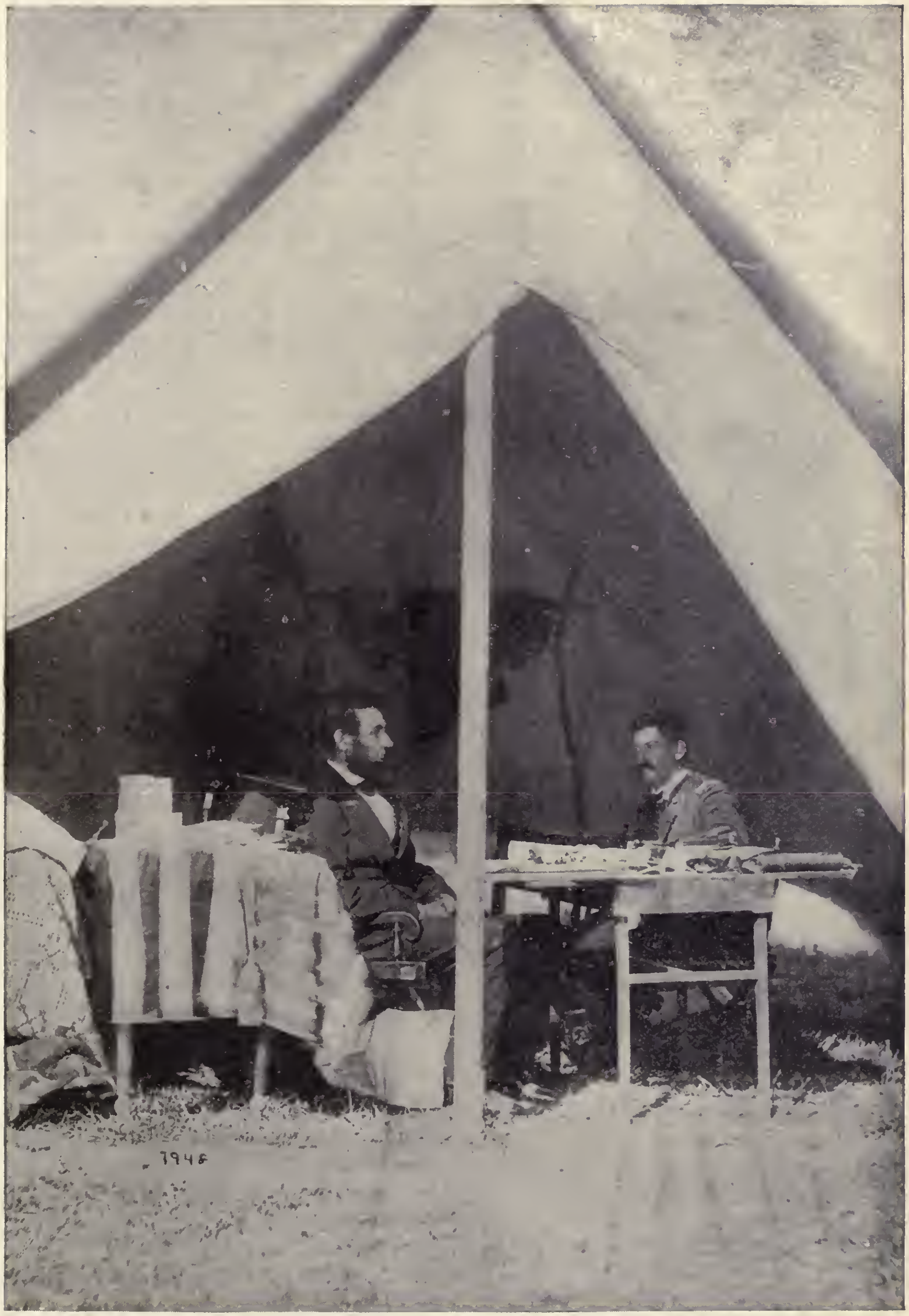
I had just graduated from Harvard College, a beardless boy, medium in height and of slight weight, while my successor as captain, known as "Major" Derickson in the Pennsylvania Militia, in Crawford County politics and in church circles, was taller than I by some inches, was large about the girth, probably weighing just double what I did, and had most pleasing manners.

When I made my first visit to these two companies stationed at the Soldiers' Home, I found that Captain Derickson was already on good terms with Mr. Lincoln, had breakfasted with him two mornings, and had ridden to the White House one morning seated beside the President. Thus he felt free to take me immediately to the President for presentation, more particularly as we saw him seated on his porch not far from the camp. In fact, the captain was then rapidly reaching that degree of intimacy on his part with Mr. Lincoln, which some months later, the latter, while talking with me, had reference to, when with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "The captain and I are getting quite thick."

As we approached, the President, in the most gracious way, came to the steps to welcome us, exclaiming, after my name had been given: "Well, when I saw how big the captain was, I made up my mind that the colonel must weigh over three hundred pounds." Then putting his large hand on my shoulder in an affectionate way, he continued: "The captain has told me of your family and of its Dutch origin, but was not able to answer a question which I asked of him, and maybe you can enlighten me." Bashfully, I answered in some cautious way, and then the President asked wherein the difference lay between an *Amster*-dam Dutchman and any other damn Dutchman.

Company K remained at the Soldiers' Home in summer, and in winter at the White House, immediately in its rear, for almost three years, every man in it becoming known by name to little Tad, whom the company presented with a colonel's uniform with "150th P. V." on the hat; and in this garb I encountered him one day, in the autumn of 1863, in Colonel Hardee's office in the War Department, to have him crack his whip, and say to me, "No, sir, I am colonel of the 150th." The character and deportment of the men of Company K were such that they were liked and humored in every possible way, not only by the President, but by his whole household.

In mid-winter the 150th joined the Army



AN INTERESTING PICTURE, SHOWING PRESIDENT LINCOLN WITH GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN IN THE LATTER'S QUARTERS

An effort seems to have been made to decorate the setting with the Stars and Stripes, shown on the table at the right of Lincoln of the Potomac, and from time to time, as I passed through Washington, Mr. Lincoln always received me in the kindliest manner, and, on one occasion, with marked consideration. This was after I had been wounded and when I was seeking light duty until such time as I should have sufficiently recovered to return to my regiment in Virginia. I had mentioned the purpose of my visit to Washington and of my having a note from General Doubleday to the War Department, when Mr. Lincoln quickly said, "I will fix that for you," and in a moment handed me a note to the War Department asking it to "please grant such request as Colonel Huidekoper may make."

THE LOG CABIN HOME
Which Lincoln built for his father in Illinois

In August, 1864, Mr. Lincoln sent for me to consult about recruiting for our army from among the prisoners of war held at Rock Island. I spent the evening of the 31st with him at the Soldiers' Home, and next morning an hour with him in the War Department Building, with the result that he issued, on September 1st, an order authorizing me to recruit from the prison pen such confederates as were willing to enlist in our army. We got there 2,400 well-trained soldiers, who were immediately available for service, and who were sent, as was understood between Mr. Lincoln and myself upon my urgent recommendation, to the frontier, to relieve a considerable force then confronting the hostile Indians. It was about this matter that Secretary Stanton had his first great difference with the President, but the result showed that the big, kindly heart of Mr. Lincoln, which seemed to always work in harmony with his great brain, was as usual, ready to do just the right thing.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln was on April 7th, 1865, very early in the morning, when he, ahead of the clerks, was seated at a desk in a log hut at City Point, which is now in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, labeled "Grant's Headquarters at City Point." As I was passing, unconscious of his presence, Mr. Lincoln called me, and after a word or two as to my own health, said, his dear face beaming with joy, "Let me give you our latest news," and picking up a paper from the table, read to me a dispatch just received from General Grant, which had little in it except the repetition of a message from General Sheridan, in which Sheridan had advised General Grant of the capture, the day before, of 7,000 men and five generals, including Ewell and Custis Lee, and words to the effect that if the thing be pushed, he thought Lee would surrender, to which Mr. Lincoln, in his characteristic style, laconically replied, "Let the thing be pushed."

After reading me the telegram, Mr. Lincoln added: "The end has almost come," and seven days later it was so, for his pure soul had gone to Heaven, and the great man's cares and efforts in behalf of his beloved country were left behind him, a rich legacy to a broken-hearted people.

* * *

Abraham Lincoln, one of the grandest men this country or the world has ever produced, pure in life and motive, inflexible in his purpose to do right as he understood it, of undaunted courage in carrying out the principles he believed to be true, large-hearted and tender in his sympathies with human suffering—

Bold as a lion and gentle as a child—
He lived to bless the world.
He broke no promise, served no private end,
He gained no title and he lost no friend.
—*John B. Gough.*

LINCOLN'S RICHMOND VISIT

By BENJAMIN F. MONTGOMERY

WHEN Mr. Lincoln occupied the White House I was a genuine "Johnny Reb., Jr.," a child of sorrow, forever hungry and acquainted with grief. Notwithstanding my circumscribed environment and the rebellious attitude of my ambitious appetite, my daily life was a series of "moving pictures" such as few boys have witnessed, for I stood close to the crimson edge of battle which fringed with fire the rear guard of Lee's crumbling veterans. It was then that I got my first and last sight of Abraham Lincoln. It came like a flash, out of the tumult and tempest of a riotous and smoldering city, and faded like a vision, in a confused perspective of shouting people and ruined houses.

On the morning of the 4th of April, 1865, the day after the entry of the Federal troops of Grant's army into Richmond, Virginia, Mr. Lincoln left Admiral Porter's flagship, the Malvern, at the landing in Rocketts—a suburb of the city—and, in a calm and common-place manner, set out to walk alone up town. When the Admiral was told of this unusual and unmilitary entry of the Commander-in-Chief into a captured capital, filled with so many enemies and beset with dangers on every side, he was probably alarmed. He at once ordered a guard of marines to escort the president, but as Mr. Lincoln had a good start and a long stride he put many "laps" between himself and his body-guard. It is said that he walked alone two miles. When I saw him his escort looked as though they had just overtaken him on a "double time" movement, and he was then some miles from his landing place. He had walked with perfect confidence, unconscious of all danger, freely inquiring of passers-by the way to the house of "Mr. Davis."

One of a crowd of scantily-clad, hungry, but alert and wildly excited boys, I stood at the corner of Main and Fifteenth Streets in Richmond, and amid a struggling, swaying mass of people saw the hollow square of sailors carrying carbines. In the centre of this square, I saw the tall form of a man, clad in a black frock-coat, wearing on his head what seemed to me the queerest looking and the biggest silk hat I had ever seen. He towered far above the people crowding about him. This picture of the tall man, clad in black and wearing his peculiar hat, and on his face the sad, yet kindly expression, as he watched the frenzied people in their efforts to get near him—some with joy, some—possibly—with hate, in their hearts—is still fresh in my memory. I remember it as a soothing, peaceful influence—a good spirit moving over an angry scene of strife.

In the sober thought of maturer years I recall this strange picture of a victorious leader of a great nation, in time of war, entering the chief city of the conquered, practically unattended, in as simple and unobtrusive a manner as the humblest citizen who eagerly waited to see him.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HOME AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Where he resided at the time of his election to the Presidency

How strangely in contrast with the other great ones of earth, in all their pride, pageantry and "pomp of power," who have marched in triumph at the head of their exulting hosts, into the captured cities of their defeated enemies; how, devoid of all offence or display of power before a fallen people, it gilds the character with greater glory. There was no need of beating drums, flaring trumpets and serried ranks to keep the stately poise of this great soul at its high level, and Lincoln, the plain man, who truly loved the "common people," without fear or exaltation, sought the homes and hearts of his estranged countrymen. With the power of a great republic at his command and a million armed men to do his bidding, he preferred to enter the gates of a conquered city as a fellow countryman—one with them in their sorrow and defeat, *"with malice toward none and charity for all."*

* * *

WITH LINCOLN EVERY NIGHT

By MAHLON T. DOLMAN

TO have served as entertainer every night for three years to a man who eight years later was elected President of the United States, a president who attained prominence, perhaps, second to but one other—this was the experience of Major John L. Bittinger, of St. Joseph, Missouri, who met Abraham Lincoln when he was just coming into his fame.

FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT IN 1861

In April, 1852, Major Bittinger, who was then a boy of about nineteen years of age, began his life as a newspaper man, on a little journal published in what then was the village of Freeport, Illinois.

News of how a young journalist had dumfounded several of the big politicians of the day at last reached Lincoln, and in June, 1852, he visited the newspaper office in Freeport, and met Major Bittinger. A warm friendship sprang up between the two, man and boy.

"Mrs. Lincoln played a good joke on her husband when he was practicing law and journeyed about from court to court on horseback," says Major Bittinger. "Those trips often took several weeks at a time.

"On one of these trips Lincoln was gone for about four weeks. He returned late one night. Stopping his horse, he dismounted at the usual place. He turned to go into the house and then stopped. Although he was a man of temperance he thought he must have been imbibing on the sly some time that day, for before him stood a building he had never seen before. He thought it over for a minute and then went across the street and knocked at a friend's door. They were in bed, and some one sang out:

"'Who is it?'

"'Abe Lincoln,' was the reply. 'I've been looking for my house. Can you tell me where it is? Guess I must have been lost. I thought it was just across the way. When I went away the building was one story high, and now it is two.'

"It was explained to him that during his absence Mrs. Lincoln had added another story. He laughed and went back to the strange house."

He used to tell the joke on himself many times, according to the major.

* * *

Another yarn Major Bittinger relates is one Abe told concerning why his wife ever married such a homely person as himself. Mrs. Lincoln was introduced by Abe and left in conversation with a friend who remarked on Lincoln's popularity in the eastern part of Illinois.

"Yes, he's quite a favorite 'most everywhere," Mrs. Lincoln said. "You see some day he's going to be president. If I hadn't thought so I could never have married him. You can see for yourself he's not pretty. But doesn't he look as if he would make a handsome president?"

Major Bittinger was a "cub" reporter for some time after meeting Lincoln in Freeport, before he "landed." When he did, he accepted a position with what is now known as the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.* Here he became, in the course of time a political writer, and when interest began to be centered about Stephen A. Douglas and Lincoln, who were the opposing candidates for Congress in Illinois, Bittinger was the man chosen by the *Globe-Democrat* to "cover" the debates.

The trip to the scene of the first joint debate had to be made by steamboat. When Major Bittinger reached the boat, on which he had taken passage, the morning after he had been given the assignment, he found seventeen of the most prominent business men of St. Louis aboard. All of these men were rapidly becoming ardent Lincoln supporters, but none had ever shaken hands with the great "railsplitter."

On arriving at the hotel in Alton, Illinois, it was learned that Lincoln was not in. The clerk said he was expected shortly, though, and the men took seats about the parlor of the hotel.

When Lincoln arrived he looked about and, apparently saw no one whom he knew. Then Major Bittinger arose.

"Why, hello, John!" Lincoln exclaimed, his eyes brightening up at sight of his friend.

"My, but it does me good to see you. Come over where we can talk. I want you to tell me all about yourself, John. Where have you been so long? And why haven't you been over to see me?" continued Lincoln. He had hardly noticed the others in his joy at finding his friend once more.

Major Bittinger introduced the men and many were the tales of his friendship with Lincoln they told on returning to St. Louis.

"Hearing Douglas speak that day we thought it was all up with Lincoln," Major Bittinger declares. "Then we heard Lincoln talk and we knew our fears had been groundless."

That Lincoln was stubborn as a mule when he considered himself in the right, few of his biographers deny. This same spirit is what won him his way in life.

Major Bittinger aptly illustrates this trait of Lincoln's character by telling a story Lincoln had often related to him.

"Lincoln was a lawyer practicing in the Illinois circuits at the time. He and a judge once joked each other about horse trades. The upshot of the matter was that the two agreed to meet at a designated hour the next day to make a trade. The horses up to the hour of the trade were to be unseen. There was to be no withdrawing from the agreement under forfeiture of $25. A few friends had heard the bet made, and passed the word around. As a result, quite a crowd was on hand to witness the exchange.

"The judge came up first, leading about the worst looking animal he had been able to find. Where he had 'discovered' it no one ever knew. He had not been at the appointed place but a few minutes when Lincoln came up, carrying a wooden saw-horse on his shoulders.

"The crowd which had gathered was hilarious at the sight. This was greatly augmented when Lincoln sat down on his saw-horse, critically surveyed the judge's imitation, and exclaimed:

"'Well, judge, I must say, this is the first time in my life I ever got the worst of a horse trade.'"

ANOTHER VIEW OF FORT SUMTER IN RUINS
After the bombardment during the Civil War

* * *

A great man, tender of heart, strong of nerve, of boundless patience and broadest sympathy, with no motive apart from his country, he could receive counsel from a child and give counsel to a sage. The simple approached him with ease, and the learned approached him with deference. Take him for all in all, Abraham Lincoln was one of the noblest, wisest and best men I ever knew.—*Fred Douglass.*

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN

(Written in May, 1865)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Now must the storied Potomac
  Laurels forever divide;
Now to the Sangamon fameless
  Give of its century's pride;
Sangamon, stream of the prairies,
  Placidly westward that flows,
Far in whose city of silence
  Calm he has sought his repose.
Over our Washington's river
  Sunrise beams rosy and fair;
Sunset on Sangamon fairer—
  Father and martyr lies there.

Kings under pyramids slumber,
  Sealed in the Libyan sands;
Princes in gorgeous cathedrals,
  Decked with the spoil of the lands;
Kinglier, princelier sleeps he,
  Couched 'mid the prairies serene,
Only the turf and the willow
  Him and God's heaven between;
Temple nor column to cumber
  Verdure and bloom of the sod—
So in the vale by Beth-peor
  Moses was buried of God.

Break into blossom, O prairies,
  Snowy and golden and red!
Peers of the Palestine lilies
  Heap for your glorious dead!
Roses as fair as of Sharon,
  Branches as stately as palm,
Odors as rich as the spices—
  Cassia and aloes and balm—
Mary the loved and Salome,
  All with a gracious accord,
Ere the first glow of the morning
  Brought to the tomb of the Lord!

Wind of the west! breathe around him
  Soft as the saddened air's sigh,
When to the summit of Pisgah
  Moses had journeyed to die;
Clear as its anthem that floated
  Wide o'er the Moabite plain,
Low with the wail of the people
  Blending its burdened refrain;
Rarer, O wind! and diviner—
  Sweet as the breeze that went by,
When, over Olivet's mountain,
  Jesus was lost in the sky.

Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
  Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
Here in his grave is thy grandeur;
  Born of his sorrow thy joy.
Only the tomb by Mount Zion,
  Hewn for the Lord, do we hold
Dearer than his in thy prairies
  Girdled with harvests of gold!
Still for the world through the ages
  Wreathing with glory his brow,
He shall be Liberty's Saviour;
  Freedom's Jerusalem thou!

* * *

AS SEEN BY SOLDIER BOYS

By W. H. BECK

As to Lincoln, personally, I know but little. I was a soldier boy in the war, and was at a White House reception in 1864. However, this occasion is too dim a memory for me to describe. I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first time in the spring of 1863, when he reviewed Humphrey's Third Division of the Fifth Corps of Hooker's Army, of which my regiment, the One Hundred and Thirty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, was a part, near Fredericksburg, Virginia. He wore on this occasion a Prince Albert coat and high hat, and rode along the files of soldiers on horseback. His worn, tired look and his whole attitude impressed me painfully—it was as if he took no interest nor delight in the review, but was simply going through his part in a perfunctory way. When next I looked on Lincoln's face he had found peace; his body was in the Capitol at Harrisburg, on its way to Springfield, Illinois. I was then in the United States quartermaster's department at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and went, with many thousands, to pay the last respects to the martyred president.

* * *

The true representative of this continent, an entirely public man, father of his country, the pulse of twenty million throbbing in his heart, the thought of their mind articulated by his tongue.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

* * *

Of all the men I ever met he seems to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other.—*W. T. Sherman.*

Public Library

FROM AN OLD FRIEND

By DANIEL W. AYERS

HOW well I remember when Lincoln lived at Petersburg, Illinois, carrying the chain for a surveyor's party and working for seventy-five cents a day. The surveyor's wife told me that she often saw him studying at night, seated on the cellar door, reading Blackstone often until midnight by the light of the moon.

A WAR-TIME SCENE ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION — UNDER GUARD OF FEDERAL TROOPS AND "MAMMY"

Lincoln always took note of the light and dark moons, as is shown by an incident which occurred during his early practice of law. A murder was committed in the neighborhood of the village, and the son of the surveyor's wife was arrested on suspicion from the testimony of an "eye witness." In the meantime Lincoln had swung out his shingle as a lawyer, at Springfield, and on this occasion nobly did he prove that the kindness of the surveyor was not forgotten by the student who read Blackstone by the moonlight.

He went to the jail and questioned the young prisoner, who asserted his innocence, and Lincoln took up the case.

At the trial the witness swore that he saw the murder committed.

"Might you not be mistaken?" asked Lincoln. "A dim light is deceptive, and it was a dark night."

The witness hastened to reiterate that it was bright moonlight, whereupon Lincoln promptly pulled from among his books an almanac, and said calmly:

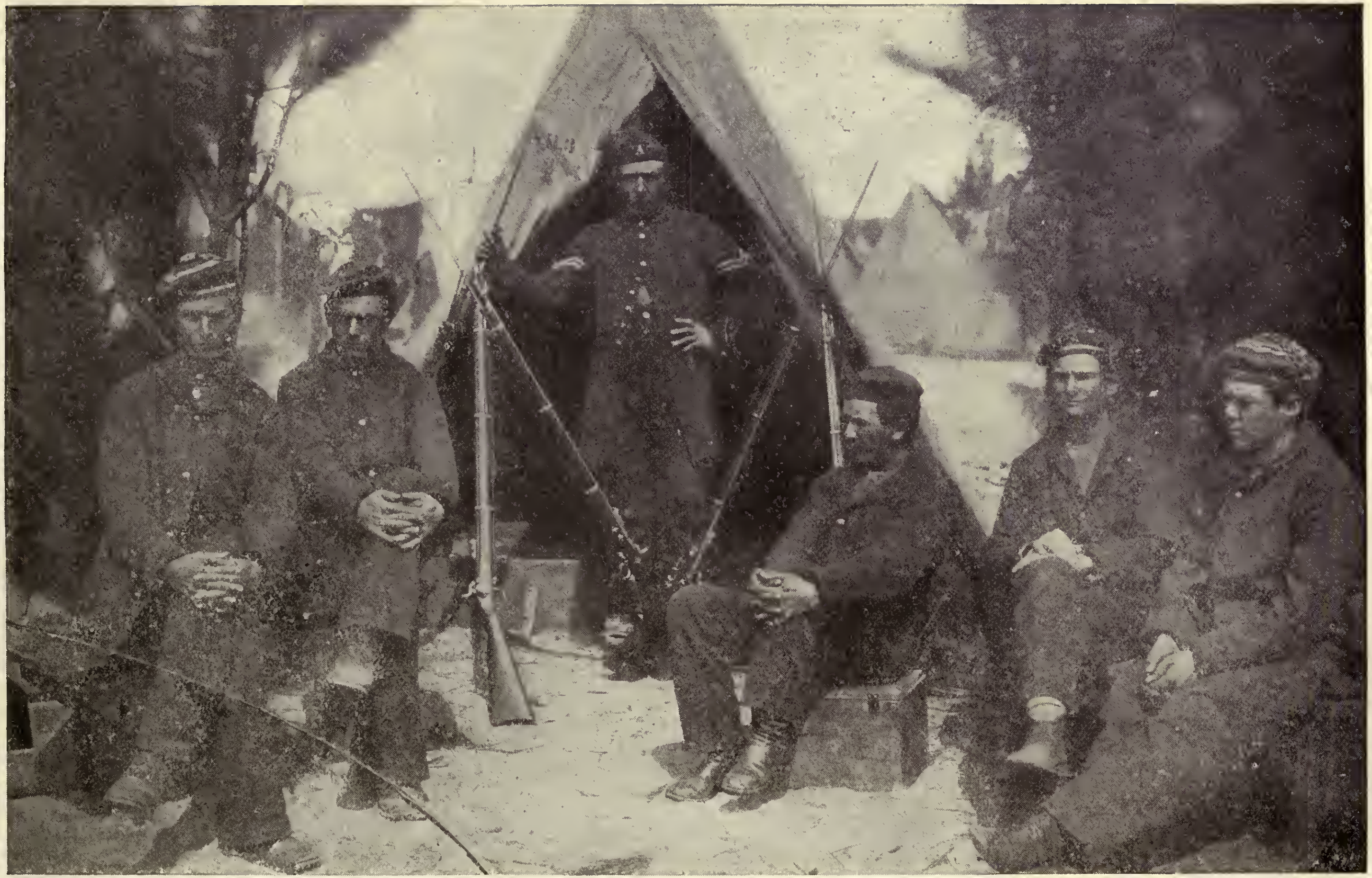
"It is not necessary for me to make a plea, for no jury can place any reliance on a witness who will swear that it was a moonlight night when the almanac proves that it was the dark of the moon."

A verdict of acquittal was rendered.

During the campaign of 1860 I remember seeing Lincoln in Springfield, walking up the street toward the State House. As he swung open the iron gate and passed through, I went up to him and shook his long bony hand. Two strangers were standing near the gate, and as we walked along one of them said, with a sneer, so that Lincoln could hear it: "Could you conceive of such a man as president of the United States?"

Mr. Lincoln went straight on, looking

One of the oldest friends of Lincoln whom I have met is Daniel W. Ayers of Philadelphia, aged ninety-four years. He was in early manhood a friend of "Abe" Lincoln, has voted for every president since 1836, and was personally acquainted with many of them; but of Lincoln in particular he is never tired of talking.—*Editor.*



A TYPICAL WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH

Showing headquarters of a New Hampshire regiment after one of the tragic battles of the Wilderness neither to the right nor left. He was often sneered at on account of his appearance, and even to his friends he did not look quite right for a president of a great nation. In those days the full measure of his great character was not appreciated, and the shambling, gaunt figure returning to the little home on the corner of Eighth Street was looked upon only as Lincoln. Many of the members of the "wide-awake clubs" in the campaign did not believe that he would be elected, but they reckoned not in the heart-love of the people. He was loved as no public man has been in the history of the nation.

* * *

AT A LINCOLN RECEPTION

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

IN one of the darkest periods of the war I was in Washington with my brother, the late John C. Proctor of Illinois, and a party of friends from New York. We had arranged to call upon the President during his reception evening, but that day the city rang with the news of a serious disaster to the Union army; the streets were filled with people talking in excited groups, and all was gloom and foreboding. It seemed doubtful if it was best to make the call, but remembering that Mr. Lincoln, in spite of storm and stress, sought always to meet the social requirements of his high office, we kept our appointment and found him ready to receive visitors.

He was in the Red room, and his towering, slightly stooping form as he leaned against the grand piano that faced the door appeared of heroic mold. Speaking with us pleasantly, he made no allusion to the disastrous news, but it was soon evident that, while he stood there with courteous greetings, he was almost oblivious of his surroundings, and that heart and soul were lost in contemplation of the country's peril. It was my first view of him, and I have never forgotten the infinite dignity of his presence that evening and the melancholy, far-off look in his eyes—a dignity and elevation quite beyond and above what any mere manly beauty could give. As I watched him I thought no words could better describe him than these: "A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

There was little conversation, but one of the party remarked, "I hope, Mr. President, you are able to sleep, notwithstanding your heavy burdens."

At that moment General ———, "just from the front," was ushered into the room —a short, stout man in uniform, with a blustering, pompous manner as if he thought the whole army was centered in himself. He heard the remark, and immediately added in a bold, confident tone, "I presume, Mr. President, you sleep as much as the private soldiers on the Rappahannock."

Mr. Lincoln looked down upon him with a loftiness which was almost scorn, and said slowly and distinctly, and with indescribable pathos:

A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Showing his little son Tad

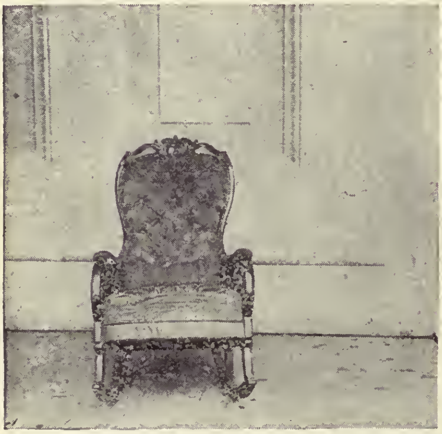
"*For that matter, Sir, I would gladly change places with the poorest soldier in the ranks!*" and turned away with the far-off look in his eyes.

There was silence in the room. Everyone was impressed with the beautiful solemnity of the moment. Even the pompous General felt it, for without a word he retreated and was seen no more.

We soon made our own adieus, but the glimpse we had had of the great President was so sad and tender that the brief interview has remained a treasured memory.

LINCOLN'S PROPOSAL

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S offer of marriage was a very curious one, and, singularly, has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been, and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Mr. Jesse Welk of Greencastle to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably, to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follows:—



THE CHAIR IN WHICH LINCOLN SAT WHEN ASSASSINATED AT FORD'S THEATER

You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew that you were not, I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information, but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time more than anything else to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance should depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it.

Your friend, Lincoln.

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love, and a proposal of marriage that does not propose.

* * *

I have always had the greatest admiration for the amiable, simple and honest traits of Mr. Lincoln's life. I believe that, under the providence of God, he was, next to Washington, the greatest instrument for the preservation of the Union and the integrity of the country; and this was brought about chiefly through his strict and faithful adherence to the Constitution of his country.—*Peter Cooper.*

* * *

No admirer who speaks in his praise must pause to conceal a stain upon his good name. No true man falters in his affection at the remembrance of any mean action or littleness in the life of Lincoln. The purity of his reputation ennobles every incident of his career and gives significance to all the events of his past.—*W. D. Howells.*

A BATTLEFIELD CANE

By W. C. PREDIGO

FROM the War Department comes notice of an interesting relic formerly the property of President Lincoln. Upon the occasion of his memorable visit to Gettysburg the President cut with his own hands a cane, which he afterward presented to his war secretary, Edwin M. Stanton, by whom it was naturally highly prized.

This cane is now in the possession of Mr. Jahncke, president of the Jahncke Navigation Company of New Orleans, who married a granddaughter of Secretary Stanton. It has a gold top with an engraved inscription, which was probably placed on the treasured souvenir by Secretary Stanton, by whose family it has been carefully preserved. As might be expected of anything selected by Lincoln, it is strong and solid, somewhat of "a big stick" in appearance, and promises to survive many more generations of owners.

* * *

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.—*Address of President Lincoln at Gettysburg, Nov.* 19, 1863.

* * *

TOM TAYLOR'S TRIBUTE

TOM TAYLOR of the *London Punch* wrote the following lines after the death of Lincoln, following close upon the bitter cartoons of the martyred President which he had published:—

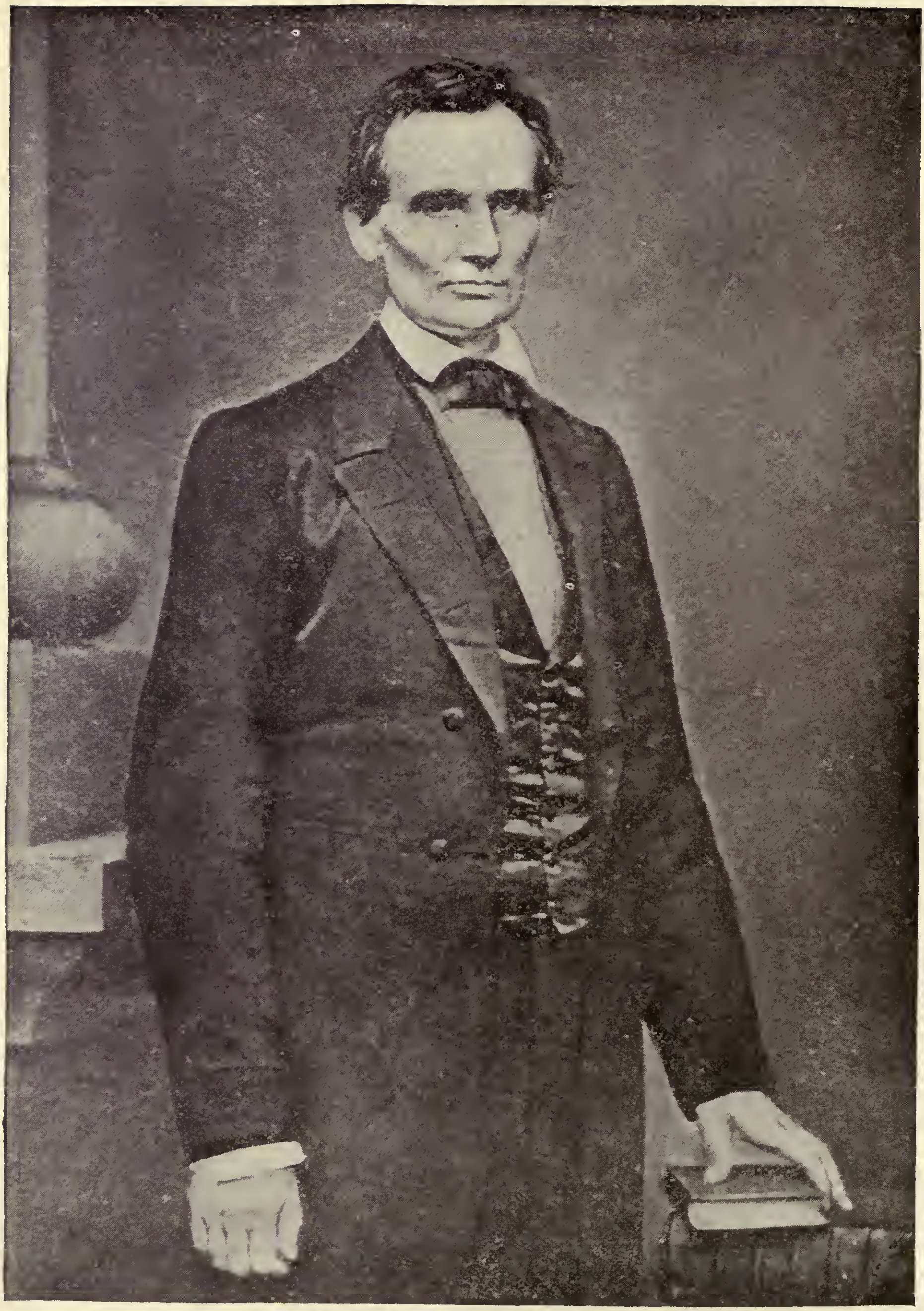
THE BOX WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN OCCUPIED AT THE TIME OF HIS ASSASSINATION

"Beside this corpse, which bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew;
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

"Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true born king of men."

* * *

He represented the goodness of greatness and the greatness of goodness.—*Phillips Brooks.*



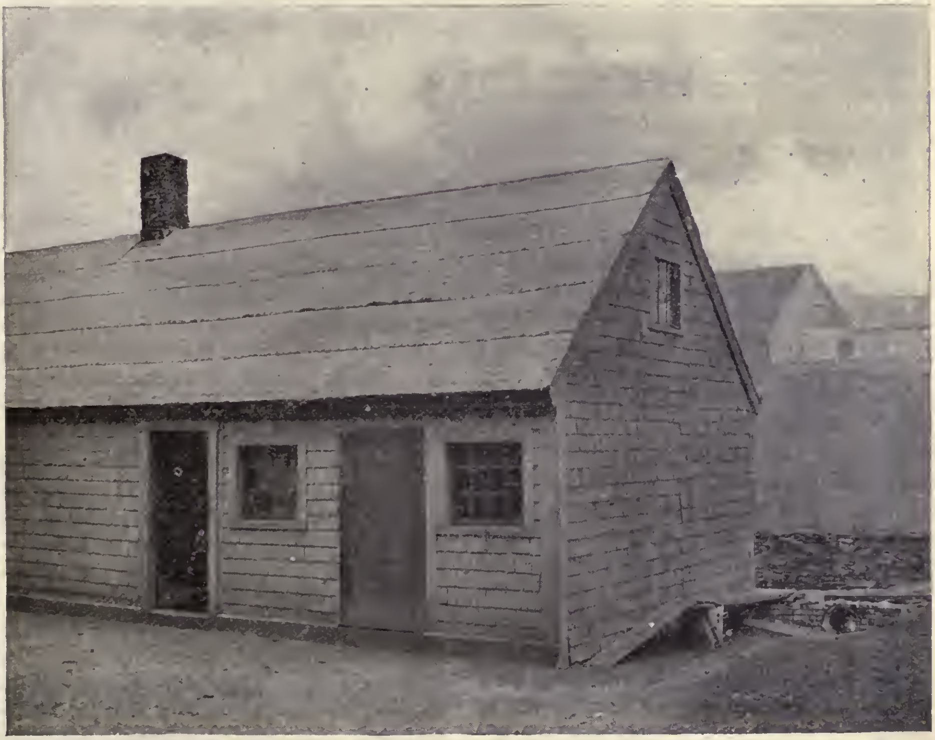
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a photograph made by Brady in New York City in the forenoon of the 27th of February, 1860. Lincoln made his great Cooper Institute speech in the evening, and the picture is named after that building. It has been stated that Lincoln often said that this portrait and the speech had much to do in making him President, but no confirmation of this has been found. It is the first standing portrait ever made of Lincoln, and was used for campaign purpose in 1860. It is not known that either the original negative or a copy from it is in existence, though there are several enlarged copies owned by Lincoln collectors. After the election of 1860, the picture passed completely out of sight, its first appearance after that time being in Colonel McClure's' "Lincoln and Men of War Times," in 1886. Though one of the most valuable representations of "The First American," and in some respects the best, it has never been ranked by those who have been concerned with Lincoln portraits as one of the dozen chosen great portraits.

TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln leaves for America's history and biography, so far, not only its most dramatic reminiscence—he leaves, in my opinion, the greatest, best, most characteristic, artistic and moral personality. * * * Honesty, goodness, shrewdness, conscience, and (a new virtue, unknown to other lands, and hardly yet really known here, but the foundation and the tie of all as the future will grandly develop) UNIONISM in its truest and amplest sense, formed the hard-pan of his character. These he sealed with his life. The tragic splendor of his death, purging, illuminating all, throws round his form, his head, an aureole that will remain and will grow brighter through time, while history lives, and love of country lasts.—*Walt Whitman.*

As a child, in a dark night, on a rugged way, catches hold of the hand of its father for guidance and support, Lincoln clung fast to the hand of the people, and moved calmly through the gloom.—*George Bancroft.*



THE LINCOLN HOUSE IN TAUNTON

The Taunton Lincoln family tradition concerning Lincoln's grandfather, Abraham, runs like this: Just before the breaking out of the War of the Revolution, young Abraham had a warm discussion with a royalist neighbor in regard to the political duties of a true son of New England, favoring warmly the idea of independence. Words became hotter as the talk continued, and finally young Abe struck his antagonist. This little affair soon reached the ears of his father, and he, disapproving of such conduct, at once proceeded to give his hot-headed heir an "old-fashioned dressing down." When breakfast was ready the next morning, there was no son to hear the accustomed grace or eat the Johnny-cake. Not until many years after did word come to Taunton that the absent sire of an eventual President had been in Pennsylvania, and gone to Virginia. Somewhere about 1880, it became known that he was eventually killed by an Indian in Kentucky, leaving three sons, one of whom is believed to have been the father of the now universally loved Abraham Lincoln. Near relatives of the Taunton Abraham have lived in Pennsylvania for many years, others in Indiana and Illinois, some of whom served in the Civil War. It is interesting to know that the Lincoln Historical Genealogical Associaton is one of if not the most active bodies of that kind in the United States, and in their hands the true history of their greatest ancestor is sure to recieve its fullest care.

I doubt whether man, woman or child, white or black, bond or free, virtuous or vicious, ever accosted, or reached forth a hand to Abraham Lincoln and detected in his countenance or manner, any repugnance or shrinking from the proffered contact, any assumption of superiority or betrayal of disdain.—*Horace Greeley.*

Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which in their time passed in party heat, as idle words. In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds, that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Abraham Lincoln was the genius of common sense. In his daily life he was representative of the American people, and probably the best leader we could have had in the crisis of our National Life. He was a great leader, because to his common sense was added the gift of imagination.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

Whatever is remembered or whatever lost, we ought never to forget that Abraham Lincoln, one of the mightiest masters of statecraft that history has ever known, was also one of the most devoted and faithful servants of Almighty God who has ever sat in the high places of the world.—*James G. Blaine.*

Lincoln believed in the uplifting influences of free government and that by giving all a chance we could get higher average results for the people than when governments are exclusive and opportunities are limited to the few.—*William McKinley.*

The weary form, that rested not,
Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-worn face that none forgot,
Turned to the kneeling slave.

We rest in peace, where his sad eyes
Saw perils, strife and pain;
His was the awful sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.
—*John G. Whittier.*

Lincoln—the statesman, the emancipator, the martyr, whose services to his country will be remembered with those of Washington.—*Cyrus W. Field.*

The most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen.—*Edwin M. Stanton.*

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others, for the great struggle through which this nation had to pass to place itself among the family of nations. His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood.—*U. S. Grant.*

He was a patriot and a wise man. The fundamental ideas of the American republican system controlled his mind and dictated his action. His wisdom carried the United States safely through the war of secession and abolished slavery. His death was a calamity for the country, but it left his fame without a fault or criticism. — *Charles A. Dana.*

Abraham Lincoln's greatness and worth lay in his simple manhood. So that the excuse we offer for the faults and failings of some great men—"They are only human"—was the very crown of his excellence. He was a whole man, human to the core of his heart.—*Robert Collyer.*

He was one whom responsibility educated, and he showed himself more and more nearly equal to duty as year after year laid on him ever fresh burden. God-given and God-led and sustained, we must ever believe him.—*Wendell Phillips.*

President Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" has always seemed to me the high-water mark of American oratory. It proves what so many have not discovered, that the highest eloquence is simple.—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him saint.
—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

At the feet of Almighty,
Lay this gift sincere;
Of a purpose weighty, and a record clear.
—*Julia Ward Howe.*

The life of President Lincoln was written in imperishable characters in the history of the great American Republic.—*John Bright of England.*

A man of destiny, with character made and moulded by divine power to save a Nation from perdition.—*William H. Seward.*

A ONE-DAY'S HUNT OF IVORY BY MR. HYDE BAKER OF TAVETA

ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING GROUNDS

By PETER MacQUEEN

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Special Correspondent of the *National Magazine* in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, in Manila and the Philippines in Aguinaldo's Insurrection and in South Africa during the Boer War.

III. IN THE BIG GAME COUNTRY

THE rigid preservation of so large a game reserve has largely increased the number and decreased the timidity of the reed-bucks, zebras, giraffes, ostriches, antelopes and larger animals, who feed almost as fearlessly as tame cattle, close up to the tracks. Naturally the lions, leopards, hyenas and jackals who prey upon them gather in the same district and grow bold also. Game is frequentley killed by the locomotives, and the station masters, section hands and switchmen take chances of sudden death from accidents unusual in normal railroad employment.

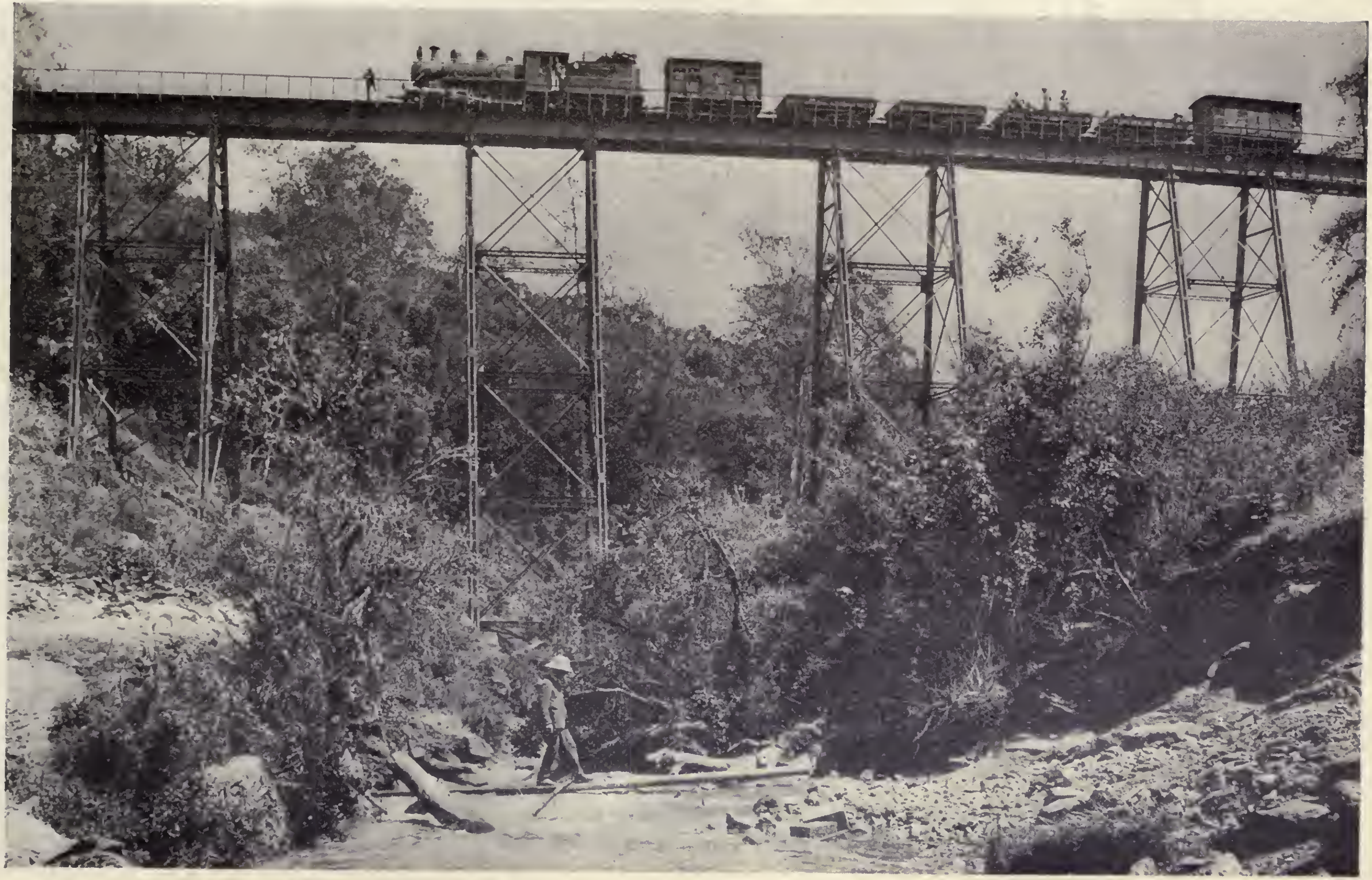
When one turns up the virgin soil in a country like Africa, he disturbs more angry and pugnacious insects and reptiles than he ever imagined could be found in his district. Ants that can grip the flesh like tiny forceps, bees and hornets like those that drove out the Anakim before Moses, and serpents of all kinds, colors and degrees of venomous power are stirred into "pernicious activity" at the first turn of the spade. The immediate loss of life from serpent bites is slight, but the innate horror with which such a death impresses the mind of man makes the effect of such accidents very disturbing. Much more frequent have been the ravages of lions, leopards and hyenas. At Voi a gentleman named O'Hara killed a lion and brought in his skin as a trophy, but the lioness trailed him from the despoiled body of her mate to Voi, where he lived in a tent. When all were asleep, the hunter reposing between his wife and child, the great lioness crept up through the darkness, unobserved, to O'Hara's tent, seized him as he lay asleep, and, without harming Mrs. O'Hara or the baby, carried him in among his provision boxes, where his mangled body was afterward found.

At Simba Station we naturally hear more about lions, for Simba means "lion" in this section, and the lions of Simba keep up the record for enterprise and daring. It is only a few years since two English hunters, Messrs. Dean and McLeod, were hunting near the station and came across a lion and his mate. Disregarding the latter, they followed the lion and slew him, but on their homeward path the lioness lay in wait to avenge if she could not save. The victorious sportsmen were unaware of her presence until, with one resistless leap, she launched herself upon McLeod and tore him to shreds. Within a year a Hindu flagman went out to set his signals, when he fortunately discovered a lion, and saved himself by hastily climbing a telegraph pole. The lion, growling his dissatisfaction, crouched at the foot of the pole, while the flagman communicated existing conditions to the station master. He, in turn, wired a station fifty miles down the line, "Please let no passengers come on platform at Simba; yard is full of lions." On the arrival of the train, the lion retreated and the flagman was able to descend.

At another station, said to be Makindu, a native boy was surprised by a lion, who chased the young negro as a cat does a mouse, while the hunted fugitive, like the mouse, sought for some perch to climb, or hole into which the big cat could not follow him. Just as the lion was close at his heels, the boy came upon an empty iron water reservoir with a comparatively small aperture, into which he bolted, just in time to hear the lion's last leap thump against his iron fortress. Then, growling angrily at his discomfiture, the monster man-eater reached in one of his terrible paws, intending to pick the boy out of his iron shell as one extracts the meat from a nut. The boy drew himself up in the furthest corner as the distended claws scraped fiercely on the iron plate, and the beast, frantic with rage and hunger, turned sidewise to give his enormous forearm its greatest reach, Those iron talons came nearer and nearer, until only an inch and a half—an inch—yes, a hair's breadth of sounding iron was left between them and the boy's bare knees. One more savage thrust, and the distended claw touched and ripped the quivering skin, but took no hold. The blood oozed from the tiny cuts, and its smell roused the lion to greater frenzy. Again and again those lethal claws rang and tore on the reverberant iron; again and again the angry jaws and terrible eyes filled the narrow mouth of the reservoir; but all in vain. Then the boy retaliated with the only weapon at hand —a box of matches. One of these he lit when the great claw again sought for his life, and, watching his opportunity, dropped it on the shaggy paw. There was a flash of burning hair, a savage growl from the puzzled lion, and a sudden withdrawal of the slightly-burned forefoot, which was immediately followed by another attempt with the other paw. Another blazing match discouraged investigation for a moment or two, but the lion was hungry and the boy resolute, and so the contest went on until morning came, and the foiled man-eater went back to the jungle sore and supperless.

A more remarkable story is related as sober fact, but which impresses an American as being not unworthy of the "nature fakirs" who have been of late impaled on the critical pen of our truth-loving President. It is told succinctly by Sir Charles Elliott, one of His Majesty's commissioners of the Protectorate, who heard it "from the lips of an excellent man who appeared to believe it himself and resented incredulity in others." Told briefly: this gentleman was marching up from the coast with a caravan of laden donkeys, which on one day made remarkable speed with the exception of the hindmost, who lagged behind in spite of every inducement to keep up with his companions. On arriving in camp, the men were horrified to find that the supposed donkey was a great lion, which during the previous night had killed and eaten a donkey, ears, hoofs and all, and was so gorged and torpid that he could scarcely move. In the uncertain light of the dawning he had been saddled and laden with the burden carried by his victim, and been driven along behind the donkeys, who were so alarmed that they kept ahead of their natural enemy the whole day.

But enough of lions, for the time at least; although these are an ever-present factor for consideration, whether one wishes to provide for safe travel or to meet in all his ferocity and strength the man-eater of Central Africa. It is doubtless true that, as the game is wholly preserved south of the railroad line and the lions are promptly hunted



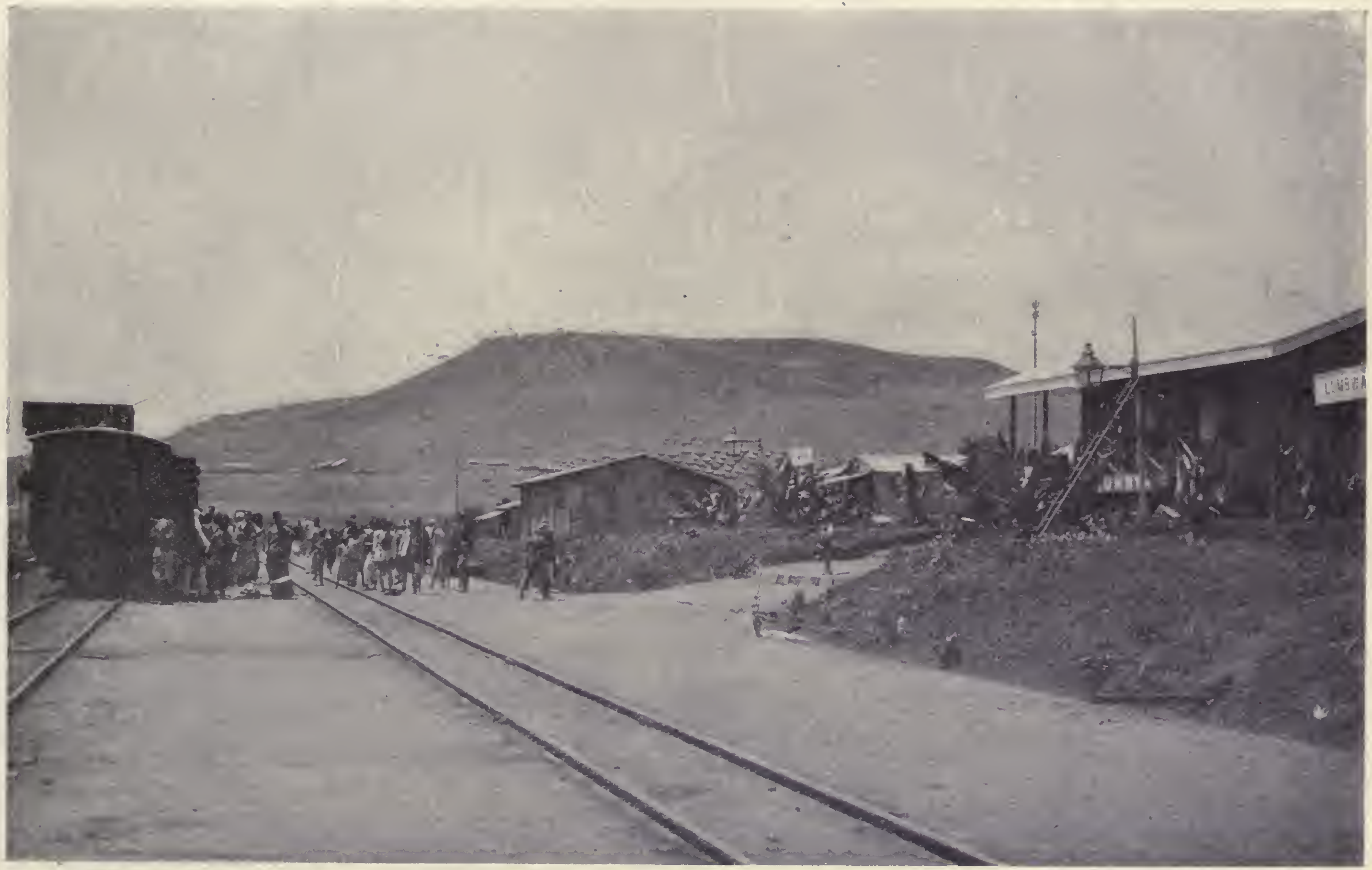
A BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE ON AN AMERICAN BUILT VIADUCT ON THE MAU ESCARPMENT down by local and visiting sportsmen, they have begun to recognize the difference between a white hunter armed with modern breechloaders and the native archer or spearman whom they formerly despised. Nevertheless, lions are found in great numbers back in the scrub and forests, where there are thousands of haunts which no white man's foot has ever trod; and there they are still lords of the jungle and devourers of men until some modern Nimrod learns of their ravages and hunts them down in their native fastnesses.

Such a hunter is da Silva of Nakuru Station, who holds the highest record as a lion-slayer, being credited with seventeen lions killed in one day. Herr Bast of Moschi on the German frontier has a record of five lions in one day and many score in a long experience of African adventure, which, speaking generally, is not a record of many years as we understand it in northern climes, for an African record is made—and closed—too quickly in most cases when men devote the greater portion of their lives to jungle travel and exploration.

At Nairobi, where a modern city offers many comforts and luxuries, Europeans seem to escape most of the fatal diseases which so often decimate and frequently almost destroy an African population. It is, indeed, claimed that the present location is difficult of drainage, but the only dangerous epidemic yet experienced was a brief visit of the bubonic plague in 1902, doubtless introduced by some of the Indian coolies employed on the railway, although a form of the disease was said to exist among the tribes to the west of the Victoria Nyanza and in the German Protectorate. No Europeans were attacked, and of sixty-three cases forty-four recovered, only nineteen proving fatal. Many huts and crowded barracks were destroyed and heroic treatment generally resorted to, until the plague was stamped out. Smallpox, leprosy and other tropical diseases are carefully guarded against. The terrible "sleeping sickness" has never as yet made its appearance east of the guardian mountain range of which Mount Kenya on the north and Kilimanjaro to the south are the splendid sentinels.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA, AT MOMBASA

From Nairobi good roads on either flank of the railway lead out to European plantations and cattle pastures, the principal one to Fort Hall, the frontier outpost of civilization on the Mbiri River opposite Mount Kenia or Kenya, which is more of a range than a peak and seems to shut out all view of the northern lands beyond it. It is crested with a glacier of moderate expanse in mid-



LUMBWA STATION, NEARLY 8,000 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA. NEAR HERE ARE THE BEST OF THE BRITISH FARMS

GAME IN THE NAIVASHA COUNTRY, NORTH OF NAIROBI

summer, from which a single sharp, straight, snow-covered peak, almost reminding one of a flagstaff, rises heavenward. A great belt of bamboo forest lies between the glaciers and the cultivated foothills. Telegraph and telephonic communication with Fort Hall and the intervening settlements is a necessary measure of protection as well as convenience, and of course the English and German "planters" and their ladies look upon visits to Nairobi as the great events of the year. The omnipresent Hindu Merchant is prominent in local and general trade, and ice, fresh sea-fish, sea-coast and foreign fruits and vegetables take only twenty-four hours of refrigerator-car transportation.

There are no tsetse flies at Nairobi, and horses pass safely through the dreaded tsetse belt near the coast by train. Horse-keeping and horse-breeding are quite general, and the races, polo matches, etc., dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart, are enthusiastically attended.

The provision for education has been largely confined to European children, and the missionaries have borne the burden of this important factor of civilization. Without wishing to harshly criticise any of the many gentlemen who so hospitably received me in the various stations of the Protectorate, I cannot but express the wish that, outside of any question of religious belief or unbelief, the civil and military officials of the Protectorate would more generously recognize the sterling benefits of missionary teachings and labors in their infant empire.

In coming to Nairobi, a good deal of the journey is made by night, which at the Equator is nearly as long as the day, leaving about an hour to be devoted to the very brief transitions which we under northern skies call "dawn" and "twilight." Here, as the day draws to a close, the sun sinks low in the west, and for a few moments the edge of its disappearing disk throws a brazen, lurid glow over sky and hill, and then, as if by magic, all is darkness. In the same strange way, as one tries to take a series of "cat-naps" in the dimly-lighted cars, a glance at the watch showing that sunrise is due is followed within half an hour by full sunlight.

The narrow belt of country between the coastline and the desert is not largely occupied by native tribesmen, and of course the

HARBOR OF MOMBASA, WHERE THE PRESIDENT WILL BEGIN HIS JOURNEY INTO EAST AFRICA sterile belt beyond it has very few inhabitants compared with the country further inland. The whole country, however, is criss-crossed by the typical African "roads," little brown footpaths leading off through copse and jungle to some palisaded or thorn-encircled enclosure wherein the native huts and their inmates are safe from the prowling man-eater and robber. Up to Tsavo, the natives call themselves Wanyika, and from that point to Nairobi the sturdy and fearless yet peaceable Wakamba are "making good" as herdsmen and agriculturists.

HARRY EDGELL
[The famous zebra tamer and his wife and child at Nairobi

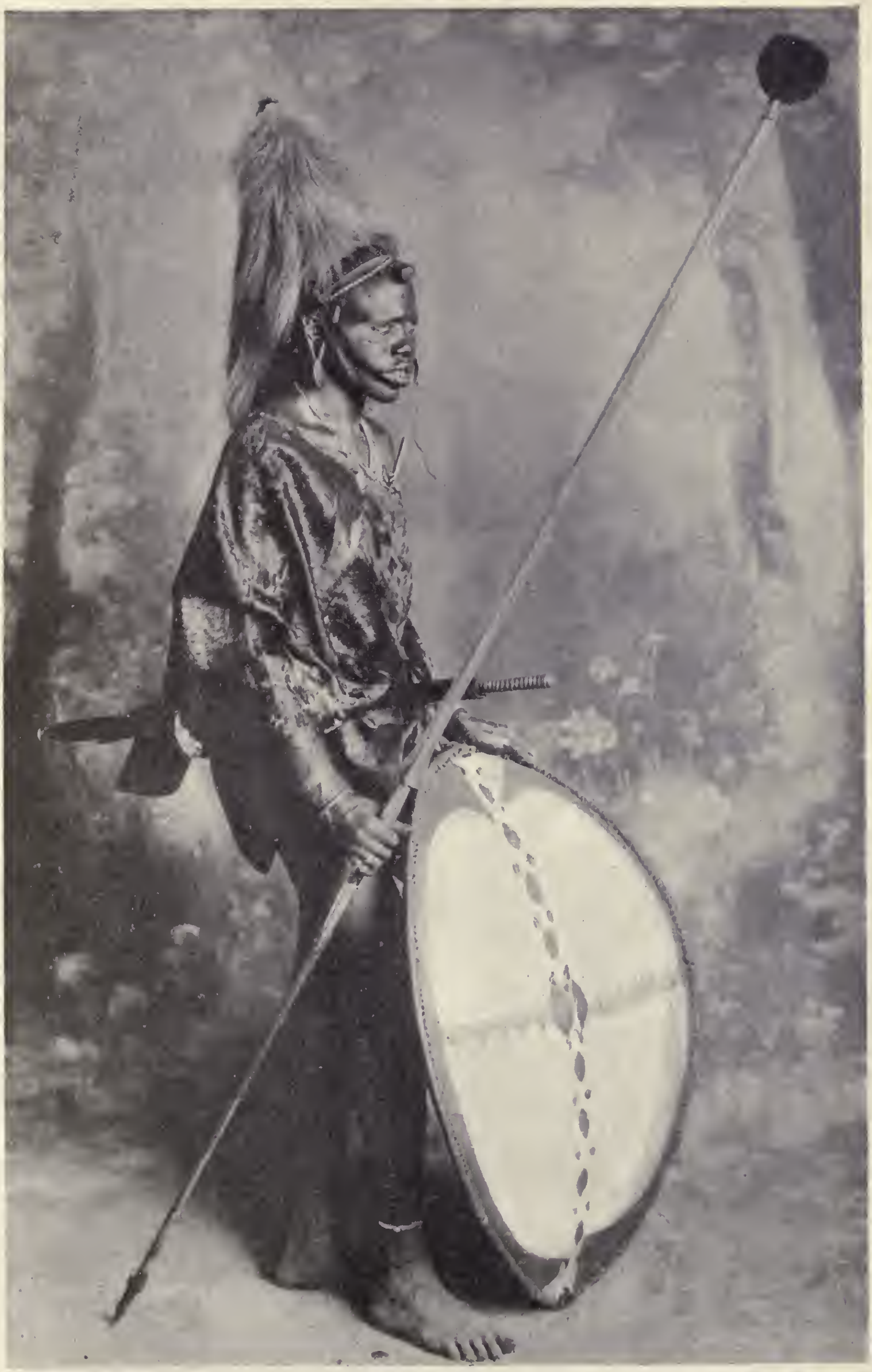
Colonel Sir James Kayes Sadler, governor of British East Africa; Lieutenant-Governor Jackson, who has the government reserved districts in special charge; Sir Alfred Pease, who has a tract of land near Machakos, about two hundred miles from Mombasa, and William N. McMillan, a St. Louis gentleman who has large holdings some twenty miles beyond Nairobi, are most courteous and hospitable to all who have the slightest claim upon their consideration; and these, with a host of military and civil officers, gentlemen planters, experienced hunters and fair ladies, are looking forward to the approaching visit of President Roosevelt with a deep interest and expectation which the American people can scarcely realize. Even I, humble American globe-trotter as I was, must have shone by reflected light as a kind of advance agent of his coming. I really believe that, had I chosen to stay at Nairobi, I could not have "worn out my welcome" until a greater than I succeeded me.

Did I not know Roosevelt? Had I not seen him in war and peace as the leading spirit of his "Rough Riders" at Santiago de Cuba, and again as President at Washington? Had I not met a host of his friends in every walk of life,—gentle and simple, native and foreign—and heard from their own lips their judgment of and tribute to Roosevelt, the man?

It was well for me that I did not try to come up to the measure or sound the depths of Nairobi hospitality and good-will, and kept ever in view the work which must be done and the necessity for temperate living and plenty of rest while in Africa; but the kindness and hospitality of Nairobi will never be forgotten while life remains.

Beyond Nairobi, the tri-weekly trains go on to Uganda, and three trips, or even one per week are not now considered sufficient to carry on the business and travel of the ordinary season. Nairobi is however more like a terminus than a way station—a kind of "solar plexus" of the ganglia of nerves, industrial, social, financial and political, that radiate through the tribes and satrapies of the protectorate. In a country whose natives consider a walk of fifty to one hundred miles a rather moderate promenade for small remuneration, the railroad is not usually a necessity, but rather a luxury to be indulged in rarely and with such lavish expenditure as makes the extravagance an event to men from scores of the native tribelets, who come hundreds of miles on foot to Nairobi, and offer the traveler innumerable opportunities to pursue that "proper study of mankind" which, as Pope declares, "is man."

Between Nairobi and Mount Kenya to the north, the native population is scanty in certain sections, owing partially to the ravages of the Masai prior to 1885 and later to famine during the great drought of 1897, when many died and whole villages were



MASAI WARRIOR

The Masai are the Spartans of East Africa. It is said that it is a common occurrence for one Masai to kill a lion with a spear obliged to seek food in the mountain ranges and valleys.

So great is the variety of savage and half-savage life here gathered that one is tempted to depict the irregulars, police and wayfarers as seen at this political and social center of the Protectorate, but this must be done elsewhere.

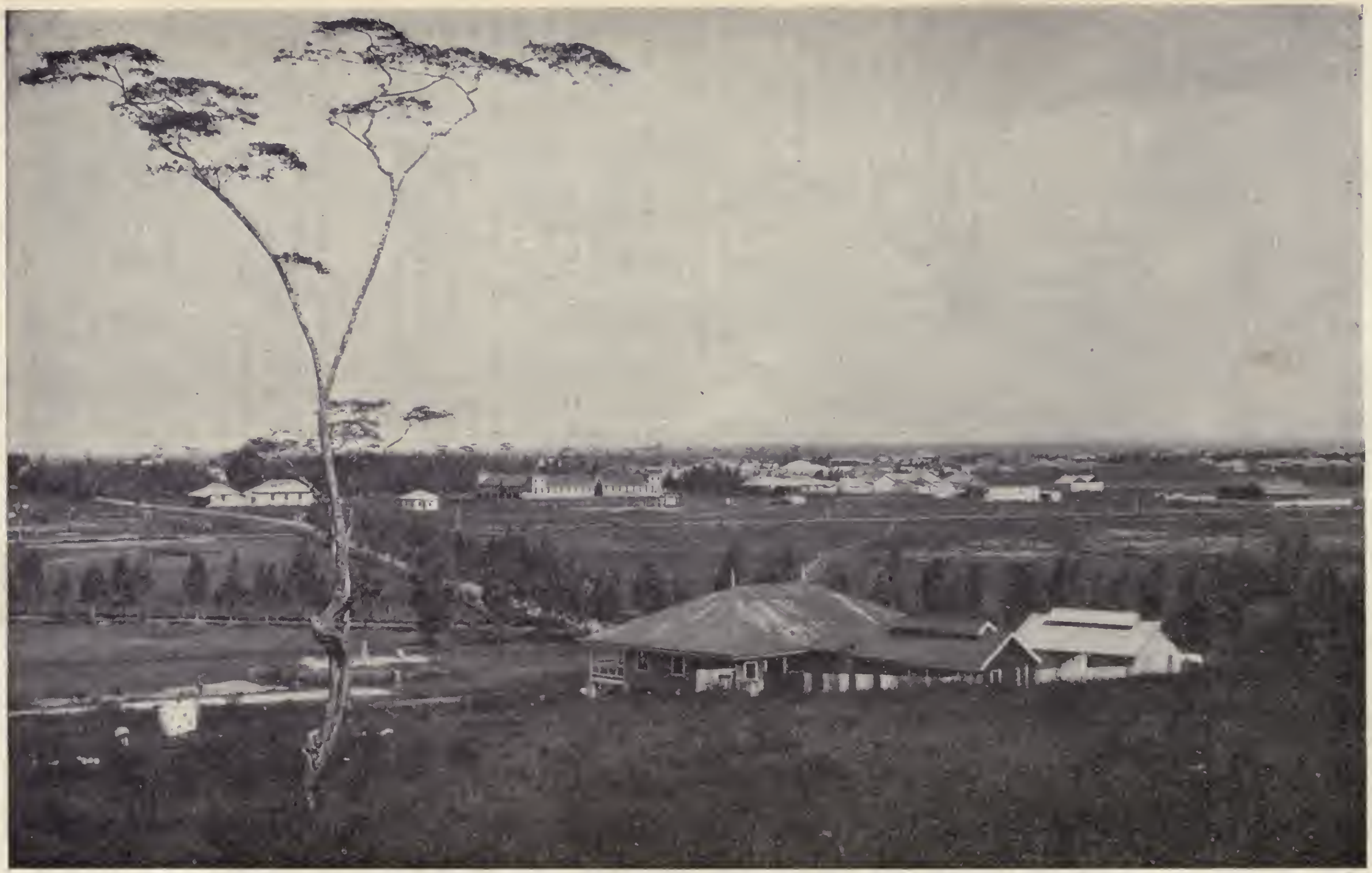
So one delays his departure from Nairobi as I did for four short, busy weeks full of pleasant and curious experiences. As, at last, the track is reported clear of washouts or wrecked trains, we trundle out of Nairobi slowly and make our way up gradients so steep that here and there a native, decked for a holiday, his half-naked breast and limbs freshly massaged with red ochre and ground-nut oil, issues from some forest path, and if a little late runs briskly after the train, jumps on board the third-class van, and quietly regales himself with a pinch of snuff, or possibly, being short of cash, hangs on to the rear end of the train until driven off by an irate brakeman.

WAKAMBA WOMAN CARRYING WATER

In the night the train stops with a slight shock, and the usual waking up of sleepy passengers and excitement of nervous ones ensues; but those of us who get out to investigate find that it is only one of the minor tragedies of African railroading A great mild-eyed giraffe, too curious and paralyzed by the blinding headlight, had taken no notice of the warning whistle, and steam was shut off too late to save him. The Wa Kikuyu, the people of Kikuyu, will gather to a feast at daylight, which will leave little for vulture or jackal.

For the first twenty-four miles out, we rise 2,000 feet in altitude, Limoru Station being 7,340 feet above sea-level. Many acres are cultivated by European planters. The average temperature here is about sixty-six degrees Fahrenheit in cool and seventy-three degrees in hot weather; the lowest mean, forty-five degrees, being reached in the early mornings of the cold season. Sometimes there are cold winds at night and chilling fogs at mid-day, which call for heavy clothing and great care after becoming overheated, for either sunstroke or chill are indeed serious matters under the Equator. The hot season is from December to April, and the cooler months from July to September. The heavy rains fall from March to June and the lighter in November and December; the yearly rainfall varies from thirty-six to forty inches, but the heavier rains often do much damage and seem to leave the country with little in the way of a reserve supply. "Underground rivers" are, therefore, not exclusively the idea of Rider Haggard in his African stories, for such subterranean water courses seem to be the only adequate reason for so complete a drainage as exists in some sections. It is hoped that underground basins in the lower sections may be tapped by artesian wells, and thus made to equalize the general water supply for agriculture.

From Limoru our road descends rapidly to a ledge whereon the escarpment station overlooks the great Rift Valley fifteen hundred feet below. By daylight this is an exciting ride, for while rounding curve after curve among the plantations of the Kikuyu and the swamps west of Limoru we suddenly swing around a more abrupt curve and sweep



NAIROBI, THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA down to the border of a vast and desolate valley traversed by a tiny thread of silver, the Kedong River, beyond which Mount Longanot towers with a spur partially closing the Rift. Here, formerly, passengers were "transferred" by a huge "lift" traversing an incline of wire ropes to the valley below, where a temporary line took them across the Kedong and along Mount Longanot. Many passengers would not trust to the "lifts" in descending, but it is said that none were so timid as not to make the ascent on foot.

Now we keep to the side of the Rift running almost northward under Kijabe Hill. The station earns its native title (The Wind), being a windy, bleak, dusty locality. Thence we go on to Lake Naivasha, a body of fresh water where the governmental experiment farm is maintained and considerable attention has been paid to the breeding and taming of zebras. Some little progress has been made in this work, although there have been many deaths in the herd from intestinal worms before a cure was found. It is believed that they are rather weak in the foreshoulders, as compared with horses, but this may be remedied by crossing; there is certainly no lack of subjects for practice. When young the zebra is easily tamed, and will follow its owner like a dog, even into his house and bed—rather too much of a good thing with a four-footed pet.

From Naivasha we ride up the Rift Valley, turning once to follow the line of the mountains and avoiding the salt lake Elmenteita, in a huge loop nearly due south, then north again, along the northern shore of Lake Nakuru, a round body of bitter salt water, and thence, with many curves, along the Mau escarpment, crossing in this section, in seventy-three miles, twenty-seven huge viaducts measuring altogether 11,845 feet—nearly two and one-fourth miles. The longest is 881 feet and the highest 111 feet above the bottom of the ravine crossed. They were constructed by an American firm, and promise to stand for ages.

Many Boer immigrants are locating at Nakuru, where I myself saw 500 newcomers from the Transvaal arriving in their new homeland. Those already settled in the Protectorate are fine shots and great hunters. It is said that they teach their fourteen-year-old boys to lie in front of the older men when a lion is charging and to hold their fire until he is within twenty yards and the word is given.

At Fort Ternan, 536 miles from Mombasa, seen far in the distance before the train reaches it, begins the last section of the road leading through a spongy but fertile country of large and populous villages. Here the Nandi tribesmen for a while interfered with the working of the road and telegraph, not by acts of war, but by appropriating the telegraph wire for female adornment and rail bolts and rivets to make spear, war-axe and arrow-heads. It was probably as ridiculously absurd in Nandi estimation for the English to leave such treasures out in the weather and darkness as it would seem to us if bracelets, diamond pins, pistols and knives were hung unguarded on poles or fences. They have learned better of late.

At Kisumu, or rather at Port Florence, the train ends its long and circuitous journey, 584 miles from Mombasa.

(*Continued in March number*)

THE writings of John Burroughs, "the high priest of nature," have a charm which never fails to attract the admiration and interest of thinking people. He says "what we love to do, that we do well," and no reader of his latest book, "Leaf and Tendril," can doubt his delight in its composition. How well he understands the message that he finds in vine and leaf, branch and tendril, soil and rock, as he walks through field and forest. Some naturalists, striving for the technical and anatomical in their analysis, overlook the eternal relationship of things, and are understood only by scientists who work along same lines as themselves. Mr. Burroughs, on the contrary, practises his own creed — "To know is not all; it is only half. To love is the other half. . . Love is the measure of life; only so far as we love do we really live. The variety of our interests, the width of our sympathies, the susceptibilities of our hearts—if these do not measure our lives, then what does?

JOHN BURROUGHS AND MASTER DOUGLASS JOHNSON

A glance through his wonderful book, "Leaf and Tendril," convinces the reader that Mr. Burroughs has taken his own panacea in large doses, and combines with his keen interest in nature an earnest love of every living thing, whether bird, beast, plant or fellow mortal, and even Mother Earth herself. He says "one of the hardest lessons we have to learn in this life, and one that many persons never learn, is to see the divine, the celestial, the pure, in the common, the near at hand —to see that heaven lies about us here in this world." With such a magnifying glass ever in hand, it is not surprising that the naturalist sees not only the actual minute happenings underfoot and overhead, in animal and plant life, but catches some hint of the inner meaning in Nature's incessant drama of birth, growth and death.

It has been said that "great minds run along the same groove," and the reader is constantly reminded of the same trend of thought in the writings of George Meredith, who also regarded life as not made up of "isolated phenomena," but of incidents and happenings intimately related to the home and the individuals in it. Like the great English novelist, John Burroughs takes up the "common things" of life and weaves into them the very tendrils of human love and aspiration.

Mr. Burroughs has a long gray beard, and his keen, genial blue eyes and soft voice suggest tenderness and sweetness; such a message as his must permanently influence the world for good, in a way that the blare of trumpets and shout of discovery can never accomplish. He looks beyond the workings of nature—which he truthfully and accurately records—and sees her hidden meaning.

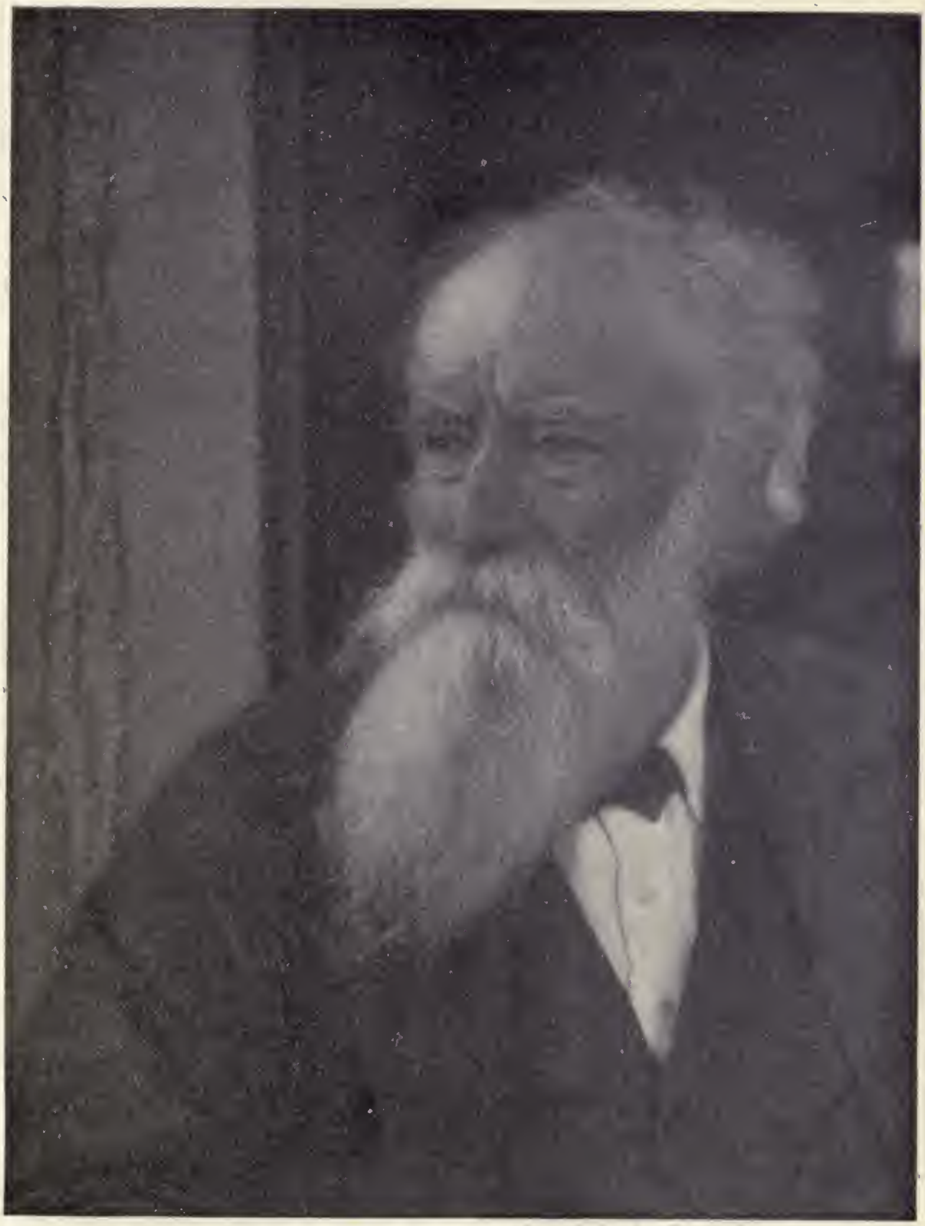
Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

JOHN BURROUGHS WATCHING A BIRD

He is a many-sided man. In the earlier chapters one finds him looking into all manner of detail. In order to study the habits of the wild bee, he took the creature in his hand regardless of stings, provided he could add even a little to his store of facts. One day, in his indefatigable search, his attention was attracted by the sight of little mounds of earth which he had not previously seen. He paused to examine, and found a tiny loaf of pollen, prepared for the sustenance of a grub when the egg should have hatched. He tells of the spider suffragette, the female of the wolf spider, which so far outranks the male that the latter is "small and of little consequence." A few days later he perceives that the suffragette has been swallowed up by a greater, possibly an ogress sand-hornet. He perceives a moth in search of a suitable spot for the expansion of her wings; Mr. Burroughs knows just what she wants. Putting the insect on a stick, he hangs it up where the air can reach the embryo wings, and waits half an hour to watch this miracle of nature, wondering the while whether human geniuses are also impeded in their progress by untoward circumstances unless a helping hand be extended.

This close observer knows that, while there are exceptions, climbing plants and whirlpools copy revolving storms, and go against the hands of the clock; that "the bean, the bitter-sweet, the morning glory and other plants wind from left to right; the hop, the wild buckwheat and some others, from right to left. Hardwoods wind one way; cedar, butternut, hemlock and chestnut another." He understands that in different geological formations the directions are reversed.

He differs with many naturalists in regard to the coloring of birds, etc., and brings forward many proofs to indicate that coloring may rather be due to food or other causes than to an effort of Mother Nature to protect the wild creature. "Birds of bright feathers have not been cut off. Dull colors do not appear to be protective. . . Nature is harmonious—pyramids and bones become the color of the desert sands, and even clothing left lying there will do the same." He points out that Nature's tendency is always to get rid of "violent contrasts," and argues that birds are colored to harmonize with their habitat. He proves all that he says, and is very careful in his statements, adhering to his own rule, "truth in natural history is



MR. JOHN BURROUGHS, NATURE LOVER

that which is verifiable . . . that which others may see under like conditions, or which accords with the observations of others." Mr. Burroughs' own observations sometimes lead him into curious experiments. At one time he carried a live skunk by the tail without the painful result of buried clothes, because he was convinced that the animal was unobjectionable when it could not get its tail curled over its backbone.

In his descriptions of birds in the mating season, his real love for them is plainly evidenced. He has watched them hour after hour, and entered into their small quarrels and their ardent love-making. His study of animals is not less close, and he concludes that "the difference between man and animals is reasoning power," though he insists that "animals possess the knowledge and intelligence which is necessary to their self-preservation and the perpetuity of the species."

In his chapters on "The Grist of the Gods," and "The Divine Soil," he follows up closely the thoughts hinted at in earlier pages, and the romance of this old world of ours was never more tenderly dealt with.

In the last two chapters, "An Outlook upon Life," and "All's Right with the World," the author again takes his readers into his confidence, and his happy spirit and contentment animate every line. He is ready to "chant a paean for the world as I find it. What a mighty interesting place to live in!" He never loses sight of the necessity for work and continual effort: "If we had life on easier terms than eternal vigilance, what would it be worth?" he asks his readers.

He is essentially an optimist. No one can see Mr. Burroughs in his hale old age without feeling assured that he has, as he advises, dealt "fairly and squarely with Nature," adding, "The ways of the Eternal are appointed, and we may find them out."

JOHN BURROUGHS AT SLABSIDES

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WHEN the stirring story, "The Smoky God," by Willis George Emerson, was appearing in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, scarcely a day passed without our receiving interesting letters of inquiry from some of our readers.

The unique plot of this tale makes it one of the great books of the year. The introduction is so human that the reader is immersed in scientific discussion and consideration of deep problems before he is aware of it; every page gleams with interest, and the history of the trip to the under world is handled boldly and with a rare grip which compels the reader to believe that he is hearing of facts rather than fancies.

The story is practically the diary of Olaf Jansen, and tells of his strange theory of another world within the crust of our visible globe of every-day knowledge. How he found this mysterious world and what occurred while there makes a tale of rare interest. To tell too much of the plot would break the spell for those who have not read the book; suffice it to say that it equals Mr. Emerson's other works.

One of the charms of "The Smoky God" is the masterly illustrations by J. A. Williams, for the artist has carried out with splendid imaginative force the conceptions of the author. The book will undoubtedly grow in interest year by year, because it has more than the merit of a well-told tale; its scientific value will attract the philosopher and the student, as well as the ordinary novel-reader.

The author is a prominent business man of Los Angeles, California, and in addition to this latest work has published other novels, among them "Buell Hampton" and "The Builders." Those who know something of Mr. Emerson's life history do not wonder at the scope and force of his books; a farmer boy from the prairies of Iowa, his experience has touched almost every phase of American life, and he is singularly well equipped for the writing of realistic novels, dealing with national scenery and American heroes and heroines. Mr. Emerson is certainly to be congratulated on his success as a writer.

WORK WITH THE HANDS

WORK with the hands! Let others toil
With magic pen and mighty brain,
But you and I, let's till the soil
And plant bright roses on the plain.
Let genius dwell on peak in cloud,
But in the sunlit lower lands
Tasks wait for us that call aloud:
Work with the hands!

Let's rise at dawn; then morn is young—
Let's do that thing that we should do.
Out of each task is triumph wrung,
Out of pain is the soul made new.
Let's use our common tools with pride;
Let's join the strong heroic bands
That answer to the summons wide—
Work with the hands!

Sweet peace shall light our days with cheer,
And gladness crown us like a sun.
We shall have conquest of our fear
From sorrow and from travail won.
As Christ of Nazareth toiled with art
Obeying all the Lord's commands,
So shall we give Him with rapt heart
Work with the hands!

—Edward Wilbur Mason

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the little helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

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A FEATHER-BED MATTRESS

By Lydia E. Taylor

In these days of modern hygienic regime what a sore trial presents itself in the severe illness of some elderly member of the family who absolutely refuses to part with the feather bed. Even with a poor mattress (made of strong material, of course), the following plan, born of a wide experience, has worked admirably: Distribute feathers as evenly as possible, and, using a sheet not too large but of very strong material, such as unbleached muslin, pin with medium-sized safety pins closely and firmly to the mattress along one side and end; then the other side and end respectively should be *very tightly drawn* and snugly pinned. Over this the rubber sheet may be placed and the new firm bed "made up" with sheets, etc., in the regular way. If properly done the feathers will not need stirring for some time. Even the bed of a "helpless" patient may be treated in this fashion, without removing the patient, requiring, of course, some skill in "knowing how" to make up one side at a time and in "rolling the patient over" to complete the work.

KEEPS AWAY MOTHS

By Mrs. L. A. Pierce

A few drops of perfume dropped on pumicestone and put among clothes will keep moths away.

WHEN PAINTING THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE

When a house is being painted on the inside, pails of water with wisps of hay in them should be placed in the rooms, especially the pantry and sleeping rooms. The injurious odor from the paint will be absorbed by the water.

A RUBBER RACK

By Rosa Dean Hann

A shelf made of wire netting tacked onto an open frame, on brackets which will raise it only a foot or so from the floor, is a much neater and more convenient receptacle for damp rubbers and overshoes than the floor of hall or entry. If not much used in summer, it can be attached to the wall by hooks and screw-eyes, to facilitate its removal at the close of the wet season.

CEREAL FOOD

Plain yeast bread if sliced as thin as possible and dried in an *open* oven with a slow fire until absolutely and entirely brittle, may be packed and carried as well as any manufactured cereal and will be relished by invalids and babies when other foods fail. It is best if the bread be of graham or whole wheat flour, well sweetened and not allowed to rise long enough to even *smell* sour during its first baking. Steamed brown bread is also good when dried, but burns easily and is not fully stiff until cold.

PAINT FOR SOFT-WOOD FLOORS

By Mary C. Whitmore

Here is the best paint for old soft-wood floors, being not only good as a paint, but hardening and making the floor smooth. One and a half pounds of yellow ochre and half a pound of yellow glue. Place glue in one gallon of soft water on the fire, and stir until melted; then add ochre slowly, until about as thick as any paint, and when the mixture is very hot apply to floor, rubbing in good with brush. Let stand for at least four hours; then apply very hot linseed oil, and in a short time it will be ready to walk upon.

REMOVING PERSPIRATION STAINS

By Mary Cassoday

Place the stain over blotting-paper and sponge with equal parts of alcohol and ether, mixed. Rub dry, then touch lightly with household ammonia. If a blur remains, rub well with powdered French chalk on the wrong side. Do not forget to use the blotting-paper, as it keeps the cleaning fluids from forming an ugly ring around the spot.

EASIER THAN SCOURING

By Mrs. Griffith

Glass, crockery or enamel-ware articles may be perfectly cleaned of stains or limy accumulations from hard water by immersing for a day in sour milk. This is much better than scouring, as the surface is not injured, but will be bright and just like new, and every part of the article will be reached.

POTATO SOUP

By Mrs. T. B. Patton

In making potato soup I use all the potato water and rub two or three of the hot potatoes through a fine sieve, seasoning with milk, salt, pepper and butter; the potato that is rubbed through the sieve thickens it sufficiently.

HOME-MADE CORN FLAVORING

By D. R. W.

Boil corn-cob in water until the flavor is extracted. Use a little or this extract when making syrup. It is as good as the mapleine extract sold for this purpose.

ROASTING A FOWL

By Elsie M. Cawthorne

A good way to roast a tough fowl to render it tender and juicy as young spring chicken, is by the French method: After twisting the wings of the fowl over on the back and forcing the legs up against the body snugly, securing them with skewer and twine, and fastening the skin of the neck neatly on the back with a toothpick, wrap it entirely in soft paper which should be large enough to cover it twice; tie with twine. Put the fowl thus wrapped into a hot oven, and let it remain there half an hour, after which remove the paper, taking care to let all the grease that may be in the paper run into the pan. Flour the fowl a little, set it back in the oven, and roast. It will be found exceedingly tender.

TO RID POULTRY OF VERMIN

By M. Boyd

The mite and its companion the louse were preying upon my poultry and caused me much annoyance until it occurred to me that moth-balls might discourage them. Now I always keep a few moth-balls in the nests. My hens are free from vermin and there are no healthier, more productive ones in our neighborhood. The eggs for table use I gather daily, and I have never noticed that the odor of camphor affects them I have also tried the experiment with setting hens. The hatches were above the average and the chicks free from vermin.

TO KEEP LETTUCE FRESH

By Mrs. E. P. Severin

Wash the lettuce thoroughly in cold water, shake dry as possible; cover tightly in a lard pail or similar dark, airtight vessel, and set in a cool, dark place. The lettuce will be as fresh as when picked, in two weeks' time, and is ready for use at a moment's notice.

WHEN SEEDING RAISINS

If knife and fingers are buttered slightly when cutting or seeding dates or raisins, the discomfort and inconvenience usually experienced from the stickiness will be eliminated.

PREPARING NUTS

It is much better to shave nuts with a thin knife than to chop them in a wooden bowl, as much of the oil and delicate flavor adheres to the bowl if the latter method is used, and very little time is saved thereby.

WASHING WHITE WOOLENS

By Mrs. H. C. Foster

To wash white woolens, use water that is nearly cold, having all the waters the same temperature, and do not place too near a fire in drying; use a warm—not hot—iron to press before entirely dry. It is the heat that turns white woolens yellow.

SUBSTITUTE FOR TAILOR'S CHALK

A good substitute for tailor's chalk is paraffine wax sharpened wedge-shape.

TO REMOVE PAINT FROM GLASS

Rub with a piece of soft wood padded with a cloth wet with ammonia.

A NOVEL PAN-GREASER

By Mrs. Ella F. Van Pelt

Cut off half the handle of a ten-cent paint-brush, and keep it in your lard-bowl to grease pans, etc., when baking.

SODA FOR HOUSEHOLD USES

By Mrs. T. E. Purple

Soda is one of the most useful helpers for housewives. A tablespoonful in a pint of boiling water will clean hairbrushes and combs; rinse in clear water. It will keep teapots and coffeepots clear of stain if a like amount is boiled in them every week or so. A quarter of a teaspoonful in beans and tough meats will hasten cooking and will neutralize the acid in pie-plant, cranberries, plums, etc., so that less sugar is necessary, A little in cream which is slightly turned will make it fit for coffee or for puddings if it is heated to get it thoroughly mixed. It will sweeten rancid jars when everything else fails.

SOFT BLANKETS

By Helen Perkins

After washing and drying thoroughly, blankets should be well beaten with an ordinary carpet-beater. This has the effect of making the wool light and soft and giving the blanket a new and fresh appearance.

GOOD METHOD OF WASHING THE HEAD

This is a well-known and tested formula for making the hair grow: Put a handful of bran in a pan, pour over it two quarts of boiling water and boil until the water is nearly evaporated. Strain through a cloth, shave in a little good soap and use to wash the head. Rub the scalp and it will loosen the dirt, then wash the hair, rinse in several waters, and dash cold water on the head to prevent taking cold.

A RUFFLED WORK APRON

By Mrs. C. V. Henry

A ruffle on the bottom of a work apron, well starched, will prevent spots on skirt below.

SAVE THE CELERY LEAVES

After cleaning celery, do not throw away the leaves. Wash them carefully, spread out thinly, and set them on the back of the stove to dry. After they are thoroughly dried rub them to a powder and put them away in bottles; they will prove a delicious flavoring to many kinds of dishes. Try a pinch in a chicken stew or with scalloped tomatoes.

TO CLEAN TAN SHOES

A piece of lemon rubbed briskly on tan or brown shoes will effectually remove all stains. After cleansing wipe off the lemon from the shoes, let dry, and then polish with the usual shoe polish. They will look as bright as new.

SALAD HOLDERS

A new way to carry salads in a lunch-box is to use green sweet peppers, stuffing them with the salad.

DISCARDED PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES

By Rose E. Riggs

Soak in clear water a half-hour, scrape off all gelatine, wash in warm suds, wipe. Cut a pasteboard the size of plate and place a picture the same size between glass and pasteboard. and bind with passepartout binding.

TO BRIGHTEN GILT FRAMES

By Clara M. Hovie

Take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to a pint of water. and in this boil three old onions. Strain off the liquid and cool. Go over frames with a soft brush dipped in the water.

A NEW EXTRACT

By Ellen Barnes

When you have used one-fourth of your bottle of vanilla extract, try filling it up with almond extract. You will have a new and pleasant flavor.

TO KEEP A SPREAD AND BOLSTER DAINTY

If you use a bolster and a spread too dainty for use at night, try pinning the spread to the bolster. At night simply roll the bolster down to the foot of the bed, wrapping the spread smoothly about it. Two tape loops which may be tucked under the corner of the mattress during the day, are passed around the ends of the roll and over the ends of the foot posts of the bed. These hold the bolster and spread high enough to give foot room and are ready to be dropped down and unrolled in the morning.

KEEPING HOUSE-DRESSES NEAT

By J. L.

Print, percale or gingham house-dresses will wear much longer if the bottom of the skirt is finished with two or three close rows of machine stitching; and when they begin to wear under the arm, if a piece of the goods is applied to the wrong side and then stitched backward and forward rather closely throughout the worn or wearing portion. In a majority of cases, the latter is much less noticeable and is neater than a patch, and if there is no piece of the goods to mend with, goods of similar coloring may be used without being detected.

DON'T THROW AWAY WAXED PAPER

By Mrs. Fred Hall

Save the waxed paper that comes wrapped around crackers. It is a neat and clean wrapping for lunches and will keep moist bread and cake. Use it on plate instead of butter when cooling candy; if the tin is lined with it when baking bread or cake, it will prevent scorching.

AMMONIA IN THE DISH-WATER

Use ammonia in the dish-water, as it helps to remove grease and stains and gives the dishes brilliancy. A tablespoonful to a boiler of clothes is a fine bleach. A little sprinkled in the mop-water helps whiten the floor.

PRESERVED APPLES

By Constance Young

Take equal parts of sour apples and sugar. Make a syrup of the sugar with some water. Cut the apples into small cubes and put them with a few pieces of white ginger root into the hot syrup, boiling until the apples are clear and bright yellow in color. This may be prepared from evaporated apples if you boil them till soft before putting in the sugar and ginger.

GRATING HORSE-RADISH

By Mrs. A. Humphrey

To prevent horse-radish from smarting the eyes. grate in front of the cook-stove, and the odor will be drawn into the stove. This also applies to peeling onions.

WILL MAKE YOUR HOUSE-PLANTS BLOOM

By Mrs. S. T. Gilkeson

Procure hoof-parings from the blacksmith shop, place them in the soil around your house-plants, and watch them bloom. You will not be disappointed.

HOW TO THREAD A NEEDLE

By Mrs. L. F. Cook

If one has trouble in threading a machine, try putting a piece of white cloth or paper under the presser-foot and see how easy it is to find the eye of the needle.

WHEN THE FRUIT TREES ARE IN BLOOM

When the apple and cherry trees are in bloom, the birds may be kept from eating all of the blossoms by tying little pieces of glass to the limbs; the sun shining on the glass scares off the little marauders.

A SCHEME TO SAVE ICE

Last summer I moved into a new house, and as there were a lot of new bricks lying about, I had a man dig a large square hole in the cellar floor, and used the bricks to build a floor and four sides clear to the level of the cellar floor. A wooden frame about eight inches deep, with a tight-fitting cover, was used to hold the top bricks in place and extended about four inches above the top, to keep out mice. It served as cold storage for all perishable food except in the hottest weather. My ice bill for the entire summer was less than two dollars.

TREATMENT FOR NEW RUBBER GOODS

By Olive Johnston

Give your new rubber goods, such as hot-water bottles, etc., a good rubbing of vaseline. Let it dry, then give another rubbing. You will find the articles will last much longer than without the vaseline.

FILLING HOT-WATER BOTTLES

Do not fill your hot water bottles more than one-half or two-thirds full. Then double the upper half back over the lower half and screw on the cork. This drives out the steam and the water will keep hot longer.

ANOTHER WAY TO GET RID OF ANTS

By Nora M. Jones

In your March issue W. B. Robinson of Knoxville, Iowa, asks for information to exterminate little red ants. If Mr. Robinson will scatter *whole* cloves in all places where these little pests are found, he will find that they will leave immediately.

TO PREPARE GRAPE FRUIT

To cut the heart out of grape fruit, use sharp-pointed scissors, cutting each section. This way is much easier than using a knife.

KEEPS CIGARS MOIST

By Leetner C. J. Hatch

Place an apple in the drawer where your cigars are kept and they will not dry; the flavor is also much improved.

BAKED ONIONS

Onions baked in the oven with a piece of butter on top of each, are tender and appetizing and are good for a cold.

POT CLEANER

By Bertie Norrell

I utilize the round tops cut from tomato cans in this way: Turn under and fold down like a hem one edge of the disc and flatten with a hammer. Clip a coarse fringe along the unfolded edge. This makes a handy cleaner for the outside of pots and other cooking vessels. I use an old pair of shears to clip the fringe.

A KITCHEN HIGH STOOL

By Mrs. C. H. Phillips

Have a high stool in the kitchen on which to sit when tired. Perched on its top, you can rest and yet continue your work, washing dishes and ironing with ease, or preparing vegetables, etc. A child's old high-chair with the arms taken off answers the purpose well.

RELIEF FOR A WASP STING

Apply an onion to a wasp sting and the cure will be instantaneous.

PARSLEY ERADICATES AN "ONION BREATH"

The leaves of parsley eaten with a little vinegar will destroy the odor of onions on the breath.

FOUR "HELPS" FROM CONNECTICUT

By Lyman Black (aged 13 years)

1. Put a screw-eye in the end of your broom-handles. It will save much trouble and also keep the broom in good shape, as they can then always be hung up when not in use. The eyes cost only a few cents a dozen, and can be obtained at any hardware store.
2. Kerosene oil is the best thing to soften old and dry shoes, and it will not injure the leather.
3. A few drops of kerosene added to the water in which linoleum or oilcloth is washed will not only help to preserve it, but gives it a nice polish.

QUICKLY FROZEN CREAM

By Mrs. M. A. Fellows

After the can has been filled and packed with fine ice and salt, pour in cold water until it runs out at the drain on the side of the tub. Turn the crank rapidly and in five minutes the cream will be frozen and of fine grain.

CHAPPED HANDS

One of the best and surest remedies for cracked and chapped hands is a fresh banana skin. Rub the cracked and chapped portions well with the inside of the skin. Do this at night before retiring and you will be surprised at the result.

FOR DRIVING NAILS

By Mrs. F. C. Smith, Indianola, Neb.

To drive a nail, tack or screw into hardwood, first stick into a bar of soap.

MAKING COOKED STARCH

When making cooked starch, if after boiling you run a bar of soap through it a few times the ironing will be much easier.

EGG LEMONADE

By Mrs. H. K. Bradbury

Beat one egg very light, add juice of half a lemon and two teaspoonfuls of sugar; fill glass with ice-cold water. This is a very grateful drink for the sick, and can be retained when the stomach refuses an egg in any other form.

CHEAP TELEPHONE LINES

By Mrs. W. H. S.

Connect your telephone wires to the top wire of a barbed-wire fence; cut pieces from old rubber boots and place beneath before putting in the staples, in order to give better service on stormy days.

TWO NEW CANDY RECIPES

By Frances W. Hadley

"DIVINITY" CANDY:—Take one-third cup of corn syrup and fill up cup with cold water; add two cups of sugar (granulated) and boil until it forms a soft ball when dropped in water. Take from the fire and add slowly the stiffly-beaten white of one egg. Beat vigorously while dropping in the egg. When it thickens, add one cup of chopped nuts. Pour into buttered tins and cut into squares.

The above recipe is the latest favorite of college girls.

ICE CREAM CANDY:—Take four cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of vinegar, two cups of water, a small piece of butter; boil this, without stirring, until it will snap in cold water; flavor with vanilla, and when cool, pull until it is very white. After a few days, this candy will be so creamy it will melt in the mouth.

NO MORE MUDDY COFFEE

By Florence Robinson

It is possible to have clear coffee even without eggs for settling. Wet the powder with a little cold water until each grain is evenly moistened, add water, and cook as usual. When done, draw from the fire and throw in a crust of dry bread. Let stand a few moments to ripen, and it will be ready to serve. The coffee will be quite clear, any muddiness having been entirely absorbed by the bread. It is necessary that the bread be dry, else it might not have the desired result.

HOME-MADE SILVER POLISH

By Mrs. James T. Griffith

Wash silver in hot suds, apply fine laundry soap to a piece of soft flannel, dip it in common whiting or any good silver polish you happen to have, and rub the silver. Wash again in hot suds, rinse thoroughly, and dry with another piece of soft flannel or chamois skin. This combination will remove the most obstinate discolorations quickly.

TO WASH A WHITE PARASOL

By Lizzie T. Hussey

When a white parasol becomes soiled it may be cleaned easily and quickly simply by making a strong suds of some reliable soap, in which thoroughly wet a white cloth and apply to the parasol while open. Rub well and rinse in clear water. If dried quickly, the result will prove very satisfactory.

SEWING ON BUTTONS

By Mrs. D. J. Newbern

When sewing on buttons lay a pin across the top and fill the holes as usual. When full, bring the needle up on the goods under the button, remove pin and wind thread around button several times and fasten. This makes a shank for the buttonhole to fit over smoothly.

MAKING BED "PUFFS"

By Mrs. Chas. L. Tobey

When making bed "puffs," I have found it a good way to use mosquito-netting over the cotton. When the outside cover is taken off the cotton will be in shape.

IRONSTAND OF BRICK

If a clean brick is used to stand the iron on, it will retain the heat much longer and save many steps.

A LANTERN IN THE CHICKEN YARD

By Mrs. J. W. Bullard

If you will hang a lighted lantern in the chicken yard at night, skunks, weasels and other night-prowlers will not molest the fowls, as they prefer the dark.

A FINE MOLDING-BOARD

Many housewives have marble-topped tables which are now obsolete. Nevertheless, they are very useful in the kitchen, on which to roll out dough for pies and cookies and knead bread; try it and you will be greatly pleased.

TO KEEP STAMPS FLAT

By Mrs. Thomas Fricker

To prevent postage stamps from curling, wet *both sides.*

NO MORE LEAKY PIES

Moisten edge of under crust with white of egg, instead of water, and press upper crust firmly down.

TREATMENT FOR A STIFF BUTTONHOLE

Moisten the wrong side of the buttonhole and immediately insert the button.

VIRTUES OF SALT

By Deana Hanson

A pinch of salt, if taken in time, will relieve a sore throat immediately.

For headache, no matter how severe, place salt on the tongue and leave there from five to ten minutes. This will always relieve and usually cure.

For small burns, apply damp salt. This will stop the smarting and prevent blistering.

SHRINKING COTTON CLOTH

By M. J. B.

When shrinking cotton cloth, leave cloth in original folds; lay the folded cloth in bath-tub of cold or lukewarm water; when thoroughly saturated, lift out and pin on line in original folds if possible. Remove before perfectly dry to iron while damp.

GATE TO KEEP BABY FROM ROAMING

By Mrs. C. A. Gay

An easily-made gate to keep baby in a room or from attempting to climb the stairs is an ordinary sliding screen put in at the bottom of the door or stairway in the same manner that it is used in a window.

ALLOW SOAP TO HARDEN

By R. L. Meador.

Buy soap a month or two before you need it; unwrap and place on a shelf to harden. You wil find that it will last much longer than if used immediately. I treat both toilet and kitchen soap in this way.

TO CLEANSE A CHIFFON VEIL

By Eva Ludgate

I restored a faded light blue chiffon veil to its natural color by washing it carefully in warm water with white soap, putting it in deep bluing water in which I let it stand for an hour.

MUSIC IN THE HOME

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

MR. WALTER DAMROSCH, a familiar figure in American musical circles, expressed recently an old truth, which if sometimes overlooked is none the less important. In referring to home life as the bulwark of the nation, he gave first place to the refining, ennobling influence of music, through the harmony and sympathy of which husbands and wives, mothers and children are drawn closer together. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." And a humble home may have humble music. The relative value of music is an open question—it being generally agreed that the best music is that which is the most appreciated. A home without music finds something lacking. Every one, but particularly those who have been reared in the small towns, knows that this is true. There, with less advantages than in the cities, the struggle for a musical education is even more keen. The first money earned in childhood in such a place generally goes toward the purchase of some treasured instrument. The village band, orchestra, or the volunteer choir are great recruiting centers, and the singing school with its annual singerfest is an event of the greatest importance to the community.

Looking backward into the life of an Iowa village, I remember a family of four boys who were early trained to play several different instruments. It was the mother's idea to instill a love of music in her children, and she arranged their courses so that each would be able to take part in a little family orchestra. It did not all come about at once, but as soon as the first principles had been mastered and they could join together in an evening's practice, this home became radiant and full of the joy of living. Each evening was looked forward to with the delight of playing a new "piece," or rendering an old one more "finished." Nor was the influence of this music felt alone in that home; the neighbors considered it a treat to drop in evenings to "listen," and during the summer months when the windows were open, the impromptu concerts of that home had its appreciative audience scattered on the neighboring porches as far as the strains of music would carry. This scene is probably duplicated in thousands of homes throughout the country today, and it assures one thing—that the boys or girls who are a part of such households do not have to go elsewhere for entertainment.

There is no doubt that a musical training is necessary to the complete happiness of every individual who can "feel" music, if for no other reason than that he might give expression to his feelings in that way. To be able to satisfy a longing for music without being obliged to put it in the form of a request to some one else, is to be independent in one's happiness.

In the lone miner's camp in the mountains, or in the sod houses of the prairie, the strains of music, no matter if not up to the accepted standards of the great city, brings its message of hope and cheer. In the farm houses on the broad plains of the West where perhaps the nearest neighbor is miles away, a melodeon or an organ becomes almost a living, breathing—although sometimes "wheezy"—member of the family, and it is full of companionship for many a lonesome hour.

In the time of trouble music brings comfort; in time of excitement it brings calmness; in time of peace it brings happiness; for everywhere human beings are drawn to music like bees to the honeycomb.

The greatest enjoyment of music comes from within. It is delightful to listen, but more delightful to create, and undoubtedly the highest point in musical appreciation is reached through the individual effort of the player himself.

America pays more for music than any other nation in the world. We are proud of it. We know the good things of life and we enjoy them. There is a growing demand in keeping with our growing population for musical instruction. In addition to the conservatories, in the large cities are thousands of men and women who add to their income very materially through the teaching of music. Music lessons can be had at prices ranging from 50 cents to $1 up to $5, or even $10 per lesson in special cases. But even with this widespread opportunity for musical education there are conditions in the life of individuals which preclude their taking advantage of these opportunities. Their love for music and desire to learn to play a favorite instrument, must come in a more convenient way.

To the person who "can't play by note" the musical score is a hidden language. And yet what a language it is, for all music is printed alike—it is universal. To the German, Italian, Russian or Englishman, the musical score is a common tongue. There are many who would like to take up the study of music, if even in a small way for their own enjoyment, but to know the whys and wherefores of the curious little characters scrambling over the five straight lines of the score like long-tailed midgets, seems an impossible accomplishment. Candidly, it is much easier than it looks. In the study of music there are but seven letters to learn while the alphabet of our English tongue has twenty-seven. The "time" of a piece is a matter of simple arithmetic. The study of harmony is like grammar, only it has to do with the relation of sounds instead of words.

MR. DAVID F. KEMP
Of the United States School of Music, New York City

For a person who naturally likes music and can appreciate it, "learning to read music" is much simpler than the work mapped out in the public schools. That music is recognized as a very important part in the training of children, is evidenced from the fact that the public schools of the cities are giving a very great deal of attention to the subject, and it would seem that the time is not far distant when the lack of an education in music will be as noticeable as the unschooled man is today. In the days of old, it meant a very great effort to obtain any sort of education, and we have the picture of Lincoln splitting rails all day, then stretching out on the floor before the fire-place with a borrowed book at night.

The opportunity for musical education is becoming widespread. For years such difficult subjects as foreign languages, electrical engineering and pharmacy have been successfully taught by correspondence,—a method that has put practical education in worthy and deserving hands at the minimum of cost. Naturally the question comes up, "Can music be taught by correspondence?" It can. Today there are enrolled in the United States School of Music, New York City, over 100,000 students, located in every part of the world. Many of these students have not only satisfied their own longing for music, but have won merited success as teachers and added materially to their incomes.

In teaching music by correspondence it would be folly to say that those who have no ear for music or a definite purpose to learn to play the instrument they like best, would derive benefit from such a course of instruction; but with an ear for music, the statement is boldly made that such a person can become proficient through teaching by mail, in exactly the same simple, plain, personal way as when the teacher is sitting at the pupil's side.

The method of teaching music by correspondence was inaugurated a little less than eleven years ago. At that time Mr. David F. Kemp of New York believed that music could be taught by correspondence, and set about organizing an efficient corps of teachers to conduct lessons with pupils in this way. The best evidence of the success of the experiment is the remarkable growth of this institution, in the United States and elsewhere. I have known personally of Mr. Kemp's work during these years, and have watched the institution grow. The axiom, "great oaks from little acorns grow," was never better exemplified. By reason of its location in New York City, this remarkable school of music is able to obtain the very best of teachers to head its departments, which now embrace the teaching of Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin, Cornet and Sight Singing. The school is really in effect a co-operative system for the study of music, whereby thousands of ambitious, music-loving people in all parts of the country unite in securing a corps of Metropolitan teachers of long experience.

With pupils numbering in the thousands there is a business side to the enterprise which redounds to the benefit of each pupil. The amount of music necessary to supply this vast number is a great item in itself, and has grown so conspicuous that the institution can afford to give the lessons free, leaving nothing for the student to pay except his music, which is no higher priced than anywhere else. It is a well-known fact that magazines receive but a fraction of their cost of production from their subscribers, as the principal cost is borne by the advertiser. So, too, with the United States School of Music; while in the beginning it was necessary to get $24 for a term of lessons, this cost has been more than covered in the increased number of pupils enrolled, who buy their music. This makes a musical education cost as little as ten to fifteen cents per week—covering cost of music as well.

To each pupil a series of graded lessons is sent, one weekly, in the form of sheet music and personal letter. This allows sufficient interval between lessons for the pupil to practice and thoroughly master them. When one lesson is learned the next one is sent and any question that may arise can be referred to the teacher, and the pupil will receive promptly a personal letter thoroughly explaining the difficulty.

The offices at 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, present a busy scene; the different instructors in their different rooms carry on the lessons with pupils in almost every country in the world. Even China has awakened to the impetus of American achievement and enterprise along musical lines, and one of her native sons in Shanghai is enrolled.

Many of the students enrolled by the school are advanced players—those who have become fairly proficient and feel the need of direction into the finer classical music. With such an organization as the United States School of Music one may begin anywhere, from the very bottom or from a place attained by years of practice and study. In every case the selection is made and the music sent, carefully graded to suit the needs of the student.

The musical education obtained in this way is very complete, and yet one is only paying for the music. It seems almost too good to be true, until the cool, calculating man with the pencil comes along and shows that it is a simple, plain, business proposition. There is a very great profit in music—in large amounts this is enough to afford the best of instructors to its purchasers—through the medium of correspondence.

Under these conditions it is not surprising that over 100,000 have enrolled, nor that each student is enthusiastic in his praise. The love and appreciation of music which is being constantly instilled through this great flood tide of effort is of positive, concrete helpfulness to the country at large. As a nation we are growing more and more musical, and as we have led the world in the idea of free schools so, too, in a different way we are leading the world in the idea of free music lessons. Who shall say where the influence of music, so generously distributed in our home life, will end? At least it will always continue to be a source of great happiness.

It is a great thing to know that if one is within the reach of a postoffice he is also within reach of a free musical education.

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THE STEAMER NANN SMITH, ENGAGED IN LUMBER TRADE OF COOS BAY

THE AWAKENING OF COOS BAY

By MITCHELL MANNERING

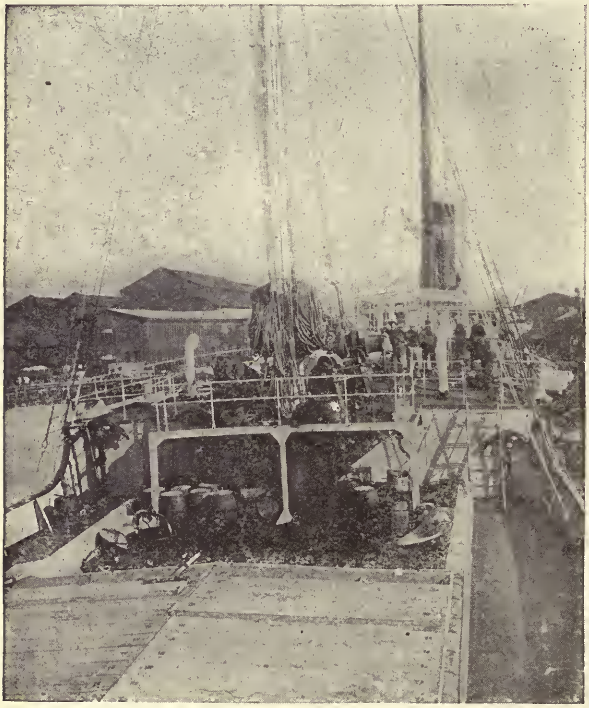
COOS BAY extends inland from the Pacific Ocean, on the Oregon Coast, about seven miles northeast, and then bends abruptly southeast about the same distance; its upper bay is protected by a promontory about four miles wide and five to six hundred feet high. Several tide-water inlets branch from the main channel, some of them navigable for several miles at high tide by vessels drawing from ten to fifteen feet of water. The United States government is now planning very extensive dredging operations in order to make this not only the safest, but the most commodious harbor on the long coastline between San Francisco and Puget Sound, a distance of almost a thousand miles.

Rich in standing timber, possessing the only coal measure on the Pacific Coast south of Puget Sound, surrounded by a fine agricultural district, with thriving cities on its borders, Coos Bay, in Southern Oregon, is the latest point on the Pacific Coast to be made a great seaport, and is attracting thousands of home-seekers by its rapidly-increasing growth, and assured prosperity.

This rich tract has hitherto been neglected by the railroads, and only in recent years have capitalists realized its great natural resources and begun the era of real development. There are four cities: Empire, the oldest settlement near the harbor entrance; North Bend, with its big mills; Marshfield, the largest city, at the head of the bay, and Eastside, newly incorporated, standing opposite Marshfield on the east side of the bay. All are so situated that it is only a question of time when they will probably become one large city.

Passenger boats and many larger lumber schooners are engaged in coastwise and foreign commerce, among them the Nann Smith, named for Mr. C. A. Smith's eldest daughter, having a carrying capacity of 2,350,000 feet of lumber; she has carried an immense quantity of timber in the past year, and when the harbor is deepened by local capital a vast increase is expected in the trade. C. A. Smith and L. J. Simpson, representing two great lumber plants, have already each subscribed $10,000 for harbor improvements. Some years ago a short jetty was built which more than met the estimate of the engineers; there is now twenty-one feet of water on the bar at low tide, but forty feet can be obtained, as engineers declare that there is no rock ledge on the bar, and that deepening the channel is an easy matter. Officers of the army engineering corps have made a survey, and from this have recommended to Congress a big appropriation for this purpose.

The vast quantity of standing timber in the Coos Bay country can scarcely be realized, for there is probably not another place in the world where so much timber is found near a fine harbor affording manufacturing and shipping advantages. It is estimated that, within a radius of sixty or seventy miles from Coos Bay, and so located that the harbor is the natural outlet, there is something like a hundred billion feet of standing timber; that is, about one-third of the standing timber in Oregon, and one-tenth of that in the entire United States is here. The principal variety is fir, intermixed with spruce, red cedar and the Port Orford or Coos Bay white cedar, which is very valuable in ship building or wherever the lumber is to be subjected to the action of water; there are also maple, ash, alder and myrtle, the latter admitting of a beautiful polish and being extensively used for furniture and residence fittings.



ON DECK OF THE STEAMER NANN SMITH
That rounded the Horn to Coos Bay

Now that the standing timber in the Middle West is rapidly becoming exhausted, lumbermen are transferring their interests to the Pacific Coast. A little over a year ago the C. A. Smith Lumber & Manufacturing Company bought a large tract on Isthmus Inlet, at the head of the bay adjoining Marshfield, and an old mill was purchased and remodeled to turn out lumber to build the new saw mill and its auxiliary structures. There is yet a year's work to be done in constructing additional plants, lumber yards and general improvements, but the Smith Company has now begun to cut lumber in earnest. Seven lumber camps are operated by the firm to supply logs to the mill, which can cut about 30,000 feet of lumber an hour, and when completed will be one of the largest saw mills in the United States; with the other mills, it will make Coos Bay one of the most important American lumber-shipping ports. The Minneapolis mill, owned by Mr. Smith, which is the largest in the world, must close in a few years for want of raw material, and Mr. Smith's vast lumber interests will then be centered on the Pacific Coast. His new Coos Bay plant is strictly modern in design, with all improvements, and is built for permanent business. No expense was spared in procuring the latest and best milling machinery, and it has its own fire protection system, electric lighting plants and water works, a fine machine shop, engine and boiler houses and many other buildings—in fact, it is a little city of itself, standing where a year ago there was only a vacant field.

The Smith Company has provided residences for the men with families, a boarding house for the unmarried employes and a beautiful office building where the office force work and live. The latter is three stories high and contains fine sleeping rooms, a first-class restaurant and billiard hall, bowling alley and baths. In this building Mr. Smith and other members of the firm have private apartments which they and their guests occupy when at Marshfield.

Lumber to supply local consumption is handled on little cars run on a tramway to the local lumber yard at Marshfield. Eastbound lumber is shipped by water to San Francisco, where, at Bay Point on the Sacramento River, the Smith Company own a large tract of land with water front. Here will be built a town and a planing mill to finish lumber for shipment east by rail, two roads having branches to Bay Point. Finished lumber must be moved by rail, which makes it necessary to ship the lumber in the rough to Bay Point.

The Simpson Lumber Company of San Francisco operates at North Bend a large saw mill, sash and door factory, etc. L. J. Simpson, the local manager, is still a young man, and has been prominent in promoting the progress of Coos Bay. He founded the city of North Bend, gave financial aid and personal service and has reason to be proud of the beautiful and prosperous little city of 2500 people, with many factories, fine water front and elegant residences, which now stands where five years ago there was only a settlement of four houses.

In Coos County there are 400 square miles of coal lands, lying near the surface and easily and cheaply mined; it is a lignite of good quality, and is the only coal found to any extent on the Pacific Coast south of Puget Sound. Here coal has been mined in a small way for years, but capital is now being secured and Coos Bay will doubtless be a great Pacific coaling station. The Southern Pacific Railway Company is enlarging its coal output, and investors are beginning to develop the coal fields. Petroleum is also found here, but has not yet been developed.

Coos Bay is building ocean-going schooners and gasoline launches, and has fish canneries, a condensed milk plant, creameries, a furniture factory, cold storage plant, brewery and many other industries. In Marshfield four large concrete and brick business buildings, many smaller stores, and scores of residences and cottages have been or are being erected. All the bay cities are lighted by electricity and have a good water supply, the houses are fitted with modern conveniences, and the retail stores are first-class in every respect.

Coos County is an ideal section for the farmer, with its mild winters and luxuriant grazing, choice live stock and improved dairying methods, and the dairymen are getting rich. The orchard and small fruit industry is also rapidly increasing in importance.

As a summer resort, Coos Bay has many attractions—beautiful scenery, lakes, rivers abounding in trout, mountains which are the hunter's paradise, and boating and sea bathing are all within easy reach of the bay cities. The climate is healthful; in winter there is rain, but no snow and no severe cold. The summer heat is never excessive, the nights are cool, the days bright and pleasant and the sunshine brilliant. Add to these desirable climatic conditions, the educational and religious advantages and refined social life of the city, and one finds the Coos Bay cities delightful either to reside in or to visit.

Railways are needed at Coos Bay; one small road connects Marshfield with the Coquille Valley towns; it is owned by the Southern Pacific, and this company has surveyed a line from Drain over the mountains to Coos Bay. It is understood that a coastline route will be extended to Eureka and San Francisco. Some grading on the line has already been done: bridges have been built and material for work to be done has been brought, so that there is reason to believe that a transcontinental road will make Coos Bay a terminus and so create another seaport outlet on the Pacific Coast.

Unlike many new places, Coos Bay is not being "made" by the railroad; she is a little empire by herself, is building up rapidly and could, if she chose, be independent of the rest of the country, but that is not her desire; she is ready for co-operation, and offers to dairymen, farmers and fruit-growers a delightful climate, good health, beautiful home sites, good investments for capitalists or men of moderate means; she beckons the thrifty to come and reap the harvest with her when she becomes a big city, a terminus of a transcontinental railroad and a seaport of importance in the Pacific Ocean commerce, nobly fulfilling her destiny.

A GRAY DAY IN WASHINGTON

By ADENE WILLIAMS

OH, sweet gray day! With silver edge unrolled,
  Or blue-gray fringed, the low-hung clouds are seen;
Nor black nor white, in glaring contrast bold,
  But every restful tint that lies between.

The low hills belting the horizon round,
  Enfolded by soft shades of cool, dark green,
Made softer still by vale of mist encrowned,
  Are passing fair, so stately calm their mien.

Upon their brow lies beauteous Arlington,
  Where rest the nation's dead, unknown or great;
O'er whose last earthly sleep, so nobly won,
  Stand guard the storied mansion and white gate.

The broad Potomac at its feet doth flow,
  In calm and cool repose; upon her breast
A tiny steamer, breathing deep and slow,
  Sends forth circles on the air to rest.

The graceful poplars, quivering with delight
  In fond anticipation of the rain,
Adorn themselves in robes of silvery white,
  Prophetic robes, which ne'er were worn in vain.

Oh, sweet gray days! When Nature's self doth rest
  From active work on these her Sabbaths calm,
And with herself commune—a reverie blest,
  Till listening hill and vale make it a psalm.

Dear gray days of our lives, that bring us peace:
  'Twixt pain's wild storms and pleasure's glaring light,
A little resting time, till both shall cease
  When sweet Death bids us tell the world, "Good-night."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The poem "Joy" which appeared in the June NATIONAL was written by Adene Williams. A typographical error credited the poem to "Adlede" instead of Adene Williams.

THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

By FLYNN WAYNE

ONE of the sturdy volunteer officers of the United States army is General R. H. Pratt, now living in Denver, who has won the fullest confidence and affectionate regard of the Indians of America in connection with his splendid work accomplished in Carlisle Indian School. He entered the volunteer service as private in 1861, and eventually became captain, and was judge-advocate of the Fifth Division of Cavalry, Military Division of the Mississippi, when mustered out in 1865. He participated in all the principal engagements of the Army of the Cumberland, and was commissioned second lieutenant of the Tenth Regular Cavalry in 1867; he passed through all the grades and retired as colonel of the Fifteenth Cavalry in 1903, later being promoted to brigadier-general retired, because of his splendid Civil War service.

GENERAL R. H. PRATT
Founder of Carlisle Indian School

In 1867 General (then lieutenant) Pratt was at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, and in command of Indian scouts, to escort the department commander, General Davidson, from Fort Gibson to Fort Arbuckle, which then became his station. His experience with the scouts of that and other posts, and in campaigns against the Indians, gave him unusual information and excellent opportunities to study Indian character. After strenuous years of Indian warfare, he was ordered to transfer to Florida many who had been made prisoners from the antagonistic tribes, because they ravaged the frontier and resisted the authority of the United States. He remained in charge of these prisoners until their release in 1878, soon removing their shackles. He carried on a school among them, where they were taught to speak English. They gave up their Indian ways and eagerly adopted those of the white men with whom they came in contact. He organized the younger men into a company, and used them as the only guard; he opened avenues of industry for them, and brought them into friendly relations with the whites. On the release of the prisoners, twenty-two of the younger men asked to be permitted to remain East and go to school, instead of returning home, and General Pratt arranged that some were accepted at Hampton and others in New York.

Later, with Mrs. Pratt, the General went to Dakota and brought forty-seven boys and girls from the Sioux and other tribes, and remained with them at Hampton until they became accustomed to the new mode of life and interested in educational pursuits. He then wrote to the secretary of war, stating that now the Indians felt at home in their new surroundings, he should like to return to his regiment in Texas; but his plans were not carried, for, at the suggestion of Secretary Schurz, the army bill of 1878 provided that the General be retained in Indian educational work and have charge of the Indian school which, on his suggestion, it was proposed to locate at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

On learning of the bill authorizing the school, General Pratt went West and brought eighty-two Sioux children from the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies. An additional party was brought from the Southwest, and the school was opened in 1879 with 147 pupils, and flourished up to July, 1904, when General Pratt was removed, having upon his rolls at that time over one thousand pupils coming from almost every Indian tribe in the United States, including Alaska.

During the summer most of the pupils were sent to live on farms, to gain a knowledge of farming and our civilization, and over three hundred were kept out in the winter in homes where they were enabled to attend the public schools with white children. The school at Carlisle and General Pratt's work have been potential factors in the advancement of the Indians, because they followed our national experience and success with foreigners. It was found that these educational and industrial methods proved quite as effective with the Indians as with people of foreign birth.

Not only have the intellect and industrial qualities of the Indian been cultivated, but his physical training has also been cared for. The prowess of the Carlisle students in contending with our great universities on the football field, and in other games, shows that the sturdy character and fine physique of the red man has not deteriorated.

The splendid purpose of General Pratt, as outlined by him, has been to secure civilization and citizenship for the Indians along the only practicable lines, by giving them opportunities to see and participate in our American ways and in the industries and education of the nation. He went heart and soul into the work, and even a cursory glance at the records of the school convinces the inquirer that the work done there has been of the utmost importance in advancing the welfare of the Indians, and therefore the welfare of the nation at large.

A CLASS IN PAINTING AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

A DAY AT THE TAFT SCHOOL

By MITCHELL MANNERING

ON a beautiful November day, bathed in the mild sunlight of Indian summer, we drove over lovely country roads, through picturesque scenery to Watertown, Connecticut, to visit the "Taft School," founded and conducted by Horace Taft, a younger brother of the President-elect. Crossing the rural stone bridges spanning the winding Naugatuck, we came to a many-gabled building nestling in the shade of a spacious maple grove — the Taft School.

HORACE D. TAFT

Here in the cosy reception room we found a refreshing atmosphere of old-time hospitality, in harmony with the dignity and culture everywhere apparent. Presently a voice sounded down the hall—no mistaking the mellifluous Taft enunciation. Before his tall form came into view, we knew that the brother of Judge Taft was approaching. He wears his hair brushed to one side of his brow, has the gentlest, brightest blue eyes imaginable, and looks the very embodiment of reserve power and kindly control combined with the reticence of a strong man. On meeting him, one understands why Judge Taft remarked, in April, 1908:

MRS. HORACE D. TAFT

"Then I have a brother who is the best member and the idealist of the family. He sits up there in Watertown and tries to square what I do with his own ideas of political virtue. And it was with the hope that probably by coming here and speaking on civil service reform I might palliate my offences and be restored to favor once more, that I decided to come."

An irresistible impulse impelled me to ask this stately gentleman if he had ever suffered any of the indignities commonly inflicted on a younger brother by his elder—if he had ever been told to "go home and not tag along after" his "big brother," for he is five years younger than the Judge.

"O, yes," he replied; "I remember very well how on one occasion the boys went out to boil molasses and the older brothers tried to send the youngsters home. Bill was detailed to perform that kind office for me. He chased me around the fire with great zeal, and I was almost in his clutches when I bethought me to jump over instead of waiting to go around the big blaze; it was too big a spring for so small a boy, and I kicked the kettle over and the entire supply of molasses was lost in the flames.

His face was aglow with brotherly affection as he told of the evening before Judge Taft left for the Philippines, abandoning the work he loved and the hope of attaining a place upon the bench and taking up a new and untried sphere of labor, feeling that the desire of President McKinley must not be disregarded; of how "Bill" threw his great form on the couch, after he had talked it all over with the family, and said, with that quizzical smile which even the solemnity of leaving his friends could not quench, "Well, I am 'up against it,'" but, as the brother loyally said, there was that in his face and voice that suggested that the problems he came "up against" were likely to be solved.

It appears that when "Bill" was to be made a justice of the Supreme Court, the united

THE TAFT SCHOOL, WATERTOWN, CONN.

family circle had great difficulty in persuading him to refrain from a flat refusal to run for the presidency, for his life ambition has always been to serve on the bench. In the heat of the campaign conflict the Judge appeared indifferent as to the outcome of his candidacy, knowing the tremendous fight it would entail. He felt that his work on the bench would be likely to be misunderstood and possibly misrepresented. "My decisions were right," he said, "and I shall stand or fall by them."

Judge Taft's courageous defence of his principles was one of the noblest features of a great campaign which meant much to the labor interests of the country. Day after day, night after night, his speeches running up into hundreds, his voice hoarse from the great strain put upon it in a campaign covering twenty-two states and territories, he steadfastly stood by the decisions he had rendered on the bench. The vital point in the campaign was the training of the candidates, and William Howard Taft proved that his preparation for the presidency entitled him to the confidence and respect of all voters.

* * *

Horace Taft is a graduate of Yale, Class of '83, having left college five years after William H. Taft, who was graduated in '78. He has had personal charge of the classes on civil service and government. In 1890 he founded the Taft School in Pelham, Westchester County, beginning with seventeen fellows and three masters, quartered in cottages. In 1893 the school was removed to the old Warren House, Watertown, Connecticut, a beautiful village in the southernmost range of the famous Berkshire Hills; here are found in perfection the seclusion and quiet so necessary for concentrated study. Some years ago Mr. Taft purchased a 358 acre farm on Nova Scotia Hill, near the present building, with a view to increasing the capacity of the school, and this site is soon to be utilized.

There is a dignity, a charm, a kindliness in Horace Taft's manner that cannot fail to impress the boyish heart. Among his pupils he has numbered the sons and grandsons of many famous Americans, as, for instance, a grandson of Senator Hanna and the son of the President-elect, Charlie Taft. Robert Taft, now at Yale, was also at school here; the careful training of the Taft School has insured the successful college career of many a lad. The senior class of 1908 is representative, and includes nineteen as sturdy youths as any patriot need wish to see going out into the world.

Altogether, that visit made me wish to be a boy again, that I might attend the Taft School with that jolly "crowd" and be under the kindly master whose pleasant face called up recollections of the lines of that sweet old song, "Ben Bolt," as we thought of our salad days when life was all of "poetry, and weariness a name."

THE WHITE ROAD

By CHARLES T. WHITE

I

THE door stood wide open and an oil lamp on the table showed the interior of a roomy, homelike kitchen. His mother had been proud of the spotless, virginal cleanliness of just such a kitchen, when he was a carefree, contented boy on the farm. That was one reason why he went in. The other reason had to do with a long day on the road, an unappeased appetite and three loaves of bread, peeping temptingly from underneath a snowy cloth. It was well along in the evening, but this unceremonious seizure of hospitality by the forelock did not trouble John Snowden. Numberless days of eating unearned dinners on windy back porches, and lodging, scot-free of board-bills, in barns and outhouses, had bitten deep into the conventions of civilized life. Besides, John Snowden's more recent experiences in the line of the conventional were the very things he was trying hardest to forget. They had to do with five years of irksome regularity, plain diet and a confinement all the more solitary because he shared it with two or three hundred others. There had been a brawl in Hollenbeck's saloon one election night, and a young Swede had gone down with a sickening thud of his blonde head on one of the massive stone cuspidors. It was more of an accident than anything else, but a reform wave was sweeping over the town, and, after long temporizing with lawlessness, it was really high time that somebody was "pinched." John Snowden was that somebody, mainly because he was too drunk to get away, and lacked influential friends and political importance. He took the sentence of the reform judge philosophically, and worked it out in the same spirit. When the time came to put off his striped suit, he set out on this pitiless, persistent tramp of weeks, determined to leave the past so far behind that it should never trouble him again.

He entered the kitchen, taking off a faded slouch hat, as his heels clacked with a hollow echo on the bare floor. There was an armless, chintz-covered rocker near the window, and he sat down in that, crumpling his hat between his patched knees. He expected that a harsh voice would call out to him from some apartment adjoining, asking the meaning of this disturbance, but there was no sound anywhere, save the solemn ticking of the clock on the mantel. The silence oppressed John Snowden, but the room had the atmosphere of recent occupancy. The stove was warm, as Snowden learned by putting his hand upon it, and the newly-baked bread exhaled a wheaty, appetizing odor. He drew his feet across the floor and cleared his throat, in an aggressive effort to make his presence known, but there was no response, except the intermitting chirp of crickets, growing increasingly audible to him out of the silence.

Presently there was a movement outside, light, shuffling noise, and a woman stood in the rear door of the kitchen almost before Snowden recognized that anyone was coming. She uttered a little stifled exclamation as she caught sight of him, turning hastily to a side door and calling, "Robert! Robert!" in a voice which was plainly not as loud as she supposed it to be. There was no answer so far as John Snowden could make out, but she did not repeat the call.

"You needn't be afraid of me, miss," the interloper said conciliatingly. She was a young woman, he noticed, as she turned her face into the full glow of the lamplight. "Sorry I startled you, but I've been on the road all day—a good many days, for the matter of that—and it looked so homelike and cozy in here. I haven't eaten much since morning."

She stood for a moment looking at him reflectively, her lips pursed and her brown hair kinkling in becoming disorder around her white neck and forehead. There was no fright in her dark eyes, Snowden decided, but rather a puzzled expression, as though she was weighing the pros and cons of a difficult question, with scanty data to go upon in reaching a conclusion.

"I guess I can give you some supper, anyhow," she said at length, going over to the stove and poking out the ashes from the grate. "I was late with my bread and the fire isn't all out yet. Would you like tea or coffee?"

"Coffee is my drink, miss," Snowden admitted, shifting his hands with an embarrassed movement over his patched knees. "I wouldn't want you to go to all that trouble, though. A slice or two of that bread and a glass of milk'd do me. It's often a man don't fare as well as that."

She flashed an arch look at him over the open griddle of the stove, while she reached behind her for a stick of wood.

"All the more reason why he should fare better when the rare occasion offers," she replied, her fingers busy with the kindlings. "You've been days on the road, I think you said. Tell me something about it. We won't call it by the hard name some people do."

If John Snowden's narrative was truthful in the main, it certainly lacked the candor of a full confession. That interregnum of five years, which must always be a blank, had to be bridged over with silence. He was a molder by trade—which was true enough—and a good many of the mills had shut down the autumn before. The place where he worked—he gave a fictitious one, his bronzed cheek flushing painfully—didn't seem to offer anything, so he struck out. He had a longing for the country and its green fields and the kind of work that tired a man, without draining all the life out of him. He had been raised on a New England farm and was no end of a fool ever to leave it. He would settle down to some steady job like that, he thought, as soon as he got a little farther east.

There was a prolonged silence after that, while she broke two eggs into the frying-pan beside the brown slice of home-cured ham, shielding her face from the sputtering gravy with a graceful lift of her plump arm. When she spoke finally, it was with a little diffidence, as though she was not quite sure of the wisdom of speaking at all.

"I could give you work here, if you cared to stay." Her simplicity, a certain lack of caution and worldly-wise discrimination appealed to John Snowden's renascent manhood. "Old Robert manages things for me here since father died, but we hire extra help. It's hard to get sometimes, when you need it. Robert isn't what he was before he had that long sickness, but I try not to let him see that I notice it. He's a distant relative on mother's side, and hasn't any home only here. But the work really suffers —*sometimes.*"

"I guess I'd be glad enough to stay on," the man said humbly. His unshaven chin dropped low upon the dirty checks of his blue shirt-front, and he did not raise his eyes. All the brazen self-confidence with which he had planned to meet the world melted away before her unsuspicious frankness. "Yes, I'd be only too glad to stay, if—if we could come to terms."

II

Old Robert eyed the new recruit askanc the next morning, but offered no criticisms filling his shrunken cheek with a fresh rela of tobacco as Callista explained. He wa a little wizened man whom a hard school o experience had taught the supreme duty of keeping his place and giving his advice only when it was asked for. Besides, the spring's work was well under way, and a furrow reaching from sun to sun was long for his weary old legs.

As for John Snowden, he followed the plodding team into the field feeling that the new life he had dreamed of was opening auspiciously. It was altogether probable that labor as a common farm-hand would have offered itself in any one of a score of places, but the homely coziness of the farmhouse kitchen as he had seen it the evening before through the open door seemed to follow him out beneath the dun gray of the cloudy April sky. The past with its hateful, humiliating memories lay behind a sound night's rest in a real bed, such a breakfast as he had not eaten in years, and the friendly confidence of Callista Rice's fresh young face. He would forget it himself, as completely as he kept it from the knowledge of others. The brown mold, rolling mellow from the plowshare for the early seeding, the chirp of birds, anticipative of unbuilt nests, the swelling buds, numbering the days until full leafage—all these gave him a comforting sense of fellowship with things vital, as though he were somehow a part of the once dead earth, responding to the resurrection thrill of its new awakening.

Before a month had passed, Old Robert was forced to admit, a trifle grudgingly, that Snowden was a "capable hand." Callista did not need to be informed on that point. She kept in close touch with the routine of the work going on, and she had already fallen into the habit of asking the younger man's advice and submitting her plans of tillage to him, where formerly she had consulted with Old Robert. Snowden had a shrewd intelligence which largely took the place of wide experience of details, and some of his suggestions promised well for large returns before the season was over.

Almost from the first the new hand had developed an encouraging regard for his own personal appearance, which approached fastidiousness. He never tolerated a three days' growth of beard upon his shapely chin, and at the end of a fortnight asked for an advance on his wages to buy clothing. This emergency from the tramp stage of untidiness accented his youth strongly in Callista's eyes, and was something of a revelation to himself. The colorless years in the prison had given him an odd sense of age, and he had classed himself roughly with Old Robert when he began work on the Rice farm. Callista had seemed to him a very young person to be burdened with such heavy responsibilities of management, and, in his first talks with her, he had taken his own seniority for granted, speaking much as one might to a child who sought mature counsel from an older person. Now, as the weeks passed and he combed his short blonde hair thrice daily before the small mirror which hung over the kitchen sink, he began to realize by slow degrees that he was still a young man. He had known the date of his birth, to be sure, when the prison door clanked behind him and the wide world outside received, if it did not welcome, him. But this growing consciousness of youth was something wholly apart from a mathematical calculation which showed him that he lacked a few months of twenty-eight years. It was rather a conviction that many of his best years were still before him, and though John Snowden did not analyze the feeling closely, it was inextricably blended with his thoughts of Callista Rice. She had never spoken of her age, but she could hardly be more than three or four years younger than he. To begin with, this was a mere curious speculation, and he smiled to himself as he thought how he had been treating her as a childish chit of a girl. In time he fell to thinking that a man of his age might, with propriety, marry Callista and make a very desirable settlement for himself. The thought was purely impersonal at first, at least John Snowden persuaded himself that it was, and when he ventured to reduce it to a concrete form, substituting his own name for the *X* of his idle supposition, his own bad record rose up opposingly. Snowden had finer sensibilities than many men in higher walks of life, and Callista's artlessness, her childish confidence in appearances, reproached him to a degree that put the thought out of his mind for days.

It came back one sultry evening in early summer, when the two sat together on the back porch in the falling dusk, and Callista told him of her father's death and of her great loneliness since, with never a kinsman or kinswoman nearer than Old Robert.

"When that came I thought I never could go on living," she said, and he noted the pathetic swelling of her white throat. "The neighbors all went away as soon as it was over, and I just got up the next morning and *went along*. It's been like that ever since. When Robert was sick we had to have help. I don't know how we'd have managed this year if it hadn't been for you."

Her hand lay limply on the dark stuff of her print gown, and Snowden had the momentary impulse to take it in his protectingly, speaking the words of sympathy which were very near his lips, but he rebuked the impulse sharply by a pitiless glance into the past. A hundred times he had consigned that past to an oblivion beyond memory or recall, but it reasserted itself on occasion with a sullen, almost solemn persistency. His silence must have seemed like indifference to Callista, but he stole out of his room that night after the house was quiet, striding long miles along the dusty road, his mind busy with a young face uptilted until the dark eyes swept a stratum of the upper air, where swift blows were never struck in sudden anger and where grim prison walls were never builded.

III

Before the haying and early harvesting came on, Old Robert was prostrated with one of his periodical attacks of "rheumatiz."

After riding the better part of three days in search of an "extra hand," Callista sent her name to an employment bureau. It was John Snowden who suggested this, giving her the address which had been handed him by one of the wardens at Glenmore a few days before he left the prison. When he found a slender, rather handsome young man in the farmhouse kitchen one afternoon when he came in for his late supper, all the blood in his body seemed to rush madly to his brain. Adam Boylston had been a "short-termer" at Glenmore during parts of the second and third years of Snowden's incarceration there, and the latter recognized his fellow convict on the instant. If the recognition was mutual, Boylston, whom Callista presented under another name, gave no sign. John Snowden was momentarily relieved, but he was too much disturbed either to eat or talk, and went to his room on the plea of a bad headache after he had gulped down a cup of scalding tea.

Snowden passed a sleepless night, in the course of which he reviewed the unexpected complication in all its phases and possible developments. Since he had recognized Boylston at a glance, it was a foregone conclusion that his identity would be discovered sooner or later. That was the fruit of Snowden's first reasonings on the subject. On consideration, he concluded that Boylston knew him at once, and had, perhaps, told Callista already that he was a convict. But, on second thought, this seemed unlikely, since Boylston would be as much concerned as himself to keep his prison record in the background. It might be possible to compromise the matter, but this would be a last resort. Best of all, Boylston might never associate him with a convict of the same name in Glenmore prison. Thus Snowden's mind alternated between hope and fear, and he rose the next morning nervous and unrefreshed.

As is the case quite often with a man who has something to conceal, John Snowden's fears and suspicions were mostly of his own creation. Boylston spoke freely of his year at Glenmore, as soon as the two men grew better acquainted, with a caution not to "let it out in the house." It was a "fool scrape" of stealing fruit, he said, but the owner of the orchard was a vindictive old curmudgeon and made the most of it. Since then he had been "straight as a string," he declared, and talked a little effusively of having "cut out everything" and joined the church in his own town the winter before. He still called himself George Morris without explaining why he had discarded his true name. That puzzled John Snowden a good deal, but he asked no questions. He was still timorous, suspecting at times that Boylston was trying to draw him out by his fine show of confidence.

A more serious feature of the situation was Boylston's growing attentions to Callista Rice. He was a younger man than Snowden, more showy and better versed in the free-and-easy courtesy which goes a long way with a simple, unsophisticated girl of Callista's type Snowden gnashed his teeth in impotent rage when the two drove away to church on a Sunday morning, or sang hymns together in the parlor of a Sunday afternoon. He was not a shrewd judge of women, but he fancied he detected a light in Callista's dark eyes which he had never noticed before, and secretly cursed his folly in neglecting opportunities which were now being monopolized by another. As might be expected, John Snowden's love for Callista grew into undreamed-of proportions under this stress. It was the central, all-absorbing passion of the new life which he had begun under the light of her eyes. In a corresponding degree, he came to hate Adam Boylston. More than once he trembled at the stirring of wild, uncontrolled passions within him, which he only understood vaguely and did not venture to scrutinize too closely. An anthropologist would have recognized in this the partial renascence of the primitive man, but John Snowden was not an anthropologist.

IV

The two men went for a day's fishing at the "Black Tarn" toward the last of August. Adam, who had proposed the trip, informed his companion on the way out that Callista had tried to prevail upon him to stay on for the fall's work. Snowden's wrath grew hot at this, but he made no answer, dropping his head sullenly.

The "Black Tarn" was a mountain lake, shut in on three sides by the rocky, outjutting shoulders of the hills. The name may have had to do with the dark tint of the water, which had the appearance of lying in deep shade, even when the sun shone full upon it; it may have reflected certain unpleasant traditions of colonial days, which were repeated rarely now by country firesides.

Adam Boylston was concerned neither with the sullen surface of the "Black Tarn" nor with the local traditions—which he had never heard. Some fine bass had been taken there recently, and he had the keen instincts of a sportsman. John Snowden cared next to nothing about the fishing. He had come with no very definite purpose, beyond a certain fascination which attached to studying Boylston at short range. Of late he had convinced himself that Boylston had won his way with Callista by telling what he knew of the older man's past under a pledge of secrecy. He was sure that Callista eyed him askance, when she thought herself unobserved, and this theory seemed the most natural explanation. He meant to tell Boylston what he thought of such tactics, but a cowardly fear of bringing himself into the controversy restrained him.

The boat was drifting idly on an arm of the lake, under a shadowing fringe of tall pines, when Boylston's thin youthful face attracted John Snowden in a peculiar way. It reminded him, somehow, of the face of the young Swede in the rolling mills, as he had known it before the midnight brawl in Hollenbeck's saloon. The resemblance must have been largely fanciful, for Boylston was dark, almost swarthy now from exposure; but Snowden shuddered, a chill creeping over him in the warm air, and his hands were clinched hard, as they dropped guiltily under the row-locks. He tried not to think of the ghastly Thing which stared up at him accusingly, when he came to himself with the cold steel clasping his wrists, but it came back persistently like a haunting ghost. By degrees, too, it gathered about it an attraction all its own. The Thing had no power either for good or evil. The Thing had no eyes for tender glances, no lips to wrinkle into enticing smiles, no tongue to whisper flattering speeches into too willing ears. The hands clenched harder, the long nails digging pitilessly into the calloused palms.

Snowden's eye swept the lake hastily, but he knew before he looked that they were quite alone. The dark water at the bow of the drifting boat twinkled back at him like the beady eyes of mocking devils. They seemed to be exulting over Boylston's downfall, with a noiseless merriment, as the man's face wrinkled over the trailing lines. A smile played around the thin, clean-shaven lips. Perhaps he was thinking of Callista Rice at that moment, carrying the thought of her to the perilous brink of that great chasm of utter forgetfulness yawning at his feet. Snowden's heart hardened at the supposition, and his muscles grew tense. Boylston could not swim a stroke. He had said so laughingly that morning when he stepped into the boat. He stood very close to the stern now, his tall, slender figure carelessly a-swing. One quick push, with nobody the wiser, a moment at the oars, driving the boat twice its length out of reach, then the swift ride homeward to tell Callista of the accidental drowning in the "Black Tarn."

But of a sudden the strength went out of John Snowden and his hands unclasped limply, leaving a smear of blood on the dented palms. He was looking into an open door, where a light burned on a table and three yellow loaves peeped out invitingly from beneath a snowy covering. He was looking into a pair of brown eyes with a child's trust in them, the laughter of sunny meadow-brooks, the sadness of clouded April skies, the moisture of dripping dew. Those eyes must never see the Thing, with the trail of black guilt on its ghastly, bloated ugliness, the hair dank with the water of the "Black Tarn."

"Say, Snowden!" The younger man was speaking, but the other did not hear the words, and the voice was only like the faint echo of a disturbing sound. "I'm going to throw up the job tomorrow and clear out. A pretty face has always played the devil with me, but the little woman comes first, I guess, after a fellow takes to the White Road. A man don't forget that with Cal—with Miss Rice, as he might with some; but it looks bad that I haven't mentioned the little woman to a soul since I've been here—till *now*. She's stuck to me through thick and thin, too."

Snowden listened dully, his stupid stare taking in the earnest, boyish face as though it had loomed up suddenly out of a thick mist. Boylston was going away. He was a man on the White Road. The White Road! John Snowden drew a long, quavering breath as the meaning filtered through his dazed senses. The White Road!

V

The next day Boylston left the Rice farm. Snowden was in the fields when he went away, but he searched Callista's face furtively for signs of grief or a fulness of unshed tears when he came in from his work. Her apparent composure gave him some comfort, but he was not thinking of himself. He was thinking of the added sorrow which a fruitless affection for Boylston might bring to her.

That evening he told Callista of the drunken brawl in Hollenbeck's saloon, the young Swede's dead face, his own manacled wrists, his lonely years at Glenmore prison, his purpose to begin life anew and the murderous impulse which had seized him but yesterday on the "Black Tarn." His lips moved mechanically, keeping nothing back, and he did not lift his eyes, shrinking from the growing horror he must see in her face.

"I thought I had turned over a blank leaf when I came here to work," he concluded, "but there were lies—unspoken lies—written all over it. Yesterday showed me that the self I fancied dead and buried is still alive. You know all now, and may turn me out of your house tonight if you will. If you can bear the sight of me, knowing what I have been and am, and how I have deceived you, I will keep the work moving until Old Robert is on his feet again. That is for you to say. You need have no fear, much as you despise me, for, if my feet ever falter once in the White Road, nobody shall suffer by it but myself."

Callista was crying softly when he looked up. He watched her heaving shouders in stolid silence, not venturing even a word. It cut him like a knife that he should never see that frank, trustful look in her eyes again, but he set his face like a flint, waiting for what she might say.

"There is one part of the story which—which I can't seem to understand," she said at length, and the tears glittered appealingly on her dark lashes. "The first was a fight, with a mixing of drink and politics, and others were perhaps as much to blame as you. But—but why should you wish harm, or do harm to George Morris? He seemed an inoffensive fellow, and I supposed you always got on well together."

"We had a difference—a quarrel," he said lamely, realizing what he had left out of his recital of plain facts. Was he paving the first rood of the White Way with a black falsehood? That came to him accusingly, and he tried to amend it. "We never had *words*. It was about—about something I thought—fancied—"

She was standing before him—above him, as he crouched on the lowest step of the porch, her head erect, her red lips parted, all her superb womanhood pleading in her dark eyes.

"You thought that—that I cared for George Morris. I *let* you think so. He was a pleasant young man, and I so rarely see anyone." The words which the sudden discovery had wrung from her died out in a sea of blushes, and the lifted neck and head drooped as with shame. "I shouldn't have said what—what—"

"Callista! Darling! Darling!" It was the far cry of a famished soul, with almost a note of distress in its great gladness. He drew her to him, unresisting, like a timid child. Her head sank upon his shoulder and her soft hair touched his hot cheek. "Callista! Dearest, dearest Callista!"

And above the warm dusk, out from the calm of the stellar spaces fell a softer glow than the gleam of stars—the upward windings of the White Road.

SCULPTURE FOR SCHOOLS AND HOMES

By JOÉ MITCHELL CHAPPLE

EMERSON says that a bit of sculpture is as essential in the home as books or pictures, and his essays stimulate in one an abiding interest in all art. Although at times one's stress of work may prevent the enjoyment of mingling much with books, yet we may catch the pulse of energy or be soothed by the calm expression of the sculptor's art, if we come into the presence of statuary.

"The laws of each art are convertible into every other. Raphael paints wisdom; Handel sings it; Phidias carves it; Shakespeare writes it; Wren builds it; Columbus sails it; Luther preaches it; Washington arms it; Watts mechanizes it. . . . Meanwhile, be it remembered, we are artists ourselves and competitors, each one, with Phidias and Raphael in the production of what is graceful and grand."

EMERSON, By D. C. French

Several years ago I met a young man engaged in the manufacture of plastic statuary, and I shared his enthusiastic belief that every school-room, library and home ought to contain some pieces of statuary, now that prices are within the reach of all. Since that time the idea seems to have become quite general, and today there are many schools and public buildings, especially in the Western states, that are adorned with reproductions of the Parthenon, friezes, replicas of ancient busts and bas-reliefs. The famous sculptures by the hand of Michelangelo and other famous masters of the art are becoming familiar and are an interesting study to many people these days. Americans who are privileged to visit Europe have been delighted to see the veritable masterpieces of the great sculptors, the Venus de Milo in the Louvre, the Wrestlers in the Uffizi Gallery, the Apollo Belvidere, the Diana of Versailles, the Discobolus, and hundreds of other works of art so exquisite forceful and lifelike one can scarcely believe them to be work of mortal hands. What a delight it is to be able to obtain reproductions of these glories of man's achievement for our homes, schools and libraries throughout the country! As Boston is the Athens of America, nothing is more fitting than that here should be established the business of the Boston Sculpture Company, whose studios are now in Melrose, Massachusetts, one of the beautiful suburbs.

This firm was formed by two live, wide-awake art-lovers and business getters. Their line of statuary is commanding wide-spread attention from all who are interested in the best examples of modern and ancient sculpture. It would be difficult to guage the educative influence of such a business institution. If they produced only one of their bas-reliefs—from the painting of "Washington Crossing the Delaware"—they would still have an enduring reputation; but they have made a careful study of all important national events and have the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," and other patriotic subjects, at least one of which ought to be in every school for the sake of its educative and impressionistic effect on the minds of the rising generation.

A talented young sculptor, Signor Gironi, has just modelled for them a new bust of Lincoln. We looked upon the freshly completed model in clay the evening before it was cast; and it was a privilege always to be remembered to see, in the glow of the softened lights, that life-like face radiant in silent majesty, amid other examples of the modeler's art. Each expressive line of the furrowed features was reproduced; the sad sunken eyes, the wan expression of the face, each and all had been carefully studied from the death-mask and other available sources of information. Signor Gironi is a young Italian, thoroughly Americanized, and has put his heart and soul into this great work, casts of which will soon take their place in thousands of schools and homes. True, we have the famous Volke, and the St. Gaudens statues of Lincoln; but it is something new to have an accurate conception from the hands of an adopted citizen, fraught with all the spirited idealism of a sculptor who has drawn in art with every breath in his mother country, and has the inspiration of generations of artists in his blood.

DISCOBOLUS

Even as the captive Persians, Phoenicians, and Greeks enriched the art of Rome, so the Italian immigrants are in their turn conferring a benefit on their adopted country.

THE STORY OF THE LONELY BABY

The most popular production of the firm, and one which has excited a furore of interest within the past few months, and been sought for by art purchasers from all over the Union, is the dainty bit of cherubic infancy in sculpture, called "The Lonely Baby." Originally executed for a private connoisseur for home decoration, it proved so delicately sentimental that a few pieces were put on sale; these instantly attracted marked attention, and it only remained for the enterprising managers of the Boston Sculpture Company to publish a legend concerning the dainty little waif. This appealed to the public fancy as coming from the "baby angel" after "Doctor Stork" had "flown away."

I'm just a baby angel,
  And I'm lonely as can be;
I'm waiting for somebody
  To come and ask for me.
Perhaps you'll write a letter
  To the "Lonely Baby Store,"
And ask if I won't fly to you
  And perch above your door.

The correspondence being received by the company in connection with this bit of statuary is most interesting. One little girl from Iowa writes:

"I will take that baby; if it is a girl do not send it. If it is a boy you can send it."

This little hungry heart is evidently waiting for a baby brother. Another little one, a small boy in Fort Collins, Colorado, says:

"I saw the picture of the baby and I would like to have it. Would I have to pay the fare?"

Among these touches of sentiment in letters ordering "The Lonely Baby" is an appeal

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

from a sad mother-heart, in response to the cry of the baby:

> And I'm just a lonely mother
> Waiting patiently for you,
> An angel sister or a brother,
> It doesn't matter—that is true—
> If I was certain that a letter
> Would reach the "Lonely Baby Store,"
> There would not be many hours
> Ere you'd be flying to my door.

This is signed "Heartfelt."

* * *

We went into the casting room to see the babies coming into the world. There stood the Italian artists mixing plaster of Paris very much as a good housekeeper mixes her bread the night before "baking day." The mixture was stirred quickly, then poured into gelatine moulds, which were tightly reinforced with shells of plaster looking like large hams. Then each cast is shaken in turn to insure perfect filling of every moulded line, and to eliminate all air holes from the liquid, so that the tiniest tip of finger or toe may be perfect. The mixture once poured in is left to set but a few minutes and then the excess is poured out again, the surface shell being formed first, reminding me how, as a lad, I used to watch the novel process of moulding mother's two-color jelly, which showed ribbons of white and red when cut through. When the babies are complete, they are put into a drying-room like an incubator, and it provoked a smile to see hundreds of the tiny cherubs on their backs with toes in air, having just "come out of the nowhere into the here." Later they are stood on their heads; and again are given a sitting pose so that all surfaces may receive the action of the air and be thoroughly dried.

BOSTON TEA PARTY, By Campisi

LORENZO DE MEDICI, By Michelangelo

Workmen then saw off the excess plaster left by the mould, smoothly surface the figures, and the "little lonely babies" are ready to go on their long journeys to other parts of the world where they will gladden and inspire the waiting hearts that love little children.

The studios are filled with an array of fine subjects, including many noted reproductions of men of historic name and fame: Shakespeare, Milton, Washington, Wagner, Mozart, Beethoven, and Columbus, as well as many reproductions of Grecian masterpieces.

The work accomplished by the Boston Sculpture Company has not only the value of all creative art, but has also the energy and push of an active business concern, engaged in producing and selling works of great merit and interest. The business being done with schools is a notable feature of their trade, and while there I was shown an heroic figure of Washington, designed for the decoration of public schools, buildings, each statue exemplifying a notable lesson that books could not

BOSTON SCULPTURE COMPANY—Exhibit

convey. It was an education and delight as we watched the workmen modelling the clay for new statues and making the casts. Last of all we visited the packing room, where "Lonely Babies" were being sent out en masse, some in single cartons and many in large cases.

If any reader wants to have one of these charming fairies in the home, just supply name and address in the lines of the coupon below and order it of the Boston Sculpture Company One 8 inches high is sent, express prepaid, for one dollar and twenty-five cents.

HANDLE WITH CARE

PLEASE CARRY ME SAFELY
::: TO :::

M ______________________________

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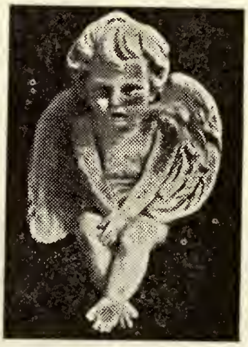
From
Boston Sculpture Co.
Melrose,
Massachusetts



THE LONELY BABY

I'm just a baby angel—
And I'm lonely as can be.
I'm waiting for somebody
To come and ask for me.
Perhaps you'll write a letter
To "The Lonely Baby Store."
And ask if I won't fly to you
And perch above your door.

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THE SPEAKER AS VICE-PRESIDENT

By D. G. HUNT

THE enormous amount of legislative business has compelled a concentration of practically absolute authority in the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The Speaker, moreover, is elected indirectly. He is removed from the people. They can and do exercise very little influence in his selection. Not being responsible to the people, the Speaker feels little pressure from them, and dictates the course of the House irrespective of their demands. It is no wonder that the Speaker checks progressive bills, maintains a 'do-nothing' policy, and defies the President and public opinion. He knows that the people have no chance to select or suggest more desirable men for the position. The result is that the House is not the originator of popular bills that it should be; it is not a leader; so far as results are concerned, it has become conservative. If it is necessary that the Speaker have unlimited authority, the purpose for which the House exists demands that the Speaker be responsible to the people.

A second situation was brought to public attention by the work of the recent conventions. The Vice-President should be the second strongest man in the country, the man most capable of succeeding to the Presidency in event of a vacancy. A glance at the two tickets last year reveals vice-presidential candidates whom no one would ever have suggested for the Presidency. No one knows that either is willing or able to execute the policies of his chief. Yet one of these men may later be President. The cause for this lies in the unimportance of the duties of the Vice-President. Men of presidential calibre can rarely be induced to run for the office. Moreover, the people do not care who presides over the Senate, and give no attention to the selection of candidates. Parties, consequently, do not call out their strongest men; the selection, as a rule, being a compromise, and made after a few hours reflection. There is an utter disregard of the fact that the Vice-President should be capable of filling the President's chair.

The inconsistency of the present arrangement can be summed up thus: in the "direct" House the Speaker is chosen indirectly, and thus the very purpose for which the House exists is defeated; in the "indirect" House the chairman is elected directly, and the insignificance of his duties defeats the primary object of his popular, direct election, viz., the selection of the man most capable of succession.

The question arises, why not remedy both situations by making the Vice-President Speaker of the House? This would necessitate the selection of a chairman of the Senate by that body; but this would not alter the nature of its work in the slightest. Such a change, however, would make the House truly popular. The Speaker would be responsible to the country at large for the legislation of the administration. He would be directly influenced by popular demands, and would lead the House accordingly. He would encourage progressive ideas, rather than obstruct them. He would work in harmony with the President, rather than force the latter to a policy of 'driving' Congress; and the fear of a tyrannical executive would subside. He would direct legislation in accordance with his party's demands, rather than prevent the party accomplishing anything. The people would be the Speaker's constituents; he would be responsible to them, rather than be free to follow any course his interests might dictate. The House would assume its intended place in the national scheme, that of originator and promoter of popular measures.

Equally important would be the effect on the Vice-Presidency. The office would be sought by leading men; it would be more worthy of their ambitions. They would compare various men and instruct delegates. The parties would have to demand their very ablest men. In event of death of the President, we would be certain of having a successor capable of carrying on the work of the administration, and the man regarded by the voters as the second strongest in the country.

MOLINE WATER POWER PLANT

PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

FOR many years the politicians have attracted considerable attention by their bitter denunciation of consolidated corporations. They have asserted that consolidation meant gigantic monopolies under whose domination and weight the people must groan; and they have advised the people to resist all attempts to merge public utility companies especially when the merging was being attempted by Eastern capitalists.

It has been a mistaken policy on the part of many cities in the Middle and Western States to discriminate against the Eastern investor. It has been argued that local control of public utilities is a panacea which will cure all corporation evils, but experience has demonstrated that corporations owned and conducted by practical utility men of the Eastern States are giving the most satisfactory service and the lowest rates. Local control often means the complete control of the municipal government. It can dictate the terms of contracts and can fix its own rates.

Local control may be all right in theory, but it is anything but satisfactory in its application. Hundreds of American cities have granted extraordinary franchises to local investors only to realize later that the councils had been swayed either by money or a promise of future political support. Three years ago the City Council of a Nebraska municipality turned over to a coterie of local business men certain unused street railway franchises for $1,000 cash; today the business men are asking a million dollars for these grants. The members of the City Council fully realized that the price was a mere bagatelle, but the proposition came from sixty leading citizens and their votes and influence were not to be ignored.

Local control in Davenport, Iowa, Rock Island and Moline, Illinois, three sister cities, was never a marked success. The history of the public utility companies of these three cities is punctuated by many disappointments, costly litigations and unsatisfactory service; and yet when a consolidation of the different companies was planned and Eastern investors offered to finance the scheme, an emphatic protest was made by misguided citizens who believed they foresaw much trouble ahead. The following brief history of public utility matters in the tri-cities on the Mississippi will show some interesting facts as a result of consolidation and Eastern control.

In the early days of street railway history in the tri-cities there were a number of different companies in operation, mostly local investments. None of these companies were ever a financial success, and when a proposition came from Chicago capitalists to acquire the different properties and effect a consolidation, the local investors hurriedly disposed of their interests. The new consolidated company electrified the system and made many extensions. For various reasons, chiefly high financiering on the part of certain persons connected with the management, the results were anything but satisfactory and the entire system was sold in 1898 to a syndicate of local business men, who organized a corporation known as the Tri-City Railway Company. Profiting by the experience of their predecessors, the new company soon placed the consolidated system upon a practical basis and furnished the people with very satisfactory service.

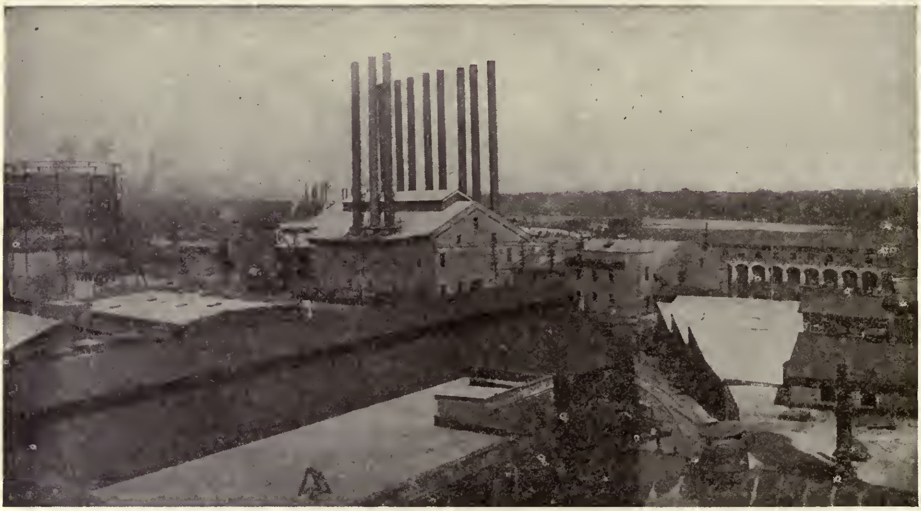
In the spring of 1906 the property was acquired by the banking firms, N. W. Halsey & Co., Mackay & Co., and J. G. White & Co. of New York. At the same time all the electric light and gas companies in the three cities went into the new corporation.

In order to effectually carry out the plan of consolidation of all the companies, it first became necessary to combine the Davenport Gas & Electric Company, and the People's Light Company, two rival Davenport corporations. The City Council granted permission to transfer the grants and physical property of the Davenport Gas & Electric Company to the People's Light Company. As part of the agreement, the Consolidated Lighting Company agreed to materially reduce the rates. One of the clauses in the Davenport Gas & Electric Company's ordinance provided that current should be generated in Davenport. This feature was eliminated and as the People's Light Company franchise contained no such restriction the new company was enabled to obtain power at greatly reduced expense from Moline. As a concession for permitting consolidation and the abrogation of the clause regarding current the company immediately gave a voluntary reduction in both gas and electric rates.

BOILER ROOM, SHOWING STOKERS—PEOPLE'S POWER CO. PLANT, MOLINE, ILL.

Previous to consolidation the properties were badly run down, and the generating capacity was inadequate and of an antiquated character.

It was the opinion of the financiers who bought the consolidation that if considerable money was spent for improvements the plant would give much better service and lower rates might be made to the citizens. Accordingly, work was begun with this end in view.



PEOPLE'S POWER GAS PLANT—12,000 K. W. ELECTRIC PLANT AT WATER POWER PLANT AT MOLINE

The street railway tracks were relaid with eighty pound rails, in full tie concrete construction, the rolling stock was greatly improved by many new and additional cars and much needed night service put into effect. The system is now one of the best in the country, and it would be difficult to find a street railway in better condition.

In the lighting department the consolidated company has made many improvements which give its patrons some distinct benefits. In Davenport the price of gas was reduced from $1.25 to $1.00, and a much better quality and pressure furnished. Before the consolidation Davenport was supplied by two gas corporations, the plants of both being antiquated and inefficient. Neither plant was supplied with governors, photometers or other appliances for measuring and testing the efficiency of the product. The work of consolidating these plants, building many miles of feeder mains, making material additions for increasing the capacity, was all carried along without any interruption to the service. It was found necessary to treble the holder capacity and as a result of the reduction in price and improved service, the increased demand is such that the holder capacity will have to be doubled again.

In Rock Island the gas works have been remodeled and the distributing system greatly improved. The price has been reduced from $1.12 to $1.00. The holder capacity has been increased from 110,000 to 610,000 feet capacity. This year the company contemplates laying about twenty-five miles additional mains.

On the Davenport side the two old electric light and power plants have been consolidated and a sub-station established from which all the electric light and power is distributed, the power being generated by the combined water and steam plants of Moline. The capacity of the Moline plant has been quadrupled. The peak load capacity of the Moline plant is 12,000 kilowatts or 16,000 horse power. The rates have been reduced from fifteen cents to substantially ten cents per kilowatt and the plant is now serving many manufacturers in the three cities. The transmission lines will shortly be extended into the territory tributary to the three cities, and farmers and business men will be given the advantage of cheap power and lights.

The management contemplates a continuation of the policy of furnishing excellent service at reasonable rates, and after the capital necessities are cared for the company will use its surplus earnings to develop inter-urban railways and power generation wherever it can be advantageously supplied.

The heating system, a part of the Davenport Gas & Electric Company properties, came in with the merger. This was a utility that the consolidated company did not desire for the reason that it did not seem possible to give satisfactory service at a reasonable rate. But radical improvements in the methods of operation and charges have been made and the result is that a great deal of waste which was experienced in the past has been eliminated and it is not believed the system can be operated without loss.

Much credit is due Mr. J. F. Porter, president, for effecting the greatly improved conditions in the cities of Davenport, Rock Island and Moline. There is not only a great improvement in the service and greatly reduced rates, but the corporation seems to have gained the confidence of the people. Scores of representative business men admitted to me that they were originally opposed to the consolidation, but now they are well satisfied with the results. The policy of the corporation is evidently calculated to make friends. It never fools the people; never makes a promise it does not keep, and it takes into full account the fact that the confidence of the people is an asset of equal value to its franchises. It believes the people have rights and these rights will be respected at all times.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS

"DO you mind the widow Martin's quiltin'?
Her daughter Sue was a flighty thing,
Always laughing and flirting and jiltin'
And wearing this and t'other's ring;
She's dead this twenty years, poor creature,
She had soft blue eyes and a head of curls.
'Pears like the flowers and the maids were sweeter,
When we were girls.

"How it snowed that day, though 'twas just November.
Was the quilt 'log cabin' or 'Irish chain'?
I have forgot, but I well remember
The widow's nephew from down in Maine.
When we shook the cat, he sent her yellin'
And bounced her out in about three whirls.
They had many ways of fortune tellin'
When we were girls.

"Do you remember the spelling battle—
'Twas summer-time and the weather fine—
When Polly Jenks spelled c-a-t-l, cattle,
And Temperance Trimber, v-i-g-n, vine?
But what did it matter, word or letter,
They had cheeks like roses and teeth like pearls.
Men were the same, no worse, no better,
When we were girls.

"'Twas the master himself that Polly married—
Why, Jane, what ails you? What makes you sigh?
You could not wed while the grandsire tarried,
So youth and roses and love went by.
They tell me Polly's fine and haughty
In lengthened dresses and brighter pearls,
But the master's just the same as taught ye,
When we were girls."

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

WHEN I return after a brief absence and find on my desk an accumulation of carefully marked mail, labelled "Immediate," "Business," "Editorial," there is one part of the last named section that I always look at first—the letters from what we call our "veteran list." Many subscribers write me that from ill health or some other potent cause, they are unable to continue the magazine. Every line of these letters overflows with the feeling and sentiment which inspire an editor and every worker in the office. Many letters come from subscribers who have been readers for years, but now find themselves in poor circumstances. "I must cut off even my favorite magazine, but I will miss it so much."

So we put them on the "veteran list," to receive the magazine as long as he or she lives, and in all the hundreds of cases that have been handled each year, and that now mount up to thousands, I have never found one where confidence was abused, nor one where the recipient was not delighted and grateful. What a satisfaction it has been to be able to render this small service to kind friends and appreciative readers, yet you can readily realize how these demands have grown until our veteran list is becoming a serious tax on our resources. While it is our purpose to continue our present list of "veteran" subscribers, the time has arrived when we must ask others to help, if this good work is to include those who write in this year saying they are unable to continue. I am going to ask subscribers who feel that they can afford to help others to send me their names and I will forward direct to them letters, stating that the writers cannot continue their magazine, but would like to do so. My purpose is to send the original letters direct, so that those who desire to help may have the pleasure of writing personally to these subscribers who ought to go on our veteran list, telling them that their favorite magazine will be continued.

A few of these letters are reproduced below—of course suppressing the names—that you may see just what comes to my desk.

Sept. 16, 1907.

Dear National:—

So faithfully have you come to me during the long weeks of my recent illness! "I thank you" seems such poor payment, but I do thank you with all my heart, and, little by little, I have saved this $ for you; I wish it were more, but you will remember that I am old, a widow and alone, and my hands support me.

I am getting better in health now, and life is sweet and bright notwithstanding my late illness.

Your magazine is one of the very best in existence. How I love it! The sight of it monthly brings a smile to my face, no matter how tired I am.

It came this morning, and one poem was worth a year's subscription. And, in imagination, I see all the places you write of—I get acquainted with the people you meet—I just simply go with You. Do you wonder that your magazine is meat and bread to me? Thanking you again, and wishing you all earthly good, I am your sincere friend,

S. D. K.

EDWARD J. STELLWAGEN, CHAIRMAN OF THE INAUGURATION COMMITTEE, 1909

It is not generally known that the United States Government makes no provision for inauguration ceremonies, but the citizens of the District of Columbia voluntarily assume the expenses of this display every four years. Many weeks are spent in preparation for the work and all funds are subscribed by private individuals, with no anticipation of any offset other than what may come from the large number of visitors thronging to the city at this time. If the receipts from the Inaugural Ball exceed the expenses, the balance is turned over to some charity, and anything accruing from the fund raised for the inauguration ceremonies does not benefit even remotely the people who plan and execute this brilliant undertaking. It is the one time when the nation receives a hearty and free welcome to Washington.

sippi showed that what can be done on the one river is applicable to the other as well. Although the relaxation of the freight congestion of two years ago has been unfavorable to the demand for waterways legislation, its advocates were no less enthusiastic, pointing out that when normal conditions are restored, the nation's freight traffic will be overtaxed again, creating a demand for waterway traffic. Delegates from Texas and other states interested pointed to the advantages of deepening the fifty-mile barge canal to Houston, tapping the Texas coast at Galveston, where already a traffic of $50,000,000 is handled every year. They asked for the expenditure of $2,000,000 "spot cash" at once by the government, to complete the project, instead of laying out this sum within a term of years. The delegates insisted that if the budget could be spent now, it would accomplish more than if doled out in smaller sums from year to year.

CONGRESSMAN EDWARD B. VREELAND
Member of the Congressional Monetary Commission

* * *

PLANS in preparation for the inauguration of William Howard Taft presage one of the most elaborate military demonstrations ever seen at an inaugural. The army and navy will furnish a thousand soldiers fresh from the evacuation of Cuba and an equal number of blue-jackets from their tour around the world. Major General Barry, commandant of the Cuban Army of Pacification, and Rear Admiral Sperry will lead their several contingents, and all the other admirals, captains and officials of army and fleet will be ready to join the parade.

Elaborate decorations, the crack civic and military bands, and magnificent pyrotechnics will combine to make Washington a dream of urban splendor. Work is being rushed on the grounds at the Union Station, and the citizens and authorities of Washington are determined to make the inauguration of William Howard Taft a memorable event in the history of the National Capital.

The usual bill was introduced in Congress by Representative Smith, asking for the use of the Pension Office Building for the inaugural ball, and thus the one great picturesque social event will continue in the old-time settings, with the huge pillars of the great red building in the foreground.

REPRESENTATIVE W. L. JONES
North Yakima, Washington

The city of Cincinnati will also be elaborately illuminated and will celebrate an inaugural event of its own. As the home of many recent presidents, Ohio has never failed to

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BARONESS MARIE VON PAUMGARTEN

One of the popular debutantes of the Washington season. She has taken a prominent part in social functions of the diplomatic circle duly honor an occasion when one of her native-born takes his seat in the presidential chair. The Class of '78 at Yale will not appear in the parade, as first proposed, but will occupy seats of honor in the reviewing stand.

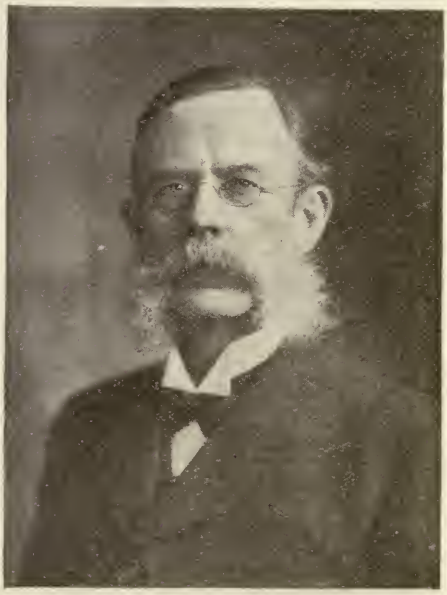
REPRESENTATIVE GEORGE EDMUND FOSS
From Chicago, Illinois

FOR the first time in many years Speaker Cannon was called upon in the present session to cast his vote to decide a tie. He did so in favor of a bill introduced by Representative Sherley—a Democrat. The bill makes it a crime for two or more persons to enter into a conspiracy to deprive an alien of any right granted to him by a United States treaty; the vote was an even 100 to 100, reading like an old-time baseball score. When "Uncle Joe" cast the vote that decided the tie, it was noticed that he became so much interested that the half-dead cigar between his fingers was quite forgotten. The bill was not a party measure, but was introduced by Mr. Sherley as the result of his study of relations between Italy and Japan and the United States. Several presidents have regretted the lack of such legislation.

There was some talk about the speaker having failed to have his name called at roll-call, and therefore incurring the loss of his vote, it being stated that, owing to this omission, his vote would not be counted. The speaker, insisting on his right to vote, referred to the time the speaker cast his vote on the day succeeding that on which the roll was called—with this precedent there could be no doubt as to the constitutionality of the speaker's vote on this occasion.

* * *

ILLUSTRATING the magnitude of the House of Representatives, and the ever-increasing whirl of business in which its 391 members are engaged, Congressman Rodenberg of Illinois tells how, on a recent journey, he introduced two gentlemen, who on becoming acquainted, were surprised to discover that they were members of the same Congress. In the course of conversation, one asked the other:



REPRESENTATIVE C. F. BAILEY
Pennsylvania

"On what committee do you serve?"

"Railways and Canals."

"The deuce you do!—why, I'm a member of that committee, and I do not remember you."

Now, congressmen are proposing to have some kind of social function at which members of the several committees may meet each other before the regular work of the session begins. All agree that it is surprising how few men they become acquainted with during a session.

They claim that there is little time for social life or even home enjoyment, after public functions and attendance at the Capitol are cared for and strict attention is given to the business of the committee room.

* * *

RECENTLY, at a Washington ball, a dignified matron sat in a post of honor, looking upon the merry dancers. Breathless, with fans in active service, the young people would stop to talk with the stately dame, who was a charming and popular leader in the social life of the Capital many years ago. As they gathered around her she read them a lesson upon the lack of dignity in modern dances, especially the two-step and the waltz.

REPRESENTATIUE ROBERT M. WALLACE
Arkansas

"Where, alas, is the grace of the gliding waltz of my time—where is that melancholy, dreamy music, with a heart-break in it, to which we moved in stately measure? We danced as did our grandmothers—as gracefully as the lovely lady of whom it was said: 'like mice beneath her petticoat, her little feet stole in and out.' Never will any such lines be written of modern dancers." She shook her head in strong disapproval of "rag-time" music.

Forms and music in dances change with the fashions, as puffy crinoline diminishes into the "hipless gown." Perhaps the "poetry of motion," when ladies sailed about like "graceful argosies, full sailed, spice laden," would not become the skirts of today, which suggest jerky motions and activity rather than languorous grace. There is talk in Washington circles of a revival of the minuet with its quaint dignity, and the grand dame at the Capitol says she lives in hopes of seeing "grace in the ballroom once more."

"I hope," she says, "to see dancers cease to describe angles and skip and hop over the floor; they should confine themselves to curved motions, and abandon the present mode; it is too angular and edged."

* * *

THE vice-chairman of the Monetary Commission, Congressman Vreeland, is an exhaustive and tireless student of the most important measure now before Congress, for the control of the currency of the nation is the most effective form of sovereign power. During his European tour last summer he secured a great deal of interesting data from men of world-wide reputation. As this great

Photo by Clinedinst, Wash.

REPRESENTATIVE D. R. ANTHONY
Of Kansas

UNITED STATES SENATOR LEE S. OVERMAN OF NORTH CAROLINA

Senator Overman started his career by teaching school; he was later private secretary to Governors Vance and Jarvis. He began the practice of law in 1880 and soon had the leading practice in his state. Was five times a member of the state legislature, and in 1903 secured election as speaker. He has served on the Committee of Claims and Public Buildings and Grounds, and Military Affairs. A hard worker and a fine lawyer, he has taken rank as one of the strong senators of the South.

financial question now presents many puzzling and somewhat paradoxical problems, the whole country is desirous that the commission shall have every possible facility for studying and solving it.

Mr. Vreeland's name was prominently connected with the currency bill of last session, but as this was hyphenated with other measures, it was passed rather as a temporary expedient than a permanent and finished law. He hopes to see this vexatious question rightly and intelligently settled with the co-operation of the people, and believes in giving the widest publicity to all plans under consideration, keeping the people thoroughly posted on the progress of the work. In this he is in harmony with Senator Aldrich, chairman of the commission, another of those quiet, forceful men who talk and write little, but who are always ready for action.

* * *

AMONG the new members of Congress is a former Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Charles E. Pickett, of Waterloo, Iowa, who succeeds Judge B. P. Birdsall. He is a young man who enjoys distinction as an orator. Born in Bonaparte, Iowa, in 1866, he soon learned how to "do chores," and began his career in Black Hawk County by performing those odds and ends of work which fall to the share of a boy on a farm.

REPRESENTATIVE C. E. PICKETT OF IOWA

Later he moved to Waterloo where he attended school. After a four-year course at the State University, in the department known as "The College of Liberal Arts," he took up the study of law and in 1890 his shingle was flung to the breezes in Waterloo, where he went into partnership with C. W. Mullan, for six years attorney general of Iowa.

J. H. BAIRD

Editor of the ***Southern Lumberman*** and Supreme Scrivener (since September 9, 1896) of the Concatenated Order of Hoo Hoos, Nashville, Tennessee

Mr. Pickett began active service in political campaigns in 1888, and, although never a candidate for any political office until he made the race for Congress, he has always taken an interest in such matters. In 1899 he was temporary chairman of the Republican State Convention of Iowa, and has served twelve years as one of the regents of the State University. "Charlie Pickett," as he is known at home, is one of the young members of whom much is expected and for whom a bright future is predicted.

MRS. TILLMAN, WIFE OF THE UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA

THE many friends of Lee McNeely of Dubuque, Iowa, assistant clerk of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, admire his pluck in leaving the desirable position in the government service he has held so many years to go into business for himself. He has been so long an employee in the Senate and House that he is regarded as a veteran at the Capitol. Beginning in 1897 as confidential clerk to Colonel Henderson, he retained that position during the four years of the Colonel's service as speaker. Following the latter's retirement from Congress, Mr. McNeely served for two years as clerk to Speaker Cannon, acting in the same capacity also for Representative Birdsall of Iowa and Wiley of New Jersey. Later he was for more than three years associated as private secretary with the late Senator Allison. Several weeks after the death of that veteran legislator in August, last, Mr. McNeely went to Dallas, South Dakota, to attend the opening of the Rosebud Reservation. While there he joined several others in organizing the Pioneer Trust Company, with headquarters at Dallas, their principal business being to locate those settlers who received numbers in the famous land lottery, thereby gaining a right to pick out a quarter-section in Tripp County. The company will take a prominent part in opening up this slice of the reservation. Because of his long and varied experience in clerical work, and his wide acquaintance with public men, Mr. McNeely was elected secretary of the new company.

* * *

AN intrepid and experienced fire-fighter, F. W. Fitzpatrick has for over twenty years made a special study of fire-protection, and his experience and work on this subject have made him a recognized authority on fireproof construction abroad as well as in this country. His figures giving the fire record for 1908 are startling. The property destruction in buildings and contents has amounted to $237,000,000; the cost of maintaining fire departments, high water pressure and such incidentals, $300,000,000; plus that we have paid the insurance companies in premiums over $286,000,000 and have had returned to us in payment for losses $135,000,000, making an actual addition of $151,000,000 to the cost of fire, whose total for the year is thus $688,000,000. During the same period we have added in new buildings and repairs to the old buildings a total of a little over $500,000,000. Worse than that, in one month, we added but $16,000,000 of buildings and repairs, while fire destroyed $24,000,000 worth of property. So much for destruction versus production! And if anything, Mr. Fitzpatrick's figures err in being over-conservative. He thinks that the insurance companies are responsible for the loss by accepting risks at low rates on non-fireproof buildings. The loss per capita per annum in this country in actual combustion, regardless of incidental expenses, is $2.76, whereas in Europe it is only 33c per capita. In Boston, Massachusetts, the fire loss has been $3.61 per capita against a loss of 24c in Dublin.

To prevent this tremendous drain on the American resources, Mr. Fitzpatrick suggests such state and municipal regulation of building as will estop the addition of any more fuel in the way of combustible construction; he claims that none but fireproof buildings should be permitted in our cities, and proves conclusively that they are not only desirable but are actually cheaper than the fire-traps we have been accustomed to build;

F. W. FITZPATRICK

The father of the movement for fire protection by the erection of absolutely fire-proof buildings he advocates the official labeling of buildings just as to their class of construction so that the public may not be misled by the misapplication of the term "fireproof"; he advocates the remodeling of our tax system so that the owners of fire-traps who require the maximum of protection for their property shall pay for the maintenance of fire departments, etc., by being assessed the highest rate on their buildings, while the owners of fireproof construction, requiring the minimum protection should pay the minimum rate. He is in advance of his time, and is a true exponent of up-to-date Americanism, insisting that the nation should cease to countenance the present tremendous annual waste by fire, and declares it can be stopped, being a firm believer in the idea that whatever this nation wants it can secure. Mr. Fitzpatrick has furnished more valuable information and advocated more effective measures for the promotion of fireproof construction than has anyone else in the country.

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A DAY WITH PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

Terrett Cottage, the President-elect's winter home in Augusta, where the Taft cabinet is being built

Mr. Fitzpatrick was formerly in the government building service and has designed some of the most important of the recent government buildings. His practice is now that of a consulting-architect and he is executive officer of the International Society of Building Commissioners, a society he organized for the improvement of building methods, and that extends advice and assistance along the lines of fire-prevention to any municipality, organization or individual, having its or his interest enough at heart to ask for it. Always of a scientific trend of thought, his contributions to various magazines and newspapers are most interesting and to the point and are widely quoted. In addition to his work in this, his specialty, he has accomplished splendid results in the advancement of architectural and civic reforms.

* * *

FOR more than ten years Frederick Warner Carpenter has served as secretary to Judge Taft, and will soon be inducted into the responsible position of secretary to the

President, the position held by George Bruce Cortelyou and William Loeb. Mr. Carpenter is a nephew of Senator Mat Carpenter of Wisconsin, one of the great figures in the Senate thirty years ago. Mr. Carpenter has well earned the honor of being secretary to the President by years of hard work and loyal service. He will continue to constitute a protection for the President in being burdened with useless details from the outside world.

Born in Sauk Centre, Minnesota, in 1872, Mr. Carpenter, when ten years of age, moved to California with his father; at the age of twenty-four he returned to his native state to enter the University of Minnesota, and received there the degree of Bachelor of Law, to which was later added the degree of Master of Arts. Returning to California he settled down to practice law. It was then that Secretary Taft discovered him and an appreciation of his work is shown by the tribute paid him by Secretary Taft, when visiting Mr. Carpenter's birthplace last year:

"I cabled across the Pacific from Manila, acting on the statement of Dan Williams, who said he was sure that if I could get Fred Carpenter I would have the best secretary in the United States or the Philippines—or between the two."

Mr. Taft thinks that though his secretary renders more effective service each year, he is not a day older than when he came to him ten years ago; he has a perfect understanding of Mr. Taft and knows just how to relieve him of such portions of his work as can be done by another brain and pair of hands. It has long been said that a public man is made or marred by his secretary, and that such an official must be born and not made. Mr. Carpenter was born for the work he is doing. He was with Mr. Taft in the Philippines, traveled with him around the world, and has taken part in all the responsible experiences of Secretary Taft in his varied career for the past ten years. He is assiduous in his attention to details, careful, endowed with gentlest tact, and never knows what it is to cease working until all that is necessary has been completed. Night after night he followed the arduous course of his chief to the finishing up of every detail, and in the same degree that Mr. Taft was trained and fitted to be President of the United States, so has Mr. Carpenter been prepared for his duties as secretary to the chief executive. In all the excitement of the campaign and cabinet work, there has always been a feeling that the level head of the secretary of Judge Taft has served him well.

During the Georgia tour he was hard at work as ever, having just returned from a month's vacation at his old home in California, looking fit as a fiddle in fine tune for the arduous responsibilities of four years to come. A great reader and a lover of art, Mr. Carpenter's collection of objects acquired during his travels is very valuable.

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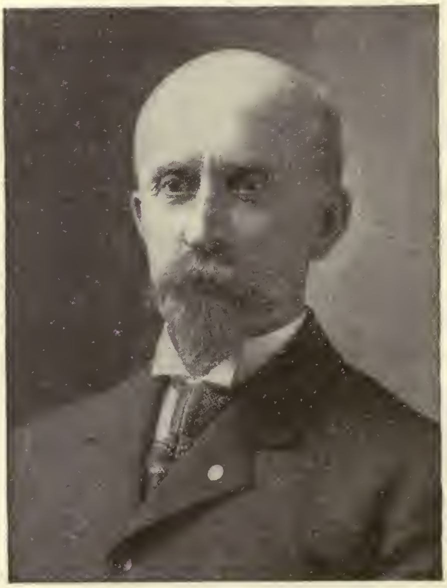
FRED W. CARPENTER
Secretary to President-elect Taft

* * *

IN another year Alaska will no longer be considered a far away land. The splendid progress made at Seattle, and the wonderful buildings erected for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition are talked of all over the world and Seattle's enterprising citizens are bringing their part of the world closer to us each year. Perhaps the most magnetic of all attractions will be the relation and illustration of the wonderful gold discoveries in Alaska.

Among those little incidents of human interest that animate all great undertakings, is the announcement that "at last Mr. Grosth intends to take a holiday and will visit the exposition." The story of John Grosth is the story of Alaska. Years ago he was one of the first-comers at Nome; quiet, observant, he knew a gold-bearing country and found it at Solomon River, forty miles from Nome; the place is called New Jerusalem, and here John struck it rich and became a millionaire. It made no difference to John. Apparently he dug for the pure joy of finding, for each morning he shouldered his pick and worked at his mine for eight or ten hours daily. All the luxury that gold could bring had no attraction for him, and he continued to live in a simple way, on a few dollars a week, in a land where office-boys were paid $150.00 per month.



REPRESENTATIVE BEN F. CALDWELL
Chatham, Illinois

The only thing that could call him away from his mine and out into the world was the news that Alaska, with all her allurements and her wonders, was to be presented at the coming exposition. Then said John: "Every true citizen of Alaska ought to be at Seattle, to welcome all who may be interested in our glorious gold land."

When the exposition is over, John will return to his New Jerusalem amid the frost lands and ice seas of the North, but he will carry with him memories of thousands of people from all parts of the world whom he saw at the exposition, for no larger or more representative gathering has ever been seen than will gather from "the four airts" to the shores of Puget Sound.

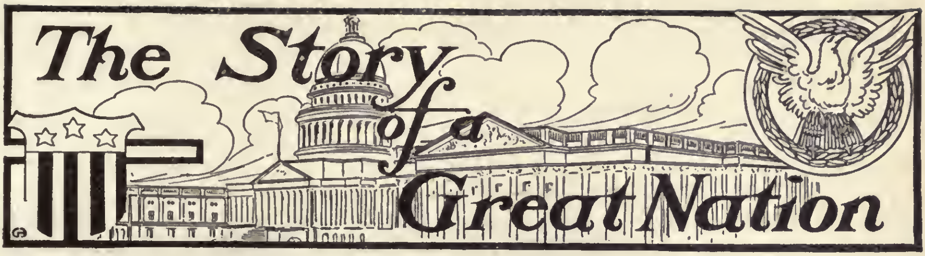
Among other visitors who were charmed with the beauties of the exposition grounds and of Cascade Court, was Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the Gibson girl. He was making his first trip to the coast, but assures his hosts in Seattle that he will certainly return for the exposition, though ordinarily such events have little attraction for him. Like everyone else, he wants to look upon the completed beauties of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

* * *

HISTORICAL hobgoblins are now figuring in Washington conversation. Earnest readers of Guizot's "History of France" have been looking up the masterly description of Charles I of England, and the political conditions at the time of his ascension to the throne. No sovereign ever began his reign more auspiciously than did Charles I; he was looked upon as especially fitted to justly consider and solve the great questions of his era; even the more radical members of Parliament expected a reign of progress and amity. How swiftly the scene changed; how stubborn was the fight which ended in the death on the scaffold of the only king ever beheaded in England!

In re-reading the great French historian's records of the past, a resemblance between that time and our own is detected by thoughtful Washingtonians, who see an analogy between Charles I and his parliament and the existing relations between the Chief Executive and Congress; they say the situation resembles in minor details that ancient crisis. Various pessimists remark that President-elect Taft appears especially adapted in character and experience for the great task to which he has been called, and yet wonder if there may not be just a little disappointment when hereafter events and results of his regime are reviewed.

This apprehension, however, is merely the aftermath of a political campaign, for never was a man more thoroughly fitted in character and training to make a continuous success at the White House than William H. Taft, and it may be predicted that his hand will soon lay the historical hobgoblin that it may "walk" no more while he is president.


The Story of a Great Nation

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

By TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY

Secretary of the Navy

THE executive power of the nation is vested by the Constitution in one person—the President of the United States, and this power, in turn, is divided among executive departments, which have been established through the exigencies of government. This division and delegation of power has for its only legal warrant the assumption on the part of the framers of the Constitution and the inference derivable from that instrument that executive departments would, of necessity and as a matter of course come into being.

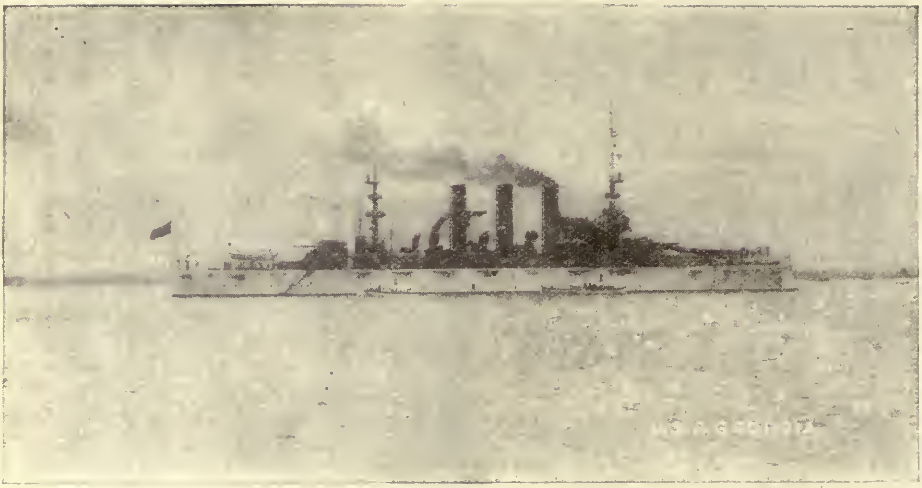
TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY

The existence of a Cabinet, as such, has no warrant in law, and there is no reference in the Constitution to such a body as now in fact exists. Section 2 of Article 2 of the United States Constitution provides that the President "* * * may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices * * *," and the same section provides that "* * * the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the *heads of departments*." There is no other reference in the Constitution to the heads of executive departments.

An examination of the fundamental law shows clearly the idea the framers had of a chief magistrate, who, in the execution of the laws and the administration of the affairs of the general government would summon to his aid and counsel men to whom he could intrust the administration of governmental business, who should be directly responsible to the chief magistrate, who, in turn, owed his ultimate responsibility to the people.

The fundamental idea of our system of government being that the people are the ultimate source of power, the administrative responsibility of the head of an executive department is a secondary one. There is no direct line of responsibility between him and the people. He is answerable immediately to his appointor, the President, who is under a direct responsibility to the people for the conduct of public business by each of the several executive heads.

As the necessity for the different executive departments has from time to time become



apparent, the Congress has, by appropriate legislation, established them, drawing its authority from the constitutional assumption before mentioned, and from the authority to be found in the Constitution for the establishment of such means or agencies as are necessary for the proper execution of the powers specifically delegated to the President of the United States as well as to the legislative branch of the government.

Having thus briefly defined the nature of the headship of an executive department, and the kind of responsibility that is his, we may turn our attention to the duties that devolve upon the executive head of the Navy Department. Many elements enter into its administration, and for the purpose here attempted they may be grouped under three heads—technical, industrial and political.

To assist the Secretary there have been established eight co-ordinate bureaus or divisions—units of the departmental organization —and the Secretary has been given authority to "Assign and distribute among the said bureaus such of the said duties of the Navy Department as he shall judge to be expedient and proper."

The business of this department is so extensive and varied that its grand divisions must of necessity be under the immediate supervision of individuals having special qualifications and training which will fit them for their duties.

The enlistment and control of the personnel of the fleet, the responsibility for the discipline and movements of the fleet, the supervision of training stations, target practice, and other matters which directly bear upon the efficiency of the fleet must naturally be under the direct supervision of an officer of the highest attainments and large experience as a seagoing officer. These duties belong to the Bureau of Navigation, the chief of which bureau is also the chief naval adviser of the Secretary.

Another branch of the service has to do with the care of the sick and wounded, and the sanitary efficiency of the fleet must be under some official having unusually high technical attainments as a physician and surgeon. This work is under the supervision of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery.

It is obvious that the design and manufacture of ordnance material requires expert knowledge of a high order in the officer directly responsible for the supervision of the design and manufacture of such material, and this work falls to the Bureau of Ordnance.

The making of all payments of money, the provision of food and clothing for the fleet, the purchase of supplies, and the maintenance of an adequate stock of supplies on board ship and at naval stations constitutes the work of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts.

The duties which devolve upon the bureaus of Construction and Repair and Steam Engineering in designing and constructing our naval vessels and installing the proper machinery are of so kindred a nature as to make it expedient to vest the immediate control of the two divisions in one official or a co-ordinating board. The work is of a highly specialized character and must be supervised by officers of exceptional ability and wide experience in their respective professions, and should be subject to the control above indicated.

The important task of keeping the vessels supplied with coal, the installation of electrical apparatus, the maintenance of ships' libraries and all manner of fittings, exclusive of the batteries falls at present to the Bureau of Equipment.

The only other Bureau not mentioned—the Bureau of Yards and Docks—has practically nothing to do with the building or equipment of ships, its duties being largely confined to the construction of buildings and docks at navy yards and the supply of the general utilities for the same; namely, light, heat and power.

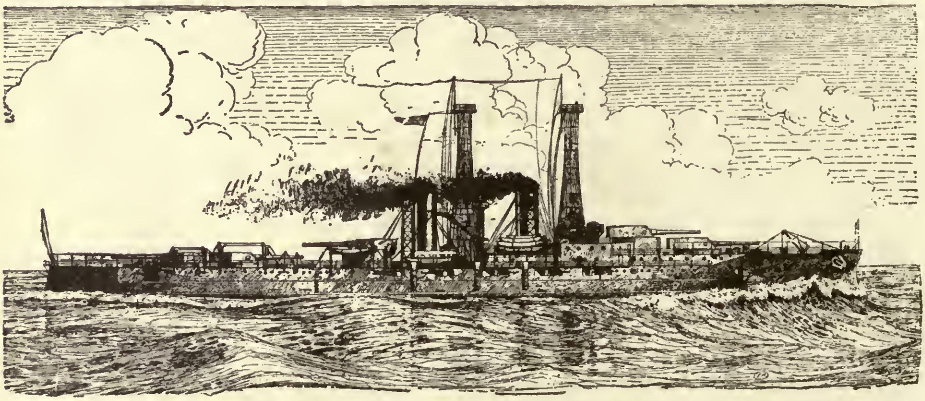
That the Secretary of the Navy may in fact be the responsible head of the department, that he may have general and absolute direction of business, with plenary power of initiative and veto, and at the same time, in order that all technical matters pertaining to building programs and the distinctive military features may be properly and intelligently handled, there exists the General Board and the Board on Construction, both composed of line officers of high rank. The duties of the former board relate to the military and personnel, and of the latter board, to the design, construction and repair of ships. The Board on Construction, consisting largely of line officers with seagoing experience, is the co-ordinating arm of the Secretary between the various bureaus.

In regard to new ships, the General Board suggests the military features. The Secretary gives his provisional approval. The Board on Construction embodies these features in a preliminary general plan, calling on the various bureaus for counsel, criticism and assistance. The General Board considers this plan and with its comments and criticisms passes it on to the Secretary. From this approved general plan the working drawings are made, and when completed and approved by the Board on Construction go to the Secretary for his final approval. Thus, under the present organization, in the more vital matters, is the power vested in the Secretary commensurate with his responsibility.

This technical phase of the Navy's administration is co-extensive with the combined activities of these administrative units possessed of technical knowledge, because the Navy Department is essentially an organization which must make provision for the unforeseen contingencies of war.

In addition, however, there is what we have called the industrial phase, and in considering this, the Navy must be viewed in the light of a great business organization. In drawing and placing contracts for battleships, submarines and colliers, and the innumerable accessories in the line of supplies and general equipment; in the supervision of the repair work and general shop work continuously in progress at the navy yards and stations; and in the method of expending the various appropriations made by Congress and systematizing the various accounts a high order of executive ability and business experience is essential.

Besides the internal organization, the Navy Department owns and controls fourteen large plants, known as navy yards, devoted to the repair of naval vessels and the manufacture of naval equipment and supplies. They employ, under ordinary conditions, from 200 to 4,000 mechanics and laborers each, or a total of approximately 30,000 men representing almost every known trade. Employment at these yards is strictly on the merit system, and political influence avails nothing in securing privilege or precedence. Promotion is by examination, and every civilian employed in our navy yards is directly or indirectly under the Civil Service Commission. These stations are distributed from Kittery, Maine, to New Orleans, with two on the Pacific seaboard and one at Cavite. There are also several stations which may be regarded as purely military in character, all of which are located primarily with reference to military expediency. Some of the navy yards are engaged almost exclusively in the manufacture of special articles.



THE 20,000-TON, 21-KNOT "NORTH DAKOTA"—OUR FIRST "DREADNOUGHT"

The Washington Gun Factory makes guns and gun-mounts; the Naval Proving ground at Indian Head, smokeless powder; the Torpedo Station at Newport, torpedoes; and the Boston Yard, all of the anchors, anchor chains, cables and cordage used in the Navy. Engaged in such activities, together with the repair of vessels and the assembling of supplies, the various yards are devoted to the maintenance of vessels and personnel in an efficient condition.

There is scarcely any branch of industry that is not materially affected by the Navy's requirements. Its demands are felt in the mines, at the forge, at the loom, on the farm, and in the lumber camp. The money spent in the maintenance of vessels and the procurement of supplies is, therefore, not confined to those special localities at which navy yards are situated, but is widely distributed through manufacturers and merchants to all parts of the country, thus finding its way back into the hands of the people whence it came.

The Navy may be looked upon in this phase as a great industrial corporation, in the management of which the fundamental idea is the greatest economy consistent with the highest efficiency.

The political part of running the Navy consists in the policy to be adopted with reference to foreign governments, and in reference to the attitude to be assumed in regard to any project of great public concern. Questions arising under this Department and involving the application of principles, which spring from public policy, are not, however, determinable solely by the Secretary of the Navy, but must be considered with reference to other executive departments, particularly the Department of State, and the general policy of the chief magistrate.

Besides the civilian Secretary of the Navy, the several bureaus and boards, who have immediate supervision of technical matters, there is a civilian Assistant Secretary, whose office was created by Congress in 1861. This official "shall perform all such duties * * * as shall be prescribed by the Secretary of the Navy or as may be required by law, and who shall act as Secretary of the Navy in the absence of that officer." This office was abolished in 1868, but re-established by the Act of March 3, 1890, since which time there have been eight incumbents.

The important task of keeping all vessels of the Navy in repair and ready for any service that the exigencies of the time might require, with its limitless detail, falls to the Assistant Secretary, who acts upon the recommendations and estimates of expert officers and constructors of the Navy. The designation, examination and appointment from civil life of junior officers of the Marine and Pay Corps, and the Corps of Chaplains is likewise a part of this official's duty. This office, also, under recent administrations, has developed to a considerable degree the Naval Militia of the States.

* * *

The object which Congress had in view in appropriating money for the naval militia was to induce the States to co-operate with the general government in the preparation of a large number of civilians throughout the country, corresponding to our citizen soldiery, for naval service in time of war; and in carrying out this object it is incumbent upon the general government to do for them, at least as much as they, with their meagre resources, are trying to do for the general government. In this way the Navy will have always at its command a volunteer force upon which it can confidently depend for loyal and intelligent service. It is the aim of this Department to build up a thoroughly efficient naval reserve, and to encourage preparation along practical lines. To this end regular drills are held, and maneuvers of the combined organizations of several States were inaugurated last August in Chesapeake and Gardner's Bay, with the view of making it a regular annual event. The assembling of different State organizations throws upon them a direct responsibility for safety and efficiency, and puts them into direct competition, thus making patent the good and the weak points of each organization and stimulating each to excel the other. Target practice is also carried on, and in general every facility is afforded them for gaining experience in the actual handling of armored vessels and for acquiring "the habit of the sea." Writing as of November 1st, 1908, there are eighteen States and the District of Columbia maintaining naval militia organizations of a combined strength of 6,194, to which the government has loaned twenty-three vessels

What the Navy offers to a young man for a career or for valuable experience and training is a matter much misrepresented and little understood. With the change from sail to steam and from wood to steel and with the installation of electric power and lighting plants aboard ship, there came a demand for new and different kinds of seamen such as machinists, electricians, boiler-makers, coppersmiths, blacksmiths, ship-fitters and plumbers. The demand for these artisans became greater than the supply from civil life, and so the Department established training schools of its own at San Francisco, Newport and Norfolk, which take the young recruit, or the man who has served one enlistment, and in preparing him for the peculiar needs of the Navy, give him a good practical education.

Each boy undergoes a course of instruction before joining the fleet, and once on board he is under the supervision of the officers as to his cleanliness, personal habits and instruction, including athletic exercises. Ships are fitted with musical instruments and carefully selected libraries, containing reference books and historical and biographical treatises.

In this respect the Navy is a training school of the manual arts, and a modern battleship is a workshop of many mechanical trades. With regard to general education men are encouraged to take correspondence school courses and in this way to fit themselves to attend the technical classes maintained by the Department or to make preparation for advancement to warrant or commissioned rank. Chaplains give lectures to the younger boys, instructing them in the rudiments if they are backward, advise them in regard to money or family matters, and are ready to look after their interests outside the ship if their assistance is required.

Cases are not unusual where painstaking division officers give special instruction to men who evince a desire to advance or improve themselves. The general welfare of enlisted men and their contentment with trying service conditions is receiving careful attention in the matters of better pay, increased facilities for visiting their homes, pensions to the disabled, and in providing for old age by retirement and liberal pay after thirty years' service.

He is in error who supposes that the enlisted man of the American Navy is an ill-fed and ill-treated individual. During the entire voyage of the Atlantic Fleet around the world the men had fresh food in as great variety as if the fleet had been at anchor in the harbor of New York. For their Christmas dinner, for instance, they had roast turkey with cranberry sauce, mince pie, plum pudding and all the viands which the recollection of a Christmas dinner brings to mind. So completely were the needs of the battleship fleet anticipated and provided for in this respect that on the entire cruise from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, a distance of about 16,000 miles, less than $3,200 worth of stores, the supply of which *might* have been anticipated were purchased and these supplies were in many cases of a kind not essential.

While it is undoubtedly true that national defense and the maintenance of national prestige is the main object of the Navy's existence, and that the accomplishment of this object will in the end depend absolutely upon the military and technical efficiency and preparedness of our fleets, still the Government and the people have always recognized the fact that certain peaceful pursuits form a part of the proper avocation of the Navy.

The Hydrographic division and the Naval Observatory are continuously employed in the special study and investigation of the laws of storms, the climatology of the oceans, the ocean currents, fog conditions and the construction and publication of charts and maps. This work in the past has involved expeditions of research into every quarter of the globe, and during the last three-score years new lands and seas have been brought within the confines of the known world and their accessibility has been insured. Western civilization has been disseminated, new channels of trade have been opened, and a new fund of geographic and commercial knowledge has been contributed to mankind.

The Navy has an educational adjunct at Annapolis, which of itself is an institution of learning of a high character. Founded by the Honorable George Bancroft in 1845, its membership has grown from 56 to about 800; and it has been of inestimable value to the naval service and to the country.

Over and above the national pride of prowess and martial achievement, there is somewhat of a spirit of enterprise and peaceful endeavor that breathes throughout this branch of the national power, which has served to stimulate universal trade and to promote international comity; and this is as much a part of that sound public policy as that abundant caution and expediency which demands that the United States, with its great length of coast line, its great interests and responsibilities, and its accredited position among the world powers, shall maintain a Navy second to none in magnitude, efficiency and preparedness.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the tenth article of the notable series telling of actual processes of our federal government. They are written by the men who are actually doing the work. The articles began in the January issue, when the following articles were published:

I—"The Supreme Court," by Ex-Justice Henry B. Brown.
II—"Making Uncle Sam's Money," by Director Joseph E. Ralph.
III—"Secrets of the Secret Service," by Chief John E. Wilkie.
IV—"National Public Health Service," by Surgeon-General Walter Wyman.

The February issue contains the following articles:

V—"The Department of Justice," by Attorney-General Charles J. Bonapart.
VI—"Uncle Sam's Land Office," by Commissioner Fred Dennett.
VII—"How the United States Army is Fed," by Brigadier-General Henry G. Sharpe.
VIII—"Bureau of American Republics," by Director John Barrett.
IX—"The District of Columbia," by Judge John J. Jenkins.

THE AMERICAN CONSUL: HIS WORK

By WINSLOW HALL

XI—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

WHAT gorgeous pictures of foreign lands enthrall the imagination of the American school-boy, as he bends over his geography and thinks of the American consul and his life and labors in those distant countries laid out on the maps before him and delineated in irregular patches tinted in red, yellow, green and blue, with round black dots to locate the capitals and commercial centers of the world!

AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
Dresden, Germany

With him, and indeed with most of his elders, the popular conception of a United States consul is of an appointee of the last incoming administration, who has "done the state some service"—along strictly partisan lines—and is being furnished a trip and residence abroad at the expense of Uncle Sam, in requital of such service. As represented in many popular plays, short stories and novels, he is pictured as a "jolly good fellow," who lives a life of ease and luxury, with nothing to worry him and little to do but wear a dress coat at private and public festas, visit and hobnob with civil, military and naval dignitaries, and bask in the full sunlight of social honors and entertainment. From such *liesse* and official *dolce far niente* he is supposed, at times, to spring to the rescue of distressed damsels and condemned filibusters, and interpose between murderous Latian or cold-blooded, arrogant, Continental authorities the aegis of the Republic and the inviolable folds of the American Flag.

As a matter of fact, there is much about the life of an American consul, in most localities, which is a charming interlude between busy and sordid years of strenuous business life. The hitherto obscure political worker of some "close deestric" uncommonly prosaic in the daily life and avocations of its inhabitants, becomes, on receipt of his appointment and its ratification by the government to which he is accredited, the social equal of nobles and officials, of gentlemen and ladies, with whom he could not possibly visit or associate in his individual capacity. In many localities the climate is superb, the views enchanting, the opportunities for scholarly, antiquarian, musical and artistic investigation unrivaled, and the list of pleasures and divertisements long, varied and cheaply indulged. In other appointments the lover of travel among barbarous and half-civilized peoples, and of exciting hunting and exploring expeditions, finds ample opportunity to vary comparatively rare periods of pressing duty with adventures which will always furnish pleasant memories in after life.

Thus Vialle, vice-consul general at Adis Abeba, found himself, after a camel ride of three weeks, in the capital of Abyssinia, where the late Emperor Menelik then held sway over the warlike Gallas, who had literally extirpated, some years before, the Italian invaders, whose bones were still visible along the desert road from Suakim, along which they had toiled under a burning sun to meet with defeat and death. Johnston, at Algiers, sees before him daily the wonderful living picture presented in every city of Algeria where French domination has replaced the pirate satrapies of Northern Africa. There

SECTION OF LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND, SHOWING OLD TOWN WALL AND TOWERS

modern France—her civil and military administrators and vivacious citizens — rubs shoulders with Mahometan dervishes, soldiers and veiled women, Arabian desert chiefs, Kabyle mountaineers, Riffian bandits and the Men and Women Who Can't Go Home and who find in Algeria that No-Man's-Land in which no extradition treaty can interfere with the personal liberty of fugitives from justice. In another French colony, Martinique, whence Josephine's Venus-like beauty came to wear the purple at Fontainebleau, dwells Martin, in an island Eden of the Caribbean, among a people scarcely less simple and Arcadian than Adam and Eve. There is a serpent too in this Eden, the dreaded *fer de lance*, the most venomous, vicious and terrible of the "poison people." Mortal are their wounds, without remedy, as thousands of victims have proven within the period of French occupancy. In the French colony of Saigon, Cochin-China, Conner spends the fleet years in a land of eternal summer and quaint antiquity of custom and architecture.

In Greater Britain, Bond, at Aden, Arabia; Dennison, at Bombay, India; Creesey, at Colombo, Ceylon; Merrill, at Georgetown, Guiana; Maynard, at Sandakan, Borneo, live where the highest civilization penetrates with its cold white light the mystic shadows of ancient conservatism and the mortal flashes of racial and fanatical hostility.

So too Coffin, at Muscat, Arabia; Doty at Tabriz, Persia, among the weavers of costly rugs and makers of flexible swords; Hollis, at Lourenco Marquez, Delagoa Bay, where Portugal, shorn as she is of her ancient glories, holds the finest haven-bay on the African coast; Jewett, at ancient Trebizond, and Harris, at Smyrna, rich in Eastern fruits and fabrics, find in their consulates many of those interesting and curious experiences which are associated by the public with the idea of the consular service.

These ideas, however, are somewhat at variance with the rigid regulations of the State Department, and decidedly so when they assign to the consular officer a liberal salary. Indeed, in this regard the American consul generally receives very little more than one-half the pay and perquisites of his British, French or German fellow-consul, with whom he is supposed to join in a friendly rivalry striving to maintain and advance the prestige and dignity of his flag.

The consular service of the United States, as re-organized by a recent act of Congress, consists of fifty-seven "consuls general," whose salaries range from $12,000 per year, as at London and Paris, to $3,000 per year,

EDINBURGH CASTLE

as at Athens, Christiania and Copenhagen. Only $305,000 is paid out yearly for these salaries, which are certainly not excessively liberal. There are 252 consuls, whose salaries range from $8,000 to $2,000 per annum, the average being a little over $2,600 per annum. None of these gentlemen are allowed to engage in any other business as a merchant factor, broker or other trader, or as a clerk or other agent, or practice as a lawyer, or be interested in the fees of another lawyer, or, in short, do anything else for a living except to serve Uncle Sam in his honorable but onerous and poorly-paid consular capacity. Their united salaries aggregate $735,000, which with those of the consuls general ($305,000) makes the total of $1,041,000 per annum. As a vast number of fees, etc., are turned into the treasury, even this small sum much exceeds the cost of the service.

The duties of a consular officer are many and important, including all the duties of a notary public and a supervision of all invoices of goods imported into the United States from the district and country in which he is stationed. This part of a consul's work alone often includes the taking of voluminous affidavits and testimony concerning long-continued business operations and controversies of the most vital importance to the parties interested and often to the general public. From none of these services can the consular officer profit by a single cent, all fees being turned into the United States government under present regulations. For his salary, and the honor of his office and of the Flag, he is "expected to endeavor to maintain and promote all the rightful interests of American citizens, and to protect them in all privileges provided for by treaty or conceded by usage; to visa and, when so authorized, to issue passports; when permitted by treaty, law or usage, to take charge of and settle the personal estates of Americans who may die abroad without legal or other representatives, and remit the proceeds to the Treasury Department in case they are not called for by a legal representative within one year; to ship, discharge and, under certain conditions, maintain and send American seamen to the United States; to settle disputes between masters and seamen of American vessels; to investigate charges of mutiny or insubordination on the high seas and send mutineers to the United States for trial; to render assistance in the case of wrecked or stranded American vessels, and, in the absence of the master or other qualified person, take charge of the wrecks and cargoes if permitted to do

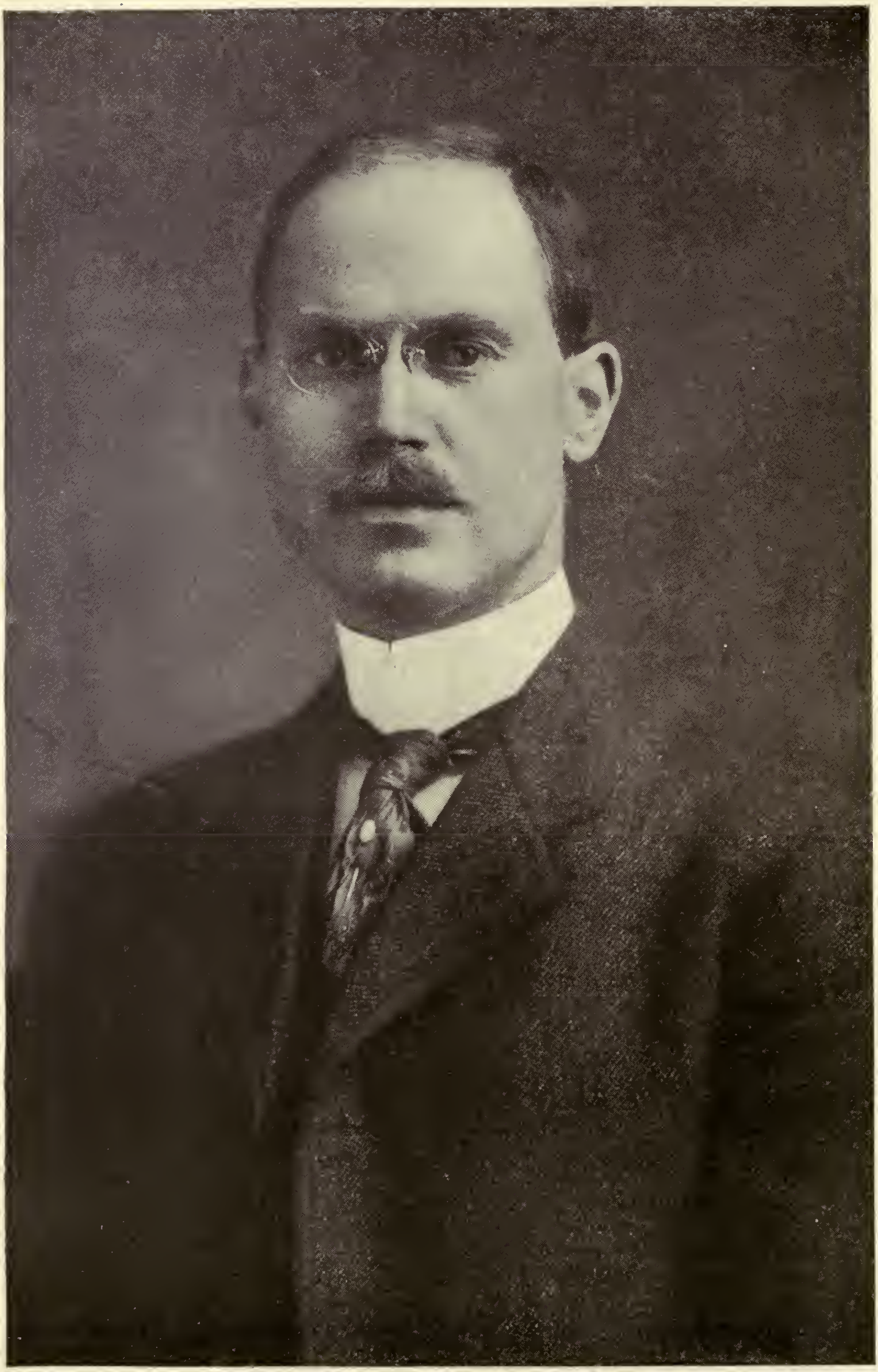


Photo by Harris & Ewing

(602) WILBUR J. CARR, CHIEF OF CONSULAR SERVICE

so by the laws of the country; to receive the papers of American vessels arriving at foreign ports and deliver them after the discharge of the obligations of the vessels toward the members of their crews and upon the production of clearances from the proper foreign port officials; to certify to the correctness of the valuation of merchandise exported to the United States, where the merchandise amounts to more than $100; to act as official witnesses to the marriages of American citizens abroad; to aid in the enforcement of the immigration laws, and to certify to the correctness of the certificates issued by Chinese and other officials to Chinese persons coming to the United States; to protect the health of our seaports by reporting weekly the sanitary and health conditions of the ports at which they reside, and by issuing to vessels clearing for the United States bills of health describing the condition of the ports, the vessels, crews, passengers and cargoes and to take depositions and perform other acts which notaries public in the United States are authorized or required to perform.

"A duty of prime importance is the promotion of American commerce by reporting available opportunities for the introduction of our products, aiding in the establishment of relations between American and foreign commercial houses, and lending assistance wherever practicable to the marketing of American merchandise abroad.

"In addition to the foregoing duties, consular officers in China, Turkey, Siam, Korea, Muscat, Morocco and a few other so-called un-Christian countries are invested with judicial powers over American citizens in those countries. These powers are usually defined by treaty, but generally include the trial of civil cases to which Americans are parties, and in some instances extend to the trial of criminal cases."

It is obvious that the above requirements demand men of more than ordinary ability and tact to fill them acceptably, but the official résumé above set forth only gives a skeleton of what the successful consul is expected to be and to do. He must be a gentleman at heart, if not in training, for he must meet the local and visiting magnates of his consulate as becomes the representative of the great American republic; he must receive many formal and informal invitations and hospitalities, and to a reasonable extent reciprocate the same; he must know when to vindicate an ill-treated American citizen, and when to excuse or rebuke a bumptious or eccentric fellow-countryman. He should be a very Bayard in dealing with his nervous and worried country-women, and yet be very careful that he does not innocently champion a foolish, fault-finding snob or play into the hands of some wily adventuress or adventurer.

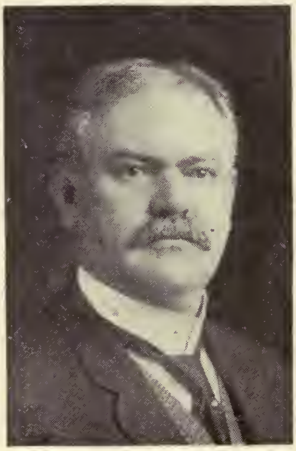
Ordinarily his intercourse with the people and officials of his field of labor will be friendly and pleasant, but there are countries and officials with whom only a firm and determined bearing will avert an international scandal and possibly a veritable tragedy. He is expected to secure all kinds of expert and business information of merchants and manufacturers trained to consider the hereditary secrets of their house little less sacred than the Ark of the Covenant in Solomon's temple, and to get the very truth out of men who believe that nothing excuses them in laying bare the very arcana of trade and national policies to the most dangerous and unreciprocal of all their trade competitors.

No consular officer is supposed to be a diplomatist; indeed, the first clause of Section 1738 expressly declares that: "No consular officer shall exercise diplomatic functions." It is a little interesting, however, to trace the "regular channels" through which a "diplomatic incident" voyages to the vindication of American rights and privileges on the dead sea of circumlocutive red-tapery. In many cases the local consul, or even vice-consul, secures a practical and fairly just solution of any difficulty arising from the mistake or error of local civic, military or naval officials, but in a case where an American is unjustly confined or otherwise wronged the consul can only report the matter to his consul general. The consul general reports to the resident minister or ambassador, and he in turn reports to the secretary of state, who advises the minister to act or perhaps to secure further information. In the latter case the minister so advises the consul general, who instructs the consul, who addresses the head center of the proper state, municipal, naval or military district in which the alleged outrage was committed. The headman instructs or questions the next lowest in rank; he in turn comes down on the

CHARLES S. DENBY
American Consul General
Shanghai, China

HORACE L. WASHINGTON
Traveling Inspector of the
Consular Corps

COL. WM. F. MICHAEL
American Consul General
Calcutta, India


HUNTER SHARP
American Consul General
Kobe, Japan

ROBERT S. CHILTON
American Consul General
Toronto, Canada

JAMES LINN RODGERS
American Consul General
Havana, Cuba

GEORGE E. ANDERSON
American Consul General
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

LESTER MAYNARD
American Consul
Sandakan, British North Borneo

ARNOLD SHANKLIN
American Consul General
Panama

Photos copyright, Harris & Ewing, Washington *burgomaster*, *maire*, *alcalde* or *sous-officier*, military or naval; and he in turn has some subordinate to question or accuse.

In due time, generally a long time, the report filters back through the proper channels to the consul, who, as a rule, sends in the only "live" report of the whole solemn farce, to his consul general, who rehashes it a little and sends a neatly typewritten report to the minister or ambassador, who is a real diplomatist. The minister addresses the Department of State by mail or wire or both, and in a year or two more or less of the despatches appear in the red-covered brochure on "Diplomatic Relations," and the credit, if any, goes to the minister who dictated the final despatch, which settled or buried in Lethe the whole controversy.

Nevertheless, some of the best and most effective diplomatic work ever done for the honor of the Flag and the safety of American life and property, as well as that of the helpless who have sought the protection of an American consulate, has been really done by consuls, whose personal character, dignity and popularity have prevented looting, rapine and massacre. At such times the statutes regulating our foreign diplomacy are often ignored, and the humble consul becomes for the moment the incarnation of the dignity and possible vengeance of the republic.

Up to April 5, 1906, the consular force was appointed by the president, and any consul could be removed at any time for or without cause by the appointing president or his successor. There was no regular examination, age limit, civil service rule or provision for regular promotion. Owing to this uncertainty of tenure, few men sincerely contemplated devoting their lives to the consular service. Many men were utterly unworthy of appointment—mere ward politicians, heelers and strikers, whose cheap cunning and pernicious activity were held by senators and others "to have done the state some service." More than one shameful story of bossy, boozey ignorance and conceit is told of consuls who flourished in the smaller consulates long ago. There were many too who sought and accepted an appointment as an opportunity to make a pleasant excursion into a new country and among alien peoples. Such men often traveled, hunted or amused themselves during their régime, leaving the routine work and cares of their office to a vice-consul or clerk. Others again, who in their day have been prominent in professional, educational, political, industrial, military or naval life, have dragged family names in the dust and abased the lofty records of their previous career, and were provided with one of the less important consulates. Here they were by turns honored for their past and pitied when their vices banished them for a time from the society of men.

Over all, however, no matter how long their continuation in office or how valuable their services, hung that "Sword of Damocles"—the ever-present apprehension of such wholesale presidential removals as under Assistant Secretary of State Josiah Quincy ushered in the term of President Cleveland. Concerning this phase of consular service in his day, a gentleman who had resigned his office just before the inauguration of President Cleveland, said:

"No matter how well a man has performed the duties of his office; no matter how well qualified he may be for the position; no matter how well satisfied the State Department may be with him; no matter how highly he may be esteemed by the community among which he has been sojourning—without any cause, without any reason being given, without a word of recognition of his services, any day, any hour, at any period of his career the postman may bring to his hand the fatal missive:

> "'*Sir:*—
>
> The President having appointed Mr. B——— of L——— Consul of the United States for C————, I will thank you to deliver to him the records and archives of the office, the seal, press, flag and arms, together with the Revised Statutes, the Statutes at Large, Wheaton's Digest, and all other books and property in your possession belongto the United States.
>
> "'I am Sir, etc.,
>
> "'———————————.'"

This abrupt and often wholesale and contemptible removal, without notice, of gentlemen of character, ability and especial fitness for consular service can never again soil the record of any president unless he himself breaks the provisions of the Civil Service Act of January 16, 1883. Under its provisions, made applicable to the consular service by the Act of April 5, 1906, and the regulations published by President Roosevelt June 26, 1906, the young men of America may safely study for the consular service, and if appointed look forward with reasonable security to continued and honorable, albeit poorly compensated, employment.

ST. PATRICK'S BRIDGE, CORK

Since June 30, 1906, under the regulations prescribed by President Roosevelt and later modifications thereof, the consular service of the United States is open to civil service competition, as follows:

1. "Vacancies in the office of consul general and in the office of consul above Class 8 shall be filled by promotion from the lower grades of the consular service, based upon ability and efficiency as shown in the service.

2. "Vacancies in the office of consul of Class 8, and of consul of Class 9, shall be filled:

(*a*) By promotion on the basis of ability and efficiency, as shown in the service of consular clerks and of vice-consuls, deputy-consuls, consular agents, student-interpreters and interpreters in the consular or diplomatic service, who shall have been appointed to such offices upon examination. (*b*) By new appointments of candidates who have passed a satisfactory examination for appointment as consul as hereafter provided.

3. "Persons in the service of the Department of State, with salaries of two thousand dollars or upwards shall be eligible for promotion on the basis of ability and efficiency as shown in the service, to any grade of the consular service above Class 8 of consuls."

The board of examiners is to be composed of the secretary of state or some officer of his department designated by the president to act in his stead, the chief clerk of the Department of State, and the chief examiner of the Civil Service Commission, or some person designated by the commission in his place.

The candidate must be not less than twenty-one, nor more than fifty years old; a citizen of the United States, of good moral character, good habits and physically and mentally qualified for consular service, and, of course, named by the president for appointment to the consular service, subject to examination.

The scope of examination is left to the discretion of the examiners, except that the subjects must include at least one modern language other than English, questions as to the natural, industrial and commercial resources and commerce of the United States, especially with reference to the possibilities of increasing and extending the foreign trade of the republic; political economy; elementary international commercial and maritime laws. Special examination papers for candidates for consulates in which the representative of the United States exercises extraterritorial jurisdiction cover the fundamental principles of the common law, the rules of evidence and the trial of civil and criminal cases.

"No promotion shall be made except for efficiency as shown by the work that the officer has accomplished, the ability, promptness and diligence displayed by him in the performance of all his official duties, his conduct and his fitness for the consular service."

Lastly, it is provided: that in designating candidates for appointment subject to examination, and in appointments after examination, due regard will be had to the rule that, as between candidates of equal merit, all the states and territories are to be proportionally represented in the consular service; and further, that at no stage of the proceedings are the political affiliations of the candidate to be considered.

THE AMERICAN CONSULATE, PORT LIMON, COSTA RICA

THE SENATE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

By SMITH D. FRY

XII—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

DIGNITY and decorum are most discernible to visitors who casually view the United States Senate. Cleanliness and wholesomeness, good air, ample light, politeness and prompt attention from every one of the employees, perfect order everywhere, compel attention and admiration.

These conditions exist because of the quiet, unobtrusive, but rigorous and forceful enforcement of Senate Rule One, which reads thus:

"The sergeant-at-arms, under the direction of the presiding officer, shall be the Executive Officer of the body, for the enforcement of all rules. The Senate floor shall be at all times under his immediate supervision."

COLONEL DANIEL M. RANSDELL
Sergeant-at-Arms United States Senate

Superficial observers cannot conceive of the multifarious duties required of the sergeant-at-arms by that concise definition of his duties. Under the comprehensive rules and provisions for the regulation of the Senate wing of the Capitol, its annex and warehouses, there are upwards of 300 employees under the supervision of the sergeant-at-arms. These include the doorkeepers, assistant doorkeepers, messengers, watchmen, policemen, janitors, sweepers, hostlers and scullions. Perfect order, perfect service, absolute cleanliness of floors, walls and lofty ceilings are required and kept in the restaurant, the post-office, the folding room, the reception room, the marble room, the Vice-President's room, the committee rooms; in every inch of space throughout the Senate wing of the beautiful Capitol—the basement, the sub-basement, the main floor, the Senate floor, the galleries, and all of the spacious corridors.

*   *   *

Colonel Daniel Moore Ransdell, the incumbent of this position, is a veteran of the Civil War, who lost his right arm in battle at Resaca, May 15, 1864. The discipline of the volunteer army was a lesson of lasting value to every man who served therein, and that experience stands for much of value to the Executive Officer of this great and potential body, which fills so great a part of the life of the government of the people. During the almost nine years of his incumbency of the office, Colonel Ransdell has managed the multifarious details of his office with such diplomatic skill that not one complaint has ever been made by any of the Senators, and all of them are instinctively alert concerning senatorial environments.

When asked to state something concerning his experience, Colonel Ransdell said:

"There is so much of detail connected with this office that it would require a volume to give it all. The most important part of the duty, however, is for the sergeant-at-arms to know his place, and keep within its bounds; to maintain a proper and dignified poise and equipoise in daily dealings with ninety-two Senators; to ascertain their views, wants and desires, and apprehend them; to remember all the time that the servant of the body is not a member of the body; to work diligently all the year round and keep the others within the bounds of their respective and individual duties." Thus reads the staid Senate rules.

The work of the office, under Rule One, includes the purchase of all furniture, coal, ice, water, carpets, and everything needed, and to have them always on hand. The sergeant-at-arms must be busy looking after details which the visiting observers can never see, and of which they can have no idea. All of his work is substantially correct, and is as commendable as that work which is visible to every observing visitor.

It is his daily duty when the Senate is in session, to see that there are four polite and active messengers constantly on duty at the door of the reception room, to receive the cards of those who desire to see individual Senators, and to escort those whom Senators will receive to the marble room with courtesy and marked affability.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

BERNARD M. LAYTON
Assistant doorkeeper of the Senate

The sergeant-at-arms must see to it that the captain of police, the three lieutenants, the three sergeants and the seventy-three officers are on duty at their proper posts; that the messengers are always on duty at the doors of the galleries; that the messengers take proper care of the press gallery; and that all of the employees on the floor of the Senate are prompt, efficient, diligent, polite and alert for the maintenance of order and decorum.

* * *

His visible work is apparent to all visitors. To the right of the Vice-President sits Mr. Bernard W. Layton, assistant sergeant-at-arms for the Democratic side of the Senate; and to his right sits Mr. A. D. Sumner, his assistant in charge of the page boys for that side of the Chamber. To the left of the Vice-President sits Mr. Alonzo H. Stewart, assistant sergeant-at-arms for the Republican side of the Senate; and to his right sits Mr. C. A. Loeffler, who is his assistant in charge of the page boys for the Republican side.

A. D. SUMNER
Assistant on the Senate floor

There are sixteen page boys, every one of them bright and lively little fellows; all of them ready and intelligently alert to run errands and render such other services as the Senators may require. It will be observed that both sides of the Senate, the Democratic and Republican side, are equally well cared for. Sergeant-at-arms Ransdell particularly impresses upon all of his employees the fact that "a Senator is a Senator, regardless of party affiliations, and every Senator must have careful, prompt and efficient service."

Photo by C. M. Bell

C. A. LOEFFLER
Assistant on the Senate floor

Photo by Harris & Ewing

ALONZO H. STEWART
Assistant doorkeeper of the Senate

These little pages receive $2.50 per day during the sessions of the Senate; and they are not overpaid, either. They are appointed at the age of twelve years, and may serve, if efficient, until they are sixteen years old. Then they are "big boys" and cannot retain their places. The experience is invaluable to boys who have ambitions, political or otherwise; for their daily lives are educational, particularly concerning the affairs of the government; a kind of education in which the majority of our boys are, unfortunately, deficient.

The principal assistants of the sergeant-at-arms—Mr. Layton, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Stewart—are "graduates of the floor," having had experiences as page boys before receiving recognition for the more important positions. Mr. Stewart has been employed for thirty-one years continuously, having begun as a page at the age of twelve years. The Senate has an unwritten civil service custom of retaining its employees for life, if they be efficient and worthy.

CAPTAIN ALANSON D. GASTON

At the door of the president's room, on the Senate side, there is Captain Alanson D. Gaston, whose familiar face has been noted at several inaugurations. He is one of the old guard at the Capitol, and enlisted in 1861, in the 1st Iowa Cavalry as a private, being later promoted for valiant service in the field, with General Grant at Vicksburg.

THE BUREAU OF ENTOMOLOGY

By L. O. HOWARD, PH. D.

Chief of the Bureau

XIII—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THE constantly increasing appropriations from Congress, brought about no doubt by general popular appreciation of results achieved, has caused the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture to grow during the past twenty-five years from a small office employing an entomologist and two assistants to a large bureau, covering practically the whole field of economic entomology for the United States, with a staff of more than one hundred scientific experts and an annual appropriation approximating half a million dollars. The work carried on by the bureau relates entirely to injurious insects, and the direct object of this work is to discover remedial measures and to make them known to the public. The object of the work, therefore, is of the most practical character and every effort is devoted to the practical end. It has been conservatively estimated that the United States suffers an annual economic loss from injurious insects of one kind or another of surely seven hundred millions of dollars. This estimate includes the damage done to agricultural crops, to orchard and horticultural industries, to live stock, to stored products, to forests and forest products, and to other property, but it does not include the economic loss to communities and to the nation through the lessening of the productive capacity of the population through the prevalence of diseases that are carried by insects, such as malaria, typhoid fever, yellow fever, and possibly many others.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

GENERAL L. O. HOWARD
Chief of the Bureau of Entomology

The Bureau of Entomology, under its present organization, endeavors so far as possible to cover the whole field. Abroad primary division of the work has been made much as follows:

Investigations of insects that damage the forests and forest products are carried on by Dr. A. D. Hopkins, with a corps of trained assistants; insects injurious to Northern field crops are being investigated by Professor F. M. Webster with a corps of trained assistants; insects damaging deciduous fruits are studied by Professor A. L. Quaintance with a competent corps; insects injurious to truck crops and to stored products are investigated by Dr. F. H. Chittenden, who is helped by a well selected body of experts; insects injurious to Southern field crops, including cotton, tobacco, sugar cane, etc., are in charge of Mr. W. D. Hunter with an especially large and well-trained force, which has been engaged now for some years principally upon work on the Mexican cotton boll weevil, a species which has caused an annual loss to the cotton crop amounting to from fifteen to twenty-five millions of dollars for a number of years. To Mr. Hunter is also assigned the work upon the cattle tick, in which the Bureau of Entomology is studying all life history problems connected with this injurious creature, while the Bureau of Animal Industry has charge of the large-scale work in tick extermination and in Texas fever quarantine. The work of the Bureau of Entomology on tropical and subtropical fruits is placed in charge of Mr. C. L. Marlatt, Assistant Chief of Bureau, who at the present moment is carrying on investigations against the white fly in Florida, and in the use of hydrocyanic-acid gas against scale insects in the citrus groves of Southern California. The work against insects affecting the health of man is under the direct charge of the Chief of Bureau, who for some years has been working with mosquitoes and the typhoid fly in the effort to show satisfactory preventive measures, and to bring about public understanding of the dangers threatened by the unlimited increase of these insects. All questions relating to bee culture are attended to by a force under the charge of Dr. E. F. Phillips, and many investigations are being made by this force into the subject of bee diseases and other apicultural topics of importance. An attempt to introduce and establish silk culture in this country has been made during the past few years, but specific congressional appropriations have ceased.

In addition to these lines of work, much is being done in the study of parasitic insects, both in the effort to introduce from abroad the parasites of injurious insects of first-class importance that themselves have been introduced accidentally, and also in the carriage of parasites from one part of the country where they abound to other parts of the country where their introduction seems desirable. Work of this kind upon a large scale is being carried on at the present time with the introduction of the European and Japanese parasites of the gipsy moth, and the European parasites of the brown-tail moth, two species which are doing great damage in New England, and which threaten to spread throughout the United States. Successful importations of many species of parasites have been made, and it is reasonably sure that within a few years these parasites will have so greatly reduced the numbers of the injurious species as to render them no more dangerous or conspicuous than they are in their native homes.

In the same way successful experiments have been made in the transportation of parasites of the Hessian fly from one part of the country to another, increasing the percentage of the parasitism from almost nothing to nearly one hundred per cent. in one case, and to a lesser degree in others. Parasite work is being carried on in connection with the work against the cotton boll weevil, and in many instances the percentage of parasitism has been increased to an extent which means the saving of much money. The very recent discovery in Texas of a parasite of a tick allied to the Texas fever tick of cattle affords some basis for hope that eventually parasite control may be gained with this important cattle scourge.

A most interesting importation of a foreign parasite has been accomplished during the present summer, in the case of a parasite of the eggs of the elm leaf-beetle, an insect imported accidentally into this country from Europe many years ago. During the present summer specimens of the egg parasite have been imported from the south of France and have been liberated in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and in the District of Columbia, and bid fair to be of material assistance in the warfare against this destructive shade-tree pest.

All effective work upon injurious insects must be based upon a thorough knowledge of the life history of the species involved. It therefore becomes necessary with any new pest to study its full life round so carefully that no point is left uncovered, since any slight variation from the normal habit of insects of its group may lead to a remedial suggestion of great value. If it should appear that this new pest has been accidentally imported from some other country, the most economical and practical procedure is to endeavor to secure its native parasites from its native home. In the meantime, however, the life history studies are carried on, and at the same time remedial measures with internal poisons, or contact poisons, or mechanical means are frequently recommended. Next in importance to the practical use of parasites, it seems, comes the ascertaining of some possible slight change in cultural methods of the crop affected by which the greatest damage may be avoided. This has frequently been brought about as a result of the careful life history studies indicated. Such was the case in fact many years ago with the clover-seed midge; such is the fact today in the case of the cotton boll weevil.

In former years it has been difficult to overcome a certain conservatism as to farm practice on the part of agriculturists, and it has resulted from this that demonstrational work of the value of the measures recommended by the bureau has been carried on in various parts of the country on a more or less large scale. Such demonstrational work has been carried on against the codling moth in Idaho under commercial conditions, and, in co-operation with the bureau of plant industry, against the codling moth and apple scab in Nebraska and Arkansas, against the grape root-worm in Pennsylvania, and against other insects in other places. These demonstrational experiments have a great value, not only in indicating the success of a given remedial method, but also as out-of-door tests under practical conditions of remedies ascertained in the laboratory or in the experimental plats. It often happens that a laboratory remedial suggestion will not hold good under broad agricultural or commercial conditions.

* * *

One of the most important investigations being carried on by the bureau at the present time is the study of the pear thrips in Santa Clara and Contra Costa Counties in California. This insect is new in the role of an enemy to the pear; its life history is unusual, and it lives in such a way as to render remedial applications of the utmost difficulty. It is a serious problem, because it is likely to spread rapidly over the fruit-growing regions of the Pacific coast, and eventually to be introduced into the East. Stations for its study have been established in California, and as a matter of fact field stations with laboratory equipments exist during the present summer at many different points in the United States, frequently in co-operation with the authorities of the State Agricultural Experiment Stations, and are engaged in careful, conscientious, practical work against specific insects or classes of insects. Such stations are in operation at the present time at San Jose, California; Los Angeles, California; Pullman, Washington; Orlando, Florida; Dallas and Victoria, Texas; Shreveport, Louisiana; Clarksville, Tennessee; North East, Pennsylvania; Richmond, Indiana; Clemson College, South Carolina; Mesilla Park, New Mexico, and Wellington, Kansas. Other parties are in the field moving from place to place, according to the exigencies of the investigations they are carrying on.

* * *

Quite the largest piece of practical work being carried out under the bureau at the present time is that being done in New England in the effort to prevent the further spread of the gipsy moth and the brown-tail moth. In this work the sum of $250,000, appropriated by the last Congress, is being spent during the present fiscal year. It is entirely distinct from the effort to introduce and acclimatize the European parasites of these two insects, and its aim is to restrain these insects from extending their present geographic range and to reduce them as greatly in number as possible. In this case no life history work is necessary, since the two insects have been studied for many years and their habits are perfectly well understood, but the practical application of remedial work is carried on on a very large scale. A force of laborers, reaching 350 at times, is employed in the various processes of destruction. It has seemed to those in charge of the work that the best plan would be not to attempt to work inwards from the borders of spread, but to confine the efforts to the extermination of the insect along roadsides leading from the centers of infestation. The gipsy moth spreads not by the flight of the female, since she cannot fly, but by dropping from overhanging trees during the months of June and July upon passersby, upon trolley cars, carriages, automobiles and other vehicles. In this way they are carried frequently for many miles from the point of birth, and established in new territory. Many hundreds of miles of roads have in this way been cleared up by the destruction of the insect by spraying, by cutting down of all underbrush for a distance of a hundred feet from the road on either side. In the autumn large scouting parties are engaged ascertaining new localities and in treating the egg-masses of the gipsy moth with creosote. The gipsy moth now occurs in 265 towns in five different states—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Conditions have been very much improved by the work so far done under the bureau, and it is hoped to maintain the insect within its present range and to reduce its numbers very considerably with the expectation that the imported parasites will make their presence felt within a few years, and that they will eventually reduce these great pests to the comparatively innocuous conditions of our ordinary shade-tree caterpillars.

* * *

It will be seen from what has been stated that it is the aim of the bureau to cover the whole field of economic entomology as thoroughly as possible, but it should also be stated that it is not the desire of the bureau to infringe in any way upon the field covered by the state entomologists or the entomologists of the state experiment stations These officials are doing admirable work. As a rule, however, their facilities are not so great as they should be, and it often becomes necessary in a problem of national importance for the general government to assist in state work. This has always been done and will continue to be done in a spirit of the heartiest co-operation.

The correspondence of the bureau is one of its strong functions. It is appealed to by farmers and others from all parts of the United States and from many different parts of the world, for information concerning injurious insects, and its annual output of letters on this subject exceeds 20,000 and is constantly increasing. As a publication office, it has issued printed information upon practically all of the principal injurious insects of the United States. These publications cover 106 circulars, 109 bulletins, 37 farmers' bulletins, 42 separate articles, and 16 technical bulletins. Its notes and records concerning injurious insects comprise biological life history notes on more than 12,000 distinct species.

I CAN DO IT

(Suggested by Joe Mitchell Chapple's article in October National.)

By EMIL CARL AURIN

THE grade is steep and the hill is long
But the engine sings its merry song,
I—can-do-it. I—can-do-it. I—can-do-it,
And I will.

The load it draws is far from light
But it pulls with all its sturdy might
And its song re-echoes clear and bright
I—can-do-it. I—can-do-it. I—can-do-it,
And I will.

The grades of life are steep and long,
But what of that if your heart is strong?
You—can-do-it. You—can-do-it. You—can-do-it
If you will.

The load you bear may not be light,
But beyond the hill is a vista bright,
So sing this song with all your might,
I—can-do-it. I—can-do-it. I—can-do-it,
And I will.

WHY I WENT TO THE PHILIPPINES

by

Wm. Howard Taft

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THE first time I ever saw William McKinley was at a political convention in 1879. I was interested in the nomination of my father as governor of Ohio, which was contested between him, Charles Foster and General Keifer, who was the colonel of Mr. McKinley's regiment. There stepped upon the platform one whom I thought the handsomest man I had seen in many a day. He made a beautiful speech, which I appreciated, although for a candidate in whom I was not interested. I did not know him personally until ten or twelve years later. He had a face that could be pictured by a caricaturist or an artist to look something like that of Napoleon—a frequent suggestion seen in print during his public career. Both men had the finely chiseled features, but the characters of the two were so absolutely different that the suggestion of resemblance was only a surface one and merely a passing impression.

PRESIDENT-ELECT READY FOR A PHILIPPINE JAUNT

Napoleon was a man most peremptory, excitable in his methods, and singularly strong of will; McKinley was a man strong of will, but absolutely without the mandatory, peremptory character that we associate with Napoleon. McKinley accomplished his purpose over men and over things, but largely through their voluntary acquiescence to his will. He was like one of those New York ferry slips in his methods of securing his purposes. The man whose will he met would come up against a side of the McKinley character and seem to sweep away the resistance presented to the motion, and then would gradually feel a kind of—it

OPENING THE ASSEMBLY, OCTOBER 16, 1907

did not seem resistance at first, it was so soft—and finally the man would be seen to gradually change his direction, go to the other side, strike another point of resistance, and then, gradually, apparently by the volition of the man himself, he would sail into the haven McKinley had directed.

The quality that overcame those who dealt with McKinley was his sweetness. The old story of the late speaker, Tom Reed, who was a political opponent of McKinley, has probably been heard by many. Somebody, speaking of a prominent man, said: "I wish I could say what I heard him say, that in all the thirty years of his married life he never uttered one impatient word to his wife."

"Why don't you say it? The other fellow did," Reed drolly queried.

Now, ordinarily, when a man says that sort of a thing some doubt arises in the minds of his hearers, because there are times in the lives of most of us when we say things that we would be glad to have wiped out, and the good women who permit us to live with them know it. This was literally true of William McKinley, and the eulogiums pronounced upon him can be verified by everyone who knew President McKinley in his home life, or came in contact with him. Mr. Carnegie has said he never heard an impatient word from his lips and never knew him to be angry. I knew him pretty well and I never knew him to be angry but once, and that was when someone threatened that if a certain thing which McKinley did not think right to do, in reference to his policy in the Philippines, was left undone, it would lose him his nomination for a second

GREETING THE SECRETARY

term. The dispatch sent in reply was mild and it was couched in parliamentary and diplomatic language, but it left no doubt as to what Major McKinley thought of the sender of that message. There was no impatience in it, no indignation, but it was an expression of an opinion on the issue presented that could leave no doubt in any reasonable mind.

* * * *

Major McKinley was a great judge of men. I did not quite realize how great he was in this respect until I had to select a cabinet of my own. He always seemed so sure of his men, no matter how positive the information brought to him, or how it was impressed upon him that the man whom he wished for a particular position would not assent, he never grew discouraged, but quietly insisted: "I will get him."

So far as I know he always did. I know of occasions on which he was told positively and repeatedly that he could not persuade Elihu Root, the greatest secretary of war we have ever had—and I hardly except Stanton—to accept a cabinet position, and this opinion was generally held until Mr. Root went to Washington to courteously decline the post—positively but gently—and he came back, secretary of war. So it was always. McKinley's influence over men, his power of bringing into his cabinet those whom he desired, was undoubted, and his strong but gentle force secured the best men for public life all through his career, and especially in his work for the cabinet. He was always so kindly—would give a man one of his favorite carnations; would send a kindly word to his wife, and men coming to ask an office, and going away without receiving it, would often feel more gratitude toward McKinley than many a man who has left another president with a commission in his pocket. This was not because the President was hypocritical or unctious, but only that his every word and action breathed the sweet nature that was within him, and the friendliness of one who never cultivated animosity or hostility and was ever ready to forgive.

THE FILIPINO MEMBERS OF THE PROVISIONAL ASSEMBLY

President McKinley had more power than any president I know of in dealing with both houses of Congress. His power and tact were most remarkable. For a long time a member of the House of Representatives, he under-

BEFORE THE RINDERPEST
That plague carried off three-fourths of these water-buffalo

stood perfectly every slightest motive that would govern a member of Congress, and because of this, during the session, legislators would show themselves anxious to follow out his suggestions, and if McKinley did not indicate a wish that they could follow out, they were positively disappointed.

McKinley was a lover of peace and yet he faced more wars than any other president except Lincoln. Thus do circumstances play tricks with us. Are not the ways of Providence mysterious that men who loved peace as did Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley should be taken off as they were by the hand of the assassin, and two of them bore on their souls and minds the responsibilities of war—the Civil War in the time of Lincoln, and the three wars of McKinley. For there were three wars during McKinley's administration; the Spanish War, the Philippine War and the Boxer War. As a matter of fact he conducted the Spanish War, and at that time took full charge of the War Department and was always at hand to receive and issue telegrams and direct the movements of the troops.

It will be remembered how the hot-heads of the nation were anxious to bring on the Spanish War; how all the people felt that the scandal at our doors—the international scandal of the time—demanded action; how, with the happy-go-lucky confidence of the American people, we were ready to go into a war, whether we were prepared or not, with the feeling that we could whip any nation on earth, even without guns. Well, if we cannot do it, we may some day learn how.

It will be recalled how martial we were when Mr. Cleveland sent in that Venezuelan message at a time when we had one gun at Sandy hook, the only one in our possession from Maine to Texas, and from California to Oregon. The Lord appeared to look after us as he does after children and drunken men. I hope that these lessons have not been lost. McKinley knew how unprepared we were, even to fight a power equally unprepared as was Spain. He did not know how little prep-

OLD WAGON ROAD

aration Spain had made, and so used all his influence with Congress to push along our preparations and put off — and I think in his heart he hoped to finally avoid — a war with Spain. When he could not avoid the onrush, when it became necessary to take the lead, he did lead, and led to a successful purpose.

INSPECTING THE NEW WATER WORKS
The Secretary Insisting on Seeing for Himself

In the Boxer War we were a little better fitted to take up arms and enter a conflict to prevent the butchery of human beings, and protect defenceless men and women from martyrdom and to let China, and for the matter of that, the whole world know that every American is everywhere under the protection of the American flag, and that he must be protected upon every land and sea.

Then came the Philippine War, and this brings me into that relation in which I knew President McKinley best.

* * * *

I was walking up and down the floor of the consultation room in one of the circuit courts of the United States in Cincinnati one day in February, 1900, trying to dictate an opinion—not one of those that got me into trouble afterwards — when a boy came in and handed me a telegram which read thus: "If you haven't any other engagement, you would oblige me very much if you would call on me in Washington next week," signed William McKinley. And he didn't tell me the date. Well, there wasn't any vacancy on the Supreme Court at that time, and I could not imagine what reason there could be for the

THROUGH THE AQUEDUCT ON A HAND CAR

presidential summons. But I went, and when I entered the Cabinet Room, Mr. McKinley and Secretary Long of the Navy were there, and I said I had come in answer to his telegram and that I would like to know the occasion for the call. "Well, Judge, I'd like to have you go over to the Philippines," said the President. "We must establish a government out there and I'd like to have you help me do it."

"Mr. President," I replied, "I am sorry we have got the Philippines. I don't want them. I think you ought to have a man who is in sympathy with taking them over." To which he answered:

"You don't want them any less than I do, but we have them, and I think in dealing with them I can trust a man who does *not* want them in the beginning better than I can a man who does."

A CLASS IN ENGLISH

It is easy to imagine the feelings engendered in the mind of a man whose only ambition to go to Washington was to find a cushion on a bench, when asked instead to go ten thousand miles away from home. Then Mr. Root came over and between him and Mr. McKinley I had an impression when I left that room that, if there should be another vote in favor of my going to the Philippines—that vote being cast at home by one who is denied suffrage, but who exercises equal power—I would probably go to the Philippines with her—and I did. I went there under the influence of William McKinley's wonderful personality, which impelled people to do what he thought they ought to do in the interests of the nation.

THE SECRETARY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL SMITH AT A BALL GAME

Before I went he said to me:

THE MIDDAY BATH

"Now I am going to stand by you out there. You will be criticised; you will have a great deal of trouble on one hand and the other, but I am going to stand by you. I am going to appoint, or allow you to appoint, anyone out there in that government whom you think will serve you well, and you will not find a single man appointed by me, or through the influence of Washington, on political grounds. I wish you to understand that we know what this business is out there, and that we are going to support you."

And he did, despite the fact that there were many patriots in Washington who thought that persons who had remained at home, and had not succeeded very well, might develop wonderful ability if they could have an opportunity ten thousand miles away from their native land. These optimists would go to Mr. McKinley and suggest that certain unsuccessful friends be sent to the Philippines. The President would take them aside—I know that this happened several times—and listen while they explained.

"Mr. President, I have a man whom I think would make you an excellent judge in the Philippines. Some of our powerful constituents quite agree with me and—"

He would reply in that gentle way:

"I would like to accommodate you—you know I would—you know my feelings toward you. May I state a proposition to you? I asked these gentlemen to go to the Philippines and do what they could with what I knew to be a difficult proposition, and I said to them that I would not appoint a single man except on their recommendation."

Each man went away feeling that there was some reason for the President's not sending his friend to the Philippines, and that possibly the merits of the aspirant ought to be tried out somewhere nearer home, and this because of the un-

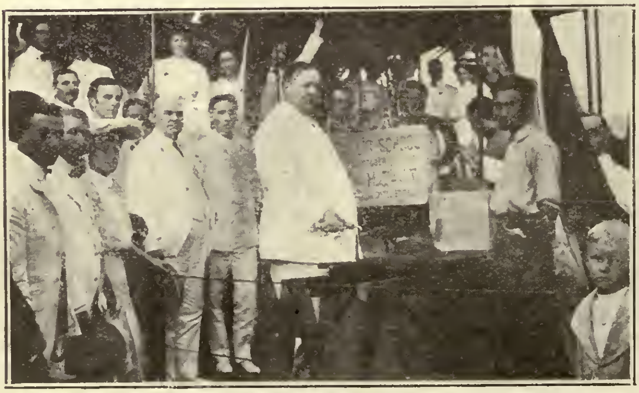
RECEIVING A PETITION
Townsfolk wish to re-christen their city "Taft"

HAULING HEMP

failing good nature and sweetness of temper of Mr. McKinley. Good nature and sweetness of temper I think of course are given by Providence, but may depend a good deal on digestion! Major McKinley's good nature, his sweetness of temper went much farther than that acquiescence in things that are—his was an affirmative quality, and not a mere indisposition to make a fuss because too lazy to do otherwise. Every one of his cabinet officers can testify to that, as well as to his thoughtfulness in trifles. He was always inquiring as to the members of the family, or sending a little tribute to one or another—each day he seemed to have in mind the creation of happiness for someone—the smoothing out of life for those who came under his influence. That is tact, and he had it in a more wonderful degree than any man I ever knew.

BRINGING IN THE IGORROTE CHIEFS TO MEET THE SECRETARY

We have been directed hitherto by Mr. McKinley's ideas on the Philippine policy—that we should go there and, to use his own expression, carry out a policy of benevolent assimilation. That has been made the basis of much criticism and ridicule, for in order to put those islands in a condition where the McKinley policy, or any form of government, could be followed out, we had to incur a war, and bring about tranquility by the exercise of the sword. It was a great grief to McKinley that such instru-



LAYING CORNER STONE OF FIRST BRICK SCHOOL BUILDING

A FAMOUS TRIBUTE

Filipinos unhitched horses from Secretary's carriage and drew him to wharf

mentality had to be used; he had hoped from testimony given at the time the Paris treaty was made, that it would not be necessary. Ultimately the work was accomplished, and today we are trying to carry out in every respect that policy which McKinley would have had us pursue had he lived. The utmost interest in the welfare of those people, and an earnest desire to teach them by actual practice in partial self-government, and by the spread of education among them, are the means whereby they shall ultimately learn to govern themselves. It has been contended that no nation ever intervened in the affairs of another nation to the benefit of that second nation. That is a question for argument. I think it is possible for us to stay in the Philippines, and that our remaining there is necessary in order to benefit the Filipinos, ninety per cent. of whom today, though under Christian tutelage, are densely ignorant. That portion of the population, in my judgment we cannot hope to improve by education, but in the rising generation, or in the next generation, we may look for results. Much interest in education is manifested. It is pathetic to see the desire of the farming or yeoman class, unable to read and write, but nevertheless eager to send their children to school—making every effort and sacrifice to obtain for them the English and industrial education which has been denied to the parents, but which we are trying to spread among the younger people. Our resources are limited, and we are, therefore, limited in the extent to which we can help the Filipinos, but today there are upward of half a million of these children reading, writing and reciting in the Philippine schools. My own feeling is that as we extend more and more of self-government to these people—to whom we have now given a popular assembly—they will become interested in the development of their own powers, and vindicate themselves, as far as

ARRIVAL AT MANILA, OCTOBER 15, 1907

they may, by assuming responsibility and making that assembly a reasonable body. The Islands are a burden on us — will continue to be a burden amounting perhaps to from five to ten millions of dollars annually; but my idea is that, since Providence in his wisdom has thrust upon us responsibility for such a people, we are just as much charged with aiding them in the best way possible as are men upon whom Providence has conferred fortunes, who properly feel themselves responsible to help the feeble and unfortunate in the community; I feel that the experiment we are trying is justifiable. I do not declare this with the confident certainty of a man who knows that we are going to be successful, but I do it with the confidence of one who has watched the advancement of those progressive movements which we are carrying on in those islands. Success must depend on our good faith in carrying out an altruistic policy, even in holding the Philippines for the benefit of the Filipinos. The moment we allow selfish reasons, or motives of exploitation, to enter into our insular policy, and deny those people that to which they are in any way entitled, or seek to benefit ourselves at their expense, then we have departed from our faith with our brother man, and have destroyed the premises upon which William McKinley based his judgment that the experiment was one which under the Providence of God we were obliged to undertake, and one which he believed we could carry to success.

PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT AND HIS FAMOUS HAT
Presented him when governor of the Island. This hat he also uses when playing golf and prizes it very much. He carries it on all his trips

Wm H Taft

The Adventures of Floyd Ireson

BY H·C·GAUSS

CHAPTER I

AT the present time, as I am credibly informed, a deep-water sailor is an object of curiosity and comment along the waterfront of Salem, in the State of Massachusetts, and little land-living boys pursue him with cries of derision such as "Ship Ahoy." What this means as compared with the waterside conditions of Salem of one hundred years ago, I leave to a disinterested student of history to describe in parliamentary terms, my own views in the premises being swayed by the fact that in my time deep-water sailors were kings, princes, and nobles, according as they ranked respectively as captain, mate or foremast hand, who came back from the sea scattering largesses of foreign-made commodities, and surrounded by a halo of romance of their own deeds and of verification of the printed romances obtainable at the local free circulating library.

When such a change in local sentiment and such lapse of tradition can take place in a single quarter of a century, I see no reason arising from historical probabilities to prevent the localization just around the corner of Massachusetts Bay, of the adventures I have herein set down. In its original form this book was said to be a reflection on an estimable, and sometime actual resident of the town of Marblehead, whose family name was therein taken in vain, and whose descendants were supposed to be painfully impressed with the injustice of the revival of the tradition of one Floyd Ireson. I suppose there is no more humorous episode in the history of American literature than the sensitiveness of the people of Marblehead of a former generation to the poem which kept the gentle Quaker poet for most of his subsequent life explaining, apologizing and deprecating, but I am led to believe that the passing away of the sensitiveness is another of the great changes which, while they have dissipated the picturesque and unusual, have made conditions of life much more comfortable than they used to be within the limits of my native county.

The town of Marblehead of today is reached by many cars of steam and electricity, and is all in every respect that a town of its size and calling should be. In its schools and sanitation, in its public spirit and police, it is above and beyond reproach, and with consideration of the difficulties afforded by its topography, the street department deserves well of the voters in town meeting assembled.

Viewed in its present decorum, its homes remodelled and redecorated in accordance with the canons of taste of the summer visitor, you will be able to assure the Marbleheader that, except for the picturesqueness and the many surprises of the topography aforesaid, the town is in no way to be distinguished or differentiated from those other municipalities of the North Shore section by whose pattern it has been painfully and conscientiously remodelled.

But for two hundred and fifty years after the first fisherman crept into this cleft in the rocks, Marblehead was racy, unique, thoroughly romantic. The first settlers came from the Channel Islands, and the Channel Islanders of that day were no milk-fed babes. They came rough and with a burring speech, with the strong virtues and the virile vices of a fisherman race. Shut off by poverty and the contour of the land from the refining influences of the broadening towns about them, they retained peculiarities of speech, custom and tradition to a comparatively late day.

One of the distinguishing marks of the town has been the Marblehead patois, of which a plenty has been said and written. Now almost wholly disappeared, it has been a subject of sensitive import to Marbleheaders, and one that a true friend of Marblehead would not willingly reopen.

I know of nowhere, however, that justice has been done the true Marblehead type of character. For here are the Gascons of the new country. Daring to rashness, liberal to prodigality, liberal of speech as of purse, obeying the great god Impulse in all things, small and large, there is a delightful breadth, swing and dash in the traditions of this old town. There was French blood in those original settlers, there are many French names here in memory of it. French blood flowered here in Marblehead in all generations in gallant deeds and gallant words, and into a hothouse forcing of vocabulary, somewhat approaching that of our army in Flanders, the tropical efflorescence of the fervid Gallic strain.

Impulse, as contrasted with Yankee calculation, is typical of Marblehead. The women impulsively stoned certain Indian women to death on a fine Sunday morning on their way from church. On impulse there have been sundry other outbursts of feeling, as when the Tories received an urgent direction Nova Scotia-ward, and as in various tar and feather episodes, actual and threatened.

And impulse, also, operating gloriously, is evidenced wherever it has been to fight for the idea of country, an idea which you will find nowhere so enthusiastically cherished as on this promontory.

That chapter of Revolutionary history that tells of the deeds of the sons of Marblehead is superb; the first response to the call of Lincoln jetted from the old town, and patriotism and impulsive enthusiasm bubble spontaneously as of countless springs among its rugged rocks.

On the town side of Marblehead harbor, and next succeeding the point on which there has been a fortification from the town's earliest days, there is a steep beach of shingle. The electric cars terminate their route here, and it is still a bit of outland scenery, even in summer. In other seasons of the year, when the accessories of summer visitors have disappeared, it is sufficiently wild and foreign to be enwoven with romance into complete picturesqueness.

Back from the high-thrown bank of pebbles, and somewhat lower than the crest of the beach, so that there was at most times moisture and dampness about the dooryards, were, during the eighteenth century, a few cottages, the largest of which was a half dwelling-house, half inn, kept for many years by a local character, Moll Landsborough, or, in Marbleheadese, "Lansburra."

A kitchen and one other room on the ground floor, with a pantry or lean-to in the rear, and three small sleeping rooms in the second story, were the sum of the house-room. Only occasionally a strange fisherman sought to purchase of the sleeping accommodations; there was, chiefly by accident, an occasional meal to be served through the day, but the chief traffic of the place was in strong waters that were retailed nightly to such numbers as the returning fishing boats might bring in, and on Saturday nights to others of the laboring men of the town, attracted by the free bowls of chowder to be had—a chowder of more than local fame.

CHAPTER II

I make a chapter here for the purpose of fulfilling a sacred duty, long borne as such, to utterly condemn, denounce and defeat certain heresies on the subject of chowder which have become current and accepted, especially among the benighted denizens of the middle West.

First and foremost, be it here said and announced, that it is not permissible to put tomatoes in chowder. And secondly, that it is not to be borne or tolerated to chop the clams therefor, and, finally, that boiled fish, swimming in lukewarm milk that has been made nauseous with half cooked pork, and garnished with broken stale crackers, is not chowder, though menus may proclaim it such in every hotel from Springfield, west.

If it is true that for every sound there remains a phonographic record on the waves of ether, to be recovered when we have made instruments of sufficient delicacy, may it not be said that on that glorified shore and water from Tinker's Island to Thatcher's twin lights there is an overhanging atmosphere redolent of the delights of a million, more or less, of the savory concoctions of those generations of chowder makers?

And while the mind's eye dwells on the picture of the blackened pot bubbling over the fire of drift wood under the shelter of some pleasant green bank, let me, in the spirit of the chronicler of departed glories, celebrate the fame of chowder and chowder-makers.

What returning sailor brought the dish and the name from the farthest Ind, fame ignores. "Chow" is the general Asiatic lingo name for food; "chowdah" is sufficiently Oriental. Rightly considered, the clam is the chowder's proper motif, but the flaky haddock and the symmetrical cod push the succulent, if not always digestible clam for first position.

There have been curious students of chowder making who have spoken of lobster chowder, of eel chowder, and of that exotic, oyster chowder, and ill luck in fishing has sometimes brought strange company into the chowder pot, but for the purposes herein intended chowder is held to be—first clam chowder; second, fish chowder, of haddock, or cod.

Of descent from a chowder-maker of whose laurels and skill I will refrain from boasting, I could tell you of each minutia of the mystic art. But what would it boot but to increase the number of libels on the glorious name of chowder? There is the juice of the clam, and the body thereof in it; there is the strong and healthful onion; there are sliced potatoes, done, not to mush, but to that point of firmness just the other side of the disappearance of the last taste of starch.

There is the golden grease of fried-out salt pork in it; there is salt for savor and pepper for spice; there are quarts of rich, sweet milk, and finally there are hard crackers, of which Boston has stolen the honor and the name, properly chowder crackers, halved and boiled with all this savoriness for the last few moments.

And the chowder makers. I have known men who had circumnavigated the globe and knew every haunt of every fish within the capes to defer with meekness and as children to the chowder-maker, the possessor of the ultimate and final proof of 'longshore experience and capability. Given a rusty kettle and a fire and little or nothing more was demanded by these magicians, whose apex and apotheosis was reached by that passed and accepted craftsman who took advantage of an extra hot day and made his chowder on deck with the lieutenancy of the always benignant sun.

What cove is there within the sweep of my dear native bay, beautiful with a new beauty for each day of the twelve calendar months, but has, through these bygone generations, glowed and gleamed under the sweet influence of chowder? From how many chimney tops, and for how many times for each, has its odor been wafted forth on the bracing air of winter, the balmy air of spring, the torrid heat of summer, and on those nondescript climatic conditions that come under the head of neither?

To how many stout fire companies has it given renewed courage? How many jolly topers have found it an added zest to their meetings, how it welded social ties and promoted political ambitions in those brave old days of artisanship before the sandwich and olive, those spurious aristocrats, usurped the place of that truly American creation and type, the bowl of chowder!

CHAPTER III

In her low-browed kitchen Moll Lansburra is making chowder. The blackened walls are beady with the fragrant steam, and the concoction is approaching the condition which requires the addition of its quantum suf. of sweet milk. Because the milk is not forthcoming, the witch-like brewer of the incantation is adding a furious growling to the bubbling of the pot, and we will let her growl for a while and bring the narrative up to date, and make a ship-shape clearing of the decks for the voyage of narration.

In that admirably planned menagerie at Washington, the nation's zoological gardens, I have been interested to observe the habits of several large birds, broad and strong of wing, who, before they can take to such flight as is allowed them in their narrow quarters, must execute a series of most laughable, ungainly flops. Such, however, having been accomplished, it is evident to the observer that, if the wires were removed, the sequence would be a strong, sweeping flight to the uttermost and uppermost parts of the overhanging blue.

After a further, and I trust, final explanatory flop, I hope to continue my narrative flight without interruption, break, or halting to its completion.

It seems to me that the history of the life of a people is too often like those instances against which artists and antiquarians inveigh, where a discolored fresco has been primly covered with an all-concealing coat of whitewash. In history it is white or black wash in accordance with the prominent expression of certain characteristics.

We read that a certain type of the human race lived at a certain time in a certain part of the earth, we get prominent features, high lights. But what they actually were as individuals is planished into generalities. They were either good or bad, in accordance with our standpoint. From this distance they melt into accessories of the type for which history has agreed they shall stand.

Every age, time and place has contemporaneously offered a complex study of the individual, while those incidents which now assume the importance of history were side issues and happenings to the very great majority, who found that the really important things of their generation were those connected with being born, maintaining an existence, and with the final passing away.

Thus generalization is exampled by Lord Byron, who cites history to confirm a pretty thorough blackening of the morals of the Venetians, and we have generalized our predecessors along the North Atlantic coast into a morality of a degree very close to the absolute.

Now it is not difficult to believe that there was virtue in Venice, even in its most degenerate days; and that there were beer and skittles, that blood was warm and red, and that ginger was hot i' the mouth on the shores of Massachusetts Bay from the beginning, I have more than a suspicion.

This must have been especially true after the vessels of Salem had begun to go abroad among the nations of the earth. There were return visits from the mariners of other nations, and the water fronts of the New England towns were, in the course of time, brought to a condition differing only in degree from that of other seaports the world over.

In the straightlaced moral fiction that has been built up for early New England, Moll Lansburra would have been an impossibility; no fringe of the society we understand by the "good old times" would have given her support.

But in the actuality any of the Massachusetts seaports would have given her opportunity for profitable existence, while in Marblehead she fell into a niche so accustomed that there was even no comment on its character.

Briefly, her history was this: Of Bristol birth, she arrived in Marblehead as the companion of the Spanish master of a brig that brought a load of salt. She was big, strapping, masculine, and on the occasion of a disagreement she had laid her protector's head open with a hastily-snatched belaying pin. She was contrite and patched the wound, but on arrival in port a permanent agreement to disagree was arrived at, and she departed over the side with her belongings and certain of the captain's doubloons. After some beating about, she set up this half inn, half drinking shop, and established herself as an institution. She raised in the course of years offspring with whose paternity she troubled herself not at all, and these had departed successively to seek their own fortunes. One of the daughters had left behind as a remembrancer a baby, now grown into such a good-looking, strapping hussy, as the grandmother and mother had been in their own youth-times.

Such a one now came swinging down the lane, carrying a big Liverpool pitcher filled with milk. She pushed open the top half of the divided front door, and reaching over, put the pitcher down on an adjacent table and awaited the course of events, secure in a line of retreat.

It is scarcely worth while to set down the interchange that followed, punctuated with a freedom of expression which may still be heard in some sort in waterside places. But Moll, under penalty of losing the girl's services for the evening, skimmed the froth of her anger and forswore corporal punishment till the next time.

CHAPTER IV

Through the handicraft of the ingenious painters of Holland, we are familiar with such eighteenth century interiors as that of Moll Lansburra's kitchen and living room. Low-ceiled, with the beams of the second floor threatening the overtall, a broad fireplace opposite the door, beginning to eclipse the waning light of the crisp October afternoon, as it comes in through the open half door against which the girl's shoulders are silhouetted as she passes to and fro setting two rough tables with bowls of heavy stoneware and with platters of those wheaten delicacies known in Marblehead as "bannocks," and elsewhere along this shore as "pilot bread."

The woman of the house, big-boned and muscular, but bent with long stooping under the shelf of the fireplace, watched the bubbling, round-bottomed, prong-legged pot, and scolded an accompaniment to the crackle of the fire and the slosh and sizz of the boiling stew.

"Roonin' th' streets, an' lallygaggin' wi'

Flud Oirson. Hoo! Wi' a cooard, a no-schooner skipper. Sailed awa' an' left his townies to droon. Shame on ye. Ha' ye none a better man? An' a brav' capen, wi' a soord an' goold an' ribbans to see ye this night. Busk ye bright, gel, an' mayhap ye'll get a goold doubloon."

But the girl laughed bitterly, and replied in the broad Marblehead dialect: "Mooch good thot'll do me. Yow stole th' lost. Yow loi, granny, t' soi Flud Oirson's a cooard. An' no mon daur soi ut, on'y oold woomun as 'e oodunt tooch."

There, that is done, and I feel relieved. So far as impotent letters and small art will allow, that is a phonetic transcript of how a girl born and brought up in Marblehead in the middle of the eighteenth century talked. From the fact that the old Marblehead dialect is almost entirely gone and merged into modern ways of speech so that only an elusive and evanescent broadness tantalizes the student, it would be labor lost for writer and reader to attempt to carry the conversation of this portion of the story in that archaic lingo. There is nothing but memory by which I could construct the fabric, no check but memory by which another could correct my impression.

And so, with the reader's permission, and to the reader's comfort, I will ease off on the lingual strain, and having demonstrated my good will to write something like the old Marblehead dialect, and having given a pattern by which those who insist on dialect may construct phonetic intricacies for themselves, I will just take the liberty of couching further remarks of my characters in colloquialisms which, could they be submitted to the parties represented, would be accepted as a better transcript than if set down in the symbols that actually represent the sounds made.

"Gold doubloon," continued the girl, "I'll get a gold doubloon,—how nice. Where's the last one the captain gave me? In your old stocking, and all I got was a piece of old ribbon, that I gave away to the first brat I run across. Talk to me about captains."

The old woman was evidently at a loss for a logical rejoinder and alleged lamely enough that Betty had had a bright shilling out of the one before that, and that she was a poor woman, to which Betty rejoined a contemptuous "Huh" and began to "fix" her hair before the battered looking-glass. with those little touches and pats which are devoted to the anticipation of a visitor, no matter how unwelcome.

And the evening having come in, and the chowder completed, and swung on the crane to a simmering corner of the fireplace, Moll reached down from its nail one of these perforated tin lanterns which now occupy the high place of parlor bric-a-brac, and strode off down to the beach.

The girl had thrown a shawl over her shoulders and stood at the half-door looking out across the narrow lane to the beach, down which her grandmother was picking her way, apparently dancing on the edge of the circle of dots and specks of light that came through the lantern sides. The water just lipped at full tide, and the harbor was like burnished jet, with glints of high light where the anchor lights of the fishermen were reflected. A heavy step diverted the girl's attention, and Floyd Ireson stood at her elbow.

Ah, Floyd Ireson, as you stood at Betty Lansburra's side that evening with your brow wrinkled with perplexity, you little knew your fame. Little you recked of school children of many generations chanting your name, or of the parlor elocutionist with his or her weird conception of those broad tones so familiar to your ear.

Thus a-many stand, perhaps even as this swain, endeavoring to steal a kiss from a fair one, blissfully unconscious that the name which they esteem simple, ordinary and common, even so slight a thing as their own patronymic, is destined to go down to unreckoned generations as the type of something good or bad, wise or foolish.

Floyd Ireson was at this time a man of twenty. And this in spite of a young lady who admits to twenty-three, and who spoke disparagingly recently, of having to dance with mere boys of eighteen and twenty.

In crises and in new conditions of society, men mature early. We saw this recently in the Spanish war, that miniature crisis when hobbledehoys became the men of the hour. A schoolboy went to the Philippines in the early days of the difficulty and has returned a grave and reverend seignor, far older in his manner than his half-century-aged parent who has always danced to the pipe of peace.

At a much later date than the epoch of this story, a vessel left Salem harbor on a three years' whaling voyage, with a crew which averaged, master and men, something like twenty-three years. The captain had scarcely attained his majority, and the hoary-headed Mentor of the expedition was an ancient mariner who had just passed his thirtieth birthday. In this connection also see the autobiography of Senator Silsbee who made a fortune and established easy living for his posterity, between his eighteenth and his twenty-eighth birthdays.

And so, I repeat, Floyd Ireson was a man as the times established and had fulfilled his twenty years. Another jetsam on the shore of Marblehead. An English fishing boy, cabin boy of a vessel into Boston, where he cut his articles and made for the Yankee fisheries. Doing a man's work on a Marblehead fisherman at sixteen. At nineteen goes his first voyage as skipper and comes home with a light fare, and is succeeded in his berth.

And you know what stories were whispered about in Marblehead. Not openly, for this bulletheaded and hard-fisted youngster had successively punched the story-tellers who spoke openly into silence or denial. But the story stuck, nevertheless, and there was no berth on a Marblehead schooner for Floyd Ireson.

He might have easily gone elsewhere, but there was Betty, and Floyd worked about the fish wharfs, an outlander and a stranger against whom the town's tongue, if not its hand, was raised.

The common fact of English birth had made a tie between Ireson and the old woman of the inn, and at intervals he had been guest while in funds, and choreboy when out. He and Betty had exchanged kisses for more years than the grandmother knew, or perhaps cared about.

But when disrepute came, Moll Lansburra, like a politic publican, turned the cold shoulder and would have none of the unpopular swain, the more that he had come to be restive of late at the casual endearments that might be extended in Betty's direction by well-paying customers, and had more than once offered to punch someone's head.

Thus Floyd, the erstwhile family friend, stood surreptitiously outside the portal, down in his luck, coarsely dressed, and not very cleanly, I am afraid, with the smell of fish houses about him, and some specks of the mortal remains of fishes deceased on his smock and breeches of coarse woolen and on his high, thick-soled red boots.

But such as he was, Betty's affections cleaved very close to him. He was full a half a head shorter than she, which is a cause of love in large women, and he was stout and strong, which was desirable for a protector in those days which desire limited the affections of big women for small men. He had also something of a chuckle-headed confidingness and softness that made him amenable to Betty's direction. All of these things, as I study out the logic of affinities, marked him for Betty's own, even leaving out of consideration the influence of the town's disfavor, and the grandmother's opposition.

"Betty," said he wistfully, after his efforts to kiss her had been rewarded with a "Get along, Flud, do," and a robust slap, "Blaze's gang is comin' here t'night."

"Well, I know it."

"I don't like them fellers, Betty, they're a bad lot; come on away till after they're gone."

"Yes," said Betty, "an' git a lammin' from granny for't. I don't like 'em any more'n you do, but I ain't got any other place to stay. Ef you could on'y marr' me, Flud."

"Damn it," said Floyd, "Ef I cud on'y git a shillin' er two ahead. You know how it is, Betty; when they can't git no one else they'll give me a job,—an' I got to eat.

"Ef it wa'nt fer—Say you believe me, don't you, Bet. It wuz like this. We was comin' home, an' it was blowin' like th' devil, two of us at th' tiller. We run to looard o' th' Solermun G. an' she was makin' signals. I sings out 'stan by ter go about' and started t' put th' hellum down. Ol' Botts, he was with me, and he begged me for God's sake not to start th' sheets, et wuz sure drownin'. An' they all come runnin' up an' Trefya, the cur, he was down on 'is knees beggin' me t' remember his wife an' chil'en, him thet's ben lyin' behin' my back ever since, an' they said th' brig t' wind'ard ud help 'em, en—wall, we let 'em drownd. But, by God, Bet, et don't seem right t' make me carr' th' whole."

The rough, red fist was beating the door post in impotent anguish, and a big tear was dried in Betty's hair as she leaned over the half-door and kissed him.

"Course I believe yer, Flud," she said, "an there's lots that believe them ol' fools got scaired, but—Gee, here's granny," and the girl's head was suddenly withdrawn as the dancing lights of the tin lantern swung across the lane.

"Ha, Flud Oirson, ye cooard, snoopin' aroun' honus folks hooses t' steal her gel. Awa' wi' ye, awa' wi ye, aw—"

Here the beldam dropped her lantern, and reaching down, picked up that ready Marblehead weapon, a good sized pebble, and before its oncoming and straightaway rush, Floyd Ireson incontinently fled.

CHAPTER V

A hoarse shout of laughter followed Ireson up the lane and cries of "Rock'um" and a dozen men, led by one who had much show of finery, tramped noisily into the inn, and ranged themselves about the tables and in front of the placed bowls which Betty was filling with chowder. Moll placed herself by a keg of brandy which was horsed up in a corner and began to fill pannikins and porringers for the preliminary dram.

There were odd fish that sailed the seas in those days, and there was no odder gathering than had assembled in the common room of Moll Lansburra's inn. The leader who had chosen to be called "Captain Blaze," was a big, florid man, girt with the cutlass of office and command. He wore a green coat which showed splashes and spots of salt water, but there was rich gold lace on the cuffs and on his flowered waistcoat, and a gold chain about his neck, while his knee and shoe buckles glittered brightly. There was a swarthy Spaniard with rings in his ears, his headgear a bright handkerchief. There was a Mediterranean sailor with a pendulous stocking cap; there were Dutchmen, stolid and broad breeched, English tars with love-locks, and hatchet faced Yankees. All were more or less bitten, scratched and cut, but they were all showily dressed, each after his fashion, while any one of them presenting his countenance before a court of justice at the present day would stand to be hanged on that prima facie case alone.

But it is all in being used to things, and anyone accustomed to waterside happenings of that time, would have said it was a rather good-natured assemblage. The inn was brilliant with the light of the hearth fire and at least six well-made candles, three in an iron sconce hanging from the central beam and the rest singly in iron candlesticks in the more obscure corners, the food was savory and the brandy unimpeachable.

A little topsail schooner that had been hovering off in the bay during the afternoon, had drawn in under the land as night approached, and had come to an anchor inside of Cat Island at a point where a choice of channels of escape afforded itself. Moll's lantern had guided two boats from the schooner to the beach, and the crew of the Water Witch, countenanced by their commander, were enjoying one of their not infrequent moments of play.

"Well, Moll, old woman, how are ye?" said the captain, after he had been accommodated in consideration of his rank with brandy and water in a gilded glass that contrasted strangely with the uncouthness of the rest of the house fittings. "And how's the little lass? Betty, girl, give me a kiss for a ribbon. What, no kisses? Ye were not used to be so shy. Do ye save 'em all for the lad that the old woman just flung away from the door? Tut, Betty, look higher than a common fisher lad. There is Patch, now. But where is Patch, old woman, he's not used to be late when there's brandy to be had without a reckoning, and who's the lad ye sent whirling up the lane?"

The old woman pointed, without speaking, to the door, which had just opened to admit a personage attired in the black of a professional man, who stood snuffling, alternately mopping a moist and damaged eye and nose, and regarding ruefully the bent and broken brim of a chapeau bras.

"Why, here ye are, Patch," vociferated the captain, "and by all the smuggler's gods, ye've been fighting. Here's a rip-roaring blade for ye! What, the limb o' th' law, the bringer of actions fighting—and in the streets, if there be ever a street in this web of footpaths and lanes? Look up, most adornful Patch, and tell us what vandal hand hath smacked thee in the eye."

"Dear me, captain, not so loud if you please," expostulated the lawyer. "Oh, most exquisite pain. I have seen, I think, a great and most surprising conflagration. Oh, dear, and my hat quite broken through. A most heinous assault, with force of arms, with malice prepense and aforethought. Did with blows, buffetings and violence, beat, maim and maltreat, against the peace of his majesty, one, Simon Patch, gentleman, attorney and justice of the peace under the broad seal, in and for the town of Marblehead, to wit and namely, upon or near the eye, or there adjacent, for which see contusion and swelling marked Exhibit A. 'Twas a brutal fellow, a most boisterous fellow. He came up the lane. He would have shouldered me into the mud. I said, 'Fellow, give away, I am Esquire Patch.' I thought he would have torn me to tatters. Hist, this way, captain. Had we but been on a certain island we know of in Spanish Main, I would have stabbed him."

"Bravo, most valiant Patch," shouted Blaze, "Well said, most ferocious of land sharks. Molly, brandy for Bully Patch, the roaringest, rippingest rakehelly that ever cheated the Jolly Roger by taking to the law. But tell me, Moll, who was the fellow?"

"Who but Flud Oirs'n. Oi sent 'im packin."

Blaze's face took on a look of nervousness and anxiety strangely out of character with his previous bluff tones. As Moll came to replenish his glass, he checked her, and said in an undertone, "I've heard something of this fellow. What was he doing here? Whisper, he's like to be a desperate man, he might inform. What does he know?"

"Nothing, he was here after th' gel."

"All the worse," muttered Blaze, "you should not have driven him out. Put more sugar in that temper of yours, Molly, or you'll ruin us all."

And Blaze with a flourish of his glass returned to his former manner and cried out, "Well, gentlemen tradesmen, how fare ye? Clams from the beach and lobsters from the bay. Pilot bread as full of butter as your mother's milk of kindness, and brandy till your skins burst. And here is Squire Patch to keep us in countenance with the law. Where's Tom Bowline? What, Tom, with never a yarn to settle a messmate's prog? Up man, and give us a good, bloody tale of piracy."

The sailor addressed who had lost a portion of one nostril so that his words came with a whistling sound like an accompaniment of wind in the rigging, rose and with a roll of his head began in a singsong voice.

"Hear ye, messmates and gentlemen, bein' present. We sails th' Spanish Main in the good brig Nancy. We speaks a barkie from Santiago Santiager. She has fifty men before the mast an' five carronades. We takes her in a gallant battial in which I distinguishes myself and is offered th' place uv cap'n, which I refuses. We cuts the throat of the cap'n uv th' bark, and fifty men an' passengers, holdin' th' rich uns fer ransim. I seen it done an' ther decks runs red weth bellud. We takes fourteen kegs of Spanish doubloons frum her treasure room, an' fires th' ship. Then we all gets drunk fer a week, and thet's all, an' it's true fer here's a messmate as has heard me tell it before."

"Ah," cried Patch, "Isn't that glorious! To see the throats cut and the blood run. Ah, the Spanish Main,—beautiful, beautiful. Mistress Lansburra, do give our good friend Thomas Bowline a ninepence worth of brandy and I will hand you the coin."

But Captain Blaze was evidently not impressed with the narrative, and he laughed sarcastically, and said: "You lie, Tom Bowline. Now hear me tell it as it was. The Nancy hailed a Yankee schooner that had been to Cuba with dried codfish. There was the skipper, three men and a boy. The skipper held you off till nightfall with a rusty musket. You boarded her after dark. The skipper kicked Tom Bowline down the booby hatch and Tom stayed there while fourteen men tied four up and slapped the boy. The whole loot was the skipper's white shirt, a pair of patched breeches and three kentals of codfish that were too strong to even sell in Cuba."

"Oh, captain, captain," remonstrated Patch, "I am sure you are wrong, I am sure our friend Thomas speaks the truth."

CHAPTER VI

Piracy, smuggling, except in a society way, highwaymanship and burglary have been eliminated from the list of the professions by their present non-lucrative character. The diffusion of the exact knowledge of the whereabouts of a given person or persons, and the ready identification of goods and appurtenances have joined with a keener sense of ethics in discouraging their continuance.

It is not wise, however, to overestimate the part borne by ethical considerations in the matter, for there are too many devices for getting something for nothing still in vogue to allow one to maintain that these sometime lucrative pursuits were given up wholly as a matter of personal conscience or in deference to an enlightened public opinion. Something is due in that direction, undoubtedly, but it is mightily sustained and supported by the improvements in land and water police.

It is incalculable the amout of damage that steam and electricity have done to certain kinds of thievery, and it may be truly said that at the first click of the telegraph, rascaldom shuddered and took to joint stock operations.

The constantly enlarging activity of the daily press, with the publicity given to the minute transactions of society has aided very, very materially in putting an end to many things that had gone on for years, simply because it had been no one's business to maintain agitation against them.

In the early newspapers criminal news is almost entirely lacking. A heinous assault on a popular person might secure an allusion, but an assault by a popular person on someone less considered might easily be "kept out of the papers." True, if it came to murder, there seemed to be a sense compelling a mention, but the details were softened, and the matter allowed to lapse, unless the offender happened to be of slight consideration, or of an opposite political or religious faction.

There was ample reason for it. From the earliest times the printer has been regarded as properly to be kicked, and when, after much imprisonment and many stripes and mutilations, he won a right to his say on things political, there was a steadfast stand made that he should not, at least, tell the truth about private rascalities, and the tender-conscienced stood together in frowning down any attempt to ventilate little matters of business and personal conduct. The libel against the printer was an active instrument and the printer knew it, and restricted himself, therefore, to adducing such truths as would secure him the support of his political party, instead of entering on the recital of private matters, for the which every man of past or present doubtful practice would aid in public sentiment against him.

For the matter of exacting usurious profits, for the handling of ill-gotten goods, for a hundred shady kinds of commercial transactions, the present has the right to chide the past. It may be due to progress-changed conditions, but it is probably true, that commerce is somewhere in the vicinity of a thousand times more honest than under the conditions of the eighteenth century, when if men sustained the appearance of honesty, under-the-counter secrets were not thought to be the proper subject of anyone's scrutiny.

I am not altogether sure that this thesis is required to sustain the proposition of the landing of a cargo of illicit goods at Marblehead, but that master-hypocrisy, the "good old times" is a most persistent bogy, and shakes its head in violent negation when anybody suggests that the people of other days were human.

There are certain suggestions to be made that are apposite.

The disinclination of commercial provincials to follow the policy of the home government on duties and trade restrictions is a matter of history.

The fact of privateering (for which read piracy), authorized and unauthorized, and in some cases partaking of the nature of both, is equally well established.

Somebody handled the goods that came in without the inspection and knowledge of His Majesty's customs officials and somebody made a market for the miscellaneous goods that were accumulated by privateers and pirates.

And where would they more naturally locate than along this coast where, as we know, immense fortunes were made in a few years, and who more likely to have a hand in this profitable traffic than the merchants of a new country who were independent and enterprising and had abundant opportunity for the handling of many kinds of merchandise?

At the side of Moll Lansburra's inn, there was a narrow passage, screened from view by a high board fence. It led to a flight of rude stairs that ascended the face of the cliff behind the house. Built to the edge of the cliff and overhanging Moll's home, and looking down its chimney in true Marblehead fashion, was the store and warehouse of one of the town's principal merchants, a dealer in West India goods, and a careless man, apparently, for on certain nights he used to go away and leave the sliding door which communicated with the stairs in the rear without affixing the stout chain which held it at other times.

It seemed as if fortune favored the careless in his case, for so sure as he was neglectful of this fastening, he found the lumber room in the rear of his store enriched on each following morning with a variety of kegs, packages and parcels, and the room redolent of various spicy odors.

Had he been at all a curious man, fond of visting his store and its treasures, or its vicinity by night, he would have seen during the evening before such a morning, divers strangely clad men ascending and descending his back stairs, going with burdens, and returning empty-handed,—in a word, the Brownies who conferred on him a large part of his profits, at work.

And the discreet and sober man who performed drayage duties between the store and Boston was no more surprised or curious than his master at the peculiar shape and odor, and the occasional disclosures made by the quintals of codfish and barrels of mackerel that he transported to various and sundry grave merchandising places in Boston.

CHAPTER VII

But the Marblehead merchant was in no wise curious, and as Squire Patch and Captain Blaze sat in the firelighted inn, sipping brandy and water and making a comparison and exchange of certain writings, there was no cessation in the tramp of feet along the passage by the house, and the bump of packages against the board fence.

By the time the business had been completed, both had taken quite as much spirit as was good for them, and Patch gave unmistakable evidences of an over-plenty. Blaze's face had an extra flush, his eyes additional moisture, but Patch had reached the singing stage, and was carolling the joys of piracy. And nothing would do him but that Betty should join in his piratical glee.

"Come here, Betty, my dear," said he. "How would you like, now, Betty, to go to the Spanish Main and be a pirate's bride? Ah, Betty, you would see then that Patch is no ordinary man. Give your Patchy a hug, Betty."

With some craft, he manoeuvred his unsteady legs so that he penned Betty into a corner, and was about to enforce a spirituous embrace, when the girl, more in anger than in terror of the man of law, screamed.

Blaze's liquor had begun to make him surly, and he rose with a smashing oath..

"Here, Patch, you stow that. A joke's a joke, but you keep your devil's claws off Betty, for the girl belongs to—"

"Me," said Floyd Ireson coming in upon his cue with a dramatic promptness for which I am sure I thank him.

With a lover's care, and something of a lover's jealousy, Floyd had been hovering about the house during the evening. He had marked the comings and goings, and at intervals his face had been pressed cautiously against the glass of a little side window. At Betty's scream, he had pushed open the unfastened door, and stood, bold and defiant, a serviceable club made from a broken oar in his hand, a very good weapon in the days when pistols had not yet reached a stage of any considerable precision.

Betty flung Patch aside with an ease that emphasized that her scream was of something else than alarm, and ran behind her lover's back, whence she peeped over his shoulder, roguishly enough. Moll Lansburra grasped a fire shovel and was for entering the fray at once. Blaze caught her shoulder and whirled her up against Patch in the corner.

"Avast there," he said, "do you want to bring the watch down on us?"

With that self-command that had done more for Captain Blaze's advancement than his sometimes questioned personal courage, the captain ostentatiously slapped his partly drawn cutlass back into its scabbard, and walked towards Ireson with an extended hand.

"What, lad! Nothing but a little sport. My friend Patch's a little,—" with a genial wink, "you see? No malice, now, but set ye down and take a glass with us."

But the ashen club was making gentle but firm circles which effectually cut off the fellowship that Blaze proffered, and as the captain stood with outstretched hand, Ireson grasped Betty about the waist, and with the club still in play, backed out of the door, and both turning quickly, made off in a hurry-scurry.

"Cut out, by God, cut out from under the guns," cried Blaze, and with a short laugh, he returned to the table and filled his glass.

Patch by this time was on his feet, with dire threats against the absent swain, while the old woman divided her attention between Ireson and the unreadiness of the captain in allowing the young man to get away. "Whut's thot thing ye wear by yer side?" snarled she. "Guv et t' me t' split fish wi'."

But Blaze sat unmoved while they spent their breath, and at the close of the dual philippic, said quietly:

"Could you, my dear Patch, be here tomorrow night to take a deposition? And perhaps, Mistress Landsborough, some of your

"What, lad! Nothing but a little sport"

neighbors might be willing to come in to hear something of interest. I have heard something of this same Ireson, and if you like—though it's none of my affair—still—there's a man aboard who tells a yarn about Ireson. Perhaps some of the town folks might like to hear it."

Patch and the innkeeper protested their willingness to aid anything that should tend to the discomfiture of the enemy, and promised an audience of hearty listeners. A knock at the door announced the completion of the sailors' labors, and the two men departed. Patch was furnished, though not without some semi-audible misgivings of their entire honesty, with an escort of two stout mariners who guided his wandering steps homeward. Blaze betook himself jauntily on shipboard, and Moll crouched down by the fire to await the home coming of her truant granddaughter.

CHAPTER VIII

Although Captain Blaze is shortly to pass out of the view of this narrative, he was sufficiently a remarkable man to warrant some detailed account of his life and manners.

Whether there was more than one Captain Blaze during the generation of which I am writing and its predecessor, or at least more than two, I am not prepared to state, but the traditions of the personality which, under the name, frequented the ports of the Atlantic coast present wide differences in detail. I have thought that perhaps the title was a fixture, assumed from time to time by different agents of the interests I have indicated in a previous chapter.

We see something of the sort in the commercial life of our Chinese visitors, who successively appear commercially under the name of Hong Far Low, or some other luck-bringing title during the incumbency of many Yee Sings, Ah Moys, and so on, long after the original titular possessor has returned to the Flowery Kingdom, the possessor of a competency, or as a passenger in one of the charnel barks which return to their native soil those who have fallen by the way.

But of the Captain Blaze who appears in this story, I have a fairly comprehensive mental idea. And to understand him, one must comprehend something of the institution of "the captain" in the eighteenth century.

We have, today, that honorable title of "the professor" somewhat frayed at the edges by the company it keeps, so that between bootblacks and barbers, phrenologists and prestidigitators, professorship is with difficulty sustained by the colleges from being much run down at the heel.

When one reads "captain" in the language of the eighteenth century, the ascent is of something similar. There was the range from the noble commander of a company of horse or foot, to the poor, knocked-about devil of the class of Ancient Pistol.

Just touching the edge of the first class, and barely edging on the disrepute of the last, was that type of captain to which Blaze belonged. A bolder man, or one less cautious, would have been off to the wars, and essayed the hazard of fortune or death. Blaze chose to coquette with commercialism as a means to the extravagant expenditure of fashion; preferred rather to cozen fortune than to force her.

It was not to be said that he was a coward, for he had shown readiness and address in difficult positions, but he had no stomach for the more perilous expeditions, and no lofty delusions on the subject of military honor.

To make one of a company of bucks, to dress handsomely, live easily, be seen in good company and make a pleasant, respectable figure in the world is not a sordid ambition, and, as you remark, it is a decidedly common one.

Under modern conditions the captain has become the promoter, who brings the opportunity to the man, and profits largely thereby. And Blaze would have been a good promoter and an excellent corporation manager.

But the military fiction that has been so long a dying was an actuality in his time, and any connection with commercialism except an illicit one was out of the question. In the present enlightened age, we serve in the office or shop or manufactory pleasantly and well, and then at the close of the day, get into dress suits and mingle with the fashionable throng. Then, the fashionable throng frivolled uninterruptedly and it was far more genteel to come to a gallows end than to keep a shop.

The gentlemen-adventurers who left London in search of the wherewithal to continue the whirl of fashionable life sought the speediest means to fortune and often carried on in remote parts, pursuits more than questionable, since connection with commercial wealth was of itself disreputable. When they returned, if well supplied with gold, rumors of their doings which might follow them simply added spice to their attractions, and savor to the coins which would have been hopelessly tainted had they been gained in honest and open commercial pursuits.

Having a choice between a career at arms, and a secret connection with commerce, Captain Blaze chose the latter, and assumed the office and title of the superintendency of the exchange between those who had divers commodities to dispose of at sea, and those who were able to dispose of them on land.

Keeping a steadfast eye to his re-entrance into London society, he toiled patiently, discreetly, and with much practical wisdom in the direction of the amassing of a quick competence. Meanwhile, at intervals, he was not without pleasures. He was seen at times in the fashionable coffee houses of the various seaports, by no means lacked of company or the pleasures of the gaming table. He frequented provincial society, and spent money freely, though not ostentatiously, with the best. His absences created no comment, and his reappearance no surprise. As a devilish gentlemanly fellow and a good hand at the bottle, he passed entirely current, and, indeed, comported himself with such skill and decorum, that when he eventually returned to England his loss was universally regretted and commented on as a decided deprivation.

But that which has especially given me a regard for this Captain Blaze as a remarkable man is his very evident self-command and self-control. We know that captains all through this century, or rather up as far as the later days when it comes into the known history of this country and trenches on modern things, were the most uncontrolled of people. At the slightest word they vociferated "Sdeath," and hurled a glass of wine, incontinent, or fell to smashing and banging with their swords. They duelled, too, at a most shocking rate, and lived, or many of our historical novels are woefully at fault, most contentious lives.

But it was the habit of Captain Blaze, though he was bluff and bold faced, as I have said, to weigh his words most carefully, to consider their effect, and to so time his utterances as to persons and place, that I question if he drew his sword oftener than to clean it during his whole experience along the New England coast. And to so command his speech, in liquor and out, and at the same time give no ground for more than a suspicion of over caution, a suspicion that at no time lisped the word that begins with cow, was, I submit, an accomplishment which marked him a remarkable man. It was an accomplishment, also, that was calculated to give him great usefulness to his associates in business to whom a ruffler would have been, though often useful, frequently perilous.

It was also his characteristic that those who ran counter to the proper conduct of his business were disposed of in a quiet, neat and effective manner in which his hand was not seen, and which from the standpoint of the interests involved, was far more praiseworthy than the brutal beatings, kidnappings, and sometimes killings that marked the administrations of others who held similar positions.

For his somewhat startling and unusual name, he had the cover of the manners of the time. Men still boasted and talked Munchausen. The name was understood as an alias, and no one committed the breach of politeness of attempting to look behind the disguise. It was a part of the swagger that went with a laced coat, and it passed without challenge among the throng of more or less raffish and rascally birds of passage from England, from the southern ports, from the Indies, and from the Lord knows whereal, who alighted, fluttered in the seaport coffee houses, and were away again.

(*To be continued*)

"TWO BLADES OF GRASS"

TWO blades of grass, where only one was grown before!
Another song, another smile, where only frowns our faces bore!
Another word of sympathy, where lives are torn,
And bitter healed to comfort those who mourn!
Another kiss and fond caress, our hearts and friends to bless!
Another flower—a rose—another grain of corn,
Where only weeds and briars grew, and now and then a thorn!
So let us make our lives and homes the choicest parts of earth.

—Howard C. Peck

THE POCKET ON THE SPIT

By VINGIE E. ROE

THE Rogue River sang shrilly across a narrow stretch of rapids, widening out into a deceptive spread of seeming stillness above, where glittering salmon, big as a two years' child, leaped constantly into the sunlight.

On either side rose the mountains, solid, uncompromising, fir-covered, hemming in the narrow valley. Just where the river drew in to the mouth of the rapids, a small rock-littered spit shouldered out into the stream, bearing on its extreme edge a diminutive flaunting of low willows. On its open side, and near the lip of the clear water, there stood an odd contraption, a cradle-shaped structure of weather-worn pine with one end cut away in a sharp slope, along the bottom of which was fitted a piece of gunny-sack. In the box-like top, with its perforated metal bottom, was heaped a mass of earth and small stones. A little way back among the boulders, each one ground to a smooth oval by the unceasing mill of the river and thrown up at some freshet time, the stooped and shabbily-covered back of a man rose and dipped with the stroke of a pick. A cleanly-ground gold pan lay at the water's edge. Presently the worker straightened, lifted a rickety old bucket filled with rocky sand, and, coming out of his digging, dumped it into the rocker on top of the rest. Then filling the pail with water and picking up a makeshift dipper, he sat down on a section of upright log, grasped the rocker handle, and, dipping and rocking, went on with the ceaseless quest for gold. After a while he emptied the useless rocks, washed clean, carefully gathered the dirty cloth from the bottom, shunted its contents of sand into the pan and went to the water to wash it out. A few minutes had taken all the useless dirt down the stream and left in the dip of the pan a tiny streak of fine black sand. The miner turned it this way and that, scanning it anxiously, then grimly threw it out and stood up. At his full height, and with his face lifted, one saw with amaze that he was old. so old that his hair and beard were white. The lined and weathered face was full of an eloquent record of hardship, but the remarkable black eyes were young and alive with an indomitable spirit. The sleeves of his colorless old shirt hung in tatters from the elbows, and across his right hand, knotted, hard and almost black with years of work in the open, there ran from edge to edge a straight white scar. At the moment he straightened up, the keen dark eyes caught sight of something creeping slowly along the river among the stones. It proved to be, at the end of half an hour's crawling, the figure of a man, and presently it stood within hailing of the spit.

The miner called across the noise of the rapids and the figure came on down to the digging, stopping with a very stagger of weariness at the pit's mouth. They regarded each other in silence for a surprised moment, for this new arrival was an old man too, fully as old as the miner, but with that pathos of old age that records defeat. His thin old face was tired, deathly tired, and in it was fluttering the all-but-surrendered banner of lost hope. The prospecting outfit on his stooping shoulders seemed too great a burden, and the heavy boots on his feet were worn to strips.

"By hokey, stranger," said the miner wonderingly, "yuh-all are most petered out!" He laid down his pan with a courtesy that was never bred but in the old South. "Let's git to camp. It's right up thar."

There began the partnership. Next day they worked together, and for a good many days they dug and rocked and panned on the spit, lured by the siren presence of the black sand that is the harbinger of gold.

One night a week later they sat together beside the little fire on the stones, hemmed in by the mountains with the last sun on their tops and the twilight hushing the opal valley. The need for speech had opened the mouths of both these days past, and they talked with a keen enjoyment of each other's presence, these two old men at the last of life, seeking still for the promise of the hills as young men might.

"Yes, suh, I've seen a heap of life," the miner mused, holding the bowl of his pipe in his hand, his vital old eyes looking into the fire, "yes, suh! Was with Quantrell all through the wah, an' went to Mexico to get out of surrendehin'! Hated th' Yanks, an', by hokey, suh, I hate 'em now!" He turned suddenly. "*You* didn't happen to fight, did yuh?" he inquired, removing his pipe. The tired face of his new partner changed ineffably.

"Yes," he said, "I was with Sherman."

There was silence for a space, while the Southron opened his mouth for the old hot words of '65 that had lain forever near his unconquered tongue. Then, for some reason, he closed it again in silence, as if at the quick bidding of some hurrying thought They sat so, embarrassed, while the dark closed down. Presently the miner said in a voice charged with the feelings that still lived in his indomitable heart: "Yuh see, suh, th' man who loses is fo'ever bitter. I hev never fo'gotten some things of th' fight. This is one," and he pushed his right hand, with its stiffened fingers, into the light of the fire. The livid scar stood out white and sinister. "I hev swo'n to kill th' man what did thet, if I ever meet him in this world. It was a Yank, near New Orleans. I was down an' wouldn't ask fo' quarter. I've looked fo' him a good many years. An' I'd a-killed a Yank on sight fo' a chanct of gettin' him along, long after the wah closed. Yes, suh,—ef it hadn't a been for somethin' else—another Yank." He looked into the fire a moment, seeing the stirring times of other days. "I've hunted fo' two Yanks all these years, to kill one an' to tell th' otheh he's as true a gentleman as ever lived in Alabam'! Yes, suh!"

The fire had burned low and the miner sat silent, forgetful of the other's presence, but *he* had leaned forward, his weary old lips fallen apart and a peculiar look of half-bewilderment mounting into certainty in his eyes that were too big for his thin face.

"Near New Orleans?" he asked quaveringly, "Was it at a skirmish at Le Croix Bayou? In August?" He too had gone back across the years.

The miner jumped. "It was, suh," he said coldly.

"Because," said the other, "I was there, too."

The Southron peered across the dim bed of embers at the stranger's face with sharp, suddenly-lighted eyes. Then he shook his head.

"Odd, suh," he said, "odd. That was a real fight, wasn't it? Yes, suh! Thet Yankee had me off my hoss, and when he offered quarter I said a word or so an' he reached down with his sabre an'—so—slow, like thet, he drew it along my uplifted hand—slow—and fo'm hilt to tip! I vowed then I'd kill him. . . . Th' otheh was up in the No'th—fur as we went—after a runnin' fight in th' dark of a night. Th' men went on an' lef' me with a hole under my belt an' ragin' hell in my vitals. I laid in them woods two days without a drop of wateh an' nothin' near enough to kill myse'f. *Thet* was hell with th' draft open! An' then another little flurry came through an' a Yank found me. A Yank, suh, who gave me wateh an' who stripped his coat fo' a pillow an' who foraged me some milk and promised to let a graycoat know. An' by sundown two of Quantrell's own men come an' fetched me. Yes, suh! but while he was doin' it th' Yank got a stray ball down his right ahm fo'm shoulder to wrist. He laughed, suh, actually laughed! By gad, th' South lost a *man* when he was bo'n North! So I've looked fo' him with a plowed wrist, fo' I was too far gone to recollect his face. Same with th' Yank at New Orleans—I held my pistol in th' hand he cut, an' I pulled th' triggeh a mite too late, but I saw a red streak low along his th'oat whar the bullet cut past, thet I know he'll neveh lose. Le's turn in, stranger."

The two were up by daybreak, working at the spit. The miner dug and rocked by reason of his greater strength, while the stranger carried water in the old pail and dumped out the stones. Hour after hour they worked together, but a strange constraint seemed to have fallen upon them. The unstinted speech in which they had reveled the week past hung embarrassed on their tongues. It was as if an unspoken thing hovered suspiciously between them.

All day the stranger plodded on weak old legs that had nearly reached the impotence of long failure. The Southron rocked with seasoned vigor, and at every turn of the other's back his fiery old eyes shot after him with a look that was a mixture of puzzlement and eager searching. More than once he shook his head, only to fall again to tracing into the dim realms of a faulty memory. They stopped at noon for a meagre meal, which they ate in silence.

And on this very day, when his ceaseless quest was in the background of his mind, it was ordered that the miner should reach his goal. Along about the middle of the hazy afternoon, while he was watching his new partner fitfully between trips to the water, his pick sank softly into something that was neither sand or broken rock, but something that yielded gently and came up sticking to the helve in dull yellow patches. He had found it—gold, in a deep, rich pocket. For a moment his eyes held unbelief. Then a wild joy awakened and he stood some seconds undecided. Once he looked toward the weak, stooped back of his partner, then something seemed to shut within him and he stood up kicking the hole together with his foot.

"Le's stop fo' today, stranger," he called with a voice peculiar in spite of himself.

It was a strained evening they spent across the fire, smoking in silence while the twilight hung over the valley, smoky from some distant forest fire, and the river sang among its boulders, while down the stream a way, a big buck came out on the stony edge to drink. A good many emotions were surging in the ever-youthful heart of the rugged miner. The other sat in the gentle droop of those who have nearly lost sight of hope. When the stars came out in the opal sky they turned into their blankets by tacit agreement and the old soldier of the blue sank at once into weary sleep, while the man who had followed the wild fortunes of Quantrell lay with open eyes, waiting. After two full hours, when sleep was reigning with a sure grasp, he slipped from his place, stooped over the other, softly pulled down the ragged collar of his worn shirt, and, leaning down, peered intently at the weazened throat. Under his hand, dim in the faint sky light, he saw what he had half-suspected he would—a long clean scar running around just above the collarbone. A living fire, fierce as the flame of that long ago day by the Southern bayou, flared in his unforgiving eyes.

A quick formulation of his delayed revenge halted him a moment. Knife or gun, or hand-to-hand with the chances of old age? He debated, still stooping.

His hand still held the ragged shirt collar. With some unconscious movement he pulled it still lower down, as if to expose more fully the mark of his right to this man's life. As he did so something caught his preoccupied gaze; something that forced itself into his consciousness; another scar that, white and distinct, started at the tip of the shoulder and lost itself in the faded sleeve. A mighty shock caught at the turbulent soul of the unconquered Southron. The flame in his eyes changed, pitifully, with protest. He snatched incautiously at the wrist, turning back the fastened sleeve.

There it was—the ending of a distinct line that ran like a ribbon from shoulder to wrist!

The man on the ground stirred. His eyes were open, regarding the other quietly. The Southron sprang up.

"God A'mighty!" he gasped, "Yo're *him*—yo're *them!*"

"Yes," said the old man, "I'm—them."

Long before the sun had touched the mountains these two were bending over the pocket on the spit, taking from a ragged hole enough gold to make their lives' ending beyond the reach of any want. Hope had stumbled back to the weary face of the new partner and the miner was alive with triumph and the noble ending of all his trials.

"Take it, stranger!" he cried, lifting out the precious lumps, "Take it! It ain't so rich as a little pail of milk, and it ain't no mo'en a plenty fo' two gentlemen fo'm Alabam' such as we-all's a-goin' to be! No, suh!"

A JOURNALISTIC COURTSHIP

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

THE Kannakee *Yazoo* was a prosperous blanket-sheet newspaper, with the inside made up of "boiler plate" stuff (set up in the metropolis and shipped weekly by express in patent length sections), and the outside composed of equal parts of local news, editorials and advertising. The type was sometimes execrable, the paper of indifferent texture, the reading matter on the inside mediocre, and the locals passingly crisp and interesting; but the editorials were the life and zest of the whole sheet. There had been a time when the *Yazoo* slumbered; but under the energetic leadership of Brindley—Horace Brindley—it had thrown off its swaddling clothes and screamed for recognition. People read the editorials; then the locals, and ended by glancing at the advertisements and drowsing over the patent inside miscellany.

"You interest a man when you quarrel with him," was Brindley's favorite maxim, "and if you can't keep one or more quarrels going in your paper, you'd better call in the sheriff and sell off the plant to the highest bidder."

Brindley was continually in hot water, but the enemies he made today were his friends tomorrow. He shifted the scene of battle so adroitly that friends and enemies were alike embarrassed. He gave them no time to nurse in secret any grudge or fancied wrong. He hit heads right and left, but always discreetly and not haphazardly. Praise and flattery were as essential a part of his resources as condemnation and wholesale muck raking.

Brindley was young, and therefore an optimist. He had great faith in the future of Kannakee, but greater faith in the *Yazoo*. He courted opposition; went out of his way to find it, and welcomed an enemy with open arms. His people had been won by his methods, and they loved him for his fault-finding and daring exposures.

"We'll send you to Congress some day," was the way his chief political opponent expressed his admiration. "You'll make things hum down at Washington."

"No, you won't," was the quick retort. "That's only another one of your tricks to get rid of me. My mission is here, and I've got enough work cut out to make you lie awake o' nights for a year."

Then in the next issue followed a long, spicy editorial exposing the plotters who had connived to elect him to an office which would silence his voice forever as a champion of the people's rights in Kannakee.

A few weeks later the *Yazoo* published a news editorial which caused more than the usual amount of sensation. It plunged briskly into the meat of the matter.

"At last we are to have a rival, we hope worthy of our steel. The long defunct Kannakee *Blade*, that erstwhile disreputable sheet of a disreputable party, has been keel-hauled from the cemetery, and new life artificially pumped into its decayed corpse. We have always contended that Kannakee needed another newspaper—a sheet that would serve as a foil to the *Yazoo*. Our citizens have enjoyed a good thing so long that there are signs of lagging interest. We have long wished for some rival to occupy the field that we might dent its tinsel armor and add to the lustre of our own. Now we'll have something to strive for; something to whet our appetite; something to hurl our shafts at; something to make life a merry-go-round, with free beer and sandwiches thrown in, and a bottle of champagne for the winner. But wait! Who is B. Winsky? Is he a man, a woman, or some sexless creature from the planet Mars? We've heard—but don't whisper it aloud—that IT wears skirts!"

The succeeding days of the week were passed in humdrum expectancy, a sort of subdued frenzy palpitating in the air. It may not have been observable to the stranger within the gates, but to every Kannakee citizen it was quite apparent. They were anticipating a local sensation. As usual the *Yazoo* supplied it.

"Alas! Our worst fears have been realized. The *Blade* has come forth in all the panoply of gauzy skirts, wide pleatings, grandmother's ruffles, hip pads and hoop skirts. Yes, citizens and friends, IT wears skirts. B. Winsky is of the sex that requires man to doff his hat every time he reads a paragraph of the *Blade*. We had set up in type a screeching editorial about the degeneracy of modern democrat journals with a pointed fling at the rejuvenated *Blade*—but we apologize! We had run in a picturesque paragraph calling on our new rival in journalism to show his colors, to cash up or quit, to make good or waddle back to the morgue from whence his vile sheet had so lately come—but we humbly apologize. We had used up a whole font of B's in searching for an appropriate first name for Winsky, employing such favorite names as Baby, Booby, Brat, Biter and Beast, and ringing the change on such unfamiliar epithets as Behemoth, Binglebangle, Bioplasm and Biophore—but alas, again we say, we apologize! Who can call a woman names? Not we! Chivalry to the sex is our strong point! Our pointed arrows are dulled by the soft flesh of our opponent. But the Democratic party of our noble town has at last found its running mate. Miss Democracy is at the helm!"

The *Blade* appeared in modest form, half apologetic in its first issue, with the scent of rose water distilling from its conventionally-correct locals and editorials. In its next issue it had a paragraph on its editorial page which showed that it was not devoid of human interest in its rival.

"Our esteemed contemporary, the *Yazoo*, is facetiously polite in reference to our first name. We have no desire to obscure the situation by hiding our name under the second letter of the alphabet. So to save our friend further exhaustive pursuit of elusive names in the dictionary, we gratuitously supply him with the missing word. It is Bertha—simply Bertha—so named by an adoring and helpful mother."

The *Yazoo* appeared two days later in the week than the *Blade*, and it had just time to answer this note of recognition.

"So it is Bertha who has come to town to uphold the weakling party of Democracy, and, incidentally, to give the old ladies' sewing societies and missionary organizations an electric shock or two. Well, Bertha, we like your name; it rolls well under the tongue, and suggests sweetness galore. May you long live, Bertha! Bertha is good, but Winsky—Bertha Winsky—that gives us the shivers; it suggests Russian steppes and Siberian prisons. Really, Bertha, you should change it; there are plenty of men of good old Kannakee town willing to help you to drop the Winsky. Is it a go, Bertha? The *Yazoo* will put up the price of the ceremony—flowers, carriages, dominie and all!"

Brindley's ideas of journalism were modern, and one personal item was worth more to him than a page of fine writing. The new target for his editorial flings was a woman, and she had to be treated with such consideration as chivalry demanded of the sex. But it was not a one-sided war; there came back at him little shafts that made pleasant reading for the townspeople. Thus:

"We've met our esteemed contemporary at last, and our first impressions were rather confused. He looked well, stood six feet in his cow-hide shoes, wore clean linen, and his clothes passed inspection satisfactorily. But his temper was ruffled. We unfortunately stumbled upon him just as he had learned the news that the *Blade* was hereafter to enjoy some of the patronage of the town advertising. Why should man, mere man—and a bachelor at that—so far forget himself in public as to lose his temper over a trifle of money matters? Does Horace—the immortal Horace—grudge us a living?"

The next issue of the *Yazoo* bristled with exclamation points.

"No! No! Bertha! We begrudge you nothing! Take the town printing—your share of it! There's enough for two! Let things boom! Stir up the advertisers! Ye men of Kannakee, come to the rescue! Advertise! Advertise! Advertise! Do you want a poodle? Advertise for one in the *Blade*, and don't forget the *Yazoo*! Do you need a wife? Pay for a local, and get one! Do you hanker for a comfortable wad in your trousers' pocket? Get busy and advertise your wares in the *Blade*, and duplicate it in the *Yazoo*! Yes, we've come on prosperous days! Kannakee is growing—expanding! She's got two representative papers! Give them both a boost!"

The circulation of the *Blade* and *Yazoo* climbed up steadily. No one could afford to take the *Yazoo* and not the *Blade*; it would be a one-sided argument then. Boys could be seen on the street corners selling the papers like hot cakes on the day of publication.

Business men couldn't wait until they received their regular copy through the mails, and they purchased an extra one from the news boys before the ink was scarcely dry on the paper. Advertisers were not slow to see the value of two such mediums and they took space in the rival sheets.

Strangely enough the women championed the cause of the *Yazoo*, expressing their opinion in some such fashion as this: "It's shameful for a woman to do such things. She'd better marry and settle down. A woman ain't got no business meddling in such things." But they all assiduously read the *Blade* to see what answer it had for the last fling from the rival sheet.

The men of Kannakee were not devoid of chivalry, and they rallied to the support of the rejuvenated *Blade*, which under former management had languished and died. A pretty woman could not be allowed to starve in their midst. Bertha was certainly pretty and young. She walked the streets heavily veiled, but those venturesome mortals who had penetrated beyond the outer office spread tales of her wondrous beauty and freshness. A pretty woman was not a rarity in Kannakee, but a new one was a novelty at least. The appearance of numerous boxes and packages at the office of the *Blade* each morning suggested the sweetness of fresh-cut flowers as an important essential to the proper conduct of a strenuous journal of affairs; but of their donors not a hint—certainly not to the curious eyes of office boys and delivery men who seemed provokingly careless in breaking strings and exposing contents.

The exchange of editorial comments did not cease as the first novelty of the situation had time to wear to a frayed edge. The *Yazoo* took a fling at the new woman's society for cleaning the streets and abolishing public nuisances, caustically commenting on the tendency of the modern woman to usurp the functions of man in the administration of town affairs. The *Blade* trenchantly replied in a panegyric on woman's rights and her superior ability to clean streets as well as their homes. The *Yazoo* dabbled into the school question to champion the cause of a pretty, demure miss who had been engaged to teach the youth of Kannakee the mysteries of the higher education; but the *Blade* saw only demoralization of the boys, and the older boys, in the teachings of such "a bold, brazen, painted hussy." This argument divided the town into two hostile camps and kept public excitement to a white heat for nearly two months.

Then when lesser affairs appeared to pall, the approaching election promised relief. The *Yazoo* had always been a Republican; the *Blade* an organ of the Democrats. A series of dubious blunders had weakened the ranks of the latter, and with the loss of the advertising perquisites, which had always been handed out to the party in power, the *Blade* had languished and finally sought relief from existence in the local graveyard for unsuccessful journalism.

This was five years before Horace Brindley had picked up the *Yazoo* at a department store bargain and injected new life into it. In the interim Kannakee had grown, multiplied in numbers, doubled in wealth, and ambitiously played for fame. It had developed from a one-horse town to a twenty-horse power county seat. It was a political factor that took the lead in every party caucus, and as Kannakee went the county was sure to go.

The *Yazoo* sounded the first war challenge of the impending struggle. When the school question had unsettled public opinion—and incidentally doubled the circulation of the two papers—the matter was suddenly dropped. The *Yazoo's* note of challenge led off with this:

"There are rumors that the decayed party of secession and iconoclasm—the defunct old advocate of every governmental abuse and wild-cat scheme that crazy-headed political dead-heads could suggest—is going to make an effort to get on its feet again this year and waddle up to the election booth to vote. We had thought the old gentleman had been buried for good in this town, but from the embers of past defeats it emerges like a simpering old maid to beg for another trial. Another trial! Good Lord, haven't we given the decrepit scalawag all the trials it needed? Must our patience be tried to the limit? Is there no charity for the charitable?"

As if by pre-arranged agreement, the *Blade* jumped into the political cauldron, and added the necessary ingredients to start the pot boiling.

"Our esteemed contemporary, which professes to stand for the party of radical, dangerous ideas—a party whose career has twice looted the town's treasury, increased the taxation, added graft to every department, and made good citizens blush for shame—makes a laughable plea in its last number to be let alone in its stupidly blundering work. It peevishly resents interference, and sees on the wall the handwriting of fate. It dreads the new power of our dear old party, the new vigor that loyalty to principle has given—it fears that true Democracy wiil at last prevail. Republicanism leads to anarchy! Democracy to the ideal perfect state! Under which banner shall voters enroll?"

With these salutes delivered, the firing began all along the line. Responded the *Yazoo:*

"We hesitate to express our real feelings at the blackguardly attack of our *un*esteemed contemporary upon the party of honor and principle. As in times past Democracy has hidden itself behind a woman's skirts. What can a man say?"

"Speak out your mind, Brother Horace," retorted the *Blade*. "We remove the muzzle from your mouth and give you permission to unloosen your tongue. There is no sex in politics."

"Miss Democracy abdicates! A sexless biped leads the broken-down Democrats to the polls. Come, all ye men of blasted hopes, all ye grafters, all ye aliens from distant shores, all ye thiefs and thugs of Thugland—rally round the sexless Wonder that leads the host of simon-pure fools to the slaughter!"

"The *Yazoo* has spoken, unlimbered its hinged joints, and emitted its howl of pain! What a deafening roar it makes, but how silly! We thought Brother Horace had some brains and could give argument for argument, reason for reason, but instead he shows himself a prating, doddering antiquary, depending upon denunciation and abusive language for the discussion of moral principles. By his own tongue he is convicted of indecency and should be excommunicated from all intercourse with men and women of gentle breeding. How long can Kannakee tolerate him? Is there no asylum to which he can be banished at the town's expense? But no, that would not be policy! For the sake of our dear old Democratic party we must permit him to go on his erratic way until he wrecks what is left of the party that has so long permitted him to speak for it."

"So we are a doddering antiquary! Ho! Ho! Sister Bertha, the light of many moons will spread its effulgent rays over that carrot-red halo of yours before we shuffle off to the poor house. But how about those bashful lovers who go as delegates to the primary of the Democratic party! They do say, every one of them—including Brash Verity, Sile Wilson and poor old man Payne—has the love-sickness, and will vote for Bertha's man, no matter whether he wears pants or skirts. Couldn't you swing those sweet delegates toward a decent man in the Republican party? There's Steve Mapleton—a finer man never walked God's earth; or Billy Wooden, a stalwart of the old school; or Jim Brown, an aggressive leader among men; or—well, we came near mentioning ourself. But that would be immodest and presumptive, so we forbear!"

"At last the *Yazoo* sees the light! It comes to us begging for support! It asks for our delegates, begs to be admitted to our ranks, knocks for admission to the party of cherished ideals. Our delegates vote for you, Brother Horace? Why, certainly, we'd send you to Congress with a fool's cap on your head and an ass's skin clothing that fine form of yours. Anything else we can do for you?"

No one was hurt by these personal allusions, and they afforded warm reading for the crowd. There were sundry hotblooded young men who volunteered their services to the editor of the *Blade*, and begged to be permitted to hold Brindley until she could publicly horsewhip him. Others formed a league for the protection of "the only woman who dared speak out in meeting," and sentries were daily stationed near the doorway of the *Blade's* office; but the cohorts of the Republican party offered no physical violence, and the wordy warfare continued.

As the day for the meeting of the primaries approached, the lurid editorials gained in intensity and personality. Sometimes they descended pretty close to the borderland of the scurrilous and libelous. The two participants seemed more and more on the point of losing their temper, and abuse took the place of argument.

One night after office hours, the darkened editorial sanctum of the *Blade* was all deserted save for a little figure in white crumpled up on a divan near the window. The scattered sheets of paper gleaming in the moonlight attested to a strenuous day of mental toil. Outside on the street all was quie , and the darkened hallway was untouched by the shadow of even a stray dog.

Above the stillness of the room, punctuated only by the monotonous ticking of the clock, a shuffling, fumbling sound made the limp form of white sit up and take notice.

"That you, Horace?" she asked softly, as the door opened and closed noisily.

"Yep! Who else could it be, dear?—not one of those blooming idiots that's been hanging around here all day, did you suppose?"

Then without preliminary skirmishing, the trenchant wielder of the *Yazoo* pen picked up the fluffy figure of white and planted, unresistingly, a series of perfervid kisses on the rosebud mouth. There was a moment of quiet amatory enjoyment.

Then from the invader from across the way:

"I guess, dear, it's about time to pull in the net. Things look good now, and we'd better try the climax."

"What, so soon? Are you getting tired of calling me names? That last editorial did hurt—Do you think my hair looks like a carrot?"

"It's burn shed gold, dear, tinged with rubies and sapphires," was the answer, accompanied by an amatory embrace of the aforesaid crown of flowing tresses.

There was a nestling, satisfied sigh, followed by another pause.

"I'm—I'm almost afraid that—that—"

"Don't weaken now, little girl," he interrupted encouragingly. "You've stood up to the fight like a soldier. Why, bless me, these old bankrupt papers are worth ten times as much as we paid for 'em. They'd knock under the hammer today for a neat little fortune."

"Then why not keep them, and go on?" was the naive query.

"Why? Well, first, because I want you. I'm sick of seeing these chaps hang around here. And, second, I want to reach out for something higher. I want to go to Washington."

"Yes, it would be pleasant to live there," she mused.

"Then we'll go. I've got the Republican delegates, and you can swing the Democrats in line all right. Think of being endorsed by both parties. Why, I'll get the biggest vote this county ever heard of. The dear public likes a sensation, and a little romance. They'll send us away amid a shower of roses and rice."

"You like the spectacular, Horace—you always did."

"But I like *you* better."

The succeeding numbers of the two papers were tame in comparison with former issues. The fight seemed to peter down to a half-hearted struggle, and readers began to itch for something more sensational. Then one day the *Yazoo* said:

"We've spent a most delightful hour with Bertha, and under the influence of her smiles we apologized for many things we have said about her in print. We made one great discovery. HER HAIR IS NOT RED—but GOLDEN, as golden as the after glow of the sunset."

The *Blade* responded in kind.

"We modestly accept the apology of our friend across the way. We also make an admission. Brother Horace is a much better talker than a writer. The spoken word partakes of his personality, which is not so unpleasant as he had led us to believe. Why has he always hidden his light under a bushel measure?"

"We're embarrassed at our esteemed contemporary's compliments. If we thought our personality half so great as intimated we'd haunt the sanctum sanctorum where Sister Bertha rules. We've made another discovery at close range. HER Eyes are BLUE—as blue as the bluest sea."

The *Blade* reciprocated:

"When our esteemed friend across the way visited us yesterday we were in the midst of a trenchant editorial on—Well, never mind! We killed it, and spent a pleasant half hour over a cup of tea."

There were intervals of weeks when the editorial compliments failed to appear in cold type, and readers were genuinely disappointed. They wanted more; the woman readers in particular were clamorous for weekly contributions of this novel courtship. For rumor had it all settled in advance; it was a courtship—a courtship of two bitter rivals. Some inveterate readers dug up the old papers from files in the garret and compared the past and present editorials. Pasted side by side, the clippings formed an interesting scrap-book.

Then the interchange of compliments would break forth with renewed fervor. The courtship seemed to progress happily. There was no cloud on the horizon. Politics were nearly forgotten in this new sensation. Even hardened old political grafters knitted their brows and chuckled under their breath; the situation was running away with them. Not that the papers ignored the news or forgot their duty to discuss public affairs in trenchant paragraphs and ornate phrases, but beneath the turgid surface of politics there was a swan-like note so unusual and so sweet that readers held their breath in pleasant anticipation of a romantic climax. It was like a serial story, served up in intermittent installments, but with the actors in it real and palpitating with human life. A Kentucky feud that ended in the happy marriage of the two principals could not have excited more general interest than this journalistic courtship.

But the day of the primaries temporarily shifted the lime-light, and brought the real business of the hour into the foreground. The *Yazoo* and *Blade* exerted themselves to exhaust the dictionary of words to express their meaning. In the heat of the battle love seemed swamped, and disappointed youthful swains and timid maidens shook their heads sorrowfully. True love never did run smoothly, and here was a public demonstration of it. The prosaic things of this sordid world were forever obtruding and spoiling Love's setting.

After the primaries the political cauldron boiled and bubbled violently until the meeting of the county nominating convention. The Republicans held their convention a week ahead of the Democrats. It was purely a perfunctory gathering and voting. Brindley was the only real candidate in the field for Congress, and after the first balloting he received the nomination by acclamation. He appropriately thanked his friends on the same platform where he had received his nomination, and then hastily made his exit to put in type his double-leaded shot for the camp of his enemies. When the *Yazoo* appeared on the streets there was such a scramble for it that an extra edition had to be printed to fill the regular mail orders. Even then the readers appeared insatiable and clamored at the office for extra copies. As the news spread to the rural districts, farmers drove in from twenty miles to take back with them bundles of papers. Never before in the history of Kannakee journalism had anything remotely approached this phenomenal sale of a single edition.

Prominent in new type appeared the following news editorial that had created the furore:

"Modesty is one of our leading virtues. Otherwise we should be inclined to light on the church spire and crow until the welkin resounded to the echo of our pæans of joy. Our fellow townsmen, those stalwart men of a noble breed, those leaders in finance, politics and business, have seen fit to thrust honors unsought, honors undeserving, but honors fully appreciated, upon us. In nominating us to represent them in the noble halls of Congress, they have filled us with fear lest we fail to come up to their expectation. We tremble at the great responsibility thus imposed upon us, but while conscious of the great trust placed in our hands, and deeply grateful for the confidence in our ability and integrity, we have no intention of playing the part of coward and weakling. We shall rise to the great occasion, and exert ourselves to superhuman effort. Our devotion to Kannakee is well known; from henceforth we dedicate our lives and ambitions to the furtherance of its interests, and if human power can do it we shall make its renown and virtues ring in the halls of Congress until every state and nation, every race and creed, every class and interest, shall sit up and listen. Long may Kannakee and its citizens live and prosper!

"But honors never come singly. This is as old a maxim as any in life's book of wise sayings. We stumble upon adversity and it pursues us like a pack of hungry wolves. But if we meet with success, the reverse is as equally true; honors tumble over each other to welcome us in the new Hall of Fame.

"We are led to these reflections by a new joy, a new honor, a new happiness, which we wish to share with our readers. It was an honor sought, diligently and persistently, and not thrust upon us, and in gaining it we are the happier that we had to strive mightily for it. We have long preached in these columns the value and sacredness of marriage as the hope and mainstay of our mighty nation. 'Young man,' we have repeatedly advised, 'find a girl and lead her to the altar. Girls, train yourselves for wifehood and motherhood, and when the right man proposes accept him and thank God that you have the chance to perform the noblest function for which woman was made.' We have preached this doctrine in season and out of season, but always with a shamed feeling that we were not a living exponent of our teaching. But our excuse was that the right woman had not appeared. Now that excuse no longer holds. Had we control over the editorial columns of our esteemed contemporary, we should print in bold letters at the top of reading matter the familiar phrase—'Veni, vidi, vici'.

"Yes, we have capitulated! Our citadel has been captured! We have yielded to LOVE, and the morrow holds for us the bliss of home life to which we have so long been a stranger. In our secret we take our readers, and at this auspicious time when other honors are thrust upon us we crave your good wishes, your earnest support, your whole-hearted congratulations!"

The *Blade* in its next issue, like a blushing maiden shyly acknowledging her engagement, modestly referred to the *Yazoo's* lengthy explanation.

"Our pen is inadequate to express our real feelings, and modesty forbids. We congratulate our friend across the way on his success in the political field, and—well, we are happy, too—very HAPPY! Can one say more?"

Once more the truth was demonstrated that all the world loves a lover—even politicians. The Democratic convention met, deliberated in a perfunctory way, and then unanimously indorsed Horace Brindley as a candidate for Congress. There was no dissenting voice; even the grafters and the henchmen lost their usual crafty suspicion and joined in the hilarious spirit of the occasion. The convention ended in a love feast, which so overwhelmed the leaders that they forgot to repair their fences for the next year's political struggle. Love and Romance had proved better generals than the most astute leaders of past campaigns, and for a season party lines were obliterated to the great confusion of many a district captain.

NEW MEXICO—LINCOLN

LAND of romance and dream and mystery,
  Whose peaks rise proudly in the sunlit blue—
Olympian heights fairer than Thessaly
  Before the gods were lost to mortal view—
Thine are the treasures of the field, the mine,
  The boundless regions of illumined air,
And thine the streams that, brimmed with mountain wine,
  Beauty and life to burning lowlands bear.

Thy sculptured cliffs and caves were old, perchance,
  Ere sphinx was hewn or pyramids were piled,
And man and maid met here in mystic dance
  Ere Miriam sung or David's harp beguiled.
But not thy winds that wander where they will,
  Nor listening brooks that flash and fall so fast,
Nor sun nor stars, a-watch o'er plain and hill,
  One word may whisper of thy dateless past.

O magic Land! in this memorial year
  Give to thy cliffs and runes yet rarer fame,
And make thy realm to all the world more dear,
  Crowning its glories with our Lincoln's name!
Then will thy mountains prouder pierce the sky,
  Thy rivers grander roll to greet the sea,
And larger manhood lift thy standard high
  For all the mighty ages yet to be!

—*Edna Dean Proctor*

THE "CONSOLATION SHOWER"

By LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

CONCEDEDLY, Jo was homely. Not merely passably plain, with potentialities for beauty, contingent on costume or coiffure, but unqualifiedly and aggressively ugly, as she herself was perfectly and painfully aware.

Her nose turned up—not delicately "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," but in a pronounced and uncompromising pug; her eyes, of varying hue, were small and not particularly soulful; her mouth was a trifle too wide (her teeth were fortunately good), and her complexion so sallow as to warrant the epithet "ecru," applied by a merciless feminine critic whose own delicate pink-and-white prettiness was quite beyond cavil or criticism.

Though realizing her deficiencies to the utmost, Jo did not elect to pursue the paths inevitably prescribed for the plain and go in for good works or big intellectual achievement; nor had she ever essayed to cultivate that preternatural amiability and perennial sweetness which are the accepted attributes of the unattractive.

"I am *not* sweet," she would aver emphatically, "I'm deliberately and determinedly sour! I *won't* have my friends going about saying deprecatingly, 'Yes, poor Jo's homely, to be sure—but then she's a dear, sweet girl!' I needn't be a purring pussy-cat, if I'm not pretty—and I won't. So there!"—little realizing the while that in escaping the Scylla of sweetness she was wrecked on the Charybdis of cleverness, for, with the altered epithet, her friends formulated her exactly as above. Jo really was clever in a fashion. Her shrewd percipience enabled her to instantly detect the weak point in a foe's armor, and she did not hesitate to pierce it with the javelin of a keen and caustic wit. Her sense of humor was of the strongest, and her sharp tongue scored remorselessly on occasion. She was seldom gratuitously rude; but she took keen delight in puncturing inflated vanity or upsetting a palpable pose.

Her redeeming qualities—and she had many—were loyalty, a fine sense of honor, the faculty for doing thoroughly whatever she undertook, and a sort of brusque kindliness which won her friends despite her bluntness. She might, indeed, frankly inform an intimate that she had "made a fool of herself" in a given instance; yet she was prompt to see and to apply the methods which might enable her to escape the consequences of her folly. And that she was secretly sympathetic in a sort (though she herself would have been the first to deny it) was attested by the fact that people were inevitably impelled to tell her their troubles, until, as she phrased it, "she felt like a human tear-vase." Her girl friends confided to her their youthful affairs of the heart; while the men, who dubbed her "a jolly good fellow" and the "best of chums," who liked her and jested with her and found her no end of fun, but who never by any chance cared for her, were constantly seeking her aid and counsel in their erratic loves.

But all those fond little attentions, the roses, the bonbons, the *billets doux*, the thousand and one trifling courtesies which, whether signifying little or much, are yet so dear to the young girl's heart, Jo Worthing had never known. No one wrote her tender notes, made engagements months ahead of time, or begged for dances days in advance; she felt herself fortunate, indeed, she was wont to declare, if at the monthly "assemblies" she escaped "catching cold from contact with damp walls!" Like the Lady of Shalott, she "had no loyal knight and true"—and the probabilities seemed to be that she would continue in this loverless estate indefinitely.

"I'm afraid poor Jo's doomed to spinsterhood," her feminine friends would sigh pityingly, and as one after another blossom from the "rosebud garden of girls," who had graduated with Jo from the local seminary, was borne away in triumph, while she still clung to the parent stem, it began to look very much like it.

Of course Lily Lovatt, Jo's dearest chum, went first, as every one confidently expected. Lily was so daintily lovely, so "like unto a flower," that suitors had swarmed about her like bees almost from her pinafore days. Her marriage had been a sad blow to her friend, who realized that it meant losing her in a measure; but Jo had speedily dismissed so selfish a consideration, had "braced up" as she expressed it, and given in Lily's honor a most elaborate luncheon and linen shower, herself presenting a tablecloth which was a marvel of exquisite handiwork. Lucy Baxter, a dear, dimpled little creature, all sweet surprises and shy surrenders, followed next, and Jo toiled for weeks on a set of hand-drawn doilies for Lucy's linen-chest; Blanche Barker, whose father was president of the local bank and whose ducats made up for his daughter's deficiencies, was Cupid's next victim, and to her Jo gave her blessing and a bon-bon dish, which disposed of a whole month's allowance. Thus the tale ran; a series of "showers," luncheons, engagement breakfasts and elaborate weddings—until of the twelve sweet girl graduates who had "crossed life's threshold" in company, there were but two left unwed, Jo Worthing and Celia Thayer, a girl whose charms were even less conspicuous than Jo's. But when Celia—stupid, awkward, snuffling, freckled Celia—whose constant influenza made of her a perpetual Niobe, won, at last, the affections of a lean and hungry looking Methodist minister with chronic bronchitis and a "revive-us-again" manner, Jo felt that the limit had been reached.

"'There goes every one in the world but I,'" she quoted *Beatrice* ruefully, "'I may sit in a corner and cry heigho! for a husband' indefinitely it seems. And Celia of all people! Celia with her red eyes and redder nose, and that perpetual snuffle—why, I confidently counted on Celia! I thought she had staying qualities. But you never can tell. Well, I s'pose it's up to me to help her celebrate. Banners, bonfires and a brass band would be appropriate, but perhaps a trifle pronounced, so we'll call it a kitchen shower. I declare, Aunt Anne, I've spent my strength and substance on wedding festivities till I'm at the striking point. I've 'hemmed and broidered bridal gear' till I'm half blind and I've bought bric-a-brac for brides till I'm broke—without any chance of ultimately 'getting back at 'em.' If any more of my friends get married, they'll have to content themselves with love and good wishes from me. It's not fair, anyhow. It's only 'giving to her who hath.' Why shouldn't the presents, the parties, the luncheons and the rest of it go to the girl who gets left—sort of consolation prize, you know?"

Her auditor, a stout, comely matron, whose humor Jo had inherited, but whose comeliness she had missed, chuckled amusedly.

"Well, why not?" she queried. "Why not, indeed? What's to prevent? It would be an innovation certainly, but novelties are always in order. You've got the courage of your convictions, my dear. Why don't you establish a precedent?"

And Jo, whose boast it had been from her youth up that she had never failed to "call a bluff," said she would think it over.

* * *

"What in thunder's this?" tersely queried the new editor of the *Bromfield Banner*, displaying to his retiring predecessor (obligingly staying to "show him the ropes") one of the various maunderings marked "personal" which littered the editorial desk, "Is this a joke—or am I supposed to insert it?"

"Mrs. Anne Evelyn Wethering," the "personal" proclaimed, "requests the pleasure of your presence at a miscellaneous 'consolation shower' in honor of Miss Josephine Worthing, at Wethering Heights on the evening of October the second, at eight o'clock." Below was pencilled: "Please note in your personal column and oblige."

The retiring editor roared.

"Well, wouldn't that jolt you?" he said. "If that isn't just like Jo Worthing—she's a corker, Denny, my boy! You ought to know her. No other woman alive would ever have thought of such a startler or had the nerve to carry it through if she had. Oh, distinctly, Donigan, Jo's 'de limit!'"

"But I don't quite understand—" Donigan was beginning bewilderedly when Burke interposed:

"Naturally, you wouldn't, of course, unless you knew Jo. It's like this, Donigan. Miss Worthing's the finest of girls and a jolly good fellow. But she s—er—that is she's not—well, she's not exactly conspicuous for beauty; and while she has friends by the score, I doubt if she's ever had a lover in her life.

She's made any number of matches, has rather a knack of setting things straight and making true love's course run smooth—though she seems somehow to have fallen down on the personal proposition. She's acted as bridesmaid times out of number, but—if you'll excuse my seeming ungallantry—I'll say that her chances of ever becoming a bride look precious unpromising at present. It's like her, though, to see the humor of a situation which wouldn't at all amuse the average woman."

"Well, I like her nerve," Donigan commented thoughtfully. The unique proceeding somehow appealed to a kindred sense of humor which was his heritage from a not too remote Irish ancestry. "A girl like that can't be commonplace. I fancy she's worth knowing. I'd like to meet her, Burke."

"Take you to call any evening you like," Burke volunteered good-naturedly, "you'll like her, I'm sure, but I warn you to expect the experience of the man in the jingle:

"In converse on the telephone,
Upon his heart she scored:
But when he saw her face to face—
Oh Lord, Oh Lord, Oh Lord!"

"That's all right, old chap. I'll take the chances. We'll go up tonight if it suits Miss Worthing—and you."

"Now do you know, Burke," Donigan delivered himself oracularly as he and his friend wended their way homeward at a late hour that evening, "Miss Worthing isn't so wonderfully plain after all—if she'd only dress differently. With her coloring, pale blue's a crime. She ought to wear browns and bronzes, burnt orange and the various shades of yellow. That'd relieve the sallowness of her skin and bring out the tint of her eyes. Ever notice her eyes, Burke? They're a perfect topaz."

"Rather supposed they were green," returned that remorseless iconoclast, "'cat eyes,' I've heard her call them herself."

"Well, perhaps they are feline," Donigan conceded, "but fascinating," he added under his breath. "I'm not a man-milliner exactly, but most of us have views on subjects we know nothing of, and I venture the assertion that if Miss Worthing would get herself up in the right shade of brown, with touches of brilliant yellow, and topaz ornaments to match her exceptional eyes, nobody'd ever dream of calling her plain again."

Thereafter, for some reason—possibly with a view to the reformation of her crimes in color—Donigan found occasion to make frequent calls on Miss Worthing. He fell into the way of dropping in on his way to and from the office, and he pleased and flattered the girl to the limit, by occasionally asking advice or assistance in some trifling matter pertaining to the conduct of the *Banner*. Inspired by his appreciation, she one day timidly turned in a column of sparkling epigram, which so pleased both public and editor that he promptly requested her to take charge (at an infinitesimal salary) of the local "society column" into which mawkish chronicle of small beer she managed to infuse a degree of what Donigan called "snap."

And for the first time in a life of "half-loaves" and prolonged self-effacement, Jo experienced the agreeable novelty of meeting a man who talked to her of herself and her interests rather than those of some other girl. Jo was delighted, but not unduly elated.

"I know how it will end," she said skeptically to Aunt Anne. "So soon as he feels sufficiently well-acquainted, he'll proceed to spring the smirking photograph of 'the dearest girl in the world' on me and ask if, in my opinion, she really cares for him and whether it would be better for them to be married at once or wait till he's acquired a competency. That's the way with them all, and sooner or later he's sure to begin."

But he didn't. The days passed and Jo still held the centre of the stage in Donigan's apparent interest. The novelty of finding any one actually interested in her and her aims and pursuits inspired the girl to an added gaiety and brilliance; and Aunt Anne, discreetly crocheting in the library or drifting in and out of the drawing-room when Donigan was calling, smiled with indulgent enjoyment at the skilled parry and thrust, the rapier-like flashes of wit, Celt and Saxon, which ensued when Jo and Donigan engaged in a playful passage at arms.

The fortnight preceding Jo's "shower" went swiftly. Donigan had never mentioned the matter to her, for which she was devoutly grateful. Somehow, of late, that which had previously struck her as a harmless jest now seemed to savor of marked indelicacy. It hadn't occurred to her so before—she only wished that it had. She wondered how the whole proceeding must have struck Donigan.

Naturally, she told herself, his estimate of a girl who could find fun in so crassly indelicate a jest must be distinctly unfavorable. That he tolerated her at all was probably due to the fact that he found her an interesting and amusing specimen of a hitherto unknown type. Surely he couldn't like or admire, or even respect, one so bold and unmaidenly. But, she defended herself inwardly, neither Donigan nor any other man could appreciate the tragedy—than which there is no bitterer—of the homely woman with an infinite capacity for loving, whom the unequal bestowal of Fate's favors has doomed to a life of loveless loneliness. She half wished that Donigan had never crossed her path; and she wholly and altogether regretted the spirit of bravado which had impelled her to accept Aunt Anne's jesting challenge. However, Jo was, as her men friends often asserted, "nothing if not game," and she would have died rather than recall her invitations which had been accepted with eager, if amused, enthusiasm.

Miss Worthing's innovation—as would have been true of anything engineered by that capable damsel and her equally capable aunt—proved the success of the season. Aunt Anne, who did nothing by halves, had provided a luncheon so novel and elaborate as to prove memorable; the centre-piece was a gaudy stuffed parrot, surrounded by yellow chrysanthemums; there were boutonnieres of bachelor's buttons for the men, and wall-flowers for the maidens; the place-cards displayed disconsolate Cupids with empty quivers, and the ices were cleverly molded to represent cats and canaries. Willow branches dropped from the chandeliers and autumn leaves and "farewell summer" artistically and appropriately decorated the roomy old mansion.

Suspended from the chandelier in the big hall, where the guests assembled after supper, was a huge white parasol tied with white ribbons which, when manipulated by Lily Marsden (nee Lovatt), the mistress of ceremonies, who stood on the landing at the bend of the stair, sent a shower of linen, lingerie and lace down upon the devoted head of the honor guest, who (looking her best in a gown of vivid yellow crepe) stood, blindfolded, just beneath. Next, from the landing where the presiding deity stood, was lowered a hamper, gaily decked and beribboned, containing every species of miscellany, from Dresden china to kitchen ware, from Blanche Barker's gift of a cut-glass decanter to a neatly bound New Testament contributed by Celia.

Then, as her friends crowded round and Lucy was untying the bandage which covered Jo's eyes, followed a final—and very complete—surprise to all, save Lily and Aunt Anne. A tall, decidedly athletic-looking figure (hitherto concealed by the floral screen just back of Mrs. Marsden) swung itself lightly over the banister and landed squarely in front of Jo, displaying conspicuously a placard inscribed in staring gilt letters on a crimson heart: "With Cupid's Compliments."

For one awful instant, as it dawned upon Jo that she was being made an object of ridicule, her eyes flashed ominously and the three arch-conspirators quaked. But something in the genial twinkle of the merry Irish eyes that met her own as Donigan, in mock contrition, knelt before her, brought a swift flush to Jo's cheeks and set her laughing with the rest.

"I want to express my grateful appreciation," she said at length, when she could make the words audible above the Babel of merry voices, "to each and every one of you"—adding *sotto voce*, yet not so low but that Donigan, close beside her, heard, "including Cupid!"

CHRISTMAS AT GNADENHUTTEN

By ANNA BOYNTON

THE bell sent forth a feeble call from the belfry, as if an unaccustomed hand were at the rope. Surely this was not the joyous peal that was wont to usher in the Christmas festival at Gnadenhutten.

Families from the out-lying farms, to whom this service was one of the great events of the year, left their teams in the sheds, and entered the church to find it decorated and lighted as usual, but empty. What did it mean?

The old man at the bell rope forced himself to greater exertion. Where was the younger, stronger arm that should have been there? The peals became louder and more insistent. As if in reply, two or three mothers with small children came hurrying in; then a few young boys; and a group of grown girls, all with a distracted air showing scant interest in the gayest festival of the year.

A child of five broke the silence with a sob and a long quivering cry of: "Polly is losted." Then question and explanation flew fast from lip to lip.

Late in the afternoon, Sarah Colter, lying in bed with her week old baby on her arm, wakening from a sleep, had missed Polly. She felt no alarm; Polly was used to playing out in the wind and snow. The short December afternoon drew to a close, the twilight gathered, still there was no anxiety, for Polly was at home in every house in the village.

Since that Easter, a year after her parents' romantic marriage, when she had been brought, a tiny infant, from the mission station to be baptized, she had stood next to her own in every mother's heart in Gnadenhutten. Now that she lived among them, Polly knew and loved them all.

When John came in from doing his evening chores, the young mother, still untroubled, suggested that it was time Polly was brought home and given her supper and made ready for the evening's service.

The child had been taken to this festival every year of her little life, as are all Moravian children; this year she was to take part in her simple childish way for the first time.

John Colter had asked from door to door over half the village "Is Polly here?" and received the reply, "Why, no, she is probably at so and so's, or at the church." Then a cold fear clutched suddenly at his heart. Where could Polly be, that no one seemed to know? His step quickened and his voice grew sharp as he repeated his question, "Is Polly here?"

All too soon every house, from the church and the pastor's home beside it, to the last straggling place down by the river, had been visited and no Polly found. Before the search had reached this point, John was not alone—his friends and neighbors had joined in earnest, heart-felt sympathy. Then the lanterns were brought out, and barns and outbuildings hurriedly searched.

The only trace of her that could be gleaned, came from some of the single sisters who had been at the church during the afternoon, completing the decorating for the evening's service. They remembered that Polly had been in the church sometime in the afternoon, taking great delight in watching the work go on, but no one could tell when or why she had started away. Every foot of space in and about the church was carefully gone over. Then they stood and looked into each other's faces—the child was lost!

Lost on Christmas Eve, of all nights of the year! And of all the children in the village, Polly, fearless, self-reliant, womanly little Polly!

With one accord, so strong was the impulse of appeal to the church in every exigency of life, they turned toward the pastor's house. The old man—a real shepherd of the sheep—met them at his door; their numbers swelled by now till every man of the village was at hand; the young men as well as fathers of families.

"Let not your hearts be troubled" were the pastor's first words. But he was a practical as well as a pious man—hardened in the school of the pioneers—quick in thought and speech. In a few words he gave them a well-conceived plan of search, and sent them away with his blessing.

The time for the opening of the service had passed by some minutes, when the pastor entered the church, alone. His wife, who always came to every service and slipped into her own particular corner so quietly, as he ascended the pulpit steps, was not with him. The older women looked at each other and one whispered the thought of all: "Mother has gone to Sarah."

The service should have opened with the glad chorus, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come!" but the pastor looked toward the singers' seats and saw only girls' frightened, tear-stained faces—just one young man in his place, and he a cripple. With quick appreciation of the need of the hour he spread out his hands toward the congregation, saying: "Let us pray." "O Thou, who by a star guided loving seekers to where the Christ-child lay, guide thy servants this night in their search for another of thine own little ones. Keep all our hearts in the assurance that she is not lost, because no one can pluck her out of her Father's hand. Amen."

Then he gave out that dearest, most familiar of all Christmas hymns, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground," reading the whole hymn in his fine, well-modulated voice, without a quaver.

The girl at the wheezy little melodeon, that had been brought over mountains and across rivers, with such care and labor, to help in their services of song, took up the words with tuneful voice, almost alone at first, but quickly joined by other singers. Gradually the music had its effect upon the anxious congregation, so that the words—"All glory be to God on high, and to the earth be peace"—of the closing verse swelled with some approach to the usual volume and fervor of the singing of the whole congregation.

For the "Christmas Eve Gospel" which followed, the pastor turned from the account of the wise men and the star to the tenderer story of the watching shepherds, and the angel chorus, and the manger-cradle where the young child lay.

Then came the regular prayers for the day, but the responsive singing, which was a part of the liturgy for the occasion, being impossible, he quickly put in its place "Morning Star, O cheering sight!"

Next in order came the children's part of the service, opened by a sweet girl of ten, who recited the appropriate poem beginning:

> When Jordan hushed his waters still,
> And silence slept on Zion's hill,
> When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,
> Watched o'er their flocks by starry light.

She was followed by other boys and girls who had each taken part on other Christmas Eves.

In every pause, all ears grew sharp to hear if perchance a shout or shot should bring the good news that the lost was found. But without was only silence and the cold moonlight.

A group of little girls, who had been in one festival before, sang "The infant in the manger lay"; then should have come the group of the youngest ones, some, who had never taken part before, had learned appropriate verses to recite, and Polly was to have led them. There was a little delay here, and a hurried consultation, then the young sister who had trained them led the children out to their assigned places in the chancel, and herself repeated the opening verse which was Polly's. Thus encouraged, each one repeated a verse in order, till they came to the last—the little girl who had first broken the news of the night's disaster. She began bravely, but before the end of the first line, her voice quavered, she made a pitiful little attempt at self-control, then broke into violent sobbing and ran to her mother.

Then, blessed relief, came the "candle service," dear from custom and immemorial use. Following the brief chant—"Arise! It becomes light: for thy light cometh, and the glory of the Lord ariseth!"—certain of the elderly sisters, mothers in Israel, white-capped and white-kerchiefed, entered from the east door, bearing wooden trays, filled with lighted tapers. Quietly they passed from seat to seat, each little child received its lighted candle, mothers pressed them into the tiny hands of sleeping infants; even boys and girls who were beginning to disdain the names with a claim to be called young persons, still gladly claimed their childhood's privilege of the waxen taper. While the distribution went on, the choir maidens' voices kept up a soft accompaniment:

> Come with the gladsome shepherds,
> Quick hastening from the fold;
> Come with the wise men, pouring
> Incense and myrrh and gold.

The only interruption was when the little sobbing girl, who could not say her verse, was reached. She, at first, refused her candle; then, as the sister passed on, she sprang up, calling shrilly, "Give me two, I'll keep one for Polly."

A quiver seemed to run through the congregation. Mothers clasped their babies closer and breathed a prayer for Sarah. Even the pastor's calm face showed a shade of anxiety. Must he pronounce the benediction and dismiss them to their homes to a night of waiting and fear?

The tray-bearers completed their work, the church was filled with the glow of the shimmering lights. Then, beginning at the front, they were blown out, one by one, too precious to be consumed all at once, to be carried home, to be treasured, or to be lighted on special occasions like Easter, or birthdays through the year.

They were nearly all gone, when suddenly the door opened, and, with the long, noiseless, unhurrying step of the Indian, Joseph, best beloved of all the Christian Indians at the mission, glided to the front, bearing a great bundle in his arms.

"Polly!" the name went up in one cry from every heart and voice. "Is she alive?" There was a hush. Joseph threw off the blanket and stood the child upon her feet on the pulpit steps in the sight of all. She, a little dazed with the sudden awakening, did not speak at first, but stood before them, all aglow with life and warmth.

The pastor remembered that he had seen Joseph in the village during the afternoon, and asked sternly: "Did you carry this child away, Joseph?" Polly woke at once. "No, no. I ran after Joseph. I wanted to send this," and she held up a broken branch of the Christmas evergreen, still clasped tightly in her little mittened hand "to Fader Zeisberger. But Joseph walked so fast I couldn't ever get up to him. Then I—I guess I slipped—I went down and down ever so far, but when I stopped, it was all soft and white, so I thought I would rest. How did you know where I was, Joseph? You were so far ahead."

The congregation, gathered close about them by this time, turned to Joseph for explanation. It came in brief phrases: "I was here, I went home to Goshen; I eat my supper. All at once, something say, 'Joseph, go back,' so loud, inside me. I start up; I take a blanket; I come by the ford. At the foot of the bluff beside the road, in a big snowdrift, I see something dark; I bring it out. She is warm; I wrap her in the big blanket and bring her here."

Polly's eyes had been roving over the assembly. "Where is my father?" she asked suddenly. No one had thought of the anxious searchers still out among the hills. The old man hurried out and tugged at the bell rope, while the swiftest footed boy among them was sent to tell Sarah. The bell seemed all too feeble to carry the weight of the good news. "The trombones!" cried the cripple from the choir. The pastor brought them quickly forth, and the two hurried to the door and blew with all their might; such a loud and sudden peal as that with which the players greet the New Year. They listened an instant, and then repeated the blast, and now there was an answering shout from the nearest of the men. Then bell and trombone, and shout, together, carried the good news to the encircling hills, which sent the joyous echoes back, till every searcher knew the hunt was over.

As John Colter was one of those farthest afield, he was one of the last to reach the church. Through the happy throng, a way opened of itself, it seemed, to where Polly stood, and the father caught her up, burying his face on her shoulder without a word.

There was no tumultuous rejoicing. True to the Moravian instinct of devotion, all stood still while the pastor gave thanks to Him "who giveth his snow like wool," that in it his little one had been kept safe from harm, and that there was one who had an ear to hear when the Great Spirit spoke to him. Then came the benediction.

At his own door, John Colter, with Polly tightly clasped in his arms, turned to those accompanying him, and stammered: "Good friends, kind neighbors, I thank you; good-night." Then he carried the child in to see her mother, and the door was shut.

But the "Christmas Treat" had been forgotten.

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA
Where it sends out the great River Nile, which winds from here four thousand miles to Alexandria, and makes the land of Egypt fertile

ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING GROUNDS

By PETER MacQUEEN

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Special Correspondent of the *National Magazine* in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, in Manila and the Philippines in Aguinaldo's Insurrection and in South Africa during the Boer War

IV—LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

HAVING traversed with the reader the entire route of the railway from Mombasa to the great inland sea, we have reached the inland frontier of British East Africa. Nearly up to Nairobi from the suburbs of Mombasa, mile on mile of desert scrub tenanted only by little villages of Wanyika, wild game and carnivora, which prey upon both, make up the salient features of the scenery between the little stations with their buildings of galvanized iron, water tanks and occasional camps of railway employes or irregular infantry. The Wanyika are an agricultural race, showing many traces of Arabian influence, and they still often conceal and defend their villages with trees, vines and other foliage in such a way as to demonstrate the ancient fear of marauding Masai and not less merciless slave-hunters.

That even near the coast of British East Africa there is no assurance of safety for the alien wayfarer was demonstrated as late as 1907, when, on December 20 of that year, Thomas London, out hunting in the forest, and being hungry and thirsty, got a boy to bring him a cocoanut, and on taking it gave him a silver dollar. Makelinga, an avaricious and cruel old chief of the Wanyika, thought that so liberal a man must have a great deal of money, and with three companions plotted his death. When Mr. London laid aside his gun and turned his back to the natives while washing his hands, the four, armed with knives, sprang upon him and stabbed him to death with repeated thrusts. They found only five dollars on the body of the slain Englishman, for whose murder Chief Makelinga and his assassins were tried and convicted at Mombasa and hung on the same gallows, on the scene of the murder, August 28, 1908.

The Wakamba are the largest tribe of British East Africa, dwelling chiefly near and in the basin of the Athi or Hathi River. They are both agriculturalists and herdsmen, and in the past are said to have more than held

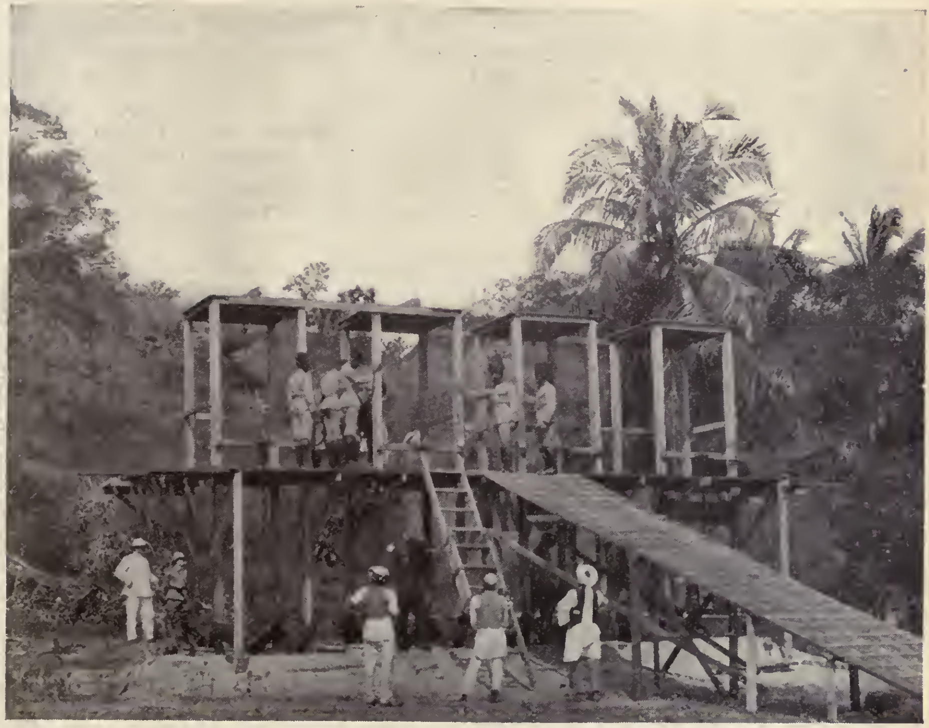
WAKAVIRONDO PEOPLE IN THE MARKET PLACE AT PORT FLORENCE, LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA, WHERE MacQUEEN'S CAMERA DID EFFECTIVE SERVICE

their own against the warlike Masai. They believe as sincerely in witchcraft as did King James or Cotton Mather, and after harvest the official witch-doctor visits the several villages and makes exhaustive inquisition. All the misfortunes, and especially the sudden deaths of the year are raked over, and all who can propitiate the inquisitor with gifts, or seek to put him upon the trail of some rival, enemy or helpless person. Finally he names to the elders of the village some person whom he has "smelled out" as a witch—almost always a woman whose relatives have incurred his dislike, or who have failed to satisfy his greed; or perhaps some friendless creature who can be made the scapegoat of the community. Nothing of his decision is said to the woman, but she is gradually informed of her doom by the universal aversion and contempt manifested toward her by the whole community, including her nearest relatives. At last a day comes in which she sees one after another leave the little village in which she was born, leaving her all alone. A single warrior stealthily approaches her from behind and thrusts his keen spear through her back, pinning her down into the ground. Sometimes the thrust is mortal, but in many cases she is left to writhe in agony until the maddened throng return to beat and stone her to death. The custom is called *kinyolla*, and it is said that nearly forty women were thus slain near Machakos Station in one year.

The Kikuyu, between Nairobi Station and Mount Kenya, numbering from 200,000 to 300,000 souls, and the Nandi, who hold the mountain ranges and foothills on the borders of Kavirondo, are not altogether as peaceably inclined as the other tribes of British East Africa; that is, while nominally at peace with the English, the more remote tribes may at any time resort to robbery and murder if occasion serves.

* * *

In Kavirondo we found a peaceable, agricultural race living in villages of well-made huts defended by a strong clay wall and sur-



HANGING OF MAKELINGA AND THREE OF HIS TRIBE

For the murder of Thomas London, an Englishman, in December, 1907. The first judges were the Arab governor of Mombasa, a Hindu and a Belooch; their sentence was affirmed by two of the three supreme English judges at Zanzibar. The case was finally referred to King Edward and his cabinet before execution was done, a suggestive instance of English justice in Africa

rounded by fields of maize, sorghum, millet and sweet potatoes which are large as compared with those of most African tribes. The Jaluo sub-tribe which inhabits the section about Kavirondo Gulf often surround their villages with hedges of thick-set aloes and euphorbias, the latter a strange and homely vegetable growth somewhat like a cactus, whose vertical leafless branches are arranged somewhat like the branches and tapers of a candelabra. When broken the branches freely exude a milky juice which is said to be very poisonous and to produce blindness if it touches the eye. The climate is unhealthy for Europeans, and the incurable "sleeping-sickness" has already claimed thousands of victims among the very compact population of the lake country. Nevertheless, one can ride for miles among the little embattled villages out of which on either hand pour throngs of negroes who never tire of watching the rush of the train or the movements of the wandering white man. With infrequent and as a rule unimportant exceptions, these animated and jubilant sight-seers strikingly resemble our first parents in Paradise, in that they are indubitably, as they were, "naked and were not ashamed." Even the Edenic fig leaf is but faintly copied in the villages apart from the stations, although the ladies load themselves with all the beads and other ornaments that they can muster, and the men delight in elaborate feather head-dresses banded with slips of hippopotamus-tooth ivory.

Apropos of this phase of African life, Sub-commissioner Grant in 1904 recounted how, while traversing the Kavirondo country in 1899, he had the following experience:

"Whenever we passed close to a village, the men and women came outside of the village hedge in groups, quite naked, to see us go by. The more inquisitive of the young men and women ran down to the very path, and when we had camped for the day, our tents were instantly surrounded by laughing crowds of these merry people. They had not the remotest idea that they were quite naked. When they saw our porters in trousers of sorts, some of the girls made a string of a few blades of grass, and putting it around their waists, suspended a leaf of a weed or tree in front.

"While camped at Kitoto's village, I called up a few of the men and began making vocabularies and getting what information I could about the country. We were not long thus engaged when a batch of naked young women came up to see what we were doing or talking about. I gave the girls pieces of American sheeting to wrap around their loins. They had no idea what was meant when the cloth was handed to them, until I tied it around one of them. Then the others fastened their pieces around their waists; but directly they left my tent they threw them away, saying: 'Foreign customs: we don't want them here!'

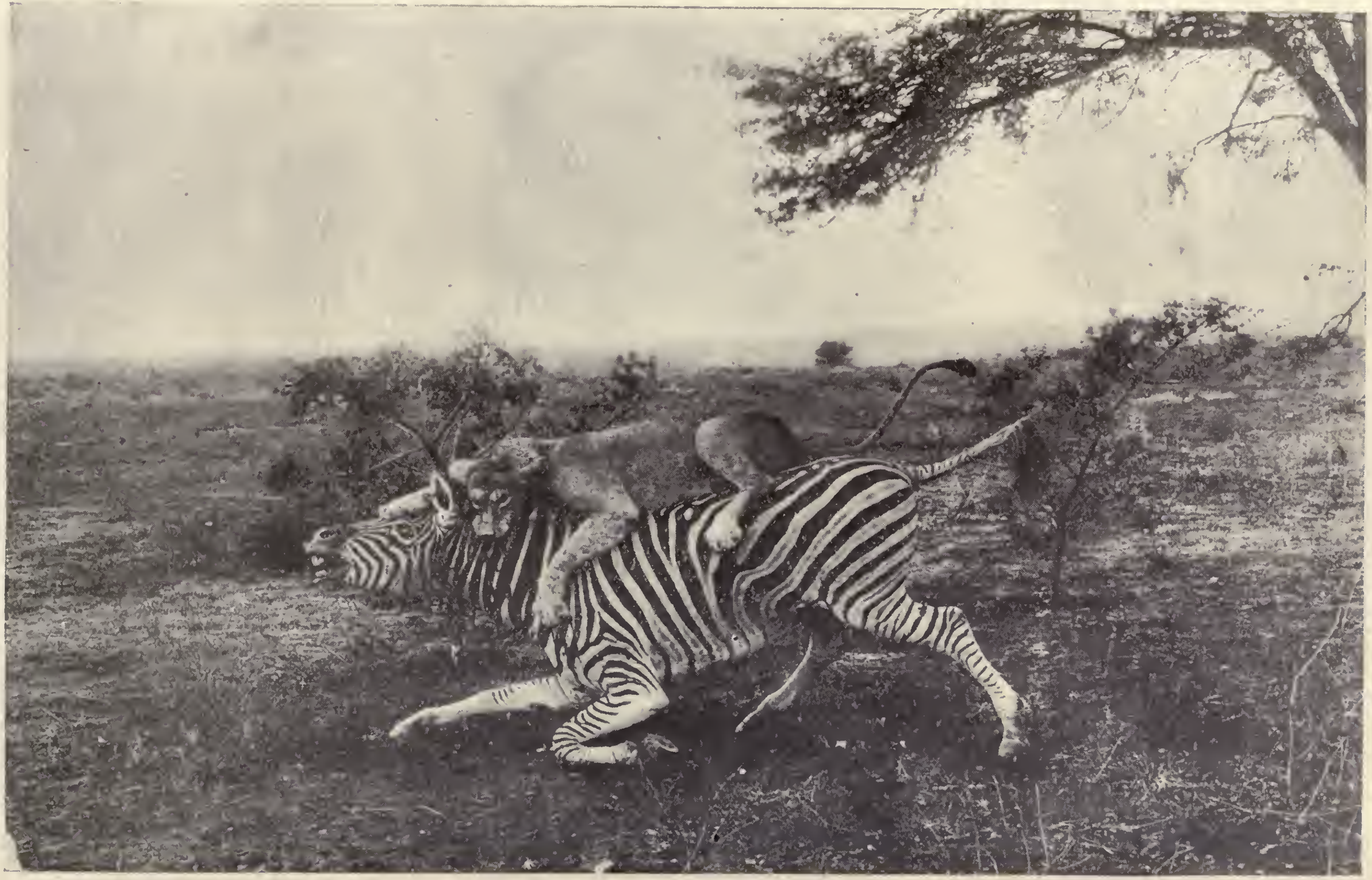
KAGUNGURU, CHIEF OF THE BUSOGA
Who live at the head of the Nile. He wants to take the President a-hunting in the famous Mount Elgon Region

"* * * I must admit that what struck me as most strange in the whole of my connection with Africa, was to see the young men and women of Kavirondo loitering about the village in the gloaming, utterly unconscious that they were naked. Those tall, finely built, gentle mannered warriors that sauntered about Kitoto's village were the finest specimens of humanity I have yet seen from a physical point of view. The perfect symmetry, the full muscular development, and the easy, natural movements make the naked Kavirondo man something to be envied. It was like a superb exhibition of wonderful statuary, and we passed through a gallery of that kind for two whole days, fully thirty miles of black marble humanity."

Nine years have passed since this experience; the railroad then proposed has been built, a line of well appointed steamboats plies across the Victoria Nyanza, and at Port Florence, beyond Kisumu, is the center of naval, marine and railway activity. At Nairobi the erst nude Masai and Kikuyu knows that he must at least wear the loincloth in the white man's town, but in Kavirondo little has been done to bring the mass of her tribesmen into even this slight concession to foreign prejudices and alien fashions in the matter of costume.

YOUNG LEOPARD CAUGHT BY MR. MACQUEEN AT BURRA

My cameras at the market-place of Kisumu could rarely catch a group which could be exhibited to a civilized audience without offending all sense of decency; and yet this people of unutterable paucity of costume are



ZEBRA ATTACKED BY A LION

This remarkable photograph was made by a Goanese hunter in East Africa, where President Roosevelt will hunt next summer.

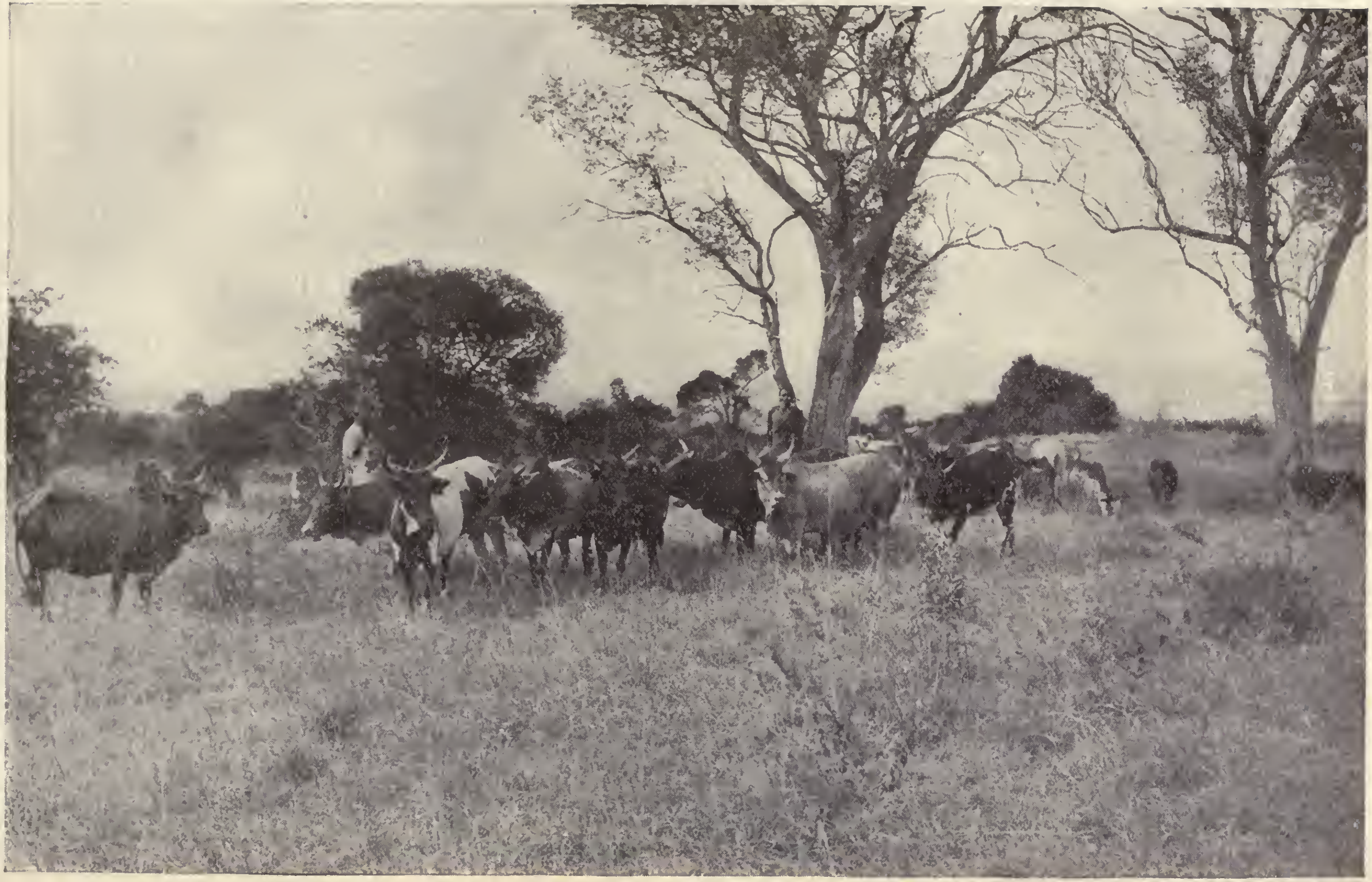
noted for morality and peaceable, genial, industrious habits, greatly surpassing other African tribesmen.

Port Florence, with its terminal station, railroad headquarters and steamboat landing and freight sheds, lies at the head of the Gulf or Bay of Kavirondo, and had at the time of my visit a population of about 100 white people and some 3,000 natives, the latter representing for the most part the native village of Kisumu. The comparatively shallow and land-locked waters of the bay, and vast areas of vegetation which from time to time afford enormous masses of decaying matter, are prolific in especially demonstrative and pernicious mosquitoes, and any amount of malarious fevers, among which the form known as black-water fever is especially dreaded.

GOING THROUGH THE SERINGETI DESERT

On this trip the author's shoes gave out, and his feet were wrapped in bandages

A pest more fatal to human life than any recorded mortality caused by venomous serpents, appears to haunt the wooded shores and swamps of Kavirondo. This venomous creature is an innocent-looking fly of the same family as the ill-famed tsetse, which is so fatal to the domestic animals in certain sections of Africa. Known to naturalists as the *glossina papalis*, it haunts localities the most alluring to man in the tropics, namely, where trees or bushes afford shade and shelter in the vicinity of water, and not much larger than other flies, can be recognized only by the peculiar way in which its wings cross each other when closed. Its virus, containing a form of protozoa known as *trypanosoma*, when once injected into the blood is surely fatal, passing in time into the spinal fluid and finally reaching the brain, when death ensues. Most of those stricken grow sleepy and languorous and are unable to stand or labor for any length of time, and although their appetite and digestion seem normal for awhile, waste away gradually and so die after a lapse of from six months to two years. Some go mad or die in agony within a few hours after exposure, but all thus bitten must die, for the attack of this venomous insect is a sentence of death from whence there is no appeal. Europeans are of course greatly protected by their clothing, and in infected districts like Kavirondo take special precautions in the way of veils, mosquito-netting, etc., and unguents which repel insect attacks. I relied on an emulsion of vaseline and icthyol, applied freely to the face and neck and to the wrists when not protected by gloves. This also repels mosquitoes, ants and other African insects whose stings are quite electrical



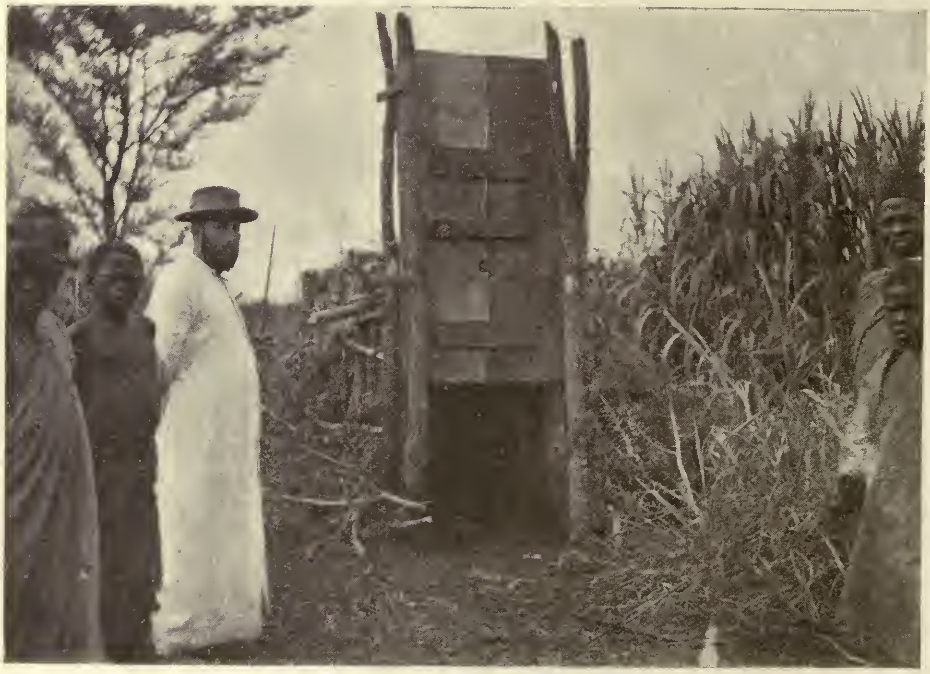
SECOND GENERATION OF NATIVE CATTLE, EAST AFRICA

(G.1)

in their effect upon the unsuspecting recipient.

The hospitals of Uganda have contained at one time 4,000 incurables slowly dying from the stings of this insect, and there were many more who were soon to take their places. Unless it is known that the fly has bitten the patient, it has been very difficult to detect the disease in its early stages, although a slight swelling of the glands of the neck is said to be a characteristic symptom. Up to the present time only a few Europeans have died from this cause, and the only deaths in the railroad district east of the Mau ranges have been of Uganda natives who had contracted it at home.

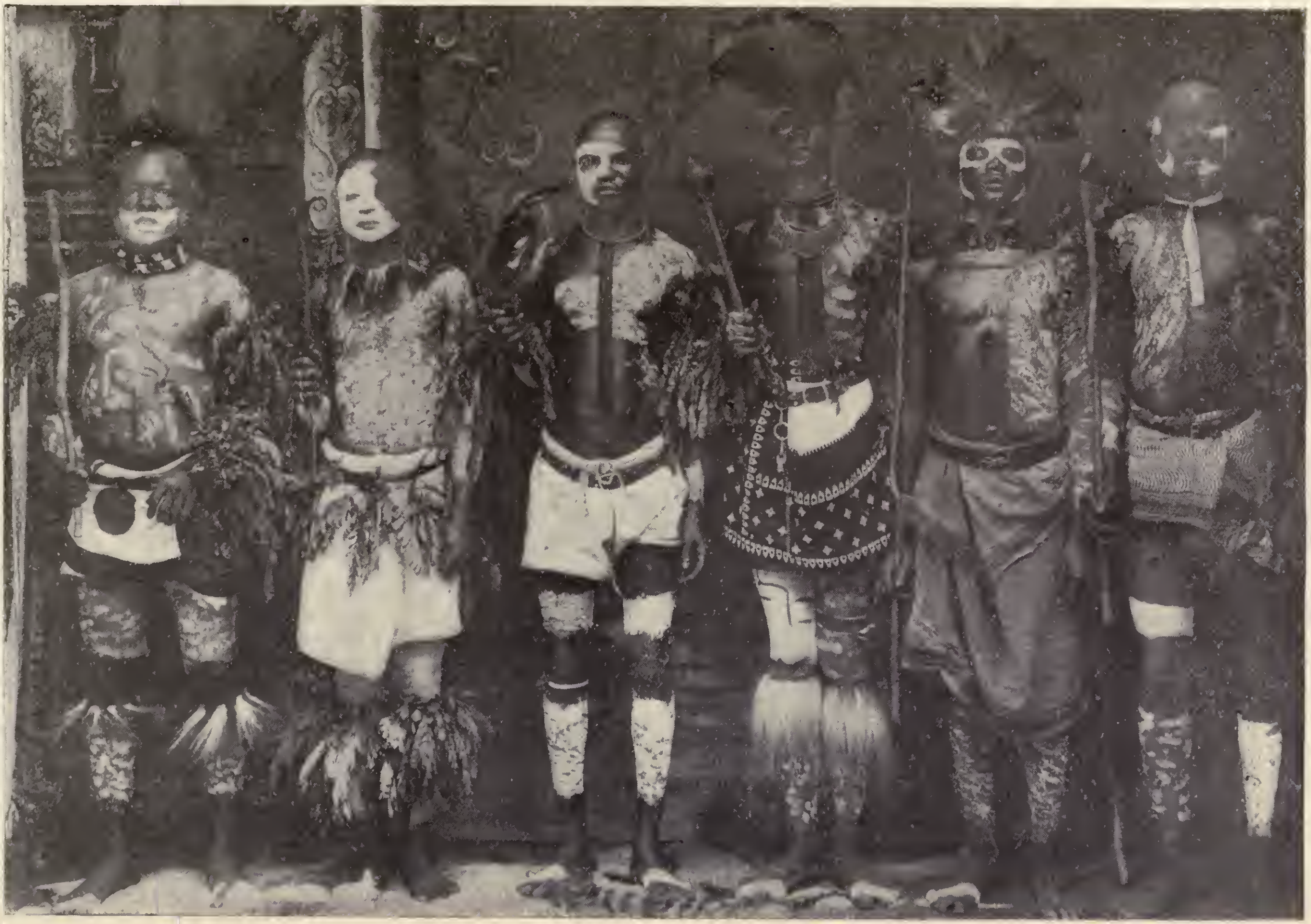
The Victoria Nyanza is one of the great fresh water inland seas of the world, having a coastline over a thousand miles in length and an area of 40,000 square miles, in which the Emerald Isle itself could be set like a jewel, leaving a rim of turquoise blue between it and its borders. It has many islands large and small, abounds in fish of good flavor, many of which are of large size, contains many crocodiles and hippopotami and a curious fresh water medusa or jelly-fish uncommon except in the ocean. While the Victoria Nyanza abounds in striking and beautiful scenery, little of this beauty is, however, visible at Port Florence, which lies at the head of a sheltered bay; but as our boat passed Lusinga Island at the entrance of Kavirondo Bay, the wooded and rocky heights of numerous islands and tranquil blue waters recall to the traveler the *dolce far niente* and magical shore-and-sea views of a cruise in the Mediterranean. The two largest steamers on the Nyanza cost $250,000 and are comfortable and safe boats, making fairly good time and crossing the lake to Entebbe, the port of Uganda, in from fifteen to seventeen hours. Nearly a week is generally consumed in circumnavigating the lake, a considerable proportion of that time being wasted at anchor, or moving very slowly through narrow channels and between the numerous islands and archipelagoes of the lake.



LEOPARD TRAP AT UGANDA
The leopard goes inside to take the bait, pulling the string which lets the door fall and closes the trap

* * *

In going to Entebbe, the northern coasts and adjacent islands are kept afar off



KAVIRONDO NATIVES IN HOLIDAY GARB ON THE SHORE OF LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA on the starboard quarter, and several of the islands are of great interest as regards their inhabitants, history and commercial importance.

Among these the seven islands of Buvuma, off the north coast of the Victoria Nyanza, are notable on account of their size, their resources and the number, courage and peculiar customs of their inhabitants. They were with great difficulty brought to pay tribute to M'Tesa in Stanley's day, but have never been ground under the dire oppression which the Uganda tyrant has exercised on the mainland. Skillful canoemen, and unexcelled in the use of the spear and bow, they have always been ready to assert their rights and meet fleets greatly exceeding their own in number and equipment.

STEAMER AT PORT FLORENCE
Under the equatorial suns of Africa

The Buvuma possess cows, sheep and goats; raise large crops of maize, beans, sweet potatoes, bananas and garden stuff; are skilled fishermen and make pottery which they carry in their large canoes to the mainland markets. They work in iron to some extent, but do not consider themselves equal in skill to the Basoga, who live about the Ripon Falls, at the northern end of the lake. The natural dress of the men is a robe of bark cloth draped about the body somewhat like a Roman toga of the antique days, but that of the women is generally confined to their ornaments and a banana leaf whose frond is knotted about the waist, while the blade, stripped into a kind of fringe or frill, reaches perhaps nearly to the knee. This, it has been observed, is at least always clean, and is not without a certain grace when worn by a young and slender girl.

The Buvuma greatly respect their women, and no relative has a right to dispose of the girls of his house in marriage. The lover proposes to his sweetheart, and if she accepts, she at once goes with him to his hut, and without further ceremony becomes his wife. She may be away from home on a visit, or even taking a walk or at work in the fields, but even then will not trouble herself about informing her family in regard to her nuptial intentions.

As we glide over the summer sea of the Nyanza, we cross the line of the equator, and of course find the day nearly equally divided into light and darkness. As a matter of fact, there are always twelve hours of sunlight, when not obscured by clouds or fog, about half an hour each of twilight at dawn and sunset, and eleven hours of utter night. An upright object casts no shadow at noon, and there are no seasons as we understand the word. The sun is always hot, and its rays, which in Europe penetrate at the most a foot into light soil, strike six feet into like ground in Uganda. Thunderstorms are frequent, and the lightning is often simply incessant; hailstorms are often disastrous to crops and huts, and sometimes have killed many natives with their flocks and herds. Such storms have greatly impeded railway transportation, and bridge construction of the most enduring types has been found indispensable.

The Sese islanders have attained a peculiar notoriety in Uganda because of a secret society called the Bachichi, which is not a burial society, although its members take a deep and intelligent interest in all deaths and burials in their midst. In the more retired villages, although greatly discouraged by the British authorities, it is said to be still the custom for the sorrowing relatives to bear the body of the deceased wrapped in bark on a rough bier to some forest thicket, desolate ravine or other unfrequented spot, where it is left unburied by the bearers, who never revisit the place again. The Bachichi, who are denizens of a neighboring village, and distant relatives of the deceased, avoid the necessity of burial or cremation and show their respect for the deceased by simply eating him.

(*Continued in April number*)

LINCOLN AND GRANT

By GENERAL HORACE PORTER

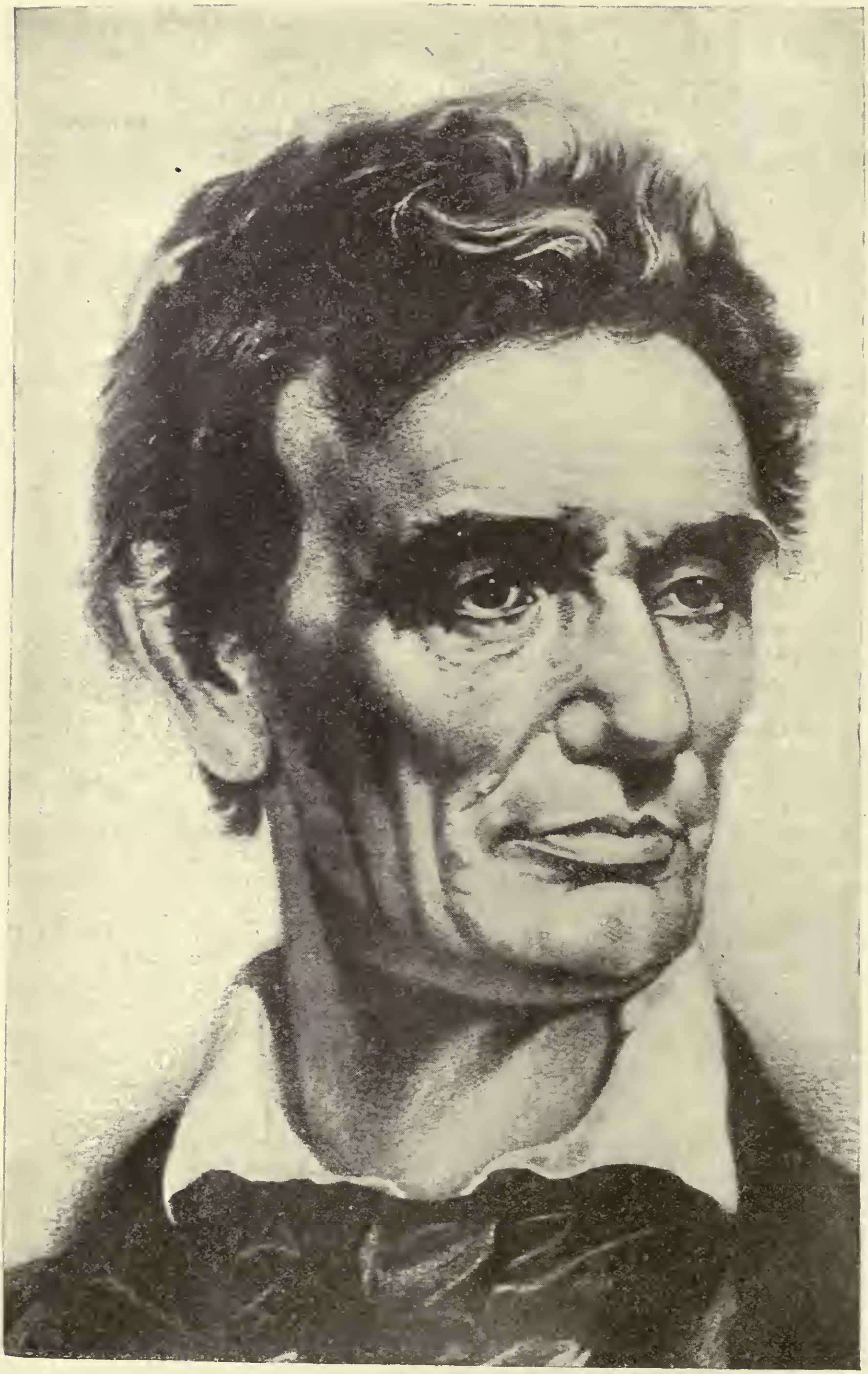
EDITOR'S NOTE—These sketches on "The Living Lincoln" are a remarkable series of personal reminiscences by those who saw Lincoln in the flesh. Many readers are sending in rare keepsakes of war times associated with his life. These sketches will be continued in the April issue and we desire to hear from all those who ever saw and talked with Lincoln.

IN the momentous crisis of our country's history—the Civil War—it was fortunate for the republic that the Chief of the State and the Head of the Armies—Lincoln and Grant—who for a time seemed to hold the destiny of the nation in their hands, were patriots who had no ambition save the welfare of their country, and who possessed an absolute confidence in each other founded upon mutual respect and esteem.

Their acquaintance began by official correspondence, which afterward became more personal and familiar in its character, and when they finally met, an intimacy sprang up between them which soon ripened into a genuine affection. The writer, while serving upon the staff of General Grant, witnessed much of their intercourse, was often a listener to the estimates that each placed upon the other, and could not help being deeply impressed by the extent to which these two historic characters became attached to each other.

They met for the first time on March 8, 1864. The President and Mrs. Lincoln held an official reception that evening at the White House. The President stood in the usual reception room, known as the Blue Room, with several Cabinet officers near him, and shook hands cordially with everybody as the vast procession of men and women passed in front of him. He was in evening dress, and wore a turned-down collar a full size too large. He was more of a Hercules than an Adonis. His form was ungainly and the movement of his long angular arms and legs bordered at times upon the grotesque. His eyes were gray and disproportionately small. Mrs. Lincoln stood on his right. About half-past nine o'clock a sudden commotion near the entrance to the room attracted marked attention, as General Grant came walking along, modestly, with the rest of the crowd. He had arrived in town that evening, and learning that there was a public reception at the White House, he went there unannounced, to pay his respects to the President. When he came near, the quick eye of Mr. Lincoln caught sight of him, recognized him by the portraits he had seen of him, and exclaimed: "Why, here is General Grant! Well, this is a great pleasure, I assure you," at the same time seizing him by the hand and shaking it for several minutes with a vigor that showed the cordiality of the greeting. It was a deeply impressive sight to watch the first meeting of the illustrious statesman and the victorious soldier; the distinguished representatives respectively of the Cabinet and the Camp. General Grant's hand grasped the lapel of his coat and his eyes were upturned toward Mr. Lincoln's face. The contrast between them was striking. The President was six feet, four inches in height, the General five feet, eight inches. The age of the former was fifty-five, that of the latter forty-two.

After they had conversed for a few minutes, the President presented his distinguished guest to Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, secretary of state, and other prominent persons, and



ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE PORTRAITS OF LINCOLN
It reveals the lines of face and features that have so fascinated artist and sculptor

after the reception he and Mr. Seward and several other officials retired to one of the small drawing-rooms, where they held a long conference. Mr. Lincoln, the next day at the White House, handed the General his commission as lieutenant-general, and placed him in command of all the Union armies.

The President visited the General several times when in camp in front of Petersburg, and it was most gratifying to observe the spirit of co-operation manifested in all their intercourse.

General Grant, while sitting by his campfire one evening, said of Mr. Lincoln: "I regard him as one of the greatest of men. He is unquestionably the greatest man I have ever encountered. The more I see of him and exchange views with him, the more he impresses me. I admire his courage and respect the firmness he always displays. Many think, from the gentleness of his character, that he has a yielding nature; but, while he has the courage to change his mind when convinced that he is wrong, he has all the tenacity of purpose which could be desired in a great statesman. His quickness of perception often astonishes me. Long before the statement of a complicated question is finished, his mind will grasp the main points and he will seem to comprehend the whole subject better than the person who is stating it. He will take rank in history alongside of Washington."

With hearts too great for rivalry, with souls too noble for jealousy, they taught the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when two cannot walk it abreast.

* * *

LINCOLN AS A LECTURER

By REV. STANLEY EDWARDS LATHROP

In September, 1859, I entered the preparatory department of Beloit College. On Saturday, the first day of October following, I heard "Honest Old Abe" Lincoln (as it is recorded in my diary) speak in Beloit, Wisconsin. He had spoken in Milwaukee the previous day, and arrived in Beloit about noon on Saturday. There was a great crowd gathered at the station, and the cheering was spontaneous and enthusiastic. The Beloit brass band preceded the carriage which bore him to the hotel (the old "Bushnell House," named after our pioneer college professor), and the red-shirted volunteer firemen, with the college students and citizens, followed with incessant cheers and hurrahs for "Honest Old Abe."

It had been planned for Mr. Lincoln to speak in the open air. This was frustrated by a very high wind and flying clouds of dust, so the meeting was held in the old "Homchett's Hall," which all early citizens and students of Beloit will remember. At two o'clock the president of the Republican Club introduced "the distinguished visitor" to an audience who were packed like sardines, nearly all standing in close ranks, so that every inch of space was occupied.

Photo by V. Y. Dollman, Springfield, Ill.

LINCOLN'S DESK AND CHAIR

There was tremendous cheering when "Old Abe" arose to speak. He was then a little more than fifty years of age, careworn, dark-complexioned, tall, angular, bony, awkward and of exceedingly homely features. His deep-set gray eyes looked out from beneath cavernous and bushy eyebrows, with unusually broad, high forehead above and deeply furrowed cheeks beneath. The nose was prominent and large, the mouth of ordinary

GENERAL HORACE PORTER

Former United States Ambassador to France, who served on the staff of General Grant, and witnessed the first meeting of Lincoln and Grant size, with firm and thoughtful expression, and a short scraggly beard around chin and jaws, the dark-brown hair somewhat unkempt. He smiled with singular sweetness, bowed awkwardly, and began his speech. First he gave a clear statement of the different political parties, dividing the hitherto powerful Democratic party into four subdivisions, all united in opposition to Republican principles. Next he stated the real position of the Republican party—that its underlying principle was hatred to slavery in all its aspects—moral, social and political. The expression of this hatred to slavery should be made, he said, in every legitimate and constitutional way. They did not propose to interfere with slavery in the South as it then was—but when it attempted to overleap its limits and fasten itself upon free territory, they would resist and force it back. "Here," said he, "we clash with the doctrine of 'popular sovereignty' as expounded by Judge Douglas." He showed how every free state that had been received into the Union since the original thirteen had been subject to a prohibition of slavery. In the ordinance of 1787 slavery had been prohibited in all the great Northwest Territory; in the free states formed out of the Louisiana Purchase it had been prohibited by the Missouri Compromise and by Mexican laws. He went on to show how Mr. Douglas took it for granted that slavery was not a moral wrong—that it was a matter of indifference to him whether it was "voted up or voted down." Douglas claimed that slavery was right and necessary in the South, and sneered at the idea that there was an "irrepressible conflict" between negro bondage and human freedom. "Between the white man and the negro, Judge Douglas goes for the white man; but between the negro and the crocodile, he goes for the negro. The man who expresses such sentiments can see no moral wrong in slavery. But we say, if it is morally right below the line of 36° 30″, it must be right above, also. Questions of abstract right and wrong cannot be questions of locality. But Mr. Douglas says slavery is unprofitable at the North, and this is no reason for its prohibition. Well, cotton cannot be profitably grown at the North—but whoever thought of state enactments to forbid the raising of cotton for such a reason?"

I remember to this day how the audience roared and applauded this keen logic. By this time the speaker was thoroughly warmed to his subject. His lanky form dilated and expanded, the sad gray eyes flashed, the angular gestures took on grace, the peculiar voice swelled and reverberated in a passion of earnest pleading, with the tense determination not to allow the further expansion of slavery into free territory.

Then "Old Abe" took the audience back in national history, to show that the present Republican doctrines were the same as those of the founders of the republic. He showed how at three different times a majority of the people of Indiana Territory sent petitions to Congress for liberty to hold slaves there, but it was refused. He claimed that he could convince a jury of any good honest Democrats in Rock County, obliging them to give a verdict from the evidence he would furnish, that the Republican ideas were those which Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Madison held in their own day.

Photo by V. Y. Dollman, Springfield, Ill.

TABLE AND CHAIR WHICH LINCOLN HAD IN HIS SPRINGFIELD OFFICE

The peroration of this strong speech was a quotation from Henry Clay, pointing out in the spirit of a prophet, the ruin which would surely come to the country if such principles as Douglas advocated should be adopted.

Mr. Lincoln did not claim to be an orator or a rhetorician. His manner was simple, straightforward, earnest and unaffected. He had the power of working up an argument to a most forcible and impressive climax, which might be envied by more polished orators.

Photo by V. Y. Dollman, Springfield, Ill.

THE LAMPS WHICH BURNED AT LINCOLN'S WEDDING—and beside which he stood when notified of his election to the Presidency. The small chair in foreground was used by Lincoln's youngest son, Tad.

There was much applause during the speech, and at the close there were "three rousing cheers for Abraham Lincoln." He spoke in Janesville that evening. In both places there were many college students and other young men, who within nineteen months joined the ranks of "Lincoln's men" and fought on many bloody battlefields for the doctrines he presented that day with such power. Among that number is the writer, who will always be proud that he lived at the time when he was one of "Massa Linkum's soldiers."

LINCOLN'S LOVE OF BERRIES

By FANNIE C. GRIFFING

MRS. LINCOLN, having been reared in an atmosphere of the most refined elegance, attached great importance to all the details of etiquette, especially those of the table.

Lincoln, on the other hand, was notably careless and indifferent in regard to such matters, yet his affection for, and desire to please his wife, caused him to strive to avoid annoying her by forgetfulness of any little breach of etiquette, if possible. A young soldier, a mere boy, had deserted from the army, in order to see his sick mother, and was condemned to be shot.

The father, an old man, hastened to Washington, in great distress, and knowing little of Lincoln, asked to see Mrs. Lincoln, hoping to gain her sympathy and aid. Telling her all the circumstances, he begged her to assist him in laying the matter before the President.

Said Mrs. Lincoln, much moved: "I will tell you what to do, Mr. Brown! Take dinner with us tomorrow,—there will be no other guests.

"Mr. Lincoln is very fond of strawberries, and he knows that it annoys me very much to have him ask for a second helping, if there is company.

"Do you wait until the President finishes his first saucer. Then I'll surprise him by asking him to take more, and it will please him so that I'm sure he will listen to anything you say!"

The old man gladly agreed, and duly appeared at the appointed time.

The dessert consisted of unusually fine strawberries, and the President, after finishing his first saucer, laid down his spoon with a sigh and wistful glance in the direction of his wife. To his surprise, she leaned forward, and with a meaning glance at her guest, said brightly:

"Won't you have another saucer of berries, Mr. Lincoln? They are unusually fine!"

With a start of pleased surprise, Lincoln eagerly passed to her his empty saucer.

Quickly filling it with the delicious berries, and adding an extra quantity of rich cream, she returned it to her husband, with another glance at Brown.

The old man immediately began his story, ably assisted by the lady, and Lincoln replied, as he enjoyed his berries. "Of course, Brown! Of course, I'll see about it! A boy who *wouldn't* desert to see his mother, perhaps for the last time, would deserve to be shot!"

LINCOLN AND THE WAR

By LORING W. PUFFER

IT was in 1861, the first year of the war. President Lincoln was at Washington, doubtful, yet determined, sorrowful, yet with an abiding faith, and daily and nightly persecuted and annoyed by an army of unfit men wanting official positions and places and using his valuable time. He had given his doorkeeper instructions to admit no one. On a certain day, an importunate individual that would not take "no" for an answer awoke "Tad," the darling son of the President, and he ran out to see the trouble. After listening a moment he grasped the situation and butted in with: "Do you want to see Pa? I'll trot him out for a quarter." "Tad," receiving the quarter, vanished, and in about five minutes came out leading the President, who greeted his visitor pleasantly and to the delight of "Tad." The few spectators commented at the time that "Tad" had shown evidence of his future qualifications as a financier, which, as will be sadly remembered, was cut short by death some time later. This item I found among the papers of the late Honorable Samuel T. Worcester of Norwalk, Ohio, who took John Sherman's place in the House of Representatives at Washington when Sherman first became Senator.

THOMAS AND NANCY LINCOLN

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

"FIT us for humblest service," prayed
This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place
In God's Eternal Plan;
Content by prairie, wood, and stream,
The common lot to share,
Or help a neighbor in his need
Some grievous weight to bear —
Then trustfully resigned the life
That had fulfilled his prayer.

And she in Indiana's woods
This many a year who lies,
Mother and wife whose yearning soul
Looked sadly from her eyes;
Who, dying, called her children close
As the last shadow fell,
And bade them ever worship God
And love each other well —
Then to her forest grave was borne,
The wind her funeral knell;

So drear, so lone, who could have dreamed
The boy her bed beside,
Forth from that narrow door would walk
Among earth's glorified?
But lo! his name from sea to sea
Gives patriotism wings;
Upon his brow a crown is set
Grander than any king's;
And to these fameless graves his fame
Tender remembrance brings.

Ah! still the humble God doth choose
The mighty to confound;
Still them that fear and follow Him
His angel campeth round;
And while by Indiana's woods
Ohio murmuring flows,
And Illinois' green levels shine
In sunset's parting glows,—
While Liberty is dear, our hearts
Will hallow their repose.

Reprinted from The N. Y. Independent.

* The opening words of this poem were used by Thomas Lincoln as he asked Divine blessing at the table. What more fitting sentiment could be associated with the life of Lincoln's boyhood and manhood.

Photo by V. Y. Dollman, Springfield, Ill.

LINCOLN MONUMENT AT OAK RIDGE
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

RECEIVING A WIRELESS TELEPHONE MESSAGE ON ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S SHIPS

THE BRIDGING OF SPACE

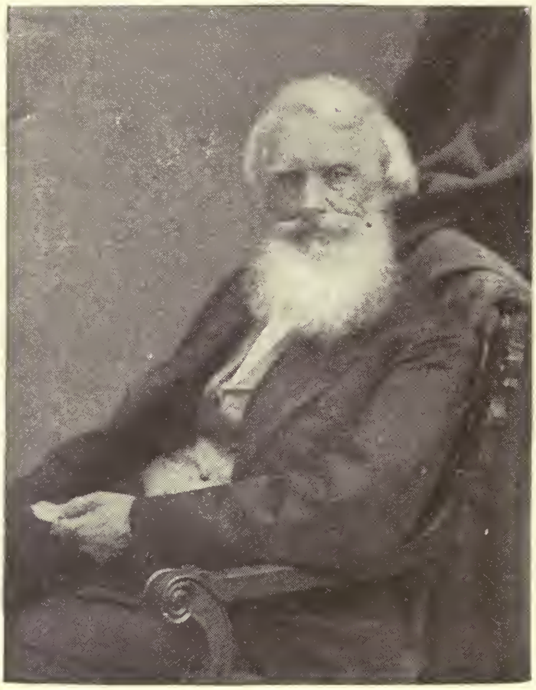
By GARNAULT AGASSIZ

FROM time immemorial the expansion of trade has been conditioned upon the inauguration of better facilities for the exchange of commodities and ideas. Primitive man's first attempt to create a mercantile world followed his discovery that in the utilization of the wind he had a power that would enable him to travel with little difficulty to unknown lands, and every great epoch of commercial and industrial expansion has been the result of some scientific discovery that has brought the peoples of the earth into closer relationship.

Especially has this been true of the United States, whose development was dependent on the settlement of practically unexplored regions, on the linking together of the scattered and sparsely settled communities so formed, and on the exploitation of vast natural resources far removed from the zone of civilization.

In this, more than any other country, perhaps, the annihilation of distance has been the secret of progress. The story of this annihilation constitutes one of the most romantic and important chapters of American history. It tells of the early trader, that pioneer missionary of colonial commerce, and the difficulties he had to surmount—difficulties that in the light of present-day conditions would seem insurmountable indeed; of the old stage coach, winding its precarious way along roads that were often little more than trails, held up by brigand, or dashed down side of precipice, victim to the elements; of the railroad and the tremendous physical obstructions its builders had to meet and overcome; of the telegraph and the telephone, and the part electricity is playing in the solution of our great transportation problems.

To the commercial traveler, or as his prototype was known, the peddler, must be accorded a large share of credit for the upbuilding of the United States. Imbued with characteristic Yankee courage and hardiness, inoculated with the Yankee spirit of determina-



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

tion he transported himself and wares to the remotest regions, treating hardship and trial as mere events in the life of the everyday.

But at best the American colonist had little encouragement from the British authorities to develop his internal trade, and it was not until the War of the Revolution had freed this country from the oppressor's yoke, and the after effects of that war had been entirely obliterated, that native industry had an opportunity to assert itself.

It was just at this time that Stevenson and Baldwin, in England and America respectively, were perfecting working models of the "iron horse," the coming of which had been anticipated for many years. The American merchant and manufacturer, harassed by old-time methods of transportation, were only too ready to test the practicability of any innovation that promised to solve the great problem of transportation. The railroad was a practical, if not a financial success from the outset, and before very long all the more important centers of the East had been interlinked by a comprehensive network of steel.

No sooner had the railroad become an actuality than it became apparent that if its possibilities were to be even partially developed, some method of communication speedier than the train itself would have to be devised to control it.

True, there was the telegraph, but the telegraph in those days was very different from the telegraph of our own time. It consisted of a series of rude semaphores, set just near enough to one another to permit the attendant at one station to read, with the aid of the telescope, the signals of the other, the messages being indicated in code by so many movements of the arm to the left or right.

THOMAS A. EDISON

PREPARING THE MESSAGE FROM DICTATION — PERFORATING

Its disadvantages were many. The necessity of repeating the message at each station increased the liability of error in transmission, but the greatest drawback was its utter independability in threatening or foggy weather. Communication was frequently interrupted in the middle of a message. One such interrupted message brought much gloom to the citizens of London on a certain day in autumn in the year 1815. "Wellington defeated the French at Waterloo," telegraphed the Dover operator; "Wellington defeated," came the message to London—and then the fog fell. And for three days not a single telegraphic message reached the English capital, and not until the regular post arrived did the metropolis learn of the Iron Duke's crowning victory.

The telegraph first saw the light in the brain of Doctor Robert Hooke of London, England, in 1664. A physicist of extraordinary fecundity, but few of whose inventions were of any practical value to humanity, Doctor Hooke suggested a system by which through an arrangement of signals the capitals of Europe could be brought into close communication. But an incredulous public, just recovering from its disappointment at the failure of all this same doctor's thirty different methods of flying, could not be expected to lend much moral or financial support to a scheme of even a wilder nature, so the idea died with the doctor, not to reassert itself for nearly a hundred years.

But when it did reassert itself it had a champion in one of the greatest figures in history —Napoleon Bonaparte. Just emerging from the bloody revolution, with the laurels of victory fresh upon him, Napoleon, with the precipience common to greatness, realized that if his life dream of world conquest were to be realized he would have to be better prepared for war than any of his antagonists. So it was not to be wondered at that when a young inventor named Claude Chappé unfolded to him an ingenious plan by which the more important provincial towns of the Republic could be brought into close touch with the capital, he should be only too ready to embrace it.

The first French telegraph connected Paris with Lille, a distance of over a hundred miles, and one of the first despatches received through its agency was the announcement, on November 30, 1794, to the Assembly in con-

REMOVING THE REEL OF TELEPOST MESSAGES RECEIVED AT 1,000 WORDS A MINUTE

vention at Paris, of Condé's unconditional surrender. Other trunk lines were rapidly constructed, and before long Calais, Strasburg, Toulon and Bayonne had been brought within speaking distance of Paris. A message could be sent from Calais to Paris, a distance of 152 miles, in three minutes; from Strasburg to Paris, 255 miles, in six and a half minutes; from Toulon to Paris, 317 miles, in twenty minutes, and from Bayonne to Paris, 425 miles, in less than half an hour.

The success of the telegraph in France led to its speedy adoption in other European countries, especially in England, where Dover, Portsmouth, Liverpool, and other of the more importants seaports were given telegraphic communication with London.

The United States in those days, with its status scarcely defined, and with a few important commercial interests, was not so ready to welcome innovation as when, a few years later, the seed of freedom had brought forth its first fruits, and it was not until 1825, on the eve of the locomotive's advent, that the telegraph was introduced into this country. The first telegraph brought Sandy Hook into communication with the old New York customs house—or should we say, sometimes brought Sandy Hook into communication with the New York customs house, for when the weather was at all foggy a message would be oftentimes delayed until long after the vessel, whose arrival at the gate of the Western Hemisphere it was supposed to herald, had reached her dock.

The independability of the "semaphore" system of telegraphy having been demonstrated, railroad engineers looked to the electric telegraph as the one solution of this all-overshadowing problem in the world of transportation. The electric telegraph was in no sense a new idea. As far back as 1727 a Stephen Gray of London had transmitted electric impulses over 700 feet of wire; some years later, in 1753, an anonymous contributor to a Scottish periodical had made a detailed and intelligent forecast of the telegraph, and a few years later Bishop Richard Watson, of Llandaff, Wales, who combined physics with divinity, had reported his success in discharging Leyden jars through 10,600 feet of wire. So far as is known, the first electric telegraph, a very crude affair indeed, and of no commercial value whatsoever, was invented in 1774, by LeSage of Geneva, Switzerland, and during the next fifty years many noted European and American scientists, including Ampére, Coxe, Sommering and Baron Schilling, worked day and night in an effort to produce a practical electric telegraph, but, owing chiefly to the fact that the friction machine was the only then known method of producing electricity, met with very indifferent success.

In the early thirties, Wheatstone, an English jeweler with an inventive turn of mind, devised an electric telegraph, which under certain conditions would carry a message to a distance of thirteen miles; but the real credit for the electro-magnetic telegraph must be accorded to three Americans: Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the first really practical telegraph; Professor Joseph Henry,* of Princeton University, whose perfected electric magnet made that telegraph a commercial possibility, and Alfred Vail, who lent his wonderful mechanical genius to its practical development.

To the people of that day the electric telegraph was an ingenious toy—whoever heard of speaking in dots and dashes—and it was only by moving heaven and earth that Morse succeeded in interesting Congress in his invention to the extent of $30,000. But even after the practicability of the new telegraph had been demonstrated Congress was still sceptical, for it turned it back to Morse to do with as he would, refusing to squander any more of the people's money on such a wildcat venture!

But there was one member of the administration more far-sighted than his confreres. It was none less than the Postmaster General, who resigned his portfolio in the Cabinet to accept the presidency of the first telegraph company in the world, The Magnetic Telegraph Company of America. Shortly after this—to be exact, on May 24th, 1844 — there was enacted that little scene, fraught with such tremendous importance to the commercial progress of the world, in which Miss Annie Ellsworth, a daughter of the then Commissioner of Patents, by a single touch of a button, brought Baltimore and Washington into instantaneous communication.

With this initial triumph to its credit, the telegraph company soon won the confidence of the public, and before long its wires had been extended to every important city in the East. In Europe, too, it soon superseded the

TRANSCRIBING A TELEPOST MESSAGE — CHEMICALLY RECORDED IN MORSE CHARACTERS

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*It is a coincidence that Professor Henry should have transmitted both the first wire and wireless messages ever sent in America.

MAYOR HIBBARD OF BOSTON OPENING TELEPOST SERVICE BETWEEN BOSTON AND PORTLAND, MAINE

The feasibility of the instantaneous transmission of human thought to even the remotest regions having been practically demonstrated it was only natural that some members of the scientific world should direct their efforts to a similar transmission of the human voice. One of these—a man whose name has since become a household word to the people of every land—was living an obscure life on a Western Ontario farm. It was Professor Alexander Graham Bell.

Professor Bell's father, Melville Bell, a professor of elocution and a scientific writer on the voice, had left Scotland two years before on account

dial and other crude systems of electrical telegraphy, Morse deriving both riches and honor from his invention's adoption there.

The first important improvement in the Morse telegraph was made by Dr. Alexander Bain, a Scotchman, who, by inventing the perforated tape, made the automatic telegraph a possibility. To Doctor Bain, also, belongs the credit for the discovery of the electro-chemical telegraph, he first having used with success a chemically prepared ribbon for the reception of telegraphic messages. Wheatstone of England followed Bain with a perforated tape in automatic electro-magnetic telegraphy, recording his messages in ink. The next important step in its evolution was the introduction by J. B. Stearns of Boston of duplex telegraphy, a system which permitted the transmission of two messages over a single wire, one in either direction.

Unquestionably the crowning achievement in Morse telegraphy was the laying of the Atlantic cable. The first cable was laid in 1848, but was in use for a few days only. The permanent cable was laid a few years later, the feat being performed by the "Great Eastern," at that time and for many years later the largest ship in the world.

Photo by Thompson, New York

PATRICK B. DELANY IN HIS NANTUCKET LABORATORY of his son's health. From childhood young Bell had delved in the mysteries of science, making them both his labor and his play. It was this diligent application, perhaps, that temporarily impaired his health and gave to Canada instead of to Scotland the nominal credit of having produced the telephone, for the Bells had been in Canada less than a year when the son succeeded in transmitting the first oral message ever sent over an electrically charged wire. To the farmers of that region, permitted a test of his wonderful contrivance, Professor Bell must have seemed a wizard indeed.

The first telephone line in the world ran from Tutelo Heights to Brantford, a distance of three miles, and the first commercial telephone line just one block from a Brantford groceryman's store on one corner to his residence on the other. Brantford today, for that reason, is known the world over as the "Telephone City."

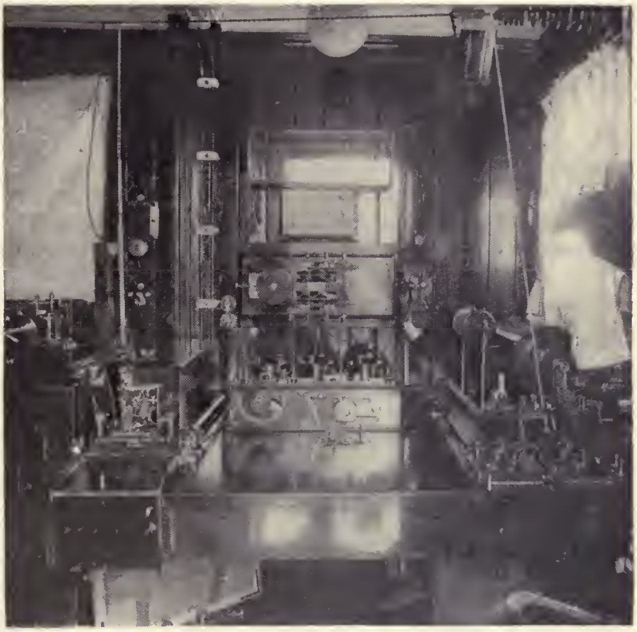


Photo. by Underwood & Underwood, New York

MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH APPARATUS

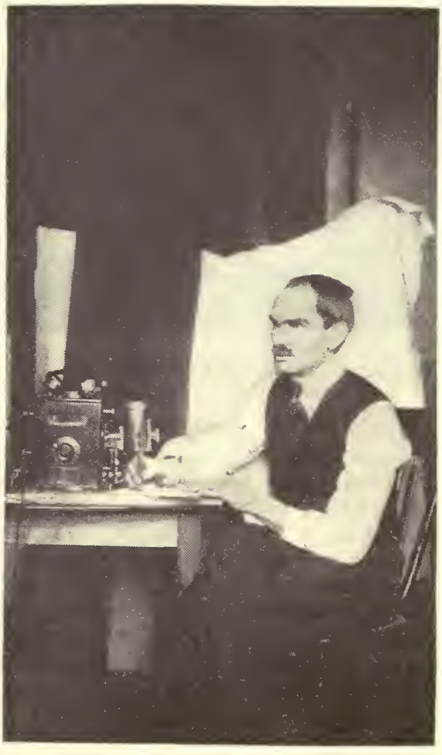
From Stereo. Photo. by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

SIGNOR GUGLIELMO MARCONI

But Canada was as poor then as she is rich now, and while she offered Professor Bell much moral support, she did little to enable him to string his wires, so, following in the footprints of many of his compatriots, he trekked South, where the commercial possibilities were much brighter than at home.

Professor Bell introduced his telephone to the American public at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. There it was regarded as a very ingenious toy but quite unpractical from a commercial view-point. The big capitalists who might have been expected to invest in it themselves or prompt others to do so smiled upon it with compassion. A well-known firm of New York publishers, for instance, were offered a half interest in it for $5,000, but even $5,000 was more than any sane business men would risk on a scheme which appeared so impracticable. Eventually, however, the Bells managed to interest a few capitalists in their invention and a three-mile experimental line was constructed. Even then, it is said, the Western Union interests could have acquired the entire rights for $60,000. Shortly after this, however, Edison invented the transmitter which, like the Henry electric magnet with the Morse telegraph, assured beyond peradventure the future success of telephony.

The marvelous growth of the parent Bell company and its numerous subsidiaries is too well known to need repetition here, but it is interesting to note in passing that in the thirty years that have intervened, the shares of the first Bell concern have increased 3,200 times their par value.



DR. LEE DeFOREST

But to return to the telegraph. Though its fundamental principles are practically identical, the present electric telegraph bears but a faint resemblance to its Morse prototype, for sixty years of progress have left their impress on the telegraph as on the other great discoveries of the nineteenth century. At the present time there are two distinct fields of telegraphy: electro-magnetic and electro-chemical. Electro-magnetic telegraphy may be divided into three principal systems; the regular Morse equipment of a relay sounder and key, still in universal use in the United States and Canada; the system of telegraphy by which, through magnetic influence, the Morse characters are recorded in ink on a tape, in use in most of the countries of Europe, and the Wheatstone automatic telegraph, used extensively in England.

By the electro-chemical method the Morse characters are also recorded on a tape, but electro-chemically, the tape being moistened in a solution of ferro-cyanide of potassium. This tape coming into contact with the steel recording wire under which it is drawn, decomposes, or corrodes, the latter, causing it to leave its mark—in this case one or other of the Morse characters—upon the tape in a pronounced Prussian blue. So gradual is this electrolytic action on the recording wire that it is estimated that there is enough steel in an ordinary knitting needle to mark a tape nine hundred miles long.

But even the present telegraph has limitations. It is a well-known fact that less than ten per cent. of the wire's capacity is utilized in the transmission of a telegraphic message. It was to the intricate problem of how to overcome this enormous waste of energy that two eminent American scientists—Thomas Edison and Patrick B. Delany—devoted many anxious hours from 1870 to 1873.

Working conjointly, Edison and Delany first directed their attention to the electro-chemical field, improving the Bain system in devious ways; then, conceding that all the possibilities of this order of telegraphy had been fully developed, turned to the Morse system for their problem's solution.

After perfecting a quadruplex telegraph—four messages over one wire—the Wizard of Menlo Park, feeling that other fields of endeavor promised speedier reward, abandoned the field, but Mr. Delany, convinced of the problem's ultimate solubility, worked on unintermittently, accomplishing more in his thirty-odd years of consistent effort than any other worker in the field. His first conspicuous achievement was the synchronous multiplex telegraph, which permitted the transmission of six messages. This system was sold by Mr. Delany to the British government for its postal telegraph service. In the succeeding thirty years Mr. Delany improved the electro-magnetic telegraph in various ways, besides making important contributions to other branches of electrical science, but he never relinquished hope of ultimately solving the problem he and his co-worker had unsuccessfully wrestled with.

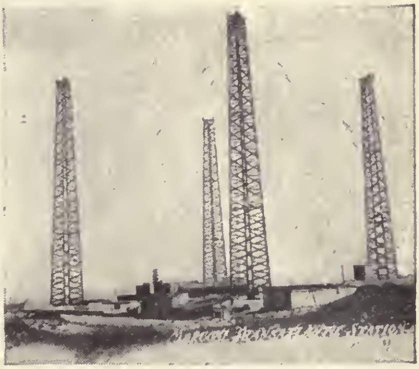
Almost at the outset he saw that the possibilities of the Bain system of telegraphy had not been so fully developed as he and Mr. Edison had believed; that, on the contrary, only with the electro-chemical telegraph would it be possible to gain full use of the wire. So, starting at the beginning once more, he struggled bravely toward the goal, overcoming problem, surmounting difficulty, meeting disappointment, but moving irresistibly forward, until after more than thirty years in the field of experiment, he was able to announce in the "telepost" the consummation of one of the most intricate problems that ever confronted a scientist.

In a little scene that will go down in history side by side with that of the inauguration of telegraphic communication between Washington and Baltimore, Mayor Hibbard of Boston formally opened telepost service between Boston and Portland, congratulating Mayor Leighton of Portland on the dawn of an era of cheap and rapid telegraphy which would mean so much to their own and other municipalities.

To the Morse telegraph, still in general use in Canada and the United States, with its individual operators and its twenty words a minute, the telepost is what the "Dreadnaught" is to the "Monitor," or what the locomotive of Stevenson was to its Trevethick prototype. Under regular service conditions this wonderful invention transmits from 1,500 to 1,800 words a minute over a single wire, while in experimental tests it has been known to transmit and record nearly 8,000 words in the same time. This wonderful velocity analyzed means the transmission of nearly 2,500 distinct Morse signals every second.

Telepost messages are prepared on perforating machines with standard keyboards, the tape being drawn through the machine to conform with the speed of the operator. In its course the tape passes under a pair of steel punches, each operated by a magnet and controlled by the Morse transmitting key. Every time a key is struck, whether for a dot or a dash, two distinct perforations are made, one near the upper and one near the lower edge of the tape, the former to permit the transmisson of positive, the latter, negative impulses. As perforated, the tape is run onto a spool, and as the spools are filled they are passed through the transmitting machine. The impulses are recorded on a chemically prepared tape, which winds on a spool similar to that from which it was transmitted. The tape is then handed to the typewriter and transcribed.

While Delany was seeking some practical method of utilizing the full capacity of the wire, other scientists, ever delving, scientist-like, into the depths of the mysterious and unknown, were grappling with another problem, equally intricate, equally stupendous, and equally important to the commercial interests of the world—the transmission of electro-telegraphic messages without the aid of wires, in other words, wireless telegraphy.



MARCONI TRANSATLANTIC STATION
AT SOUTH WELLFLEET, MASS.

Wireless telegraphy was not by any means a new science, for in 1617 Famiano Strada, an Italian physicist, had described a magnetic device for communicating signals through space, and in 1746 an Austrian scientist named Winckler had announced his success in transmitting a number of short-distance electric signals with no communicating wire. A year later Bishop Watson had demonstrated the conductivity of water by sending electric impulses across the River Thames, his success being repeated on this side of the Atlantic by Franklin and in Switzerland by DeLuc.

But while the possibilities of wireless telegraphy by conduction had been established as early as 1746, it was not until nearly a hundred years later that Morse succeeded in sending the first intelligible wireless message. This was in 1842, the message having been transmitted over a creek eighty feet in width. Since that time many devices for transmitting electric messages across extensive bodies of water have been introduced, and from time to time short-distance messages have been successfully transmitted, but wireless telegraphy by conduction has never met with pronounced success.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, New York
PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Wireless telegraphy by induction — the transmission of electric impulses without any apparent conductive medium, however—has been both a scientific and a commercial success. It was first suggested by Dr. Henry, then a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at the Albany Academy, when in 1838 he established wireless communication between two rooms in his house. These rooms were situated eighteen feet apart and were separated by two thick walls.

During the succeeding fifty years many scientists attempted to solve the great problem of wireless telegraphy, but it was not until 1888 that Professor Hertz of Bonn, by discovering the waves that bear his name, established the correctness of the hypothesis, often advanced but never with any great degree of conviction, that electric impulses might be transmitted to unlimited distance without artificial conduction. It was a wonderful discovery, and a discovery that, theoretically at least, revolutionized the whole science of electrical communication. Never before had it been dreamed that an electric impulse could travel 186,000 miles a second, passing through every opaque substance but metal, and making in the same breath of time over 245,000,000 distinct impignments on any object susceptible to its influence.

Scientists the world over recognized immediately that in the practical utilization of this marvelous force would lie the solution of the great problem of wireless telegraphy, and directed their efforts to this end. A year or two later Professor Calzecchi Onesti of Fermo, Italy, invented a device for receiving and distinguishing electric signals, and in the two or three years following this device was variously improved and modified, chiefly by Professor Branly and Doctor, now Sir Oliver Lodge, the latter naming it the coherer. The honor of inventing the wireless telegraph, however, fell to a young Italian student less than twenty years of age—Guglielmo Marconi. Receiving little encouragement in his own land, Marconi took his invention to England, of which country his mother was a subject. This was in 1898. Arriving in London, Marconi succeeded in gaining the ear of Sir William Preece, director of the British Postal Telegraph Department, and himself a scientist of considerable standing. Impressed by the seeming practicability of young Marconi's device, Sir William lent him both moral and financial support. His action in so doing was severely criticized by many eminent British scientists, who declared that what Marconi was accomplishing they themselves had accomplished many years before. Marconi's successes, however, gradually overcame all prejudice, and when after repeated trials he brought the continents of Europe and America into wireless communication, he was heralded as a wizard among wizards by even the most sceptical. It must not be supposed, however, that

Europe was accomplishing everything in its new and promising field. The very first patent ever issued for a practical wireless telegraph was granted to an American, and by the United States government. This was in 1886, the inventor being Professor Amos Emerson Dolbear of Tufts College, Massachusetts. Without discrediting Marconi's wonderful achievement, it is fair to assume that the wireless telegraph would have been perfected here before many years had passed, for more than one American scientist had evolved a wireless telegraph. Professor P. A. Fessenden was experimenting many years before the Italian wizard had established his reputation, and but for the destruction of his English station might have anticipated Marconi in transatlantic wireless. In any event the American was advancing along radically different lines than his European brother, and even the success of Marconi, Lodge and other European scientists did not, as might have been expected, lead him to abandon his own for the European system.

Many scientists have contributed to the success of wireless telegraphy in this country. Numbered among them are Fessenden, DeForest, Shoemaker, Babcock and, as might be expected, Edison. Of these the DeForest system, the name commonly applied to the American system of wireless in general use, has been the most successful.

The DeForest system was invented in 1902 by Dr. Lee DeForest, then taking a scientific course at Yale. DeForest's attention was drawn to wireless telegraphy by Marconi's experiments in this country during the race for the American Cup. He saw and eliminated many of the disadvantages of the Marconi system. In place of the complicated coherer, he introduced the anticoherer, so naming it because it acted in diametrical opposition to the Marconi device. The great disadvantage of the coherer lay in the decrease of the resistance of the filings on receipt of the signal, which made imperative the employment of an automatic device to restore that resistance to its original value. The confusion caused by this tapping device prevented the recognition by ear of the signals, so the message had to be printed on a Morse tape. In the DeForest system, instead of filings, an electrolytic fluid was used, the resistance being automatically decreased, permitting the reception of the signals through an ordinary telephone receiver, and the transmission of messages to greater distances with the same power. In place of the interrupted current and the old Rumkorf coil, Dr. DeForest introduced the alternating current and the transformer, which made for higher speed and greater efficiency.

Dr. DeForest's system was recognized almost immediately by the United States government. It was first employed by the Army Signal service between Cape Nome and St. Michaels, Alaska, as a temporary link in the cable service between Seattle and the Yukon. These two places are separated by a body of water 110 miles wide, and this gulf being frequently blocked by ice, the tearing up of the cable was of no infrequent occurrence. The success of the wireless was so pronounced that the government decided to do away with the cable at this point altogether. Since then it has been in constant use, and only this year Admiral Greeley declared it to be more reliable than the cable it connected.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, New York

ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS

In the past year or two the DeForest wireless telegraph has been very greatly improved, a number of scientists and electrical engineers having devoted their entire time to it. Commercially the American system of wireless has been more successful than the European.

INSTRUCTING SAILORS IN THE OPERATION OF THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

It is today employed extensively on both land and water, chiefly, however, on the latter. The greater part of the United States fleet is equipped with it, and practically every coastwise line on both the Atlantic and the Pacific. In foreign countries, also, it has been used to some extent.

Marconi, however, has devoted his energies to long distance work—which, after all, is the real field of the wireless telegraph, and it is only fair to him to say that in this regard he is very much ahead of his American competitors. Every transatlantic line but one carries the Marconi system, the exception being the Royal Mail Steamship Packet Company, which uses the United Wireless.

Another invention that is destined to play an important part in the world of communication is the wireless telephone. Conceived by Professor Bell and developed by Sir William Preece, Dr. Poulsen, and other scientists of note, the wireless telephone has been brought up to its present high state of development by Dr. DeForest of wireless telegraph fame. For wireless telephony is not in so chaotic a state as is commonly supposed. The United States, British and Italian governments have all installed it on their ships. On its trip around the world, the various ships of the Atlantic fleet were kept in constant communication with one another by the wireless telephone. On the Great Lakes, also, it has been used with success. At the present time there are nearly thirty wireless telephone stations in course of erection on these famous inland waters alone. What a tremendous boon the wireless telephone will be to the shipping of the Great Lakes can be seen readily when it is remembered that eighty per cent. of all the water tonnage of North America is carried on their waters. This computed means nearly seven times as much freight as the combined mercantile fleets of the world carry through the Suez Canal. At the present time over 4,000 freight, 250 passenger and 2,500 pleasure and other craft comprise the fleet of the Great Lakes. Every year there are hundreds of accidents, for these waters are among the most treacherous in the world. Many, many vessels have left their docks never to be heard from again. Storms rise without warning—to the sailor. True, the United States Weather Bureau has posted weather warnings hours before the storm broke, but hitherto it has been impossible to carry these warnings to the sailor out on the mighty deep, far from any source of communication. The wireless telephone will change all this. The telephone will ring, the captain will receive his warning and hasten to shelter ere the storm has had time to break.

At present it is impossible even to predict what the future has in store for wireless. That it is destined to be an important link in intercommunication, no one can gainsay. The recent "Republic" disaster, in which through the instrumentality of the wireless telegraph over a thousand souls were spared a watery grave, alone vindicated its right to a permanent place in the commercial work of tomorrow.

Will it be possible to telephone between cities and across continents without wires? Will it be possible to apply Delany's wonderful achievement to the wireless telegraph? Will it be possible to consummate many other wonderful things that now seem impossible?—are questions that the future alone can decide.

THE HILLS OF HOME

O HILLS of home, how beautiful you rise!
  With crests of purple and with slopes of green—
Lovers of heaven and of paradise—
  You tower to heights serene.

Strong mothers of swift brooks and eager men!
  You send your children forth to town and tide,
And though they come not back, above the plain
  Still patiently you bide.

You stand forever calm and blest and fair,
  While all the circling seasons come and go:
Summer and autumn like bright flowers you wear;
  You shoulder winter's snow.

Like sleep you stand or like refreshful death,
  While all the wind of heaven round you streams.
O hills of home, how sweet your violet breath
  Blows through the exile's dreams!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

Where Every Thread Tells

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

AS the various industries of our country are studied at close range, the conviction forces itself upon one that "know-how" and a dominating personality count for quite as much today as ever.

Years ago when the weavers in old Scotland made a piece of woolen cloth, they wove into it their individuality—the sturdy, Scotch character was impressed into the warp and woof of the fabric. The severe religious tenets; the wholesome simplicity of "haggis," "oat cakes" and "porridge" were duplicated in the goods. No wonder then that the strikingly distinctive plaids of the Highlands and Lowlands were characteristic of the wearers. The sturdy strength and durability of Scotch woolens could not be improved upon. No amount of damp will shrink them; and they will even bear immersion in boiling water and come out unhurt,—a veritable armor for the rigorous climate of Highland brae and mountain.

The career of Robert Owen, the Welshman, the first to solve the question of introducing labor-saving machinery at New Lanark, Scotland, where he established a business that attracted the attention of the civilized world, is full of interest. Czars, kings, archbishops, lord governors, economists, thinkers and philosophers—all have been to see the work accomplished by Robert Owen at New Lanark, with its happy, loving and prosperous working population of 2,000 people.

The grandson of one of these old Scotch weavers, having served his minority in his father's mills, came to America with a legacy of trade secrets that had been guarded as family heirlooms, and passed down from generation to generation; and with these he brought into a field of almost limitless opportunity a fitness for management that meant success. All the secrets and experience of hereditary craftsmanship and art were inherently his to produce fabrics as perfect in their way as the richest tapestries of Gobelin. The man who is as proud of his craft as other men are of their art or profession is certain to find his way to the top.

Starting at the very bottom and acquiring a thorough knowledge of every detail connected with modern devices, John Shirreffs later established his own worsted mills with the same determination to equal and excel in Ameri-

WHERE VIGILANT EYES AND DEFT FINGERS WILL NEVER BE DISPLACED BY MACHINERY can-made cloths that inspired his ancestors as they wove the matchless plaids of Scotland. From many sources I had heard of this young man, and the consensus of opinion was: "There's a man you are going to hear more of in the worsted industry."

When he was on his way to Chicago, as a delegate to the Republican National Convention to nominate William Howard Taft, I first met Mr. John Shirreffs. The general interest of former years was accentuated by the pleasure of a personal acquaintance.

On one of the wettest of rainy days in January, we started to visit his worsted factory at Fitchburg, in the very heart of New England's industrial district, where America's most expert workmen are found. Climatic conditions are supposed to have much to do with success in the worsted industry; though in the final equation the ability, adaptiveness and aggressiveness of the management are the basic reasons for every success, after all.

Coming to the United States from Almonte, Ontario, where he had worked in his father's woolen mill, John Shirreffs went first to Utica, New York, serving apprenticeship in one of the most famous mills in this country. Here he was often promoted to increasing responsibility and always made good. Several years ago he became manager of the Fitchburg Worsted Company, and later he was agent for both of the Fitchburg mills of the American Woolen Company. His achievements soon attracted the attention of the trade in general, and it was not long before he had acquired a mill of his own, which has recently been much enlarged.

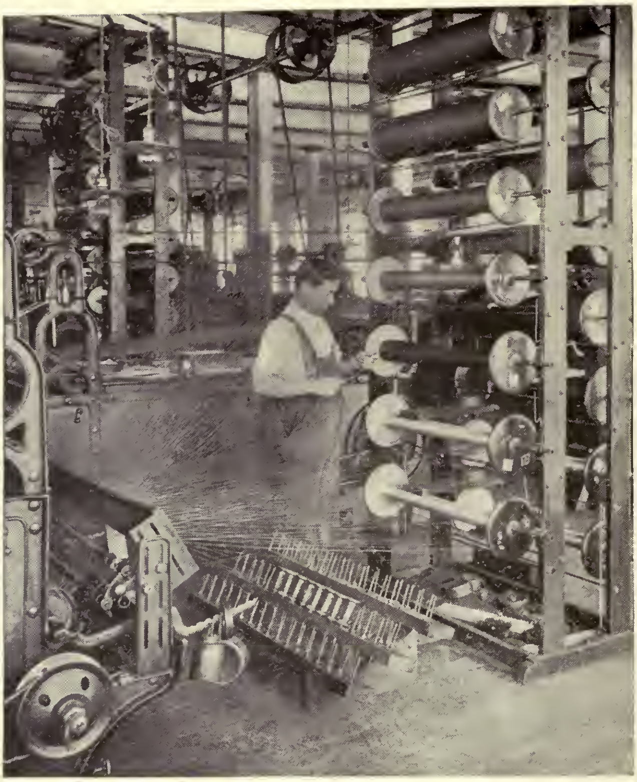
As we sat waiting in his office, my attention was drawn to a beautiful fabric, lying on the directors' table. When Mr. Shirreffs entered, he called attention to the cloth and observed: "There is the design chosen for the inaugural suit of President-elect Taft."

BEAUTIFUL AND EXQUISITE WORSTEDS
PRESIDENT TAFT'S INAUGURAL SUIT MADE FROM BLACK PATTERN ON THE LEFT

Naturally, my interest in this cloth, which was of special design and the finest texture, was heightened by learning that of this cloth a president's inaugural suit was to be made.

Everywhere was apparent Mr. Shirreffs' thorough knowledge of his craft and his enthusiasm in his work, and my visit to this worsted mill was quite as interesting as visiting an exposition of arts and crafts; for here indeed was a "live exhibit," demonstrating a triumph of American industry.

Out in the factory we were shown many pieces of finished goods, gracefully draped, standing bolt upright, near the windows as



MANY THOUSANDS OF FINE BUT TENACIOUS THREADS ARE REQUIRED FOR EACH BOLT OF CLOTH

in tailor shops; here John Shirreffs personally makes a careful inspection of each one. No surer guarantee could be given that the products of his mill are faultless, than that they have passed the personal inspection of this man.

A worsted fabric is sure to be good or indifferent, chiefly in accordance with the tension of the weave. The staple of wool is elastic, and if woven too loosely the fabric lacks firmness; while if too tight, it is hard, the whole depending on the proper tension and construction. This tension is tuned in the process of weaving. To care in this regard can be attributed much of the high quality of Mr. Shirreffs' worsted products, and he seemed to determine the proper tension of the threads as sentiently as a violinist tunes his instrument.

On the inspection tables we were shown bolts of cloth as they had come from the finishing room, the "advance guard" of those grades and designs which will become the demands of the trade during the coming season. The first sales are made from samples, and from these it is quickly apparent what the demands are likely to be, the patterns that have been favorably received being turned out as rapidly as possible.

In the warping room, there were machines which gather the long threads and measure them off to the required number of yards for each bolt of cloth. These threads were unwound from many bobbins, passing through a reed-like instrument and then on to reels that in a few revolutions take on enough warp for a bolt of cloth. The threads from a thousand or more bobbins seemed like the Hertzian wave collectors over a wireless telegraph station, constantly coming from spools above and below, to form the large yarn cable called the warp. The wool fibre or staple for fine suitings must be longer than for ordinary yarn, because in worsted the staple must all lie parallel with but few loose ends. As we watched the thousands of spools being wound and rewound, it was quite natural to compare the achievements of modern invention with the crude and cumbersome equipments used by our grandmothers when they carded, spun and wove the "homespun" for their large families. If this work had to be done by hand today, it would take generations of weavers to accomplish it.

The whirring bobbins hummed in musical cadences as we passed on to the new weaving room. As I looked through the doorway, I stood spellbound for a moment, watching the swiftly flying shuttles shooting the woof into the warp and bringing out the design laid before the weavers. The beautiful cloth was "growing" on the looms, as one by one the tiny threads seen in another part of the factory came into exact place and pattern. It was the merest increment of increase at each throw of the shuttle; but the shuttles flew so swiftly as to almost escape the closest watchfulness, and multiplied by one hundred wide looms make thousands of yards each day.

Most of the weavers are men and intently watch every thread set in the design. There were before us fabrics designed to be worn by the most exacting society leaders of Newport, New York and Washington. All the patterns decreed to become the vogue for the coming season were being woven; from the plaids and pronounced stripes of the college boy to the stately, sedate colors for gentlemen of the old school. All of American clans were to be clad from the product of these looms.

And what a light, airy weave room it was! Built according to the most modern architectural designs and almost as light as though the blue sky above was all poured in upon the work. The roof was of the modern sawtooth pattern with ribbed glass windows, so as to get a blend of converging light from all sides. With white enameled ceilings and hard maple floors, one never saw a handsomer, lighter, cleaner weave room than this. There was no dust nor heavy oily smell that pervades most mills—modern ventilation has contributed its quota to the achievement of American textiles.

Before the warp is put in work in the weaving room, the individual threads must be "drawn" into the harness frames. Two girls work together for this work, one on the front and the other behind the frames. The girl on one side places a single strand of the warp against the heddle and her mate draws it through with a hook; each thread must be treated in this way in order to get it into its proper place and hold it firmly.

Leaving the weave room, the cloth goes first to washers where it is thoroughly scoured and rinsed in many waters. Instead of wringing the water from the cloth, it is extracted by centrifugal force in rapidly revolving tubs. Later it is thoroughly dried by running over tentering machines, where the wrinkles are gently removed and the cloth is spread to its normal and uniform width.

In another part of the finishing room is

THE WINDING AND SPOOLING ROOM WHERE YARNS ARE WOUND AND RE-WOUND BEFORE GOING TO THE DRESSING AND WEAVE ROOMS

ONE NEVER SAW A HANDSOMER, BRIGHTER, CLEANER WEAVE ROOM THAN THIS

the shearing department, where machines with knives like lawn-mowers are delicately adjusted and shave off the nap and loose threads as the cloth is passed by.

It was one of the most interesting processes to watch the press gradually smooth out the cloth as it passed between the roller and the bed, spreading it to right and left, just as the waves in the wake of a boat spread wider and wider as the boat advances. The cloth is gradually ironed by this process.

Worsteds are very sensitive to climatic influence. They are repeatedly dried, dampened and redried, following the old idea in Scotland, that soft texture is produced largely by the moist climate. The wonderful machines cannot do all the required work, however, for nothing can take the place of the human eye. To insure absolute perfection, the cloth is several times inspected.

It was entertaining to watch the girls "proof-read," as a printer would say, on their inclined tables, going over the cloth carefully with needle and thread and "darning in" the lost threads wherever needed.

Any one who has read John G. Saxe's poem called "The Flattening Mill," can better imagine the many processes through which fine worsteds, like gold leaf, must pass before they reach the pink of perfection.

One thing that stands out modestly on the package of cloth is the name of the maker. If the people of this country could have a direct personal knowledge of this great mill, where the finest worsteds are made, how much easier they could decide on the suits desired for winter, spring and fall!

Quality begets quality, and a man who can make cloths of such fine texture as the Shirreffs Worsted Company is indeed a public benefactor in a country where the idea has long outlived its truthfulness that nothing is really standard unless it is imported.

The afternoon passed swiftly, and I felt that a better knowledge concerning the clothes we wear is quite as important from a public welfare standpoint as a like knowledge of the food we eat. But beyond this there was a greater pleasure and inspiration in seeing a young manufacturer in action, winning victories in the sharp competitive conflicts of today, by putting a quality and personality into his American-made worsteds that reflect the sterling character of his Scotch-weaver ancestors.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

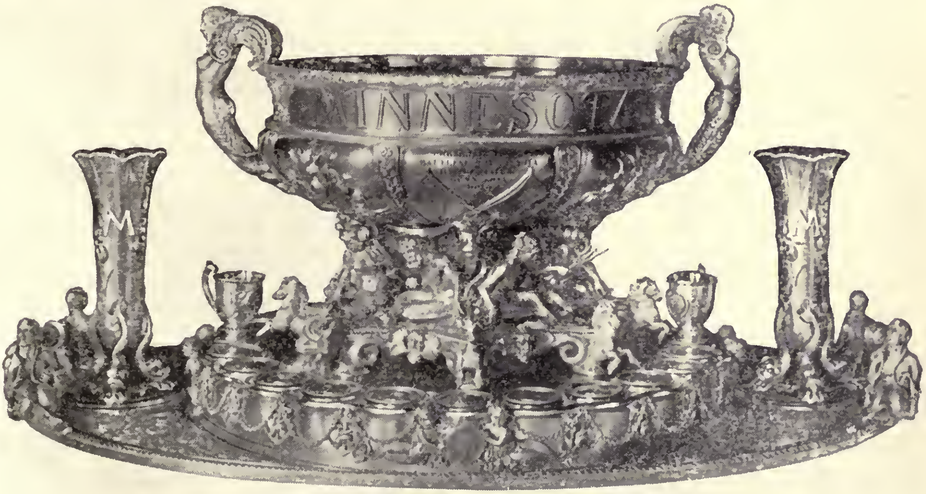
By BENNETT CHAPPLE

THE LINCOLN HOUSE

THE Lincoln House at Taunton, Massachusetts, was the home of the colonial ancestors of Abraham Lincoln. The photograph of this building which appeared in our February number was procured through the courtesy of Messrs. Reed & Barton, silversmiths, Taunton, Mass., and it stands close to their plant on the ground which was formerly an island; the surrounding stream has been filled in, and the location of the house today is about 500 feet from the original site.

The dwelling originally contained only two rooms. Some slight repairs have been made, but the frame work of the original house remains just the same as when occupied by Lincoln's New England ancestors. The old wooden latches are to be seen on the doors. On the left of the entrance are the kitchen and dining room, five by nine feet, and to the right are the living and bed rooms. At the extreme right is the typical New England pantry; opposite to it the ladder leads to the attic, where there are more sleeping rooms.

By a singular coincidence, at the time the NATIONAL MAGAZINE photographer was at the plant of Reed & Barton, focusing the camera



PART OF THE SILVER SERVICE MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS, FOR THE BATTLESHIP MINNESOTA — A MASTERPIECE OF THE SILVERSMITH'S ART on the ancient home of the martyred President's family, the new silver service that had been made for the United States battle ship, "Minnesota," was still in the factory. The temptation proved too strong for our photographer, and with the permission of the firm, he " snap-shotted " this masterpiece of the silversmiths' art, a reproduction of which picture appears in this issue.

Reed & Barton have long occupied the foremost rank among American silversmiths, and their silverware is found far and wide throughout the world, wherever there are lovers of artistic chased products. Their dainty silverware comes very close to the people, for it is found not only on the tables but in the hands and at the lips of thousands of breakfasters, lunchers and diners throughout the world, who are, three times a day, pleasantly reminded of Reed & Barton and their handsome plant in Taunton, Massachusetts.

* * *

GAIL BORDEN'S GIFT TO HUMANITY

FAR out on the frontier of Texas, in one of those typically Western settlements of seventy years ago, was born the man who has so much to do with the milk question that his name, Gail Borden, is almost synonymous with the word milk.

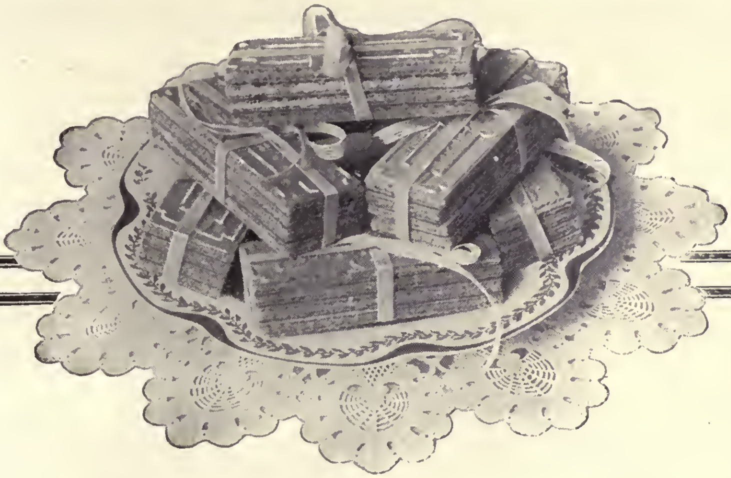
Does one move from Chicago to New York, who is the first caller at the new home? Nine times out of ten it will be a gentlemanly chap bearing the name "Borden" on his cap. No one who speaks the English tongue needs to ask his business, for the great Borden organization—one of the most complete in the world—is known to all users of milk. Scarcely less familiar to us than the name is the fact that their product is guarded with the utmost care. Their methods are practical, their inspection rigid; 100,000 milk-giving cows are closely examined as regards health and general surroundings, food and water, entailing a vast amount of work.

In all this minute supervision and insistence on cleanliness, the Borden organization has always been ahead of the laws made to enforce purity of this product, and since Gail Borden first created a little "milk route" of his own, the quality of every quart of that almost essential food product has been a matter of personal pride.

The idea of preserving milk by condensing it originated with Gail Borden, and when he first suggested it in 1856 he was met with severe opposition, not only from many friends who called him a dreamer, but even from the Patent Office itself. No one but Mr. Borden could see why the evaporation of milk should be of any special importance. They did not then realize how necessary such a product would become to our growing civilization, our millions of city-dwellers, who otherwise could not be sure of pure milk.

Cleanliness at the source of supply is essential, and is insured by hermetically sealed cans; equally essential it is that air be kept from the milk during the condensing process. Milk is about eighty-seven per cent. water; by the Borden process the evaporation is accomplished apart from the influence of the atmosphere, being done by means of a vessel from which the air has been exhausted, and which has been heated inside by a steam coil and outside by a steam jacket. By maintaining a low heat, the milk is reduced in volume, without loss of flavor or discoloration. This process was perfected fifty years ago, and has since undergone very little change—a high compliment to the persevering inventor, Gail Borden, whose efforts in this line have proved a blessing to humanity. He also blazed the way for the enforcement of sanitary and hygienic safeguards for the securing of cleanliness in every detail of milk supply, so that sale of impure milk is now a rare occurrence. It is a suggestive fact that it has not been necessary for this firm to change its methods to meet the demands of the United States government, or state and local boards of health—today Borden methods are still in advance of these demands.

The firm has a contract with the dairymen who furnish the milk for condensing, which is an object lesson in sanitary science as applied to the handling and dispensing of milk. A constant, intelligent oversight is exerted, and dairymen are required to sell and deliver to any one of the company's plants, as designated, the entire output of their dairies, the milk to be whole, sweet, unadulterated or uncontaminated, containing all the cream and to be delivered at a low temperature, about fifty degrees, summer and winter. This contract provides also for the proper situation, condition and ventilating of the cow



A Dessert Suggestion

A noted Washington hostess serves

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

tied with ribbon in bundles of four.

To women seeking originality in serving, **NABISCO** Sugar Wafers offer numberless attractive methods.

In ten cent tins.

Also in twenty-five cent tins.

stables, also for the thorough cleansing of the vessels in which the milk is stored and of all the utensils used, and that the milk house shall be apart, perfectly clean, light and airy, the inside to be painted or whitewashed. The company even follows the milkman into the stable and insists that the milking shall be done in accordance with sanitary rules, and the entire treatment of the milk carried out on the same basis. Brewery or distillery grains and ensilage are under this contract forbidden foods. Sickness among the herd or in the household must be at once reported, so that if the company deems it necessary, the supply of milk is discontinued. A clause providing for the dairyman's remuneration is included, so that he shall not suffer loss during the period of discontinuance and therefore he is under no incentive to evade such a condition. The company's own representatives have the right at any time to visit and inspect cows or stables, milk house or feed or the dairy utensils themselves, so that nothing escapes notice. Constant and alert surveillance is exercised in every direction, and over all sources of supply.

The value of such co-operation on the part of the dairymen cannot be overestimated, being a direct safeguard against impurity, whether in the supply to factories and stations, in the delivery of fresh milk to the consumer, or whether the product be cream or fluid or unsweetened condensed milk left at the customer's door, or in the form of a can of sweetened condensed milk which may be purchased everywhere throughout the civilized world and kept for any length of time in any climate.

The firm of "Gail Borden" is the largest single handler of milk products in the world. It can be readily understood that as time went on, new avenues of activity opened before its enterprising managers, and their business rapidly extended. To properly care for such vast interests, unrelaxing watchfulness has always been necessary to keep everything up to the high standard which alone will satisfy the exacting officials of the company. A large force well housed was needed, and is established at the headquarters of the company, 108 Hudson Street, New York, where Gail Borden's old associates in the management and their colleagues take efficient charge

PLANT OF THE NASSAU OYSTER COMPANY, PATCHOGUE, LONG ISLAND

Victor IV
$50

Other styles
$10 to $300

"Why, that is the real thing—you can't tell it from the actual human voice!"

That's what people say every day, upon hearing the *Victor*.

And when their amazement is over they further exclaim, "I never knew the *Victor* was like that!"

Do *you* know what the *Victor* is like?

You owe it to yourself to hear it. Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor* music you want to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors
To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

Victor

Victor
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.

A complete list of new Victor Records for March will be found in the March number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's, Current Literature and April Cosmopolitan

of the work in this handsome and commodious building planned and erected for the exclusive use of the company; it probably represents the largest floor space under one roof devoted to the management of a food industry that can be found in the world. Here, as all through the company, the dominant note is the personality of the founder of the firm, whose products are designed to benefit alike the home, the hospital, the infant and the adult.

The growth of the condensed milk industry is little short of marvelous. Two kinds are put on the market by Mr. Borden, "The Eagle Brand," a sweetened form made by mixing pure condensed milk and sugar, which has become the greatest single source of milk supply in the world; and the "Peerless" brand, which is unsweetened, evaporated milk, and is rapidly growing in favor with milk users. More and more people are realizing that when it is impossible to be assured of the absolute cleanliness and purity of fresh milk, it is much wiser to buy either one or the other of these brands of condensed milk, because every can sent out by the Borden organization is put up under perfectly sanitary conditions. The Borden Brand suggests the fact that it is the insignia of an institution built upon the bed-rock of honesty and integrity, and those who obtain products bearing this trade mark will never incur any of the evils arising from the use of impure milk.

* * *

THE FLEET HOMEWARD BOUND

THE Prudential Insurance Company is issuing an artistically beautiful picture of the American battleship fleet steaming away from Gibraltar, homeward bound. The picture is in colors and gives a splendid idea of the beauty and power of the American warships. The scene presents the Connecticut, flying the flag of Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry, leading the first division of the fleet past the Rock of Gibraltar. It will inspire even the veriest landlubber who doesn't know a belaying pin from a marlin spike.

In a charming letter of travel published a few months since, William Dean Howells, describing his feelings in approaching Gibraltar, writes:

"There is nothing strikes the traveler in his approach of the Rock of Gibraltar so much as its resemblance to the trade mark of the Prudential Insurance Company. This was my feeling when I first saw Gibraltar four years ago, and it remains my feeling after having last seen it four weeks ago. The eye seeks the bold familiar legend and one suffers a certain disappointment in its absence."

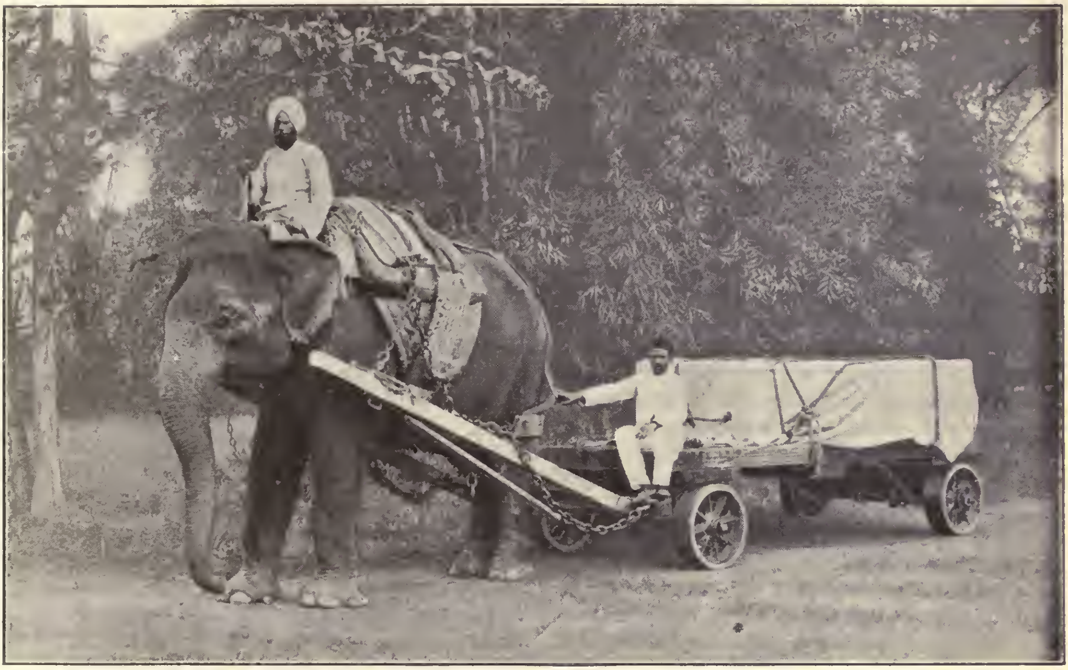
No one will be disappointed in this strong representation of "the bold familiar legend" of the Prudential. As if carved in the face of the Rock, it looks down upon the passing fleet like a message of Godspeed.

The Prudential has also published for free circulation a most interesting booklet containing separate pictures of each ship in the fleet and giving tonnage, speed, armament, number of crew, etc. A copy of either this booklet or picture may be had for the asking. Write to The Prudential Insurance Company of America, Newark, N. J., stating which is preferred, or if both are desired.

* * *

SOUTH AFRICA TO ADOPT AMERICAN METHODS

LUDWIG WIENER, a wealthy, prominent business man of Cape Town, recently left America for home, stopping first at England to consult Lady Somerset and others upon a business proposition. While in this country, he met President Roosevelt and arranged to entertain him on his famous hunting trip in South Africa. While in New York, he met Dr. Oppenheimer, the founder of the Oppenheimer Institute and became greatly interested in the work being done in the treatment of alcoholism. His especial interest was aroused because heretofore there has been no method of dealing with alcoholic patients, unless they could be detained at an institute or sanitarium for several weeks. The Oppenheimer treatment therefore appealed to Mr. Wiener because the patient could be treated by his own personal physician, and without inconvenience or detention from business. Conditions in South Africa are progressively bad and the necessity for some concerted steps to check the growth of alcoholism have been apparent for some time. During his stay in England Mr. Wiener will compare experiences with Lady Somerset and several other prominent English philanthropists who have for some years been interested in the same method of treatment mentioned above. Mr. Wiener will actively begin a development of the treatment in South Africa.



JABALPUR, Central Provinces, India, July 31, 1908.

Dear Mr. Steinway:

I am having a photograph forwarded to you which I believe will prove of interest to yourself and other members of your firm. It is a picture of a Steinway Piano on the move in Central India.

I am the fortunate possessor of one of your beautiful drawing-room Grands, and for the last fourteen years it has been the greatest joy to ourselves and our friends in India. It was with us some years in Bombay (a warm, moist climate), and then came with us here to a very hot summer climate (114° in the shade), and in the winter one below freezing.

We have now been transferred to Madras, and I am here attending to the despatch of our properties. The first article to be packed and attended to was my cherished piano, and I thought you would be interested in this picture of the first stage in the long journey to Madras (1,500 miles), as it left our bungalow in the charge of an elephant.

For musical and mechanical perfection I think the Steinway is unequalled, and when my soldier husband has completed his service we mean to take our treasure home to England with us. It will emerge as good as new after a short spell in the hands of your London branch, and we shall both be glad to keep our old friend, as the soundboard and other important parts are quite perfect in spite of climatic changes and wanderings. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

LOUISE M. SMITH,

(Wife of Colonel Stanley Smith, R. A., British Service.)

Steinway Pianos can be bought of any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added. Illustrated catalogue and prices sent on request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS

STEINWAY HALL, 107 and 109 EAST 14th STREET, NEW YORK

Subway Express Station at the Door

"IT EATS UP THE DIRT"

THE old-fashioned spring house-cleaning idea is going to receive a severe shock this season if it pre-supposes that the usual state of chaos—the house turned upside down or inside out—is to be the natural order of things in every home. To be more explicit, since the invention of the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner and its introduction to the homes of the country less than a year ago, many thousands of machines have been sold and the delighted housewives this year are going to let this handy help-mate "eat up the dirt," without disarranging the house. What a welcome change this will be to many people and what a saving of time and trouble. It is good news for "my lord" as well as for "milady," and in these homes the wear and tear on the tempers of the occupants usual during house-cleaning time will be "a good miss."

For some time past the vacuum process has been accepted as the only really sanitary method of cleaning a house or building, but until the advent of the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner this method was too expensive except for hotels, office buildings or the homes of the very wealthy. But now that the new Ideal Vacuum Cleaner has come, even the most modest home may own one. The vacuum cleaning system, which was in use before the arrival of the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner, and which is still used by large hotels and office buildings, necessitated a power plant in the cellar or below ground, which costs from five hundred to one thousand dollars, or it was necessary to hire one of the wagon engines in use in some cities, costing for one cleaning at least thirty dollars. The new Ideal Vacuum Cleaner complete costs only twenty-five dollars when operated by hand, or it can be operated for a comparatively slight additional cost with an electric motor. Either the power or hand machine will do the work quite as well as the more costly cleaner.

This vacuum method of cleaning is the very antithesis of the brush and broom. The dust does not "fly around" when taken up, and no "billion per square inch of microbes" arise to settle in exactly the same place from which they were dislodged.

It was said not so very long ago that many important inventions had been made during the last one hundred years, and along many different lines, but very, very few of these inventions were directly of benefit to the housewife and homekeeper. Although the problem of house-cleaning is not the only one which has stared all women in the face since the days of Eve, yet it is one of the most important and its solution in the marketing of the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner is a big step forward and one which will go a long way toward making more pleasant and more healthful those duties which will always be a part of routine housekeeping.

The enthusiastic welcome and adoption of the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner by the housewives shows that this great invention fills a long-felt want.

* * *

KEEN KUTTER RAZOR

IT was in the smoking room of a Pullman; as we whirred along at a lively rate on the Atlantic Coast Limited, the conversation ranged from fishing in Florida, hunting bears in the wild West, and rhinoceros baiting in darkest Africa, until each man began to rub his chin and there was general talk of "a shave." The first definite suggestion came from a young man representing a Connecticut silver house, who said:

"It will never do for me to get off this train and meet my customers with such a chin as this—I must make myself presentable—I'll go and have a shave with my Keen Kutter."

"Keen Kutter," came the chorus, "what do you shave with, an axe, a saw or a draw-shave?"

"I should say not. Don't you know that the Keen Kutter razor is the most popular thing to shave with nowadays?"

At that moment we all glanced at the advertisements above the seat of the smoking room, and the young man's words were verified.

A champion of another safety razor was present, and an argument followed on the relative merits of the two means of shaving; so we decided to have a contest. It fell to my lot to try the velvet touch of the Keen Kutter. It hardly seems possible, but though the champion of the other safety razor had used it for over a year, whether it was the angle, the edge, or what, my shave was far superior to his. We finally stood before the glass and pronounced ourselves a good-looking lot of men, who had enjoyed a fine shave, and who all believed that the Keen Kutter razor was strictly the best safety razor on the market.

Why stir up the Dust Demon to Frenzy like this?

Which Do You Do In Your House—

PACK DIRT IN? OR LIFT IT OUT?

When you use broom or carpet-sweeper, you scatter a large part of the dirt over a wider area, to be rehandled again and again; but that is not all of the evil.

Another large part of the dirt you work deep down into the carpet, there to decompose and putrify, to become the breeding place of germs and insects and to fill the house with musty and sour odors.

With such primitive implements, you simply can't help it; for that is their **constant tendency,** the absolutely necessary result of the **downward pressure** exerted by their every stroke.

Every time you use broom or carpet-sweeper, your every effort drives dirt down into the carpet deeper and deeper, and steadily adds new layers, until the fabric is **packed.**

And that is why you have to renovate.

It is true that the Vacuum System of cleaning is the only absolutely dustless system; but a large part of its remarkable efficiency is due to the fact that its **constant tendency** is **exactly opposite** to that of broom and carpet-sweeper.

Whereas broom and carpet-sweeper pack in the dirt even more solidly, the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner **lifts out,** by its suction force, more and more dirt from lower and lower depths. This it does constantly and always.

In other words, Ideal Vacuum Cleaning removes all the dirt that has been ground into the fabric as well as that which lies loosely on the surface, undoing with every application the evil of broom and carpet-sweeper.

And that is why the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner renovates every time it cleans.

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

(FULLY PROTECTED BY PATENTS)

Operated By Hand

"It Eats Up the Dirt"

Or Electric Motor

The **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** is the great Vacuum Cleaning principle brought to its ideal state of economy and efficiency and **made practical and possible for all.** Weighing only 20 pounds, it is easily carried about. Operated either by hand or little motor connected with any electric light fixture, it requires neither skill nor strength. Compared with sweeping it is no work at all.

There in your home the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** stands working for you, raising absolutely no dust, scarcely making a sound. And yet, under the magic of its work, carpets, rugs, curtains, upholstery, etc., are made clean, wholesome and sweet **through and through.** Mysterious odors disappear, the breeding places of pests are removed, the destruction of fabrics is arrested, and the causes of disease are banished.

So tremendous is the saving effected by the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER**—in money, time, labor, health and strength—that it quickly pays for itself many times over. It is absurd to think that you cannot afford its small price. **How can you afford to be without it?** Try it and **you will be ashamed** of the conditions you have been living in.

Every machine is guaranteed.

Send today for our Free Illustrated Booklet. It tells a remarkable story that will mean **a new era** in your home.

The American Vacuum Cleaner Company
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis have made a world-wide reputation on the Keen Kutter goods. It seems that everything made from steel will sooner or later bear the impress of this suggestive trade mark. It is no wonder that the Simmons Company is the largest hardware establishment in the world, if they have many such friends and enthusiastic advocates as that young silverware traveler from Connecticut, who insisted on his fellow-travelers trying his "Keen Kutter" razor.

* * *

DEMAND FOR ILLUSTRATORS

ILLUSTRATING is quite as essential to most kinds of advertising work today as in books and magazine stories. The demand for artists has raised the earnings of those engaged until they are among the best paid workers among the semi-professional class.

Strange to say, there has never been a plethora of candidates to fill the good psitions that are continually being made for illustrators, advertising sketch artists and cartoonists. Suggest to the boys and girls that they investigate this; some of them will turn out better artists than lawyers or doctors, and some much more successful.

The Acme School of Drawing, S St., Kalamazoo, Mich., offers the student the most complete correspondence course taught by instructors trained in Europe and America, and it will pay those interested to write for free test.

* * *

A BRAND NEW WATCH

WHEN the message was flashed back from Europe one bright Fourth of July morning a few years ago, announcing the sale of a million Ingersoll watches in the old world, where the seat of the watch-making industry was, its effect was like that of "carrying coal to New Castle." Probably no American achievement has created more astonishment to old-fashioned Europe than the possibility of the manufacture of a guaranteed watch to retail for $1.00.

I was in London soon after the first shipment was received and remember the crowds that stood about the shop windows where this new and wonderful watch was displayed.

The Ingersoll dollar watch, after seventeen years of unparalleled success, has grown to be the greatest watch in common use, but its wonder never ceases. Over one-half of the people in the United States who buy watches buy Ingersolls. There is no town so small but what some dealer has it for sale.

Now comes the announcement, no less interesting, proclaiming the new seven-jewel Ingersoll-Trenton five dollar watch. It can be depended upon that the Ingersoll name will never be put on a watch product that is not as superior in its line as is the famous dollar watch and the reputation of the past is jealously guarded in the manufacture and sale of the new Ingersoll-Trenton, which is said to be "the best watch for the money ever made."

* * *

GLEE MUSIC ON VICTOR RECORDS

THAT delightful Anglo-Saxon form of musical entertainment, the glee, has returned once more to us in the singing of the Whitney Brothers, who offer a rich, exquisite harmony of unaccompanied vocal music that is now being reproduced on Victor Records. Listening to these glees calls up visions of British Druids, or of that warlike queen, Boadicea, who, wearing her crown and with golden hair floating on the breeze, was probably cheered on her way with war songs in glee form as she went forth to fight the Romans.

The Whitney Brothers are well known on the concert stage, and their many friends in all parts of the country are indeed glad to have the privilege of listening to their favorite glee singers, through the agency of the new Victor Records, any night of the week, instead of being obliged to wait for an annual concert. Everybody loves a glee and it is unalloyed pleasure to hear "Hail, Smiling Morn" and other old and new part songs, as sung by the Whitney Brothers, reproduced on the Victor Records; the owner of such records is always sure of a pleasant evening for himself and his guests, and the rapid sale of these records is attesting their popularity.

You don't have to explain the good points about Huyler's in any part of the civilized world. From the Canadian border to the Gulf and from Maine's shores to the waters of the mighty Pacific

Huyler's

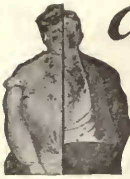
is the acknowledged best—the standard by which others are judged. No other firm in the wide world has the facilities for making such perfect candy; no other firm has for years demonstrated this fact to the public as has

Huyler's

You know that if you had your choice of the hundreds and thousands of different brands of confectionery offered to the public your first choice, and your last choice, and your choice at all times, would be the unequalled, matchless

Huyler's

To Ladies Only.—The wish to be beautiful is predominant in every woman, and none can say she does not care whether she is beautiful or not. **Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier** elicits a clear transparent complexion, free from Tan, Freckles, or Moth Patches, and so closely imitating nature as to defy detection. It has the highest medical testimony as well as professional celebrities, and on its own merits it has become one of the largest and a popular specialty in the trade. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Sole Proprietor, 37 Great Jones Street, New York. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canadas, and Europe. No. 9.



AutoMasseur REDUCES

40 DAY FREE TRIAL | NO DRUGS NO EXERTION

So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit.

When you see your shapeliness speedily returning I know you will buy it.

Try it at my expense. Write to-day.

PROF. BURNS. 1300 Y BROADWAY, NEW YORK

To The Man With A Steady Job

I can add to your salary $5, $10 or $15 each month whichever you may select

If you want to increase your income let me hear from you. I will pay you a salary for doing some special work which will not interfere with your regular work in any way. Just ask me to "Send Special Plan No. 9." E. M. NOLEN, Manager, Room 906, 151 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

This Beautiful Teaspoon

full sized, silver plated, of exclusive rose pattern, in French gray, the newest style, made and warranted by Wm. Rogers & Son,

IS YOURS

if you send ten cents and the top of a jar of

LIEBIG Company's Extract of Beef

Genuine has blue signature. We want you to know by trial that it's the most delicious, and far-going extract: ¼ teaspoonful makes cup of best beef tea; it's just as economical for cooking.

For 20 cents and a Liebig top we mail this fine fork, full size, to match spoon. No advertising on either.

Address, Dept. F.
CORNEILLE DAVID & CO.,
120 Hudson St. New York.

SPECIAL AGENTS!

We want a few enthusiastic school boys and girls who are particularly interested in their school to act as special representatives. Ability to get other school boys and girls interested in assisting in the work of beautifying the school rooms required. NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston.

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12 POST CARDS FREE We will send y 12 of the prettie post cards y ever saw if y will cut this advertisement out and send it to us with 4c. to p postage and mailing and say that you will show them to 6 of you friends. CHARLES ALVIN, Box 3693K, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ask dealer for it

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Free Sample. Write Dept. 44.

Lamont, Corliss & Co., Agts., 78 Hudson St., N. Y.

LASTS LONGEST

THE HOME

THE SPRING BENEATH THE HILL

THE ploughboy whistles happily as he trudges down the rows,
And calls a clear whoa! gee-up! gee! gee!
The plough turns up the mellow earth as the sturdy boy plods on.
Oh, who on earth so glad and free as he?

While Bob White whistles cheerily in the meadow up the slope,
And nesting mate calls back across the way;
Bright sunbeams fall o'er field and hill from Sol's chariot in the blue.
What a gloriously perfect day in May!

With loud and cheerful haw-up there! the farm boy turns his team
Where trees throw shadows cool along the rill.
And with bared head he hastes away where cold water bubbles up
In the fern-surrounded spring beneath the hill.

With steady hand he dips the gourd down into sparkling depths,
While red birds sing, ''Ch-er! che-er! what che-er! what che-er!"
And bluebirds "trually"—sweet, wise birds—those songs we seem to hear
While dreaming of the spring so deep and clear.

'Tis nectar fit for gods to drink, that draught so cold and pure,
From dripping gourd—ah, how the pulses thrill
With memories of those yesterdays, when ploughboy quenched his thirst
At the spring on father's farm beneath the hill!

—Mildred Tate Wells.

LEARN TO DRAW

By mail at home or in our Resident School. Men and women artists earn good salaries at easy work. Individual, practical instruction. We guarantee proficiency or money refunded. Positions assured. **Illustrating, Cartooning, Commercial Designing, Mechanical, Architectural, and Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting** taught by instructors trained in Europe and America. Advisory board approves lessons. *Test work sent free* to find out your needs and probable success. Tell course wanted.
ACME School of drawing, S. St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as **Beautifies the Skin.** No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): *"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."*

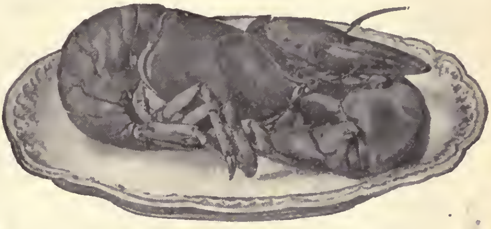
For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.
Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE
Removes superfluous Hair. **Price $1.00, by mail.**
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City

RUPTURE

Brooks Rupture Appliance. New and wonderful. No more obnoxious springs or pads. Safe, durable and cheap. Sent on trial. Measurement blanks and full information free. C. E. BROOKS, 9219 Brooks Building, Marshall, Mich.



Try It On
LOBSTER
All fish is deliciously seasoned and made more appetizing with

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Welsh Rarebits, Chafing Dish Cooking and Salad Dressings are improved by its use. **Refuse Imitations.**

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.

AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

By S. S. ARABIC—16,000 Tons—Oct. 16

30 TOURS TO EUROPE——————$250 UP

F. C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

LOFTIS SYSTEM
DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as an Easter gift to some loved one. Send for our beautiful descriptive catalog. Whatever you select therefrom we send on approval. If you like it, pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 equal monthly payments. Your credit is good. Our prices the lowest. We give a guarantee of value and quality.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. **THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE** Dept. C10, 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.

As a good investment nothing is safer than a Diamond. It increases in value 10 to 20% annually. Write today for descriptive catalogue, containing 1,500 illustrations—it is free. *Do it now.*

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA (DR. CHURCHILL'S Formula) and WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL ARE THE BEST REMEDIES FOR

NERVOUSNESS

Exhausted or Debilitated Nerve Force from any Cause

They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol, Cocaine, etc.

The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring impaired Vitality, no matter how originally caused, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price, ONE DOLLAR Per Box, by Sealed Mail No Humbug, C. O. D., or Treatment Scheme

Personal Opinions: Dear Sirs: I have used a bottle of your Hypophosphites of Manganese for liver and kidney complaints in my own person and received much benefit, so I will inclose five dollars and will ask you to send me as much as you can by express prepaid for that amount, until we can get it through the regular channels. I am confident it is just what I have been in search of for many years. I am prescribing your Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and am pleased with the preparation. Yours sincerely, Dr. T. J. WEST, Aztec, N. M.

I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility. ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

Send for free treatise securely sealed

Winchester & Co., 632 Beekman Bldg., N. Y. Est. 50 years

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

⁂

A CURE FOR FROWNING

By Mrs. A. Thorpe

A very novel way of curing oneself of the sad habit of frowning has been originated by a woman who had grown suddenly appalled at the lines on her once smooth brow. She carefully padded a fifty-cent piece with cotton and covered it with a bit of chamois; then at either side of this wadded disc she sewed a piece of inch-wide ribbon. After massaging her forehead at night, she tied on this queer sort of bandage, arranging it so that the coin came directly over the center of the frown and pressed upon the deepest lines. After persistently wearing this odd snood for several months, the woman found she had completely cured herself of the habit of frowning.

FOR BOOK LOVERS

By R. H.

The books in cheap paper binding that are so plentiful on the market today, can be neatly bound with bits of silk or satin (which every housewife has on hand) and a suitable motto painted with water colors on the outside cover, making beautiful additions to the library.

TO RUFFLE LACE

To gather Valenciennes lace, draw the strong outside thread on the straight edge, and you will have a much smoother ruffle than if lace is gathered with needle and thread.

IMITATION MAPLE SYRUP

By J. E. Warner

Take eighteen or twenty large corn-cobs and soak over night in enough water to cover. Boil water down half, remove cobs, strain water through thin cloth and add about ten pounds of brown sugar. Cook down to thickness desired and before removing from the fire add small teaspoonful cream of tartar, to prevent sugaring. This will make nearly a gallon of syrup the consistency of ordinary maple syrup, and is such a good imitation that few people can distinguish the difference.

CAUTION

By Mrs. F. W. Makepeace

Acid should never be used to clean marble, as a year after an application of any acid wash the marble will be blacker than it was at first and can never be made white. Never use anything but pulverized pumicestone to clean marble with.

SOMETHING NEW IN FRIED CAKES

By Miss A. M. G.

One cup of sugar, two eggs, one-third cup of thick sweet cream, filling the remainder of the cup with sweet skimmed milk; a pinch of salt and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one scant teaspoonful of cream of tartar and flour; flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla. First beat the eggs and sugar together until very light; then add the cream and milk; then add the other ingredients and mix lightly with the fingers. Roll, and drop in hot lard, turning constantly until cooked. Have a pan of boiling water close at hand to dip them in: this will remove all the grease and keep them fresh for a long time. If these directions are followed carefully, the cakes should prove excellent eating.

TO STOP NOSEBLEED

By A. P. Reed

If a child has obstinate bleeding of the nose, place the arms at full length straight above the head and lift up on them, using sufficient strength to wellnigh lift the child from the floor. This has been known to stop the blood when other supposed more effective means have failed. It is through pressure on the bloodvessels of the neck, checking the flow of blood to the head, that this method is successful. Another good treatment is to apply ice or ice-cold water to the back of the neck.

BOILING OLD POTATOES

By Mrs. Erland Engh

When putting potatoes on to boil, if a small amount of sugar is added the flavor will be greatly improved and old potatoes will taste like new ones.

A NEW INGREDIENT IN SALAD DRESSING

If strained honey is used in the usual salad dressing, the result will be a pleasant change.

HEMMING NEW TABLE LINEN

By Mrs. Mary L. Cunningham

When hemming new table linen, moisten the linen about an inch all around the edge and dry; it will be easier to take the fine stitches.

WHEN TOO MUCH SALT IS USED

When food is accidentally made too salt, it may be made appetizing by adding a tablespoonful each of vinegar and sugar.

AFTER OILING THE SEWING MACHINE

By Nellie E. Durrell

To prevent work being soiled by the sewing machine after oiling, keep a strip of cloth tied around the needle-bar, just above the needle. When this is done, the work will not be soiled, as the cloth absorbs the oil instead of allowing it to flow to the needle.

KEEPS MOLD FROM JELLY

By Mrs. Chas. S. Fanning

A few cloves sprinkled over the top of the jelly tumbler will prevent the jelly from molding.

HIGHEST IN HONORS

BAKER'S COCOA

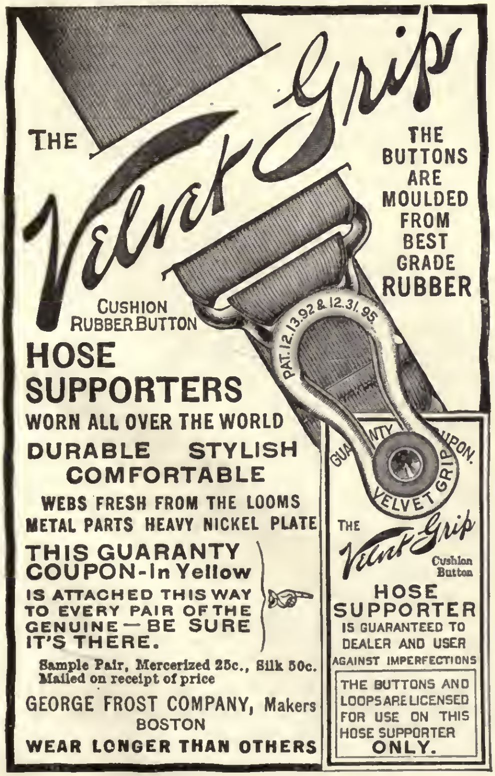
Registered, U. S. Pat. Off.

50 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

A perfect food, preserves health, prolongs life

WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.



THE Velvet Grip

THE BUTTONS ARE MOULDED FROM BEST GRADE RUBBER

CUSHION RUBBER BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTERS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

DURABLE STYLISH COMFORTABLE

WEBS FRESH FROM THE LOOMS
METAL PARTS HEAVY NICKEL PLATE

THIS GUARANTY COUPON-In Yellow IS ATTACHED THIS WAY TO EVERY PAIR OF THE GENUINE—BE SURE IT'S THERE.

Sample Pair, Mercerized 25c., Silk 50c. Mailed on receipt of price

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Makers
BOSTON

WEAR LONGER THAN OTHERS

THE Velvet Grip Cushion Button HOSE SUPPORTER IS GUARANTEED TO DEALER AND USER AGAINST IMPERFECTIONS

THE BUTTONS AND LOOPS ARE LICENSED FOR USE ON THIS HOSE SUPPORTER ONLY.

SKIN SCALP

HAIR HANDS

Cleansed Purified and Beautified by

CUTICURA SOAP

The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment, not only preserves, purifies and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands, but prevents clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, inflammation, irritation, redness and roughness, and other unwholesome conditions. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair, will find that Cuticura Soap and Ointment realize every expectation.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

☞ 32-page Book, post-free, tells skin sufferers all about cause and treatment of skin troubles.

THE HOME

TWO GOOD CLEANERS

By Minerva J. Merrell

White castile soap (bond), five ounces; boiling water, three pints; strongest liquid ammonia, half a pint; oil of citronella, half a dram; wood alcohol (poison), four ounces; water to make ten pints. Dissolve the soap in the boiling water, add ammonia, and shake well. Mix oil of citronella and alcohol together and add the former mixture. Shake well until well mixed, and add enough water, slowly and by constant shaking, to make the whole mixture ten pints.

White laundry soap, two and a half pounds; boiling water, three pints; ox gall, one-quarter pound; turpentine, one and a half ounces; benzine, one and a half ounces. Melt the soap in boiling water, stir in the ox gall, take from the fire and when partly cold stir in the turpentine and benzine. Stir until well mixed and use as any cleaner.

—

NEW SHOES WORN WITH COMFORT

By A. L. O'Connell

If you fear your new shoes will blister your heel, try sticking a piece of court plaster on your heel before putting on your stocking, and there will be no danger from the friction of the shoe.

MENDING FIRE-BRICK

If the fire-brick in your stove is broken, make a paste of wood ashes and coarse salt mixed with cold water. Patch the broken place with this. When the fire is started it will harden and you will find it all right.

—

BAKED ICE CREAM

By Mrs. F. S. Israel

Place well-frozen ice cream in individual dishes, cover entirely with meringue prepared from the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth and slightly sweetened; place the dishes in a pan and put in the oven sufficiently long to brown the meringue; watch carefully, as this process will take only an instant. Remove from the oven and serve immediately.

—

OMELET MADE WITH WATER

By Mrs. W. C. Kneale

When making an omelet use one teaspoonful of boiling water to each egg; it will be much lighter than if milk had been used.

TO MAKE A GOOD MAYONNAISE DRESSING

Heat the vinegar and the mixture will never curdle.

—

WHEN POSTAGE STAMPS STICK TOGETHER

By Bertie Norrell

Place them between the folds of a towel wrung out of water. Within a few minutes they can be readily separated and dried face down. When treated this way they retain the mucilage.

—

GROWING PANSIES

By Jane M. Buchanan

Sawdust sprinkled around your pansy plants will hold moisture, keep down weeds, enrich the soil and produce large and abundant blossoms.

BLACKBERRY ACID

By Mrs. M. Cherry

To twelve pounds of berries add two quarts of boiling water. Let stand forty-eight hours; then put in a bag to drain. Do not squeeze, but allow plenty of time to drain. To one pint of juice add one and a half pounds of granulated sugar. To the entire amount add five ounces of tartaric acid; stir well and bottle for use. Use only stone jars or pitchers. The acid is ready for use as soon as made, but it improves with age and will keep for years if prepared according to directions.

When making the drink, allow two tablespoonfuls of acid to a glass of water, and sweeten to taste. This makes a most delicious fruit drink when prepared with shredded pineapple, grapes, cherries, bananas, etc., and is especially suited for receptions and luncheons.

—

TIME-TABLE FOR VEGETABLES

By May Peintner

This time-table was taken from my great-grandmother's scrap book, and may prove a help to young housewives: Bake potatoes from 30 to 45 minutes; boil potatoes from 20 to 40 minutes, asparagus, 20 to 30 minutes; beets, 45 to 60 minutes if young; old beets, two hours; green corn, 10 to 20 minutes; cauliflower, 20 to 40 minutes; shell beans, 45 to 60 minutes; peas, 20 to 30 minutes; cabbage, 30 to 45 minutes; onions, 45 to 60 minutes; string beans, 30 to 45 minutes; turnips and carrots, 45 to 60 minutes; squash, 30 to 60 minutes; parsnips, 30 to 45 minutes.

—

PRACTICAL AMUSEMENT

By Mrs. E. P. Van Alstyne

When the children want "something to do," set them to threading half a paper of needles all on the end of a white spool of thread, and the other half of the needles onto a spool of black thread, tying a knot in the end to keep them on; then when someone sits down to sew both time and eyesight will be saved, as the thread may be drawn out the desired length, the other needles pushed back and secured with a knot.

—

A NEW GLUE

By Wm. M. Laird

Silicate of soda used instead of mucilage, glue or other cements makes a much stronger and neater union. Being colorless, it is exceptionally good for work on laces and delicate fabrics, also glass, china, etc., where the join must not show. It costs about the same as ordinary mucilage, needs no preparation, and can be purchased at any drug store.

—

RELISH

By Mrs. S. C. Morrison

The juice of two quarts of currants, gooseberries or cranberries, one quart of sugar, two cups of stoned raisins, juice, pulp and rind of two oranges. Cut rind of orange and raisins into small pieces. Boil mixture fifteen minutes, skimming it meanwhile.

3

REMOVES IODINE STAINS

By Mrs. A. A. Cheney

To remove iodine stains from linen or clothing, cover thoroughly with vaseline and put away for an hour; then wash with warm water and soap.

717-353 426

MAY 1966

VESBY